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Theology
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Evangelical Melodies.

----- A man is justified by faith without the deeds of the
law.—ROM. iii. 28.
----- Holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord.
—HEB. xii. 14.
Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of
the life that now is. ----- 1 TIM. iv. 8.

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P R E F A C E.

THROUGHOUT this little volume the writer earnestly begs to be understood as using the terms "worldling," "unconverted person," "natural man," and the like, descriptively only, and not with the slightest conceivable approximation to supercilio, or what is called, and properly enough, spiritual pride. He also trusts that no one will hastily impute to his pages a tone of egotism. For such imputations (the work constituting in the main an exhibition of personal experience) it has been difficult to obviate all apparent ground. Had not, however, the interests of self been substantially forgotten in those of the subject, the work had lighted the fire in place of reaching the reader, long before this.

The work itself has been published under the influence of the following considerations.

Many, especially young, persons seem practically unaware that *present* enjoyments of the highest possible order may be realized under the influence of Gospel principles. Their notion seems to be that

acceptance of Gospel overtures involves one unmixed mass of sacrifices and self-denials, in return for which nothing is acquired but a vague expectation of *future* undefinable bliss, in a place all they know of which is that it goes by the name of "Heaven." Of new affections, new attachments, new sources of joy and satisfaction unspeakable, also involved in that acceptance, and constituting a present portion, compared with which all that earth can confer is as the small dust in the balance, they apparently have not the remotest conception. The notorious result is, that the return to the Most High by the new and living way which our blessed Lord has consecrated for us, is sought to be postponed to the latest possible period—with what fatal result in a large majority of cases, probably eternity can alone declare.

Now in such cases there exists more than aversion to the *nature* of the believer's blessedness—there is practically a disbelief of its *reality*. And what, speaking generally, are his means of obviating it? His blessedness is a "hidden manna"—"a meat to eat which the world knoweth not of"—"a peace passing understanding"—"a joy with which the stranger meddles not!" So it is. Of its nature and priceless experimental value, conversion alone can induce the appreciation. But must its

reality therefore provoke downright disbelief? Yet what are his means of authenticating it? Will Sermons, Tracts, Psalms, Hymns—effect the object? No! for (as the writer knows from his own experience) their effect is nullified on the spot, by the inveterate though imperceptibly influential propensity of the unconverted heart to regard all such productions as but parts of a ritual machinery provided for the support of religion, as one of the expedient systems of every well-ordered community. No unconverted person (at least, as the writer conceives) accepts such compositions as genuine, and natural expressions of personal experience. But put these aside and what remains? To the believer's closet the unbeliever cannot penetrate. Of sanctuary-enjoyment he can form no notion—for one experimental believer present at any act of public worship there are perhaps a score of formalists, and the unbeliever is too glad of the opportunity of clubbing them all together as "birds of a feather." On the neutral ground on which converted and unconverted encounter in the transaction of secular business, no opportunity arises for revealing that the former, from moment to moment, feed upon a hidden portion of bliss unspeakable—the influence of principles may be manifested, but not the fruition of enjoyments. And if we come to social intercourse between

the classes, what are the means available here? Will testimony borne in conversation—will verbal representations and assertions—suffice for the purpose? Let any believer who has ever tried the experiment answer the question.

Well but why all this? That his present bliss is a glorious Reality, blessed be God! the believer knows right well—he is not more certain of having a head upon his shoulders! Why then cannot the unconverted brother be won to the recognition of the fact? Now, may not one reason be (for the question touches not the carnal mind's enmity against the nature of the bliss in question—well the writer knows what Power can alone overcome that—but only the disbelief of its reality)—may not one reason be, that the methods by—the forms in—which it is ordinarily sought to be expressed, are not of the kind or class resorted to by the unbeliever* himself for the expression of his joyous emotions? Does he seek to proselyte to the enjoyments of sensual love, intellectual gratification, the chase, the grape, fame, honour, wealth, and the rest of it, by formal treatises, tracts, and essays designed to demonstrate ratiocinatively that

* The term "unbeliever" is not used in an offensive sense, or as equivalent to "infidel," but merely in contradistinction from "experimental believer."

the gratifications flowing from these sources are realities? Does he sound the praises of his various carnal satisfactions by means of metrical compositions notoriously much oftener used by foe than friend—by opponent than votary—by hollow pretender than hearty adherent! No—he does it by effusions used only on occasions and in circumstances when none but the zealous, hearty, downright lover of the eulogized gratifications would ever dream of using them—on occasions and in circumstances therefore, when the compositions are instinctively accepted as genuine delineations of actual experience.

Now suppose then at this stage we took a leaf out of our worldling-brother's book—that we resorted to his own favorite method of expressing pleasurable emotions, viz., songs and ballads adapted to social use? Suppose there were erected (at capable hands) a spiritual ballad-literature, which with professing circles might become what the world's ballad-literature has so long and so influentially been with its votaries? Suppose when such circles were visited by some young worldly acquaintance who requested Miss Matilda or Miss Caroline to favour him with a song, that the young lady, on reaching her instrument, in place of some mere worldly ditty—some "*Did you ne'er hear of Kate Kearney,*" or, "*As Cupid was one*

day near Julia's bower,"—(and who knows not that, rightly or wrongly, in many a professing family such means of entertainment are constantly resorted to)—should be prepared with some graceful ballad, presenting, instead of the repulsive lineaments of the nauseated psalm and hymn, all the metrical and musical attractions of his own favorite ditties, but of which the burden should be some one of those thousand lesser features of evangelical experience, of which strictly devotional compositions rarely if ever take cognizance? Might not this with the Divine blessing assist in mitigating the difficulty? Persons may smile at the notion, and incline to denounce the project as a *mons parturiens* affair, but, consulting the recollected experience of bygone times, the writer is satisfied that the existence and use of such a school of composition, would have gone farther than any creature-means under heaven in shaking his then pernicious persuasion, that so-called "spiritual blessedness," was the phantom-plaything—the inexplicably delusive elixir of the sour fanatic, and the crack-brained dreamy enthusiast!

For, such a form of composition is not open to the charge of being a mere ritual-concoction. It assumes a form with which the worldly person is already familiar as a vehicle for the expression of joyous emotion. It is shorn of offensive externals—of

that style and manner which he has long learned to loathe under the name of "methodistical." It is capable of use in circumstances in which nothing but perfect sincerity would be likely to induce its employment. It might be used on occasions when the introduction of psalms and hymns, if not involving an actual breach of sound Christian discretion, might at least provoke the worldly acquaintance to absent himself for the future. As capable of social (in contradistinction from devotional) use,—and that not only when believers alone were present, but also when unbelieving friends were blending for a season with their circle—it might assist in subverting that mischievous suspicion of the unconverted, that religion is an affair of "times and seasons," rites and ordinances, Sunday-observance and pew-locality—not a principle whose enjoyments likewise regale us in domestic seclusion and social intercourse. Above all it might help to get certain items of religious truth a hearing where no other means would, humanly speaking, secure it.*

* A few of the considerations here adduced approximate very nearly to some of those on which, in his Essay on "The Aversion of men of taste to Evangelical Religion," that eminent essayist, the late Mr. Foster, has laid considerable stress. The present volume, however, was not written in consequence of the suggestions contained in that Essay. With many of these, how forcibly soever they may commend themselves to his judgment, the writer's feel-

And for materials, why are there not innumerable minor features and lesser lineaments of evangelical experience, which might furnish suitable themes without trespassing on the resources of devotional composition? Are there not topics without end which might be thus handled, without the necessity for "unseemly familiarity of allusion to the Divine Majesty in any of the Persons; topics far away from those more solemn themes which demand a style and manner of composition exclusively appropriated to themselves; topics, in fine, relating to elements in experience, which however resulting from Divine influence as their primary source, become in their fruition and beatifying operation strictly human?—the writer is signally mistaken if evangelical experience would not furnish forth a thousand such!

To detain then the reader no longer, the writer con-

ings are utterly at issue. The notion of discarding certain established terms and phrases of the "Evangelical dialect" for others less exclusively theological in their application, the writer honestly confesses he relishes not, despite the weight of Mr. Foster's authority. Many of the terms Mr. Foster would cashier, have long alone expressed some of the most precious items in the Christian's treasure-roll. There is an "*auld lang-syne*-ism" about them which pleads forcibly in their behalf. The substitution of other terms less endeared by long acquaintance, and for the sake merely of greater dignity in diction, were something like calling one's wife "Madam," after long addressing her as "Polly," or "Fan."

ceives there is room for the erection of a literature of the kind above indicated. He may have found a mare's nest, and embraced a notion which wiser heads will repudiate. Of that wiser heads must be the judges. Assuming for the present that his idea is defensible, he has in attempted illustration of his meaning thrown together the following pages. But they are intended to *suggest* rather than *supply* the requisite provision. They are published in the hope that brethren of brighter gifts and greater leisure than he himself enjoys, will, if sympathizing with his idea, take it up and assist in the formation of such a literature as that for which he contends. Many of his own compositions he feels to be unsuitable for the proposed use, because relating rather to features in doctrine than lineaments in experience. This has arisen from the reflection that as an unknown individual it became him to make perfectly clear in connexion with what doctrinal views his experience had been realized. Still there are many of them which, in form and tenor, represent the kind of ballad he would fain see introduced. He sincerely hopes that in attempting to come as near as possible to the externals of the existing ballad-literature, he has not in many instances overstepped the limits at which a sounder discretion would have halted. Some allowance must be made

for occasional slips of this kind, in connexion with a first attempt. The writer has not omitted the precautions without which no christian is at liberty to put one foot before another in any undertaking whatever.

If then—and only *if*—those of maturer judgment approve the scheme, let us have a ballad-literature of the kind here contended for. Let us, with the Divine blessing, be thus enabled to shew that while with the Psalmist's productions in the first rank, and those of Newton, Wesley, Watts, in the second, we have of spiritual songs enough and to spare for our own use,—yet that if challenged to it—if the gauntlet be thrown at us on the question—we too can at our fire-sides, and in our social relaxations, sing pretty songs to pretty tunes about our joys and sorrows, hopes and aims! Let us in such a literature possess an evidence (appreciable *without* the fold) that the imputation on Evangelical principles of fostering sour fanaticism, morbid melancholy, gloom and despondency, is a leviathan among the myriad lies of the Great Adversary—second only to his memorable “thou shalt not surely die” in the garden of Eden! Let us thereby demonstrate that the Glorious Creed which (*inter alia*) recognizes man's absolute depravity, and lost condition by nature—his birth in death;

which places a gracious God at the summit of majestic Sovereignty, and man, where he ought to be, in the lowest dust ; which proclaims a full, free, fathomless salvation—so full, so free, both in procurement and application—so annihilative of boasting in the creature, that the latter hath nought to do with it, beyond being its mere donee ; which requires its adherents to be not of the world, even as their Ascended Lord was not ; which demands a stupendous spiritual re-Creation, universally synchronizing with the administration of no rite, no ordinance, beneath the canopy of heaven ; which rejects *in toto* that subtlest stratagem of Satan,—the interposition of a Church between the Saviour and the Soul ; which upholds God's Holy Law in all its awful Integrity, while saving those who of themselves can think not one good thought ; which makes imparted holiness the imperative *sine qua non*, and yet the result, not the preliminary, of acceptance ; which makes the acme of human bliss materially to consist in caring more for God's glory than our neighbour's weal, and as much for our neighbour's weal as our own ; that this Creed, when that of the heart and not the head merely, is productive of a godliness WHICH HATH THE PROMISE OF THE LIFE WHICH NOW IS—of a portion the crumbs of which (despite all his miserable shortcomings—all his abominable seasons

of accursed grovelling) the believer would not purposely and finally barter away for all the crowns, sceptres, thrones, laurels, wreaths, houses, lands, riches, honours, enjoyments intellectual, social, domestic, political, philosophical, *et cætera*, that have ever ministered to the gratification of fallen man from the expulsion from Eden to the present hour !

Whatever tends to place Evangelical enjoyments in a more attractive form before an unconverted brother, (especially in these days of Satan-Rome-and-Oxford plotting against heart-religion, spiritual-worship and Christ-salvation,—these days of sad Ecclesiolatry, Sacrament-debauchery, fast-and-festival perversion,) must surely proportionably glorify God and honor the Everlasting Gospel of His precious Grace !

In regard to the work in merely literary respects the writer has only to remark that he neither is nor pretends to be a poet. He has not been very nice about rules of syntax and prosody, homely inelegant diction and imagery, defective rhymes and the like, wherever such peccadilloes in style have contributed to the more forcible expression of his meaning. Nay, in many instances, he has purposely retained much of the bald colloquiality, and coarse, off-handed bluntness which would characterize ordinary con-

versation. In these respects lyrical composition admits of greater latitude than other forms—beside which, appeals to the heart in reference to truths of the last concern, are liable to be weakened in force by overmuch polish and precision. What that ornament of our church (John Newton) once observed of a higher school of composition, is perhaps also applicable, with inferior force, to an attempt like the present, “The force of what we deliver from the pulpit is often lost by a starched, and what is called a correct style. I called upon a lady who had been robbed, and she gave me a striking account of the fact; but had she put it in heroics, I should neither so well have understood her, nor been so well convinced that she was robbed.”

Melts and Water

FIRST PART.

EVANGELICAL MELODIES.

[The three following compositions are not to be regarded as forming part of the ballad-portion of the work. They are thus prefixed from a wish of the writer that in his volume, however humble its pretensions, a recognition of the *sufferings* of the *Saviour* should precede the attempted delineation of the *joys* of the *saved*.]

GETHSEMANE.

In sable garb, like mourning bride,
Her diadem and robe of pride,
Her starry jewels laid aside,
Night sitteth in Gethsemane !

The moon is absent from the sky,
Nor planet sailing silently,
Nor smallest star salutes the eye,
In heaven's hidden hemisphere !

And what this supernatural
 Emphatic stillness, wrapping all
 Like dreary shroud or sullen pall ?
 Is Death lord of Gethsemane ?

Lo ! nothing stirs. Where is the rill ?—
 It murmurs not. The leaves, how still !—
 Where's the night-wind ? What mighty ill
 Hath stricken thus Gethsemane ?

Hush !—yet a little while, the Lord
 Of All, th' August, Incarnate Word,
 On earth despised, in heaven adored,
 Shall moan 'mid this sad scenery !

This the appalled, astounded site,—
 This the aghast, astonished night,—
 Shall look on that stupendous sight,—
 Messiah's garden-agony !

But He is God ! why,—mortal, hold.
 The Scriptures search,—in them is told
 What mortal muse need not unfold,
 The meaning of this mystery !

Ponder their page ! then evermore
 If hell be not for thee in store,
 Wilt thou love, honor, praise, adore,
 The Mourner of Gethsemane !

CALVARY.



O SIGHT ! O scene ! O spectacle !
Meet to absorb, as by a spell,
On earth, in heaven, and in hell,
The thought of all Intelligence !

Who hangs on yon accursed tree ?
Earth, Heaven, Hell ! what do ye see—
Is it not dying Deity ?—
Yea ! Crucified Omnipotence ?

The appalled Sun his light denies,
Untimely Night his place supplies,
Enveloping the earth and skies
In her appalling drapery !

O earth and heaven ! well ye may
With terror swoon, well may the day
His post desert and flee away,
In horror at the spectacle !

He bows the head ! He dies ! He dies !
 O God ! in what vast agonies
 Astounded Nature writhing lies,
 Affrighted at the tragedy.

The rocks are rending, and the plain !
 The Temple's vail—'tis rent in twain !
 The graves !—the graves ! they ope—again
 Their dead are stirring livingly !

Trumpets of heaven ! sound and tell
 Through frightened earth and hideous hell,
 That Satan's doom, Life's pledge, Death's knell,
 Are consummate on Calvary.

Shout, "It is finished." He hath bled.
 His blood,—*whose* blood ? THE LAMB'S ! is shed,—
 The Christ of God is hanging dead
 Upon the Cross of Calvary !

Race of the first and earthy man,
 For whom he bore this dire ban !
 Is there amongst ye one who can
 Remain sin's vassal willingly ?

The Lord forbid. Get grace, get grace.
 This Death's advantages embrace.
 Repent, believe, and take a place
 Among His blood-bought progeny !

THE SEPULCHRE.

HUSH, hush ! it is the brink of dawn.
Soon, soon will break the third-day morn,
Soon shall its beams, night's shades withdrawn,
 Reveal the silent Sepulchre.

Now, now, the shades—they yield, they yield !
The morn it comes o'er flood and field.
Lo, lo ! 'tis dimly now revealed,
 The tomb of murdered Deity !

Dawn quicker, Morn ! Shades, faster flee.
Hah, who comes forth ? See, see, see, see !
Eternal Life ! 'tis He, 'tis He—
 He lives, He lives, and we are saved !

He glides away. Lord, Master ! hail.
Redeeming Lord ! let me prevail.
I would not—O I would not fail,
 Soul, body, spirit, to be thine !

Of ecstasies, O ecstasy !
But hark ! hear not mine ears on high
A countless-tongued hosanna-cry,
Through heaven's raptured regions ring ?

Yea, and far off, where hell its drear
Dominion hath, can they not hear
The distant and thrice-dismal cheer
Of demons howling hideously ?

Yet here on earth, how silent all !
How still, as there had been no Fall !
As it were nought to have the thrall
Of sin and death and hell undone !

O Earth, Earth, Earth ! dost thou despise
High heaven's highest sacrifice ?
Or fails lost man to realize
The pledges this Event unfolds ?

Oh ! doubt not, men ! Lo here, Lo here !
Believe and ye have nought to fear,
The Resurrection makes it clear,
That Death and Hell have lost the day

S E C O N D P A R T .

OH ! WHY WHEN THE WORLD



OH ! why when the world hath its song and its viol,
The harp and the tabret to honour its feasts,
Should the children of Sion be doom'd to denial
Of apposite singing to gladden their breasts ?
Why, why, when the songs worldly joys celebrating
Are laden with welcomes—from slight are exempt ;
Should the sweet songs of Zion, joys commemorating
Of far richer worth, be consigned to contempt ?

Is it not something hard that the fame and the
praises
Of friendship, of glory, of fireside love ;
(To omit grosser strains, song yet oftentimes raises,)
Should be subjects of verse the whole world will
approve ;
But the praises of Zion, its glories majestic,
Attachments and ties must be left in the lurch,
Thrust out both from social regard and domestic,
And only be sounded on Sundays at church ?

Is it just that the warbler of ballad and ditty
In praise of the bottle, the chase, or the toast,
Should have license at all times, in court, camp, and
city,
Of each circle presenting the idol and boast ;
But of Zion the sons must from song be divided,
Or if they are bold to indulge in its sweets,
Must be scoffed at and scouted, denounced and de-
rided,
As puritan-canters, or psalm-singing cheats ?

Never mind, never mind, 'spite a world disagreeing,
We'll merrily sing yet as onward we go,
To the land of our rest, to the home of our being,
The climate that knoweth nor sinning nor woe.
Yes, let a proud world hug its high-sounding story
Of pleasures, of honors, that one day shall fall ;
We'll sing the *true* riches of Grace and of Glory,
And Jesus our Saviour who purchased them all !



THE PILGRIM-BOY.

THE Pilgrim-Boy on his way has gone
In the path of life you'll find him ;
The armour of God he has girded on,
And he looketh not behind him.

“ Land of Light !” said the pilgrim-boy,
“ Though all the world despise thee,
“ By the help of my God I'll win thy joy,
“ 'Bove all but my God I prize thee !”

The pilgrim met with many a woe,
But his purpose *never* altered ;
The pilgrim met with many a foe,
But his courage *seldom* faltered :
He said, “ No foes can vanquish me,
“ Not in my own strength fight I !
“ Come what come may, I needs must be,
“ In God, a conqueror mighty !”

FEW INDEED WERE THE THINGS HE
SOUGHT.

FEW indeed were the things he sought
That on earth by men are of moment thought,
But oh ! his riches did far exceed
The riches of those that scorned his creed.

“ Fanatic ! art thou not mad to shun
“ The guerdon and gain may on earth be won ?
“ Are pleasure, wealth, fame, such dung and such
 dross,
“ That thou valuest more than their gain, their loss ?”

“ Brother ! I harbour desire none
“ For the guerdon and gain may on earth be won ;
“ I valued them highly in days of yore,
“ But now I prize heavenly treasure more !”

On he went, and at length he past
To the realm that receiveth such at last ;
And blest for ever is he who preferred
What heaven bestowed to what earth conferred !

NO, NOT MORE WELCOME.



- No, not more welcome to doomed offender
 The thrilling tidings of pardon free,
 When pinioned standing, about to render
 His spirit up on the ghastly tree,—
 Than rose that vanquishing persuasion
 Within and o'er the inner man,
 That doom had perish'd in salvation,—
 That death had ended,—life began !

Fellow-less feeling ! it resembled
 The mystic bird by fable feign'd,
 To be alone and unresembled,
 Its species to itself restrained !
 From the occasion's nature, never
 The feeling can repeated be ;
 If felt,* it is felt once for ever
 For time and for eternity !

* A note, for the purpose of helping out the meaning of the text, is a somewhat clumsy device ; but at any cost the writer wishes to prevent misinterpretation of this sentiment. His meaning is that *if contemporaneous* consciousness of the transition hinted at arises, in the emotions it kindles, it stands alone in the annals of spiritual experience. In a vast majority of cases he firmly believes no such consciousness attaches.

JOY, JOY FOR EVER.



Joy, joy for ever !
 The work is done.
 Doom ! it hath perish'd,—
 Salvation's won !
 I am accepted
 In Christ my Lord :
 Works and self-merit !
 Away—they're abhorr'd !
 Joy, joy for ever !
 The work is done.
 Doom, it hath perish'd.
 Salvation's won !

 Now for His reigning,—
 The Spirit of Grace !
 I am His temple,—
 Sin ! give thou place.
 Fruit, fruit, in masses,
 May He give now ;
 Not a few berries
 On this or that bough

Joy, joy for ever !
The work is done.
Doom, it hath perished,—
Salvation's won.

I am delivered
From doom and from death ;
Fruit to His glory
While I have breath !
Oh ! that to live may
Christ be alone !
Fruit, till I with Him
Sit on His throne !
Joy, joy for ever !
The work is done.
Doom it hath perish'd,—
Salvation's won.



SING—SING—IF MUSIC DESIRE.

SING—sing—if Music desire

Themes that with ravishing rapture are glowing,
Surely believers can proffer her lyre,

Themes with such rapture replete to o'erflowing.
The universe search—where's the source that confers
Treasures like those which Salvation involves ;
Whether we mark that to which it prefers,—
Or contemplate that from the which it absolves ?

Then, sing—sing—if Music desire

Themes that with ravishing rapture are
glowing,
Surely believers can proffer her lyre
Themes with such rapture replete to o'er-
flowing.

Unto the Gospel, in every feature,

Honor and praise in the highest belong ;
The glory of God, and the weal of the creature,
Are by it secured,—as where is the song,

Shouted in heaven or sung upon earth,
 Can its bright praises sufficiently sound?—
 No, of Salvation the *omni*-rich worth
 Finite intelligence cannot expound!
 Then sing,—sing—if Music desire
 Themes that with ravishing rapture are
 glowing,
 Surely believers can proffer her lyre,
 Themes with such rapture replete to o'er-
 flowing.

Once—once—praise of Creatiön
 Deluged with loud hallelujahs the sky;
 Now—now—that of Salvatiön
 Louder hosannas elicits on high.
 While on its glories transcendent they ponder,—
 (Love, how profound! mixed with hallowing fear,)
 Angels adoring cry out in their wonder,
 “Behold than Creation a greater is here!”
 Then, sing—sing—if Music desire
 Themes that with ravishing rapture are
 glowing,
 Surely believers can proffer her lyre,
 Themes with such rapture replete to o'er-
 flowing.

FLY TO THE GOSPEL.

FLY to the Gospel, fly with me,
 Its overtures may humbling be ;
 But who that's sane the choice would doubt
 Of hell with pride, or heaven without ?

Fly to the Gospel, fly with me,
 If you would drink felicity
 By ocean-draughts—ay, inly know
 A Ganges of delights below.

Oh glorious Gospel ! it disarms
 Death of its sting—life of its harms :
 The world—the flesh—sin—Satan—hell,—
 Their power melts beneath its spell.

Thrice-glorious Gospel !—words explain
 The treasures which its mines contain ?
 No verily,—yet credit this,—
 Its name's the synonyme for bliss !

What though the Gospel says, " Resign
 " Ten thousand things round which entwine
 " The heart's affections and regard ;—"
 What though ten thousand "*sayings hard,*"

Are in its precious statutes seen,
 Which flesh and blood would contravene,
 Oppose—resist—abhor—and curse,
 (Loathing the better for the worse,)

What, what of this ? that Gospel lends
 A power which stoutest spirits bends
 To relish and approve its wealth,
 Its glorious hopes, its saving health.

Discern the nature of that " birth "
 Which is from heaven—not of earth,
 (Inevitably linked with none
 Of all the rites beneath the sun,)

And you shall stagger not at aught,
 With which the Gospel scheme is fraught ;
 No ;—He who conquered once *for* you,
 You'll feel can conquer *in* you too !

Fly to the Gospel, fly with me,
 Half-measures shun—in earnest be :
 Cling to the Lord—seize—grasp the Cross ;
 Count all things else but dung and dross ;

And such a bliss shall through thee flow,
You shall a heaven achieve below ;
And *almost* doubt if there can prove
To be a heaven more blest above !



AH ! BUT, MY FRIEND.



AH ! but, my friend, as well as you I know
What kinds of bliss from carnal sources flow.
I calculate I know the *taste* of all
Those much misnomer'd things men "pleasures" call.

Spirits and health I had for many a year,
Time was I knew not how to shed a tear.
Infancy, childhood, youth, all passed away,
Respectively in frolic, fun, and play.

I was not constitutionally grave,
Or of a gloomy temperament the slave :
I've sung and *written* (and with some *eclât*)
More than one *comic* song in days of yore.

Ay, and been deemed (if I may mention it)
A tolerable humorist and wit ;
And if such fame I did not soundly earn,
It proves I was not of a morbid turn.

I something know of what it is to be
Esteemed, well thought of in society ;
I've many a friendship boasted, in so far
As worldly men's attachments friendships are.

I idolized the stage in days of yore,
No man could love the theatre's pleasures more.
I've saved a dinner's cost oftentimes to see
Macready's "*Hotspur*,"—Farren's "*Ogelby*."

I've revelled it at opera, concert, rout,—
I know the social joys of "dining out."
The bliss the evening party can excite,
My friend, I've wallowed in it many a night.

I drank of *book*-bliss from my earliest age,—
Have spent whole nights o'er Shakespeare's magic
page ;
For books I think I've read and relished more
Than, peradventure, one man in a score.

I've known the taste of secular success ;
Of the "good year" in worldly business.
The ample income's ecstasies I know,—
Ample for all the wants my lot could show.

Though yet a bachelor, domestic ties
Of other grades have furnished their supplies
Of hearth and home enjoyment,—which I deem
Of earthly comfort, certainly the cream :

And arguing from these I think that I
Can judge of wedded life's felicity ;
At least my heart's profound conviction's this,
It constitutes the pink of *creature-bliss* ;

And did I not apart from it possess
A more than satisfying blessedness,
I greatly doubt if I could happy be
Without attaining its felicity.

But, if you please, put wedded bliss aside,—
All other forms of *creature-bliss* I've tried
At least sufficiently their *taste* to know,—
To learn the *kind* of joy they can bestow.

And now I say, without a shade of froth
Of fume or flourish—as upon my oath—
One grain of that, with which bright Faith can bless
Sinks the whole *batch* to downright nothingness.



AH ! BUT YOUR TAUNT.



AH ! but your taunt about "*new brooms*"
Applieth not to me ;
With me these ways have long since shed
The charm of novelty.
Eleven years—perhaps rather more—
Have fled since first I tried
To fasten on that great "It is,"
CHRIST and HIM CRUCIFIED !

I've something known of every state,
From "joy unspeakable
And full of glory," down to that
Of woe no tongue can tell.
I've known of inward ups and downs,
Reactions, shocks, and falls,
What well might make the blood run cold
As Memory them recalls.

I've known a weight upon this heart
Which it could scarce up-bear,
As Joy were dead and that her corpse
Lodged like a dead weight there.
I've known the closet yield a bliss
No earthly tongue can tell ;
I've known that closet feel as 'twere
The vestibule of hell.

I've known when outward things have been
As dark as dark could be ;
And all that flesh and blood would shun
Seemed like to fall on me.
Yet had one said, " And doth not this
" Be-cloud your vaunted lot,"—
I could have used Othello's words,
And answered, " Not a jot."

Upon the other hand, when sin
Hath had the stronger sway ;
Though all that flesh and blood would court
Was mine by night and day ;
I yet have known the while of woe,
Of sorrow, grief, and pain,
What I beseech the Lord my God
I ne'er may know again.

And now I say let me but feel
That Jesus Christ is mine ;
And I care not one straw what else
May with my lot combine.
For come what may, I must have PEACE,
If Faith o'er-master Sin ;
The question is not what's without,
But simply, what's within.

I'm not the man I humbly hope
To deal in fume and froth ;
(No, even now left to myself,
I'm crush'd before the moth,)
But grant me that, and if God would
A right of choice bestow,
The trouble I'd scarce take to choose
Twixt *fleshly* weal and woe.

Yes, mark it, 'tis the only *if*—
If faith her sway maintain,
And earth and hell may deluge me
With every form of bane.
Come sorrows then by locust swarms
And settle on this heart ;
Ay, come ere this day's sun shall set,
And stop till life depart ;

And I will laugh, and shout, and sing,
With fifty times the glee,
I knew in youth when rising Hope
First poured its beams on me !
And if a man shall say that these
Are insane rhapsodies,
Why, if I might without offence,
I'd tell that man—he lies !



NOW, JUST REALIZE THIS.

Now, just realize this,—happiness is *subjective* ;
No object can shed it unless we possess
Tastes that harmonize with it—that make it effective—
Invest it with force to impart blessedness.

A man says, “ I can’t leave my father and mother,—
“ My riches and honors,—all heart hath long
prized !”
No, I know you can’t leave either one or the other,
Until your tastes shall have been re-organized.

But there is the point—get your heart renovated,
By what in the Scripture is called the “ NEW
BIRTH,”—
You’ll then spurn that to which your heart’s now
dedicated ;
And deem that, now slighted, of infinite worth.

I once loved the world with attachment excessive,
And godliness loathed with my uttermost might ;
No words in the language were aptly expressive
Of my deep abhorrence and hate of the light.

But when it pleased God in His sovereign pleasure
To grant me the blessing involved in "new birth,"
Away (in the main) went regard for old treasure,—
It shed on the spot all pretension to worth.

And what's the result? why just this, and no other,—
Could I gain the whole world *without* losing my
soul,
(Unless duty pulled one way, and liking another)
I really could now turn my back on the whole.



I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.



I REMEMBER, I remember,
When I was quite a boy,
And playthings used to constitute
My chiefest source of joy ;
I often as I played with them
Would pause and heave a sigh,
Reflecting that the time would come
When I must put them by.

I well remember that this thought
Oft made me very sad ;
And I have sat and wished that I
Might never be a lad.
I was too young to reason then
And it escaped my view,
That with the toys themselves would cease
My plaything-passion too !

It was a childish circumstance,
But since I knew the Lord,
I've often thought the incident
A lesson might afford,
To children of another class,
Who shrink from gospel joys,
Because in winning them they must
Relinquish earthly toys.

How often, bidden to be saved,
Men sinfully demur,
And say, "But oh! the sacrifice
"The loss I then incur!"
Forgetting or discerning not
The truth at last to be,
That with the toys the tastes depart,
At least substantially.



SWIFTLY AS DART LIFE'S MOMENTS BY.

SWIFTLY as dart life's moments by,
Our frail rafts make for eternity.
The rapids of Death may be far more near,
Than we may, brothers, or feel or fear.
'Ware, brothers, 'ware then while ye may,
At rapid rate passes of grace the day !

Those rapids must we soon or late
One and all descend whate'er our state ;
But oh ! remember, we after go
To a land of bliss, or a gulph of woe.
'Ware, brothers, 'ware then while ye may
At rapid rate passes of grace the day !

Once, brothers, once those rapids past,
All is over then—the die is cast.
Beyond them repentance ne'er can be
An act, but only a memory.
'Ware, brothers, 'ware then while ye may
At rapid rate passes of grace the day !

'TIS THE SUMMER'S LAST FLOWER.

'Tis the summer's last flower
In loneliness left,
Of fragrance, companions,
And beauty bereft.
With the next roving zephyr
It's doom is in store,
And the place of its blooming
Shall know it no more.

Of the tragical story
Of pleasures that bloom
On this fallen earth's parterres,
On this side the tomb ;
What a picture affecting
Is seen to appear
In the course and the close of
This flower's career !

Four seasons Time reckons,
Eternity, one :
The former hath winters,
The latter hath none.
Spring, and autumn, and summer
'Neath Time's sway are known ;
But Eternity dealeth
In spring-time alone.

Oh ! then let us be wary,
And sow up on high,
Where the flowers ne'er languish,
Or wither, or die.
But where evergreens only
Eternally bloom,
For the joy of the ransomed
From Sin's solemn doom !



OH ! 'TIS ALL BUT DELUSION AT BEST.



OH ! 'tis all but delusion at best,
 That phantom-bliss earth's stores dispense ;
 And yet how we burn to be blest
 With the perishing pleasures of time and sense !
 Who fondles the joys
 Conferred by the toys
 Of riches, of pleasures, of brief renown ;
 Like maniac seems,
 Who in madness deems,
 His chaplet of straw is a kingly crown !
 Yes ! 'tis all but delusion at best,
 That phantom-bliss earth's stores dispense ;
 And yet how we burn to be blest
 With the perishing pleasures of time and sense !

How oft what we had of moment deemed
 At last hath disappointment moved ;
 How oft what, pursued, solid substance seemed,
 Attained, hath the veriest shadow proved !

The meteor-light
That in darkness of night
The pilgrim beguiles into bog and fen ;
Meet emblem is,
Of all vanities,
That challenge our suit as mere worldly men !
Yes, 'tis all but delusion at best,
That phantom-bliss earth's stores dispense ;
And yet how we burn to be blest
With the perishing pleasures of time and sense !



WE MAY FIND IN THIS WORLD.



WE may find in this world while our stay in it lasts

A something that serves us in happiness' stead ;

But how will it fare when the night of death casts

Its shadows around us, and lifetime is fled ?

Can yesterday's good of to-day prove the weal

If it be not to-day as 'twere *re-realized* ?

In the mere recollection of yesterday's meal

Can aught of nutrition to-day be comprised ?

No, remember whenever a portion we seek

In this world, be it this thing or that thing we
choose,

We lean upon that which the flight of a week,

Nay an hour, may see us eternally lose !

Have we never seen parent of children bereft,

Or lusty health felled by disease at a blow ;

A wife or a husband in loneliness left

In a moment plunged into deep waters of woe ?

Have we never seen riches take wing and take flight
And affluence drop to the beggar's estate ?
And what is the counsel these changes indite ;
And what are the lessons their facts inculcate ?
To remember whenever a portion we seek
In this world, whether this thing or that thing we
choose,
We lean upon that which the flight of a week,
Nay an hour, may see us eternally lose !

Have we never seen mind from its office dismissed,
When in thirsty pursuit of the knowledge that dies ;
Have we never seen pleasures the brightest un-
blissed,
And forsaking for ever their worn votaries ?
Have we never seen fame like a bubble explode
And the idol of yesterday hooted to-day ?
And what is the counsel by these things bestowed ;
What the practical truth they are meant to convey ?
The truth, that whenever a portion we seek
In this world, whether this thing or that thing we
choose,
We lean upon that which the flight of a week,
Nay an hour, may see us eternally lose !



WHERE ARE THE PASTIMES.



WHERE are the pastimes, the once cherish'd pastimes
That gladden'd yon old man in life's merry morn ?

Where are the gambols and sports of his boyhood,
Can ye not tell me where all these are gone ?

Where are the pleasures, the idolized pleasures
He worshipped while youth's flush yet brighten'd
his brow ?

Where are the hot joys then quaffed with such relish,
Can ye not answer me,—where are they now ?

Where are the honors, the deified honors
Men showered upon him ere intellect fled ?

Where are his wisdom, attainments, and learning,
Why *seem* they now no enjoyment to shed ?

Where are the comforts, the fireside comforts
He knew ere his children and wife were no more ?

Where his delightings in sons and in daughters,
Can't ye explain why these *seem* to be o'er ?

Where are his riches, his plentiful riches
That purchased him all that he coveted here ?
Where his lands, buildings, shares, houses, and
consols,
Can't ye explain why these *seem* not to cheer ?
Where are his powers, his glorified powers
That served him in all he could haughtily dare ?
Why does he sit there and play with his fingers,
Sillily giggle, or vacantly stare ?

Where are his chances, his sacrificed chances
Of winning Salvation while yet it was "day ;"
Intellect vanish'd—all faculties withered—
Fallen the tree, though not *carted away* ?
Answer me, gentlemen. Say, are these questions
Those of a man in his senses or *no* ?
Then how can ye turn up your noses and scoff at
The men who will *not* seek a portion below ?



STRANGE ! THAT THE MEN WHO BURN
AND THIRST.

STRANGE ! that the men who burn and thirst
For pleasures or renown ;
Who run all risks to win a wreath,
A coronet or crown ;
Strange ! that the men who early rise,
Who late take rest and eat
The bread of carefulness to win
A fortune or a seat ;

Strange ! that such men should stigmatize
A Christian pilgrim's zeal,
When he with earnest aim pursues
His everlasting weal !
A weal of which the foretaste is
Enjoyable below ;
And in the loss of which accrues
An everlasting woe.

Strange, strange ! that zeal and ardour should
 Be pardoned in pursuit
Of ends that in a few brief years
 Must cease from yielding fruit ;
Yet be derided when applied
 To treasures in the sky,
To ends whose gains survive the grave
 And last eternally.

Surely " Fanaticism " is
 A charge that worldly men
Should hesitate how they advance
 By lip, or look, or pen.
To put it on no higher ground
 Than that a proverb owns,
" People who in glass houses live
 " Had better not throw stones ! "



BUT IS IT THUS WITH GOSPEL JOYS.



BUT is it thus with gospel joys
And gospel blessedness ;
Once in their first-fruits realized
And can they *cease* to bless ?
No, they are lasting as the Source
From which they emanate ;
From them e'en Sin shall ne'er, *for aye*,
Their subject separate.

No, verily—for let, alas !
A man of God backslide
From ways of faith and holiness,
To ways of lust and pride ;
Let such an one go gad about
To change his ways—and trim
His ways, in search of love—at last
How will it fare with him ?

Fare ? simply thus—that just when he
Accomplishes success
In all he coveted, he'll be
One mass of wretchedness.
Ay, let his wanderings have placed
A crown upon his brow,
And something yet shall urge within,
“’Twas better once than now !”

Nor will he know a moment's peace,
’Till he hath back return'd
To his first love, and cast away
What backsliding had earn'd !
And this perchance *one* reason lends
Why “Perseverance” is,
(Blessed be God !) installed amongst
The System's verities.



SION ! THY BLESSINGS OF JOY AND
OF PEACE.

SION ! thy blessings of joy and of peace
Once in their earnest shed, never shall cease !
 While health and strength decay,
 While life's tide ebbs away,
Thy pleasures, day by day,
 Grow and increase !

Sion ! on all else be what may entailed,
Sion ! of what else the loss be bewailed,
 Though earth and heaven may
 Vanish and pass away
None—none shall ever say,
 Thy blessings failed !

“ASSURANCE,” PRESUMPTION?—NOW
PRITHEE PAUSE.

“ASSURANCE,” presumption? now, prithee, pause
Till better you know a believer’s mind;
Humility sounder—more free from flaws—
Than in him, I trow, you will seldom find.
His is the genuine metal, I weet,
And yours, dearest brother, the counterfeit!

Which should plain sense the more humble deem,
(Your objection this thought alone disarms)
They who Salvation *wages* esteem,
Or they who account it the veriest *alms*?
Common sense would surely at once reply,
The latter hath most of humility!

When beggar relieved must needs beware
Lest of the almsgetting he feel too sure;
When sick man cured shall be bound to care
That there lingers a doubt and distrust of his cure;
’Twill be time enough for you to deny
That “assurance” consists with humility.

NO, I LIKE NOT TO SEE.



No, I like not to see a young child make too free ;

Indulge with his parent an impudent ease ;

Romp about him with rudely uproarious glee ;

I like not to see undue freedoms like these !

But as little I like to see young child regard

His parent with feelings which smack of the way,

In which vassals and slaves their respect might award

To a prince of Morocco, or Algerine dey !

And though metres like these are not quite those in
which

To treat of the sacred theme you adduce,

Yet when denunciations and sneers you would pitch

At my views of "Adoption," it may be of use

Just to ponder the hint the above lines suggest,

And see whether awe of the *kind* which you mean,

Is not something akin to that briefly express

In Saint James's Epistle, cap. two, verse nineteen !

WE ARE SINNERS.



• WE are sinners—human nature
Is a ruin now ;
No more doth it its Creator's
Moral image show.
Like the lunatic unconscious
Of his lunacy,
We may blindly doubt and question
Our pravity ;
But we cannot thereby cancel
Sin and Satan's thrall ;
'Spite of all self-toleration,
Self-love and self-estimation,
Sinners are we all !

While Self acts as legislator
Framing its own code,
(One that merely cares to compass
Morals *à la mode*)

While Self too is arbitrator
Touching that we do ;
Advocate and witness also,
Judge and jury too ;
If Self thus fill every office
It may well befall
That with difficulty little,
We may win a self-acquittal,
Nor show sin at all !

But we shall not thus be judgèd
In the solemn day,
When the Lord our God to judgment
Bids us come away.
Then no man-concocted standards
Will the test present,
But the Holy Law and Prophets,
And New Testament !
We shall then discover that a
Perfect righteousness
By each one of us is needed,
Yea, that by us must be pleaded
That, and nothing less !

Such an one may Jew and Gentile,
Infidel and Turk,
Freely find and freely challenge
In Messiah's work !

Fasten on it, brother-sinners,
Seize it while ye may ;
Get the White Robe wrapped around ye
While 'tis called " to-day."
Boldly then may you encounter
All the great Day can
Proffer, when Time's course completed,
On the Great White Throne is seated,
God, the SON of MAN !



ALAS ! ALAS ! ALAS ! HOW OFTEN WE.



ALAS ! alas ! alas ! how often we
 Constrain'd are to use the lowly prayer,
 Once offered by the Publican when he
 Up to the Temple went to worship there !
 Passes a day wherein we do not find
 Sin's cursed power telling on the "walk,"
 Upon such wise that others are inclined
 To stigmatize our piety as "talk ?"

How often have we when from day to day
 In lawful worldly duties occupied,
 (Though not to gross transgression giving way)
 The tenor of the morning's vows belied !
 How often failed to speak and act as those
 Whose hopes and treasures are above the skies ;
 How often failed our "colours" to disclose,
 Christians in fact—but Christians in disguise !

Have we not, bidden to another's board,
Oft ere departing offered up a prayer,
(Too feebly earnest perhaps) that we unawed
Might duly witness good confessions there ?
Yet we have been, have tarried, come away,
And of the thoughtless circle challenged none,
In heart to fancy, or in word to say,
"Of His disciples thou art also one !"

Self-righteousness, forsooth ! who that is sane
Would for a moment dream of such a trust ?
Shut up to it, whose comfort should not wane,
Whose hope not quickly crumble into dust ?
And who that feeleth his tremendous wants
In this respect, will not adoring bless
That gracious God who in His Gospel grants
The refuge of "IMPUTED RIGHTEOUSNESS !"



WHEN FOR EVERY "YES."

WHEN for every "yes" in the Bible a "nay,"
 And for every "no" shall be written a "yea ;"
 When a mendicant's rags with royal robes may com-
 pete ;
 Imperfection, perfection make still more complete ;
 When that coming after can yet go before ;
 Of a cause the cause be the effect which it bore ;
 When the child is the father—the father the child ;
 When bitter can sweet—and sweet bitter be styled ;
 When we needs must consider the tree not to be
 The source of the fruit—but the fruit of the tree ;
 I may perhaps, dearest brother, concur in your view
 That "good works," as you call them, have some-
 thing to do
 With the "Acceptance" of the sinner in
 That gracious Lord who while He is for Sin
 The Sole Propitiation, is no less
 (Blessed be God !) the LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS !

AH ! THINK IT NOT.



AH ! think it not—the notion
No warrant gleans from truth and fact,
That to this creed, devotion
Breeds lawlessness in outward act !
Although sin may too often show
It hath not fully met its end,
'Tis ever hated as a foe,
And never harboured as a friend.
Then think it not—the notion
No warrant gleans from truth and fact,
That to this creed, devotion
Breeds lawlessness in outward act.

Yes, though you may not credit
The word, as truth itself 'tis true,
For sin we hate and dread it
Though oft its evil deeds we do.

But could you half the sorrow know
 (Though condemnation's passed away)
Of a believer erring so,
 Your charge you must and would unsay.
 Then think it not—the notion
 No warrant gleans from truth and fact,
 That to this creed, devotion
 Breeds lawlessness in outward act.



IS THERE A WRETCH SO HATEFUL.

Is there a wretch so hateful,
So hideously ungrateful,
As to abuse
These glorious views
Of grace to license hateful ?
He sinks below the level
Of evil in the devil
Who holding these
Would take his ease
Or in transgression revel !
E'en fallen man we fain would think
Should from such *ultra*-evil shrink !

Not more of loathing horror
The crimes of dark Gomorrah,
And Sodom foul,
Stir in the soul.
Than should the shock'd heart borrow,

From his appalling libel
(O sinner without rival !)
Who dare aver
He can infer
Sin-license from the Bible !
May we not deem that man to be
The Satan of humanity ?



DEVOTED AND PURE.



DEVOTED and pure be the lives of believers
Who hold in their fulness the doctrines of grace ;
Who feel and avow themselves merest *receivers*
Of all that pertains to their privileged case !

Be it theirs to repel, by their pureness in practice,
The foul imputation oft flung at their creed,
That touching its ardent adherents, the fact is,
From pureness in practice they seek to get freed.

Ah ! little they know of the inward condition
Of him whom they tax with a purpose so foul ;
How little they ken that his highest ambition
Is just to be free from corruption's control !

But alas ! while the spirit and flesh are united
The law in the members too often will lead
To acts by which vigilant foes are incited
To deal to the doer the hypocrite's meed.

Yet that he, whom they brand with this odious stigma,
From his soul's lowest depths sin of all kinds
detests,
Is as true as Truth's self—ay, despite the enigma,
Incongruous practice so often suggests !

Proficiency may in the practice be wanting,
Where in principle, purpose, design, there may
reign
A rectitude which (in despite of his vaunting)
The self-righteous formalist only can feign.

Be not hasty o'er-much then,—but ponder a minute,
Whenever the schools you incline to compare,
If the one numbers Davids and Peters within it,
Amaziah's are not in the other *so* rare !



BY THE PEACE WITHIN US FLOWING.

By the peace within us flowing,
Priceless pledge of pardon'd sin ;
By the joy so brightly glowing
Like a shining sun within ;
Oh ! remember these can ne'er
Be their portion who shall dare
For a moment deem that we
Sport may with iniquity !

Fellest poison slays not quicker
Than will wanton sin dispel
E'en the last surviving flicker
Of all comfort-sensible !
Gospel-peace will sanctify !
Gospel-hope will purify !
Never will they coalesce
With allowed unholiness !

BELIEVE ME IF ALL THOSE ALLURING
DELIGHTS.

BELIEVE me if all those alluring delights
Thou so fondly pursuest below,
Uncondemn'd were by that which the Scripture
indites,
Nor issued in ultimate woe !
Of such pleasures I still would avoid the embrace
With purpose resolved as before,
Because my heart feels that the pleasures of grace
Transcend them a thousand times o'er !

It is not alone because worldly delights
With penal results are allied,—
'Tis not this reflection alone that incites
The believer to put them aside ;
No,—the renunciation is one to which now
His new bias of heart doth impel ;
As bride loves not only because of her vow,
But her heart's inclination as well !

OFT WHEN THE SILENT NIGHT.



OFT when the silent night
With shadows sable shrouds me,
Though death-thoughts they invite,
No melancholy clouds me.
But I reflect as Nature's night
Is link'd with Nature's morning,
So death shall only expedite
Of endless life, the dawning !
Thus when the silent night
With shadows sable shrouds me,
Though death-thoughts they invite,
No melancholy clouds me.

When I remember all
My Lord and Master's story ;
All He hath done recall
To gain me grace and glory ;

I feel like one not loth to tread
Death's shadow-valley, knowing
It shall to His bright presence lead,
And bliss to overflowing.
Thus when the silent night
With shadows sable shrouds me,
Though death-thoughts they invite
No melancholy clouds me.



OH ! THERE'S NOTHING EARTH CAN E'ER
BESTOW.

OH ! there's nothing earth can e'er bestow,
 With all its vaunts,
 (In spite of all the gloss and glow
 Of poets' chants,
 That better part
 And wealth of heart
 Can simulate or shed
 That from religion's fountains flow
 In hallow'd,
 And blessed streams, that broader grow
 When years have fled !

The warrior, statesman, poet, may
 To fame attain ;
 And the Sons of Commerce in their day
 May riches gain ;
 No portion sure
 They e'er secure
 With all their toil and pain :

Delusive while it lasts their bliss,
 And brief its reign ;
Involving nought of *happiness*,
 Whate'er they feign !

But the hallow'd joy the gospel gives
 Nor fails, nor flies ;
It cheers while on the earth man lives
 And when he dies—
 Ah ! then—what then ?
 Can poet's pen
 The joys above expound ?
Fruition only shall declare
 That bliss's round,
By him (of grace, through faith, the heir)
 In heaven found !



OH ! THEIR JOY SURPRISING.



OH ! their joy surprising
To rapture's *acme* rising
 Who gospel hope
 In fullest scope
By faith are realizing !

Nor call it madman's raving ;
Fanatical behaving,
 An ecstasy
 Delusively
The reason but enslaving ;

No, while with rapture leaping,
A peace the heart is reaping,
 Full as tranquil,
 And calm, and still,
As e'er was infant's sleeping !

'Tis peace and joy combining,
Like twin-shoots intertwining,
 Their bliss imparts
 Whose bounding hearts
Are lit by faith's bright shining !

And then their joy is lasting,
Not world-like hourly wasting,
 And day by day,
 Unto decay,
With rapid footsteps hasting !

Then let us aye be prizing
The rapture richly rising,
 When gospel-hope,
 In fullest scope,
Bright faith is realizing !



NAY, TELL ME NOT.



NAY, tell me not that religion mars

One joy worth having, one true delight ;
There is pleasure none from which it debars

One straw I'd give to enjoy if I might.

It asketh not

One tittle or jot

Of concession doth not our weal uphold ;

Nor fails to restore

To the bosom more

Than it e'er withdraws by a thousand-fold !

Then fancy not, brother, religion steals

One pleasure, one joy, that can truly bless ;

No, 'tis thus alone that religion deals,—

To make way for the greater it ousts the less !

Concede that at seasons we suffer grief,

(And where is the worldling that knoweth none)

We look to inherit complete relief,

When our conflict's o'er, and our race is run !

Befall in the way
Of sorrows what may,
There remaineth this truth—as true as strange !
That not for all mirth
That e'er gladdened earth,
Our bitterest sorrows would we exchange !
Then fancy not, brother, religion steals
One pleasure, one joy, that can truly bless ;
No, 'tis thus alone that religion deals,—
To make way for the greater it ousts the less !

MY SPIRITS 'TIS TRUE ARE NOT ALWAYS
AS BRIGHT.

My spirits 'tis true are not always as bright,
As enkindled to rapture, as now they appear ;
True that he whose glad bosom now glows with
delight,
Oft feeleth a pang, and oft sheddeth a tear.
Yes : of him who from heaven deriveth his trea-
sures,
The life in the flesh is not aye sadness-free ;
And the new heart that oft deepest drinks heaven's
pleasures,
Deepest drinketh at times of grief's melancholy.
But what then — shall we seek in unhallow'd re-
sources
Relief from the sorrow that saddens us then ?
Why, that sorrow itself less aversion enforces
Than the false joy that gladdens world-comforted
men !

The flow of our joy would be constant indeed,
Were we not unto sin and shortcoming so prone ;
And we care not how soon we from life may be freed
For then sin and shortcoming no longer are known.
Yes :—they who of sin have the hatred sincerest
Too often succumb to the power they hate ;
And they who indeed love sin's converse the dearest
Too often the law of that love violate.
But we never despair ; while renew'd but in part
We sojourn on earth in this prayer we ne'er fail,
That on the hard-fought battle-field of the heart,
More and more over sin grace may daily prevail.



WHO THAT HATH RISEN FROM THE
DEATH OF SIN.

Who that hath risen from the "death of sin"
Unto the "life of righteousness," and known
The peace profound, unspeakable, within,
Felt to be link'd with hate of sin alone ;
Hath not ofttimes, with much of keen distress,
Occasion had to marvel at the sway
A hostile spirit of unfaithfulness
Will often o'er the heart and act display ?

Who hath not in the closet, far-away
From contact with his secular pursuits,
Vowed (by His aid) to bear throughout the day
The Holy Spirit's constellated fruits ;
Yet ere that day hath blended with the past
Hath, times unnumbered, compromised his vows,
If not by flagrant acts, by what, at last,
The Law of God as plainly disallows ?

Who, that in morning access to the throne
Of Sovereign grace and mercy, oft implores
The power by grace throughout the day to own
The Saviour's sceptre, and the Saviour's cause ;
Yet, or by sloth or thoughtlessness betrayed,
Or foully shrinking from derision's smart,
Finds not, ere set of sun, that he hath played
In twenty instances a Peter-part ?

And who, thus sullied, doth not inly mourn,
And as it were adopt that poor king's cries,
(By unregenerate man's great Painter drawn)
" Doth Lear walk thus ? speak thus ? where are
his eyes ?"
Yea, what believer noting thus how much
His purpose and his practice disagree,
Is not well nigh induced, in seasons such,
To question e'en his own identity ?



SUNK IN DECLENSION'S DISMAL, DREAD
ABYSS.

SUNK in declension's dismal, dread abyss,
A stone-cold recollection of past cheer,
(Like statue to the memory of bliss)
Lodged in the heart where all is dark and drear
As a death-chamber, in which side by side
As on a bier, Peace, Hope, and Joy are laid ;
All power to glad to outward things denied ;
Where is Despair with his assassin-blade,
Why doth he stay his knife—his stroke forbear ?
Oh ! let Arminius (*if he can*) declare !



IT IS NOT AN ACT AT A MOMENT DONE.



It is not an act at a moment done,
On the spur of some one occasion,
Can attest that a soul has lost or won
The treasures of true salvation !
'Tis the way of the life in its every stage,
(Its story collected throughly,)
The volume at large, not a separate page,
That determines our *status* truly !

Yet how often are christian men decried
As hypocrites and deceivers ;
How often will worldly men deride
The pretensions of true believers ;
Because, peradventure, when sorely pressed
In the hour of sharp temptation,
They have staggered and reeled and in truth
transgressed
The laws of their high vocation !

'Tis all very well for the man of the world
With his lusts all *one* way tending,
With eloquent scorn, and lip becurl'd,
(And no little of self-commending)
To descant on the inconsistencies
Of men, who may yet sincerely
Accredit the Gospel's verities,
And love all its precepts dearly !

Believers are compound beings at best ;
Antagonist laws are waging
A desperate conflict within their breast,
And while these are engaging,
There'll be ups and downs—ground lost and won,
As in battle's fluctuations ;
There'll be much, very much, we could wish un-
done,
Much to generate lamentations !

They are men of like passions with those who blame ;
The old bias is not extracted ;
The law in the members remains the same,
Not extinguish'd, though counteracted.
But that counteraction not absolute
Becometh while life remaineth,
The old Adam, alas ! will still bear fruit,
While mortality sway retaineth.

Nor say we this to extenuate
But simply in explanation
Of the ofttimes lamentable state
Of the outward conversation,
Of men who are children of God no less,
And whose soul's profound desire
Is just to be quit of ungodliness,
Ay, purified as by fire !

Then know, 'tis no action here and there ;
No errors of one occasion,
Can justly render a Christian the heir
Of the hypocrite's condemnation.
'Tis the way of the life in its every stage,
(Its story collected throughly,)
The volume at large—not a separate page,
That can test his pretensions duly.



WHEN HE WHO HATH URGED THEE.

WHEN he who hath urged thee the truth to obey,
Hath himself been betrayed to transgress,
Wilt thou harshly denounce him, and hastily say
That 'tis aye thus with those who profess ?
Well blame—but however his faults you condemn,
Beware that you do not impute
To the gospel the blame which attaches to them,
As if they were the gospel's own fruit !

No, no :—they but prove that his cure is not yet
So perfect as yet it shall be ;
They are proofs, mournful proofs, let us never forget
Of his malady's malignity !
But never the by-path of folly is trod,
But it subjects to many a sigh ;
While next to the thought that we sin against God,
Is that others are stumbled thereby !

THEY KNOW NOT THAT HEART.



THEY know not that heart who believe there can be
In its purpose the canker of duplicity ;
Who think if they see in temptation's stern hour,
A trace in the practice of sin's loathsome power ;
That its bias the same kind of sin-feelings fan
With those which prevail in the natural man !

But frail as in practice believers oft are,
There is that in their hearts which, if known, would
declare,
That sin is a tyrant whose rule they abhor,
'Gainst whose sway they would daily "revolt more
and more ;"
That they long for the moment when yielding their
breath,
They shall shed the foul body of sin and of death !

BUT THOUGH PERFECTION NE'ER SHALL BE.

BUT though Perfection ne'er shall be
Attained this side the grave ;
Though to the last, or more or less,
Sin shall, alas ! enslave ;
Yet must we labour day and night,
With all our heart and soul,
(But self-dependence clean renounced)
To reach Perfection's goal !

The archer may lack skill to hit
The target's very eye,
But should he therefore when he bends
His bow omit to try ?
Approximation still his care
Should challenge, and its rate
The elevation of his aim
Must ever regulate !

Perfection in the practice is
Indeed beyond the reach,
But woe to him who on this ground
Imagines, or shall teach
That we may therefore reconcile
Deficiency, nor strain
Each nerve within us in attempts
Perfection to attain !

Perfection in the purpose must
Be throned in the breast,
Or woe betide us when the Day
Shall our pretensions test !
The sound and perfect heart is of
Account so vast and high,
The practices of twenty Pauls
Could not its want supply.



CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS ! WHO INDEED.

CHRISTIAN soldiers ! who indeed
Minded are to fight and bleed
For the Cross's holy creed,
Know ye enmity ?

Can't ye one in heart abide ;
Can't ye be in arms allied ;
Though on questions ye divide
Of church polity ?

Can't ye variously define
Regimental discipline,
Yet in serried mass combine
'Gainst the common foe ?

Need an army's forces be
Of one kind exclusively ;
Footmen all, or cavalry,
Don't ye better know ?

Have we not a common cause,
Common Captain, common foes,
Common weal and common woes,
Common destiny ?

In essentials we accord,
Can't we therefore well afford
In non-essentials to award
Each other, liberty ?

Which of Sion's regiments, pray,
In the day of battle may
Truly to the other say
" We've no need of you ?"

Which of all in turn hath not
In the conflict laurels got ;
Which of all's without a blot
On its fealty ?

Churchmen ! your corps most approve ;
Nonconformists ! your's best love ;
But let not your fondness prove
Party zealotry !

No, but heart and hand combine,
(Scotia's regiments ! join the line)
To oblivion consign
Churchianity !

In its stead with fond delight,
Brother-like, let us unite
To uphold with all our might
Christianity !

Are there no approaching harms,
No admonishing alarms,
Soon may cause the beat to arms,
Form then while ye may !

Is not Babylon alive,
Doth she not just now contrive
To make her cause advance and thrive,
Her levies multiply ?

Sinking sect and self outright,
Let us then at once unite,
In blended phalanx let us fight
The fight of Calvary !

Though diverse in uniform,
Let one cause our bosoms warm,
Side by side we'll breast the storm,
And side by side we'll die !

Then shall we, the warfare done,
And the certain Victory won,
Put the same bright honors on,
In kind at least, on high.

Where, blest realm ! shall never be
Prelacy, nor Presby'try,
No, nor Independency,
 But Christ be all in all !

“ Even so, Lord Jesus, come ! ”
Gather all thy saved ones home,
Never more from Thee to roam,
 Or differ *inter se* !



OH ! CULTIVATE LOVE.



OH ! cultivate love ;—leave sectarian feuds
 To those who for shadows not substances care ;
 If the creed of a brother essentials includes,
 As they may let me leave non-essentials to fare.
 Must I ask the believer who sits at my board,
 And in whom all the fruits of the Spirit I see,
 If his views and my own may in all points accord
 Touching ritual matters and church polity ?

My back must I turn upon men who rely
 On the same source of hope whence my own is begot,
 Because we perchance may not see eye to eye,
 Touching Prelacy, liturgies, tithes, or what not ?
 Must I count as no brother the man who I ken
 Is of meet opportunity ever in search,
 To glorify God and evangelize men,
 Because he goes to chapel and I go to church ?

If one faith in matters of moment we share,
Don't goad me to squabble for points that are
moot,
Any more than because he is dark, while I'm fair,
Or prefers a tail-coat while I choose a surtout !
Away with the thought—root it out of the mind ;
That christian fraternity ever should be,
To such very un-gospel-like limits confined,
Or be made to consist in mere clique-unity !



YES, WILLIAM J——, MINE OLD FRIEND.

YES, William J——, mine old friend,
We've coupled long together ;
And known in heart and state the while
Varieties of weather.
But ne'er were we at worst estate
Allowed to entertain
A moment's doubt that godliness
Was omni-precious gain.

And though our churches differ much
In rites and polity ;
On all doctrinal points, old friend,
We ne'er did disagree.
No, but of gain and benefit
In holy things, I trow,
That (instrumentally) to thee
No small amount I owe.

We've shared what fruits of mutual toil
A gracious God hath given ;
We've partners been in earthly gains,
And also hopes of heaven !
And I have learn'd while bidding thus
In unity with thee,
That christian friendships yield indeed
What earthly ne'er can gie.

And now, old friend, by years not few
We older are than erst ;
And our salvation nearer is
Than when we coupled first.
But let remote or near the time
Of our departure be,
We never doubt that we shall share
A blest eternity.

For we adherents are, old friend,
Of that "licentious" creed,
Which makes salvation's wealth devolve
On an un-earning seed !
And unto those who urge that creed
To lawlessness dispones,
I simply say, "Behold the way
"Of life of William J——!"

OH ! FOR THE VERY EARLY TIMES.

Oh ! for the very early times,
When persecution nourished !
Oh ! for the apostolic climes
Where less church-ism flourished !
The climes and season where and when
Ere sects the earth infested,
The main concern of new-born men,
Was in essentials vested !
Oh ! for the very early times
When persecution nourished !
Oh ! for the Apostolic climes
Where less church-ism flourished !

Oh ! for the saints that flourished then !
Oh ! for the love that swayed them !
When common love of Christ we ken
A band of brothers made them.

Within the circle of whose bliss,
Nor churchman nor dissenter,
(As sect-idolaters, that is)
Would e'er have dared to enter !
Oh ! for the saints that flourished then !
Oh ! for the love that swayed them !
When common love of Christ we ken
A band of brothers made them !



YES, PRAISE TO THE LORD FOR THE GOOD
CITY MISSION.

YES, praise to the Lord for the good City Mission,
Let all who may list stand aghast and appalled,
That souls should be saved from eternal perdition,
By unorthodox agency "falsely so called."

I know Who has blessed that same good City Mission
With a measure of blessing which none can mistake,
Who allow not sect-rheum so to block up their vision,
That no ray of light through the blindness can
break.

No "I am of Paul, Sir ; and thou of Apollos !"
Is heard in the ranks of that brother-like band ;
One in faith, though in discipline each brother follows
What the dictates of conscience in each may com-
mand.

No "touting" for churches, (excuse the expression)
 Or chapels you shall 'mong its members perceive;
 To the church of the First-born alone the accession
 Of perishing sinners they seek to achieve!

Can't we for our own corps then, the regiment we
 serve in,
 Preferential regard entertain and yet blend
 With battalions in God's sight perhaps no less de-
 serving;
 Yes! blend horse and foot when 'twill serve a
 Cross-end!

In the hour, I trow, of devotion's fruition,
 Or pray I at rest-time or when I awake,
 I can pray and can plead for the good City Mission,
 With a liberty such as I cannot mistake!

While touching the funds with which I am entrusted,
 (Not one shilling of which I consider my own)
 In regard to this Mission my gifts are adjusted
 On the Joseph-and-Benjamin* model alone!

And so long as, through mercy, I'm in a condition
 A guinea to give t'wards conversion of souls,
 Why that guinea shall go to the good City Mission,
 In spite of sect-zealots and their rigmarolles!

* Gen. xlviii. 34.

ONE EMBRACE AT PARTING.

ONE embrace at parting—if many
The points on which we disagree,
At last, dearest brother, not any
Of these touch the true unity.
I'm a churchman and thou a dissenter,
But we wait for the same precious word
Of welcome unmerited, "Enter
Thou into the joy of thy Lord!"
We have one faith and one hope between us ;
The source of our peace is the same ;
We have one great Obedience to screen us,
From Infinite Justice's claim !

In the same awful Means of Atonement,
The source of our pardon we see ;
In the same Awful Power's enthronement
Within, that of vitality.

We have one common reconciled Father ;
The same gracious Lord condescends
To call us his servants—yea rather,
Entitles us brothers and friends ;
The same Holy Spirit begat us,
And sealetH us to the great day,
When though men now shoot the lip at us,
We shall with the Saviour bear sway !

Then what if we differ a little
In ecclesiastical views,
Of moment the last jot and tittle
Shall these in eternity lose.
Let who will in fleeting externals
An absolute concord demand,
One-ness in enduring internals,
Hath bound us in fellowship's band !
Then one embrace at parting—if many
The points on which we disagree,
At least, dearest brother, not any
Of these touch the true unity !

FORGET NOT THE ISLE.

FORGET not the isle where they perish'd,
Those martyrs of graces as rare,
As any of late Grace hath cherish'd,
And Grace made them all that they were.

Of soldiers of earth the pretensions
Imposing and brilliant may be,
But reach they cannot the dimensions
Of those of the Cross-chivalry !

Sigh shall we alone when recalling
The hero at Trafalgar slain,
Or him sad Corunna saw falling
To cancel a victory's gain ?

Of the fallen 'neath Albion's banner
Alone shall we weep o'er the loss ;
And not o'er those weep in like manner
Who fell beneath that of the Cross ?

No, aye at thy name, Eromanga !
Our breasts with emotion shall heave ;
And the slain of thy self-cursing anger
All scriptural homage receive !



BROTHERS, NONCONFORMIST BROTHERS.

BROTHERS ! nonconformist brothers !
Are ye wholly now,
What ye were when ye could boast of
Doddridge, Watts, and Howe ?
Are ye not a shade too bitter,
Too political ;
With ye are " Essentials " now as
Whilom " all in all ? "

Angry be not, fellow-soldiers !
I am not a foe ;
My communion tell me flatly
I am much too " low. "
But that whole communion's members,
Clerical and lay,
Should not make me my convictions
Stifle or gainsay.

I believe your Institutions
Have once and again
Been unto this favoured realm a
Blessing not a bane.
Next to our beloved "Fathers,"
I believe we owe
To your "Fathers" half the blessings
Saints in Britain know.

I have known in your communion
Men as dear above,
(To my thinking) as are any
Whom the Lord doth love.
But I ever found them, brothers,
Very slow to stir
In squabbles but ecclesiastic
In their character.

Nonconformist brothers, ponder :
Infidelity,
And the Harlot's horrid power
Strengthen mightily.
Let us not at such a crisis
Be at daggers-drawn
'Mong ourselves—for Jesu's honor,
Be such strifes forborne.

Doff we Paul and Cephas badges,
His in stead display,
Whom we deem our common Captain,
Truth and Life and Way
Let us fight for something higher,
Something that shall last
When Church-polities lie in that
Sepulchre the Past !



THERE'S AN EDIFICE NEAR TO THE HOME
OF MY YOUTH.

THERE'S an edifice near to the home of my youth,
Where JEHOVAH is worshipped when Sabbath-day
falls ;
In the dawn of my manhood I first heard the Truth
As it is in my Saviour within its loved walls !

And albeit the power is not yet denied
In its sweet ministrations and worship to share,
Yet the time in the changes of life may betide
When no longer my footsteps may thither repair.

But that fane and its worship I'll never forget ;
But oft when alone in the quiet of eve,
I'll think—is the Gospel then sounding there yet ;
Is the strain of the teaching, "Repent and believe?"

And I'll pray to the Lord that His grace may abound,
That ever may flow there His soul-saving truth ;
That traditions and doctrines of men may ne'er sound
From that edifice near to the home of my youth !

THOSE SACRED BELLS.

THOSE sacred bells ! those sacred bells !
Their voice of worship's hour tells.
Oh ! to the listening distance bear
Their strain, ye unseen waves of air !

Old England's Church ! all hail, all hail !
My fathers worshipped in thy pale.
Thy precincts cherish many a stone
Reared over friends now dead and gone.

Within thy pale my God and Lord,
By that prime means His preach'd Word,
Of spiritual life the breath
Breath'd into me when wrapped in death.

My fathers' church ! well may'st thou fare,
For holy men thy founders were ;
And many a mark, methinks, attests
That heaven's blessing on thee rests.

May God in gracious mercy grant,
That rites theatric ne'er supplant
Within thy walls, or here or there,
Of hearts renewed the praise and prayer !

Oh ! may'st thou never inculcate
The figments men originate ;
Oh ! may'st thou never mystify
The Gospel's pure simplicity !

My fathers' church ! I love thee well,
I would not dread thy coming knell ;
As dread I should we'rt thou to be
Forgetful of thy fealty.

And thus forgetful would'st thou prove,
Should pride of self impair the love,
All sections of the church below,
Unto their common Sovereign owe.

If thou should'st earthy doctrine teach ;
If thou disloyally should'st preach
Thyself more than thy holy Lord,
Thine own voice more than His pure word ;

My fathers' church ! I then should fear
Thy fall, in judgment, to be near !
I then should look to see my God
Write on thy forehead " Ichabod."

HONOR THE DEATHS OF THOSE.

HONOR the deaths of those
Who for the Gospel die.
Who bear in Heaven's strength the throes
Of martyr-agony !

Round such an one in death,
How bright the halo shed,
Though the dun curling smoke-clouds wreath
Their volumes o'er his head.

Render to all their dues.
To those who bravely die
For country and for kin refuse
No fitting eulogy.

But what are warriors brave,
Compared with those who fall
To vindicate the Truths that save
From Sin and Satan's thrall ?

Of high and priceless worth,
Are home-and-hearth delights ;
Dear is the land that gave us birth,
And dear are freedom's rights ;

But dearer far than all
Our interests on high !
And these are they for which they fall
Who die as martyrs die.

Children of Sion ! then
Oft fondly think of those,
Your brethren-fathers, grace-strong men,
Who bore the martyr's throes.

Oft in your solitude,
Let Memory sit and tell
Their story who with minds renewed,
For gospel-freedom fell !

While we retain life's breath
Oft let our thoughts repair
Like pilgrims to their place of death
To muse and ponder there !

And as we muse, O may
Our spirits throb to be
Heirs of the same Great Spirit's sway,
Unto like sanctity !

Ever thus honour those
Who for the gospel die.
Who bear in Heaven's strength the throes
Of martyr-agony !

YE SPIRITS OF OUR FATHERS.

YE Spirits of our Fathers !
Who (instrumentally)
From England's church did exorcise
The demon Popery !
If now-a-days, alas ! there are,
Who lightly name your names,
And fain would arraign
Your right high and holy fames ;
Yet boasteth England hosts of hearts
That venerate your claims !

Yes, Spirits of our Fathers !
Britannia boasts a seed,
Shall never prove while grace is grace,
Apostates from the creed,
Your Ridley and your Latimer,
And those who with them wrought,
Through grace in the place
Of the Harlot's tenets taught ;
Or shall foully fail to emulate
The fight of faith ye fought !

Britannia in her annals,
No brighter day shall find,
Than was that in which she saw her church
Sit clothed in her right mind !
And let who will essay to woo
The unclean spirit back,
Of those shall oppose,
Shall she manifest no lack,
Though the Scarlet forces form in line,
And shout for the attack !

No, bands should doubtless rally
Ere Rome should re-enslave,
Who though not perhaps on carnal wise,
Would die for that ye gave.
Then, Spirits of our Fathers !
Let who will fall away,
And yearn for return
Of Rome's pestilential sway ;
Old England never hearts shall lack
To side the other way

Ye Mariners of England
Thomas Campbell

OH ! BREATHE NOT THEIR NAMES.

OH ! breathe not their names, let them sleep in the
shade,
Who, whate'er their pretences, have ever essayed
Into lewdness to lure the loved church of our isle,
And cause her with whoredoms her breasts to defile.

For the Great Reformation praise ! praise to the Lord !
For its blessings His great name be ever adored !
For the Great Reformation was that time of love,
When Old England's church had her call from above.

And have we then men who can dare cast a slur,
On the memory of saints like old Hugh Latimer ;
On Cranmer, on Ridley, on Hooper—on all
Whom proudly despite them OUR FATHERS we call ?

Oh ! shame on the men who could stop in our pale,
And as Anglican churchmen barefacedly hail
Themselves and their seed, while they foully could try
To bring back the crimes of hell's pride, Popery !

Shame ! shame on the men who in face of our creed,
And all in the works of OUR FATHERS we read,
Could the foul leper-doctrines of Rome seek to palm
On their flocks in the stead of the true Gospel-balm !

But breathe not their names, let them sleep in the
 shade,
By whom our loved Church was so nearly betrayed
Into turning Aholah and challenging God
To write on her forehead the word "Ichabod."



CHURCHMEN ! OFT BE ON YOUR KNEES.



CHURCHMEN ! oft be on your knees.
Oh ! that every passing breeze
Might waft to heaven as it flees,
A prayer 'gainst Popery !

Churchmen—churchmen ! do not sleep.
Much there is should make us weep,
While we dare not silence keep
About apostacy.

No, we cannot hide from view,
That we've seen false Oxford do,
Emulating Laud and Crew,
In our century.

Still oh ! still we'll not despair,
We'll abound in faith and prayer,
Praying Jacob's God to care
For Britain's loyalty

Mitred and unmitred we
Have yet a saintly soldiery,
In that church we fervently
 Though not as bigots love !

The "righteous ten" are in her yet,
We'll therefore hope God will not let
England's church's sun yet set—
 But then prayerful be.

We must cleave unto the Lord,
We must prize His written word,
More than miser doth his hoard,
 Lest it stolen be.

Oft we must be on our knees,
Letting every passing breeze
Waft to heaven as it flees,
 A prayer 'gainst Popery !



WHILE HISTORY THE RECORD.



WHILE History the record was mournfully keeping
 Of all that false doctrine hath done in our age,
 O'er her shoulder Britannia in sadness leaned
 weeping,
 As though she would weep out the tale from the
 page.

But oh ! what a sunshine—how joyous ! how bright !
 Dispelled on the instant the blush from her brow,
 When she saw the pen write
 In bright letters of light,

“ J . . n Bishop of C r is Archbishop now ! ”

“ Hail, Star of my Church ! ” said Britannia with
 rapture,
 While praise seemed proclaimed from her lip and
 her eyes,

“ Throughout this distressing—this dark, mournful
 chapter,

“ I've watch'd for some name like thine own to
 arise.

- “ For though mitres I’ve many, alas ! from a blot
 “ Some, some have not striven to shelter their name,
 “ But oh ! there is not
 “ Wrinkle, blemish, or spot,
 “ On J . . n Bishop of C r his thrice-holy fame !
- “ And ’till righteousness’ crown shall thy brow be
 adorning ;
 “ Till by thy place here thou no longer art known ;
 “ Shall the godly in Britain at noon, night, and
 morning,
 “ With humble thanksgivings approach Heaven’s
 throne ;
 “ Yes—yes—to that throne whence promotions
 descend ;
 “ Whence alone shall my people prosperity get ;
 “ Till thy pilgrimage end
 “ Shall their praises ascend,
 “ That J . . n Bishop of C r is spared to us yet !”



OH ! AWAY WITH THE NOTION.

OH ! away with the notion that worship external
Involveth of value one tittle or jot,
Unallied with or severed from worship internal,
Or rather if not of the latter begot.

Let our face have the uttermost sanctity in it,
And bended our knees be three-fourths of the day,
Let our heads furnish bulrush-bows ten times a
minute,
Less than nothing 'tis worth if our hearts be away.

Give we thousands per annum in alms and oblations ;
Feed, clothe we, and tend all the poor in the isle ;
But don't let us screw out of these condonations
For keeping our hearts to ourselves all the while !

To church let us go at eve, noontide, and morning,
But if thence to theatre or ball we repair,
Our many church-goings let's not be suborning
To cover and cancel our worldliness there.

Fast we morning and night if by fasting we cherish
Devotion that lasteth when fasting is o'er ;
But oh ! let our fraudulent fasting go perish,
If to post-fasting license it open the door.

Empty-stomach devotion to-day, do not let it
For the wine-bibbing banquet to-morrow atone ;
Nor let of our Lenten-seclusion the merit
Give sin a *carte-blanche* when Lent-season is flown.

No, away with the thought that decorum external
Hath in it of value the shade of a shade,
If for the high presence of worship-internal,
It be after all but a substitute made.



NO, CLOSET-STUDY OF THE WORD.

No, closet-study of the Word
Must ne'er usurp the place
Of what no less momentous proves,
The public Means of Grace !
No, the great peerless ordinance
Of Preaching ever prize,
But then for your soul's life take heed,
That you bereanise !

Try, try the spirits by the rule
God's Holy Word affords,
Lest merchandize be made of you,
By means of feign'd words.
Error is error let who will
Propound it in our ears ;
May an old prophet's Bethel-fate
Oft stimulate our fears.

We must be wary how we yield
An "otiose assent,"
To aught we hear because advanced
In an Establishment.
Especially in times like these
When of the orthodox
Within our pale, so many are
Afflicted with Rome-pox!



CARE TO HAVE THE HEART ENLISTED.



CARE to have the heart enlisted
On Religion's side ;
Never in a creed however
Orthodox, confide.
Doubtless orthodoxy is of
Moment, ne'ertheless
With the heart 'tis man believeth
Unto righteousness !
Better be a heathen savage,
Blind to what is right ;
Than to have the head enlightened,
While the heart remains unbrightened,
With the love of light.

Care to have the heart enlisted
On Religion's side ;
Never in a practice moral
Outwardly, confide.

Of religion holy practice
Is a vital part,
But then worthy only when the
Product of the heart.
Better be a David even
In his grievous fall ;
Than an Amaziah in his
Practice only righteous, that is,
Righteous not at all !

Care to have the heart enlisted
On Religion's side ;
Ne'er in sacraments, oblations,
Rites and forms, confide.
Not that these are unimportant,
On the contrary,
They can never be omitted
With impunity.
But than sacrifice, lo ! better
Is it to obey ;
And to hearken more availeth
Than the fat of rams prevaileth,
So the Scriptures say.

Care to have the heart enlisted
On religion's side ;
If religion is to stead you,
When ill times betide.

'Tis the heart where sin defileth,
And where sorrows grow ;
Where the wound is there we ever
Should the balm bestow.
And the pure in heart are blessed
Let what may assail ;
Whether that flesh deems a blessing,
Or that flesh esteems distressing,
Outward things entail !



ENLIST THE AFFECTIONS.



ENLIST the affections—enlist the affections,
If you would have religion worth a straw ;
Trust not in church-membership, rites, genu-
flexions,
From these alone thou shalt no blessing draw.

Religion's a nature and not a department,
The heart and not the frame must first submit.
Of rites, forms, oblations, "the finest assortment,"
The heart withheld, shall profit thee no whit.

Would you compass the peace passing all under-
standing,
The joy with which the stranger meddles not ?
Be wary what creed your assent is commanding,
By whom propounded—from what sources got.

Lean not upon Churches, on councils, on clergy,
Save in so far as they themselves shall rest
On that Word to whose pages its Oracles urge ye
To give all heed as faith's sole rule and test.

Confound not with baptism, Regeneration,
(That dogma which hath many souls undone.)
For Justification and Sanctification—
Sunder them not yet never deem them one.

Church-membership ! take care it be not repelling
Direct and pers'nal union with the Lord ;
Involved in the Spirit's momentous Indwelling,
He who begets us by the written Word.

Love not the motto, " My CHURCH and my saviour,"
For it is one that Satan dearly loves.
That motto inverted best sorts with the haviour
Of one whose creed God's Holy Word approves.

Sentimental, yea, rather idolatrous pining
For something " Visible " in which to rest !—
Eschew it—and be round the Saviour entwining
These yearning longings of a rest-sick breast.

You shall find the "Invisible" then will award ye,
 A rest—a peace—a joy—an ecstasy!
 Which Tractarianism can never afford ye,
 That infant Mystery of Iniquity!*

* Uncharitableness towards *persons*—μη γενοιτο. Yearn the bowels over the heathen! let them yearn over Tractarians also—over *victims* more than *plotters*—but for *principles*, be Ονομαζειν τα συκα συκα the motto of every Protestant Englishman while there's breath in his body. Common honesty demands it to say nothing of the requirements of piety.



AM I A LIAR ?

AM I a liar ?—as a man persuaded
He writes this volume in the sight of God ;
As one who feels a fortnight's flight might see him
Deposited beneath the church-yard's sod ;
As one believing in the Judgment coming
When God in Christ shall sit upon the throne ;
As one believing in the hell and heaven
Surceasing with eternity alone ;
As one that hath no solitary reason
For penning falsehoods on a theme like this ;
I do affirm my soul a PEACE possesses
Yielding each day a paradise of bliss !
How do I get it ?—by a heart-reliance
Upon the Blood and Merits of my Lord ;
By derivation of my creed's last letter
Direct and only from His living Word !
I'm one abhorring with intense abhorrence
That plot would make the church to be the Vine ;

I deem the fiend who took sin into Eden

Alone originated the design—

But to the question, Peace ! the very blessing

Tractarian victims pine and pant to get

(Seeking it in a “ visible ” invention,)

Well, have they lighted on its vast bliss yet ?

What said one of their deepest-plunged ringleaders ?

“ I have it not—but hope yet to attain ! ”

And this said after years of horrid effort—

Ponder the saying o’er and o’er again.

It sets at rest the question. “ Peace I leave you—

“ My peace I give to you,” thus said the Lord.

Which is His system—that no peace conferring,

Or that which doth in fulness peace afford ?

Men—Men and brethren ! pause—Oh ! pause and
ponder ;

See that your souls be left not in the lurch ;

Shun every creed and voice that say not to ye,

“ Rest, seek it in the Saviour not a Church.”

Oh ! for the sake of all that is momentous

To dying sinners—for the sake of all

That can betide us while on earth we sojourn,

Or that can in eternity befall—

For the Blood’s sake that bought us, and the Merits

Imputed unto all that shall believe—

For the dear sake of that Stupendous Channel

Through which alone Cross-riches saints receive—

Oh ! for the sake of every joy in heaven—
By every hell-wail, agony, and moan—
Flee from the pit Tractarians are digging,
Cleave to the True Vine JESUS CHRIST alone !*

* “ Ah ! but,” some one will say, “ Tractarianism has had its day.” Has it ? Look at the accursed poetry, novels, tales, and other poisons of like stamp constantly pouring from our presses. Three of these hideous compounds—these tasteless limpid potions of the spiritual poison-adepts of our own day—came in one dread batch under the writer’s notice but a few days since. If Tractarianism be not a crowning effort of the Great Adversary under a consciousness that his time is short verily the depths of his subtlety *are* unfathomable. Thorough-going Romanism is a fool to it for subtlety.



AH ! BUT DO NOT MISTAKE US.



AH ! but do not mistake us—no, certes, at last
We love England's church with affection intense ;
She's no unlaurelled regiment 'spite all that is past,
Of Tractarian treason and high-church offence.

Though Tractarian wickedness might for a while
Our affection, attachment, and love alienate
From the time-honored church of our own favoured
isle,
The church we had knelt in from boyhood's estate.

Yet reasoned we thus, " Be she grievously stained—
" Shall we leave her and lose her and love her no
more ?
" Why the best of all armies have traitors contained—
" Did the navy not mutiny once at the Nore ?

Her espousals their joy we'll forget not—we'll think
Of the time too when she of the realm was sole
light,
'Till Stuart-ised even to Popery's brink,
God's children began to forsake her in fright.

She's the church of the men who resisted to blood,
The martyrs of England—Britannia's best pride ;
She's the church of John Newton, of Cecil, of Goode,
And dozens and dozens of like saints beside.

She has officer'd been by as grace-gallant men,
As ever the Spirit of Wisdom endowed,
With power to combat by preaching and pen,
For the rights and the hopes by the gospel
bestowed.

And many yet boasts she whose gold is not dim,
We might number by thousands—but we must
be brief :
Yet oh ! ere we close we'll point proudly to him,
Who is now, through God's mercy, Commander-in-
chief.

OH ! BRIGHT WAS THE MORNING THAT
BRILLIANTLY BROKE.

OH ! bright was the morning that brilliantly broke
On Britannia's loved church when she started and
woke,

Into life and emergence from Apathy's reign ;
When JEHOVAH, in mercy, first gave her to feel
The precious pulsations of true mission-zeal—
Oh ! for rousing her thus from her slumber of death,
Praise, praise to the Lord ! with our being's last
breath—

For the Church Mission praise Him again and again.

If the fame of our church should be dear to our
hearts ;

If her honor one tittle of pleasure imparts ;

If of Missions the lack be a shame and a stain ;

Then, ye Church Mission founders, to you we should
give

Subordinate honor as long as we live—

Yea, as far as the creature commended may be,

Shall your doings be cherished by fond Memory,

Long, long as that Mission shall being retain.

Ye Newtons and Cecils and ye their compeers !
Whose grace-courage triumphed o'er scruples and
fears ;

Whose ardour and zeal no repulse could restrain ;
Let all who may list stand aloof from our ranks,
There are myriads among us who give Heaven thanks,
For the fruit of your labours—who day after day,
When the closet invites them to praise and to pray,
Thank God for the Mission again and again.

May He prosper the cause : Oh ! it cannot but share
His blessing and smile if a spirit of prayer,

In Church-Mission supporters shall footing retain !
But prayer must be mingled with accents of praise,
Thanksgivings must pour forth in rapturous lays—
What though we be gathered ere Jubilee-strains,
Shall again ring around us from Albion's fanes,
In his closet each Christian the power retains
To give thanks for our Mission again and again !

A SHRINE TO RELIGION.



A SHRINE to Religion young Theron erecting,
Quoth he "I must find me an image will do,"
So he hied to the sculptor whose study inspecting,
He found there of suitable images two !
"Alas !" said the sculptor "the twain are bespoken
"But if you will intimate which you prefer,
"My skill shall suffice (as these works may betoken)
"To fashion another of like character."

One a warrior seemed helmet sword and shield
grasping ;
A white robe enveloped his form as he stood
On a rock a cross standing on which he was clasping
With an air of devoted and fond fortitude.
He was laden with fruit. A rich glow of assurance
His features suffused, as his eye seemed to trace
A scroll which was called his "Eterne-Life Insurance,"
And on which was written "Salvation by Grace."

The other a beggar seemed all rags and tatters,
Yet in old popish finery flauntily clad ;
Absolution composing-draughts, pills, and like
 matters,
With sacrament-amulets many he had,
And a box carved to look like a church (not a chapel,
Which he hugged as though in it was all he was
 worth,
Yet whatever it was this strong-box was to grapple,
Came out at the bottom and fell to the earth.

Said Theron " I am not much skilled in such matters,
 " But in my selection I wish to shew taste ;
" Which think you, Sir sculptor, (the last little
 flatters
 " Its theme,) the more meet on my shrine to be
 placed ?"
Quoth the Sculptor " I scarce know which ought to
 be reckoned
 " More true to the theme, but I just mention
 this,
" Some clergy from Oxf . . d have bought up the
 second ;
 " Of the other an angel the purchaser is !

WHEN FIRST, O WORLD ! I SOUGHT THY
LOVE.

WHEN first, O World ! I sought thy love,
Such brightness seemed to gild thee,
I never dreamt but it would prove
That nought but good things filled thee :
I never dreamt thy fair outside,
Professions and pretensions,
Were unto Truth as much allied,
As Oxford-Tract inventions ;
But go, beguiler, go—
The Holy Bible's cautions
Have taught me now to know
The nature of thy portions !

I saw not that thy wide abode,
One Corinth huge presented,
That with fell fascinations flowed,
To snare the sin-demented.

I knew not that thy fell design,
Was souls to lure to ruin,
Thy serpent-master's will malign,
Thus fiendishly doing.

But now I thee abjure.

No more, thou veiled Mokanna !
Shalt thou my soul allure
To serve beneath thy banner.

I knew not Honour, Pleasure, Fame,
Love, Glory, Riches, Station,
That with such winning aspect came,
Such soft solicitation ;
A troop of mere hetæræ were,
A fallen race inciting,
In this or that brief portion here,
Alone to be delighting.

But, temptress, go thy way.

I've tried thee and detected,
That only to betray,
Are all thine arts directed.

Thy "lying lips" did oft aver
Religion had no pleasures ;
That something mean and sinister,
Pervaded all her measures :

Whereas I find her precious joys,
Are with thy husks contrasted,
As wheat to tares—true wealth to toys—
Hope answer'd to hope blasted :
Howbeit fare thee well.
I now can only wonder,
That e'er through sin I fell,
Into so vast a blunder !

You never said a time would come
For thee and me to sever ;
You made me act as though a home
I'd find in thee for ever ;
Whereas all joys thou canst supply
Must be at death relinquish'd ;
Ay—and moreover oft they die,
Long, long ere life's extinguish'd :
Then go, beguiler, go—
Hence with your short-liv'd pleasures
I want e'en here below,
Less transitory treasures.

Yes, fare thee well. If thee and thine,
Once lov'd I without measure ;
I now can say (through grace divine)
I have transferr'd my treasure :

For though within my heart there lurks,
A law would yet affect thee—
Another law within it works,
Doth quite as much reject thee.
So, keeping in my view
That Grace can strength afford me,
A long, a last adieu,
O world! I here award thee.

how first I met the warm &
my -

Thomas Moore -

HOW MANY THERE ARE WHO WOULD
PROBABLY SHUDDER.

How many there are who would probably shudder,
At the bare thought of worshipping idols of stone ;
Who would fear to fall down to a Tlaloc or Buddha,
Or other the idols in heathendom known ;
Who yet, in effect, worship idols as surely,
As ever did Aztec, Hindoo, or Chinese ;
They may worship, it may be, a shade less impurely,
But they worship as really as any of these.

In the worship of Learning and Science how many
Exhaust all their ardour, their labour, and pains :
The old accusation, " whose god is their belly,"
Thus varied, incurring " whose god is their brains!"
How many bow down to the idol High Station ;
How many to Mammon their worship award ;
Of how many is fame and world-wide reputation,
The deified object—the one-worshipped lord !

Then look at those idols, (less vilely unseemly,)
The wife of the bosom—the child that she bears :
The error not loving, but loving supremely,
Idolatry's earmark wherever it peers.
Yet weighing the object not God's requisition,
Or the bias and tone of the heart all the time,
Man smiles at the thought that he's in the condition
Of one who stands charged with idolatry's crime.

But the man who sobriety's mandate transgresses,
When the Muse-honoured grape is the mean of
offence,
Is a drunkard no less than the man whose excesses
Are link'd with the liquors that tap-rooms dispense.
Little matters the form if idolatry's presence,
A heart-searching God in the bosom shall find :
The question respects not the mode but the essence,
'Tis "Worship ye idols?" not "What is their kind!"



ONE THING I KNOW.



WHEN one on whom our blessed Lord
Conferred the boon of sight,
Was by the Pharisees beset,
Who laboured main and might,
To make the simple-minded man
His views of Christ forego,
They failed to make him change his creed,
Quoth he "One thing I know."

And thus when the believer is
Assaulted and assailed ;
As an insane enthusiast,
Or visionary hailed :
When at his creed such stones as these
His adversaries throw,
He to the same protection flees,
And feels "One thing I know."

When scepticism's victims weave
Their web of sophistry,
And his endeared and certain hope,
Malevolently ply,
With "Ah ! but if," and "Oh ! but then,"
And "Argal so and so,"
No broom he finds sweeps down the web,
Like his "One thing I know."

So when the learned of the earth
Contrive to mystify
Plain truths which he has long received
In their simplicity :
When round his head in gusty whirl,
Winds of false doctrine blow,
A sheltered creek he ever finds,
In his "One thing I know."

When sect or system-zealots ply
Their proselyting aims ;
And of their churches or their creeds,
Urge the exclusive claims ;
Led by the light God's Holy Word
Doth graciously bestow,
He still can tranquilly retreat
On his "One thing I know."

When false ones in his church would seek
To lure him to veneer
With coats of Romish-polish foul,
The creed he holdeth dear ;
In vain—in vain—not in such paths,
His guarded footsteps go,
The shield is o'er him and within
He wields "One thing I know."

When Legalism hugging close
Belov'd Self-righteousness,
Of his less sandy-founded trust,
Will thus its views express,
"From creed so lax, alas ! alone
"Licentiousness can flow :"
Like bubble bursts the inference,
Before "One thing I know."

When Antinomianism would
Its filthy tenets broach ;
And his profound and ardent thirst
For holiness reproach,
With "Let such legal views obtain,
"And grace for nought must go,"
Sledge-hammer could not crush the charge
Like his "One thing I know."

Thus let who will our creed assault,
What time we sojourn here ;
Let sage or simple urge the doubt,
Or deal the smile and sneer :
Come what come may in trial's shape,
As Sionward we go ;
Aye let us take our stedfast stand
Upon " One thing I know."

While Reason's labours in her sphere,
We never will disdain,
(But cherish all her products there,)
This truth we yet maintain,
Experimental evidence
Can strongest strength bestow—
For " private purposes" nought can
Transcend " One thing I know !"

YOU OFT, SISTER MARY.



“ You oft, Sister Mary” the little girl said,
“ Alone to your chamber repair ;
“ And you always look happy when back you return ;
“ What is it that you do there ?”

“ My love” sister Mary replied” I repair
“ To my chamber my Father to meet :
“ For oh ! to converse with that Father in prayer,
“ And in praise it is blessed and sweet !”

“ Father’s dead, sister Mary” the little girl said,
“ Laid under the church-yard sod,”
“ But I mean” sister Mary replied “ dearest child !
“ The Father whose name is God !”

- “ Do you mean, sister Mary” the little girl said,
“ God who lives away up so high ;
“ But how can He hear you—or how hear you Him ?
“ Does He talk to you out of the sky ?”
- “ No, God” sister Mary replied” dearest child,
“ Is a Spirit—not like you and me :
“ He is every where and hears every thing,
“ And all things at all seasons can see.
- “ He looks into our hearts and discerneth our thoughts
“ Long before we have uttered a word ;
“ Nay He knoweth our thoughts long before they
are formed—
“ Well, and then for our hearing the Lord,
- “ Why you know when Mamma was at Manchester,
love,
“ She wrote to us every day,
“ And among other things said what you were to do
“ In regard to your lessons and play.
- “ Now the Bible is much like a letter from God
“ To tell us his Holy Will ;
“ It points out the things we’re to do or avoid,
“ Shewing what things are good and what ill.

- “ And all little children who wish to love God,
“ And please their papa or mamma,
“ Must the Bible in all things mark, love, and obey—
“ Yes, and make it their sole guiding-star !”
- “ Oh ! then, sister Mary ! I’ll try and get on
“ With my lessons as fast and as far,
“ As I can ’till my Bible I’m able to read,
“ And learn how to please God and mamma !”



GO WHERE DUTY CALLS THEE.

Go where duty calls thee,
But in all befalls thee,
 Oh ! still remember Him.
When life's prospects viewing,
Or its paths pursuing,
 Still, still remember Him.
When its duties call thee,
Or its charms would thrall thee,
Or its ills appal thee,
 Let not faith wax dim ;
But in all thy trials,
Comforts and denials,
 Ever remember Him !

In the hour of sadness,
And the hour of gladness,
 Alike remember Him.
Wheresoe'er located,
Howsoe'er vocated,
 Still, still remember Him.

From sunrise to sunseting,
 While thy day's bread getting,
 Be what may besetting,
 Every moment trim,
 That blest lamp whose shining,
 Shall be aye inclining,
 Thee to remember Him.

Thus while lifetime lasteth,
 And when deathtime hasteth,
 Still, still remember Him.
 In every state, and station,
 Season, place, relation,
 Thus, thus remember Him.
 If in all life's stages,
 All that e'er engages,
 While its warfare wages,
 Faith thus ne'er wax dim,
 Then shall ne'er upbraid thee,
 That thy mother bade thee,
 Aye to remember Him !



*Go where glory waits thee
 - More -*

DOTH SORROW THY YOUNG HEART SADDEN.

DOTH sorrow thy young heart sadden,
As cankerworm frets its prey ?
And would'st thou that joy should gladden
That heart with its healing ray ?—
Hath Grief wound his bonds around thee,
And would'st thou indeed be free ?
Then let not Despair confound thee,
There is Who will ransom thee !

First know to what cause 'tis owing,
That sorrow hath lordship here.
From sin is each sorrow flowing
That saddens and haunts our sphere !
If sorrow thou would'st then banish,
From sin thou must first get free—
Ah ! fleetly would sorrow vanish
Were sin but divorced from thee !

But earth, search the wide world over,
Can proffer remedy none ;
No balm wilt thou e'er discover
In regions beneath the sun.
Yet lives there a great physician,
And mighty to heal is He :
Of His cure I have gained cognition,
And now I tell it to thee.

Yes, sorrowing one, believe it,
On the word of a man hath tried
The cure he commends—receive it !
'Tis the Cross of the Crucified !
'Tis the Gospel of God our Saviour :
Oh ! make but of Him a friend !
Enact but of faith the haviour,
Right soon shall your sorrow end !



SHE NEVER ONCE REGRETTED.

SHE never once regretted
That her heart the choice had made ;
She never pined or fretted
For the things that choice forbade.

True, she had sorrow-seasons,
When her heart in sadness pined ;
But 'gainst defection reasons
Evermore they left behind.

She wept for looks averted,
Where she kindness most could prize ;
She felt herself deserted
By her nearest, dearest ties.

Love visibly was waning
E'en beneath her father's roof,
Where of unkind disdaining
Daily met she bitter proof.

But yet she never wavered,
Or essayed to compromise
Principles her conscience favoured,
Inculcated from the skies.

Worldly trials thickened round her ;
Tribulation without bound ;
But they could ne'er confound her,
Aye, through grace, she kept her ground.

Hell, world, and flesh united
Strove her purpose to subdue ;
But ne'er their arts incited
Her that purpose to eschew.

Her risen Lord was for her :
Strength was ever as her day ;
Nought e'er could triumph o'er her,
Or her portion take away.



REMEMBER THE GRACES OF WORTHIES OF
OLD.

REMEMBER the graces of worthies of old,
Though the days of those worthies are o'er ;
Though their living example the church can behold,
With the natural vision no more.
Enshrined in the record of Truth we may trace
The feats that by faith they achieved ;
And oh ! may we burn to inherit like grace,
From the source whence their own was received.

And is not our need of like grace great as theirs,
If we mere circumstantials dismiss ?
Are we not of the self-same corruption the heirs ;
Are we proffered a different bliss ?
That country they plainly declared that they sought,
Bidden are we not then to seek too,
Or that good fight of faith which they one and all
fought,
With that fight have we nothing to do ?

Live in what age he may of man's state ever are
The grand characteristics the same,
Like evils and remedies challenge his care ;
His fulfilment the same duties claim.
So when scanning the story of saints now no more,
Let us seek in the same paths to tread :
Let us labour to bring forth the fruits which they bore,
And thus glorify God in their stead.

*Reminds the glories of Bea
the brave - L. Moore*



OUR FATHERS WHERE ARE THEY.



OUR fathers ! where are they ?
Their sojourn is o'er,
And the place that once knew them,
Now knows them no more.
In the church-yard reposing
Their bodies may lie ;
But their death-less souls—these are
In eternity.

Their honors ! where are they ?
If earthy they were,
Can their past-away splendour
Now challenge a care ?
Were they prince, peer, or peasant,
What matters it now
Where no earth-crown or laurel
Can circle the brow ?

Their pleasures ! where are they ?

 If carnal their kind,

Oh ! say—have they not now

 Left all these behind ?

Can the pleasures so fondled

 In mortal estate,

Cross the grave's gulf—and into

 The next world migrate ?

Oh ! who in his senses,

 His all would invest

In a world whose best portions

 Are short-lived at best ?

In duration but reaching

 Years threescore and ten ;

And if often not always

 Enduring 'till then !

Surely Common-sense bids us

 Relax our fond hold

On earth's joys and provide us

 Bags waxing not old.

A treasure in heaven

 Which never shall fade ;

Where moth ne'er corrupteth,

 Nor robbers invade.

IN THE MORN OF THAT LIFE.

IN the morn of that life which hath no termination,
The life that from heaven beginning derives ;
When new to the soul is the sense of salvation,
When first the soul feels itself free from the gyves ;
A sun-burst of rapture—a torrent of joy,
May a transport of bliss for a season sustain,
With which fear of re-action may blend no alloy—
Which no apprehension of change may restrain !

But it is not in that time of joy's fervid glow,
We can feel as in times of less transport we may,
How pure—how profound—is the peace which they
know
Who as pilgrims are tracking the heavenly way.
No—no—'tis when over the head have flown years
As fruitful of sorrows and griefs as of joy ;
When of first love the fervor hath fled—and for tears
As oft as for smiles hath the heart found employ ;

That we learn how to value the infinite worth,
Of the Peace which the gospel of free-grace bestows ;
That we feel how beside it the best bliss of earth,
As the merest and meanest of counterfeits shows !
And if true be the adage that friends are best proved,
When adversity's load bears us down to the
ground,
A reason it lends why the gospel is loved
Most dearly where trouble and trial abound !



AS PEACE AND JOY.

As Peace and Joy together once
Were going on their way,
Joy skipped about—ran to and fro',
Like antelope at play.
“Father!” she cried “how grave you are,
“Why don't you laugh and sing?
“You look as though Religion were,
“A dull and gloomy thing.”

“My child” said Peace “there's much below
“To minish ecstasy;
“I bide my time—my joy shall flow,
“When I arrive on high.”

Now as these words he spake behold!
Two Perils came in sight:
“Ah me!” shriek'd Joy “look! father! look!
“Quick—let us take to flight!”

“ Be still, my child” said Peace “ be still.

“ What have we now to fear ?

“ Know’st not Whose voice hath bidden us

“ Be ever of good cheer ?”

He grasped his sturdy staff of faith,

Nor turned him from the track,

While trembling like an aspen-leaf,

Joy gat behind his back.

Up came the Perils and anon,

Scann’d Peace from top to toe ;

’Till marking no unguarded point,

At which to plant a blow,

“ Come, come,” quoth one “ we’ll go our way—

“ Nor harm him, life or limb :

(’Tis Peace, I trow—a stalwart soul—

“ We shan’t make much of him !”)



THERE IS NOT IN THIS FALLEN WORLD.

THERE is not in this fallen world season more sweet,
Than is that when the Lord in the closet we meet ;
Oh ! the last spark of grace from the soul must
depart
Ere the love of that season abandon the heart.

When wearied with labour, when sadden'd with care,
When sullied with folly—how sweet to repair,
To the still silent closet where kneeling alone,
There is nothing we need but we make it our own.

Yes, whatever of gracious protection may shield,
What time to earth's duties attention we yield,
Something ever doth to their transaction pertain,
Makes us glad to get back to the closet again.

Sweet region of solace ! while life shall endure,
May I ever thy blissful enjoyment secure—
Of the rest that remaineth 'tis thine to bestow
The least-alloyed foretaste permitted below.

SHOULD OTHERS' WELFARE BE FORGOT.



SHOULD others' welfare be forgot,
Or seldom borne in mind—
But, but to better our own lot,
Should effort be confined ?

No, far be that from those who deem
That they have mercy found ;
They who of Mercy's favours dream,
Must stand on other ground.

If Nature doth on fallen man
One principle impress,
That primely calls down Grace's ban,
'Tis that of selfishness.

Anent all good by grace achieved,
Beneath this law we live,
That having freely all received
As freely we should give.

And not alone for duty's sake
But liking's too we ken,
Will vital Christians measures take
To profit other men.

For certain 'tis whose faith is more
Than sheerest "make-believe,"
More blessed find it ten times o'er,
To give than to receive.

Then ne'er be others' weal forgot,
But cherish'd with all care ;
We ne'er shall find that self one jot
The worse for it will fare.

*Should and acquaintance
be forgot.*

OH ! IT IS NOT THE QUESTION.

OH ! it is not the question how great is the sorrow,
 (No—though it may all common limits exceed)
But 'tis whether as humble believers we borrow
 From the Lord our Redeemer the strength that we
 need.

Of Joseph, in charge of the prison's stern warden,
 'Tis written (blest fate !) that the Lord was with
 him ;

And Elijah beside Cherith's brook before Jordan,
 Doubtless found not his joy for a moment wax dim.

Blest, blest in the furnace though seven times heated,
 Were the splendid grace-heroes of Dura's dark plain ;
And Daniel, amid the den's fierce tenants seated,
 Found his peace without doubt rather strengthen
 than wane.

Paul and Silas at midnight sang praises in prison,
 By the warfare unawed it behoved them to wage ;
And of many a martyr the rapture has risen
 Step by step as it were with the fire's fierce rage.

The question is not then how great is the trial—
Great or small it may baffle our powers to bear—
But whether through grace and in nature's denial,
On the Lord we are casting the weight of our care.
For lean we on Him—not twelve legions of devils
Shall stir in the bosom one feeling of fear ;
While lean we on self—and the least of all evils
Shall challenge a tremor, or shatter our cheer.



BUT WHY SHOULD DOUBT DISTRESS US.



BUT why should doubt distress us,
Or anxious fear depress us,
 Let there oppose
 Ten thousand foes ;
Let earth and hell aggress us ?

What—hath our “great salvation,”
Such feeble operation,
 That every ill
 Our breasts can fill
With fear and trepidation ?

Of course if God-affiance
Give place to self-reliance,
 No more we can
 Than worldly man,
Set evils at defiance.

If when by ills invaded,
We cannot be grace-aided,
 Right well may be
 Of victory,
All expectation faded.

But is this our position ?
What accurate edition
 Of God's pure Word,
 Did e'er afford
Such notions recognition ?

No—from each evil's power
Is God a refuge-tower
 To weakest-weak,
 If they but seek
His face when dangers lour.

Seeking it self-prostrated—
All creature-trust vacated—
 Hope's only stay,
 The living way,
Our Lord hath consecrated.

Trust we the Lord who bought us,
Let but His grace support us,
 And not an ill
 Hell can distil
Shall conquer, scathe, or thwart us.

No doubt shall then distress us,
No anxious fear depress us,
 Though foes on foes,
 And woes on woes,
By legions leagued aggress us.



THOUGH SHARP BE OUR SORROWS.

THOUGH sharp be our sorrows we'll welcome and
 bless them,
 To the flesh let what may of dis-comfort accrue,
 If the Lord in His mercy and love but impress them,
 With power and bearing to sanctify too.
 And who having felt that prosperity's season
 Is oft—very oft to true welfare hostile,
 On this sole ground would not (if for no other reason)
 Tribulation and trial at times reconcile.

And have we to learn that our happiness flows not
 From aught that mere creature-resources dispense—
 Is there Christian on earth who, in some measure,
 knows not
 On the creature to exercise independence ?
 Circumstantials! can these either make us or mar us ?
 No—of Faith's blessed sway 'tis the question alone :
 There is no rate of joy from which woe can debar us,
 If Faith for a season vacate not her throne !

Then oh! for the spirit that swayed the old prophet,
In view of supposed and supposable ill ;
So great—so extreme—that the counterpart of it
Hath perhaps ne'er befallen ourselves and ne'er
will:

“ Yet—yet,” said this experimental believer,
“ In the Lord I'll rejoice—in my God I will joy”—
Let us take the same ground, of our joy no bereaver
Shall spring from aught seeking our blis to destroy.



BROTHER NOW LET US DON.

BROTHER ! now let us don
The pinions of faith and soaring
Above vain things thereon,
Be presently exploring,
The riches of him on whom
The Lord confers salvation ;
Who hath from native doom
To life enjoyed translation !

Faith, that ever disarms
All ills soe'er of power,
To fright us with alarms,
In danger's darkest hour.
Faith, which if now and then
'Tis weak ne'er lacks renewing,
At worst, like Gideon's men,
Though faint 'tis still pursuing.

Peace, that is like a rock
 Within the heart abiding,
Repelling the rudest shock
 Of waves around colliding.
Joys, which no tongue can tell,
 At oft recurring seasons ;
Which nought can e'er dispel,
 Except transgression's treasons.

Hopes, that to things extend
 Beyond Death's dark glens lying ;
Which therefore most befriend,
 What time man lies a-dying !
Pleasures, that aye involve
 A satisfying portion,
Though all things else dissolve,
 Or issue in abortion !

Affectiöns, of which
 The exercise awardeth
Enjoyments far more rich
 Than any home affordeth.
Not that it weakens these
 Oh ! no—it multiplieth
What power soe'er to please,
 In ties domestic lieth !

Duties, which constitute
 Exalted privileges,
Of which the due pursuit
 Enjoyment none abridges.
Service, which coincides
 With perfect freedom, flowing
From mind renewed whose pride's
 To be God's pleasure doing.

Then if while we survey
 These treasures so transcending,
We burn to know the way,
 The mode of apprehending ;
From Scripture learn we this,
 (Ignored all human merits)
From first to last their bliss
 Faith, simple faith, inherits !



I SAW IN THE HALL.



I saw in the hall while the revel was raging,
A throng all alive with mirth, laughter, and glee ;
Dance, song, wit, and wine their best efforts were
waging,
More luscious to render the gay revelry.

I saw that same hall when the revel was over,
'Twas silent as any death-chamber could be ;
Methought o'er its length and its breadth seemed to
hover
A spirit of sadness and melancholy.

“ Ah ! ” whisper'd my heart “ this is aye the finale
“ With all mirth that worldly excitement can
breed ;
“ Hyper-exhilarating awhile—but its hurly
“ Depression will aye in proportion succeed.”

Ne'er tell me of joys that by intoxicating
Alone can engender a transient delight ;
Give me joys that can joy without inebriating—
That glad in the morning as well as at night !

No such locomotive enjoyment I care for
As with an occasion comes in and goes out ;
Give me that whose well-spring is within us and
therefore
Abideth despite what transpires without !

That which neither decline nor suspension incurreth,
When mere circumstantials a change undergo ;
In short give me that which Salvation conferreth—
And only Salvation could ever bestow !



WHEN HE WHO FIRST TAUGHT US.

WHEN he who first taught us the method devised,
By God to recover our race,
When he who first preached the glad tidings comprised
In the gospel of Heaven's free-grace ;
When he to some far distant spot is removed,
Or hath gone to the rest he proclaimed—
Oh ! say, should his memory not be beloved,
With affection his name often named ?

By his ministrations God pleased to effect,
That wondrous renewing of mind,
(He haply with baptism did not connect)
But to which life's inception's confined.
The needful nutrition and tendance through him
To our infancy-state was derived ;
And oftentimes since when faith's vision wax'd dim,
By his means was its power revived !

Ten thousand instructors in Christ we may have,
But of fathers we can have but one :
And whoever may follow the pastor God gave,
As the means by whom life was begun ;
What his forerunner was he can never be deemed,
Ne'er can he the same feelings move ;
How highly soever beloved and esteemed,
For his work's sake and labour of love !

This, and the following ballad, were suggested by the writer's emotions under the apprehended removal to a distant locality of a highly gifted, eminently devoted, and deeply beloved pastor. In the issue it pleased God, of His abundant mercy, to spare the congregation the sorrow of heart which that removal would have inflicted far and wide within its limits. Having himself however absolutely calculated on the separation, the writer's emotions were doubtless pretty much the same with those which the event itself would have elicited.



THE VOICE THAT ONCE WITHIN THESE
WALLS

THE voice that once within these walls,
The gospel trumpet blew,
No more to gospel-themes recalls
The thoughts of those, who flew
To this blest place, on Sabbath-days,
To worship and adore ;
To utter prayer—to proffer praise,
And list to gospel-lore.

No more to sinner or to saint,
That faithful voice appeals ;
No more the fallen or the faint,
Its quick'ning power feels.
We may not murmur nor repine,
For that were to rebel :
We must and will and do resign,
But we will weep as well !

NO THERE'S NOT A WOE BENEATH THE
SKIES.

No—there's not a woe beneath the skies,
Can quench Joy's light ;
Or of our soaring ecstasies
Restrain the flight ;
If hateful sin
Do not begin
Dominion to resume ;
If the lamp of faith lit from above
Our hearts illumine ;
And of holiness the ardent love
Within us bloom.

No—no—but oftentimes we feel
Our joys augment,
When on mere sublunary weal
The blight is sent.
Firm as a rock
We bear the shock,
Nor feel the spirits quail ;

Though sorrow's shafts around us fly
As thick as hail :
Faith, not a proud philosophy,
Our coat of mail !

Let those that list despise and sneer,
Be faith our shield,
To ne'er a woe—a grief—a fear,
Need joy then yield.
In all the strife
Of Christian life,
Her aid let Faith but bring ;
We shall in darkest times rejoice
In Zion's king,
And songs of triumph, heart and voice,
Exulting sing.

*Oh the days are gone when
saints bright. J. Stone*

THERE HAVE BEEN WHO TAUGHT.



THERE have been who taught that a sphere might
exist

Where falsehood and truth should their natures
exchange ;

Where triangles of more than three sides might
consist,

With a thousand things more as transcendently
strange !

But wild and absurd as such theories are,

(For stranger than fiction is truth often found,)

Their strangeness cannot for a moment compare

With the facts which in Christian experience
abound.

One instance to mention : how oft Christians find,
That sorrow surrenders her nature and turns

To joy and rejoicing of exquisite kind,

When brightly within them the lamp of Faith
burns !

The source of the sorrow may open remain,
The flow of its streams free as ever may be ;
But their natural flavour they no more retain,
Than the waters of Marah when struck by the tree !

And this is delusion !—but where is the test
Of reality then—if sense, feeling, touch, taste,
Experience, consciousness,—these are profest
To be proofs in which confidence cannot be placed ?
What are we to go by ?—but truce to such trash !
From her nature Experience never defers
To mere “talk ” and assertion,—nor can these e'er
quash
The enjoyment she on the believer confers !



THE SABBATH-DAY.

THE Sabbath-day—the Sabbath-day
Ah ! who that loves religion's sway,
Feels not his bosom fondly yearn
To have the Sabbath-day return ?

The Sabbath-day—the Day of days !
The day of prayer—the day of praise !
When prayer and praise together ply
A sacred, sweet monopoly.

The Sabbath-day—the gracious day,
Which lets us put earth's cares away !
Whose every occupation brings
Contact direct with holy things !

When seek our feet the holy fane,
To hear the good old truths again ;
The holy fane, wherein is heard
The preach'd and rehears'd Word !

When too the school demands our care,
And humbly we endeavour there,
As instruments, to lead the young
To Him who on the Cross hath hung.

Let others laud what days they may,
My Soul ! love thou the Sabbath-day ;
With all its sanctified affairs,
Its closet and *ex-closet* cares.

Sabbaths ! if Grace but sweetly sways,
They are—they are—as holy-days,
With school-days mingling 'till we home
Repair, the full vacation come !

Then may the Sabbath-day engage
My heart's regard to latest age ;
Ne'er may I while on earth I stay,
Lack grace to love the Sabbath-day !



THE CHRISTIAN'S TEAR.



IN mournful mood he sat,
And thought with deep dismay,
How many thousands of his race,
Were wasting life's brief day !
What countless numbers sought
Their only portion here !
And the Christian sadden'd at the thought,
And wiped away a tear.

He thought as he recalled
Each tombward-tending road,
How few were in the narrow way
How many in the broad.
He felt that many strayed
Unto his own soul dear ;
And the Christian knelt him down and prayed,
And wiped away a tear.

Yes, many a time and oft,
The tears of Christians flow ;
Yet deem not theirs a creed on which,
But griefs and sorrows grow !
No—they have joys beyond
What tongue can make appear ;
And perhaps 'tis when these most abound,
They wipe away a tear.



I HERE TO-NIGHT MAY REST MY HEAD.



I HERE to-night may rest my head,
To-morrow night, my spirit fled,
The narrow shell may be my bed,
 My coverlet the shroud, MARY !
But whensoe'er my spirit hies,
To the bright climes above the skies,
I trust thou soon wilt dry thine eyes,
 Nor mourn or long or loud, MARY !

Reluctance none should Christian know,
When summoned by his Lord to go,
From this dark scene of guilt and woe,
 To purer realms above, MARY !
Thou shalt not therefore mourn and mope,
Or give to sorrow undue scope,
Like those that sorrow without hope—
 That shall not thee behove, MARY !

And if so blithe to go I seem,
Oh ! do not, Mary, do not deem,
But that my heart doth fondly teem

With warmest love for thee, MARY !

I dying love thee, Mary, more
Than e'er I loved thee heretofore,
Though fondest love I ever bore,

While health remained to me, MARY !

But I'm so sure that God will care,
For thee who art, through grace, His heir,
I nothing doubt but it shall fare,

Well with thee when I'm gone, MARY !

Yes, feeling—knowing—thou and I,
Are victors both through Calvary,
Why I can lay me down and die,

In peace—with sorrow none, MARY !

And yet a little while, and you
(In God's own time and season due)
Shall, dearest, be translated too

To that same land of light, MARY !

And there we shall be one again,
And with our blessed Lord remain,
'Till dawns the bright Millennial reign,—

Oh ! yes—and so, good night, MARY !

I love Mary from my youthful

O WORD OF JEHOVAH.



O WORD of Jehovah ! by means of whose pages,
The Spirit Eternal converteth the soul ;
And guides it throughout all the subsequent stages
Of life from above, to the ultimate goal !
Far dearer to me be one sentence recorded
On thy precious page than all knowledge beside,
Which the wisdom of this world hath ever afforded,
Ay—the wisdom of this world when least mis-
applied !
Sweeter far to my soul be one song of thy Psalmist
Than all that e'er flowed from the lyres of earth ;
Not mere mind alone thou transcendently charmest—
Heart and soul are made rich by the wealth of thy
worth !

Applied by thine Author, each sentence infuses
An exquisite pleasure—a thrilling delight,
That to nothingness withers all—all that the Muses,
Could e'er by their loftiest soarings incite !
While for wisdom and knowledge—the knowledge
that lasteth,
As contrasted with that which shall vanish away—
Into shade how profound to excess Scripture casteth
All, the stores of the wisdom of this world display !
What straw and what stubble the systems of sages,
By Sinai's expounded by Olivet seem ;
Obscured by its lustre, the wisdom of ages
Prevaileth to shed scarce so much as a beam ?

O lamp of our feet, till our pilgrimage endeth !
O fount of refreshing while bide we on earth !
Ne'er—ne'er for a season, the briefest Time lendeth,
May fell unbelief chill our love for thy worth !
O Word of my God, of my King, and my Father !
May the love which I bear thee increase day by
day :
Than lose zest for thy precepts or promises, rather
Would I have my existence itself swept away.

Perhaps I foolishly speak, but the thought through me
darted

That like the red race who, as travellers tell,
Have their hunting-gear laid in their graves— I,
departed,

Would almost my Bible should rest in my shell !



O'ER MINE OWN WEAL A GREATER POWER.



O'ER mine own weal a greater power
Fain would I never wield,
Than can that precept-yielding flower,
The lily of the field.
As marble in the sculptor's hand,
As in the potter's, clay—
Thus would I have my case to stand
Beneath Jehovah's sway.

I have so often missed my way,
So often marred my weal,
So often led myself astray,
That now I deeply feel,
'Tis not in man that walketh to
Direct his steps aright,
E'en when the path, to human view,
Least showeth lack of light !

Time was I thought that I had sense,
And wit enough to make
A sound self-guide—experience
Has taught me my mistake.
My trusted sense—my fancied wit,
Mere *ignis-fatui*
Have proved, as many a bog and pit
I've sunk in, testify !

And now 'till life's last sands are spent,
And heaven is achieved,
From all self-care and government,
Fain would I be relieved.
'Till Death his welcome summons brings,
And ceased is life's last tide,
In spiritual leading-strings,
God grant me to abide !



THEY MAY RAIL AT THIS LIFE.



THEY may rail at this life—from the time I first
tried it,

I've ne'er had occasion my choice to regret,
And though high, low, rich, poor, sage and simple
deride it,

By the help of the Lord, I will cleave to it yet.

As long as it yields me the steady enjoyment,
I now for a long time have drawn from its source,
I cannot conceive to what better employment,
My *penchant* for comfort can well have recourse.

Yes, take the low ground of self-gratification,
Say nought of the glory of God, or the weal
Of those towards whom we sustain the relation
Of brothers, for whom we as brothers should feel;

And I say there's no life ever led under heaven,
Can with that of faith for a moment compare,
In regard to the joys which, each day of the seven,
It showers on those who its blessedness share.

Past conception's last confine it harrows the spirit,
To know there's a bliss earth nor hell can infract ;
Which a man may by faith, and faith only, inherit,
And yet you can't get him to credit the fact !

And if there's a truth which supremely attesteth
The need of "new birth,"—it is probably this,
That man in delusion so absolute resteth,
Concerning the nature of genuine bliss !



'T WAS IN ONE OF THOSE SEASONS.



'T WAS in one of those seasons the closet affords,
When feeling we are not our own but the Lord's ;
That in all that we think—that we say or we do,
We should stedfastly keep the Lord's glory in view ;

'T was in one of those seasons, I thought, " Shall
these strains—

" Shall the humble effusions this volume contains,
" Conduce to that glory—shall blessing come down
" From the God of my life, this weak effort to crown ?

" Shall some of the first and the earthy man's seed,
" When the songs that appear on my pages they read,
" Embrace the persuasion, " There's something in
this—

" I suspect that same gospel's the short road to bliss !"

Oh ! forgive—if I thought that the God who faith
owns,
Can children to Abraham raise from the stones ;
Who whilom at Cana changed water to wine,
Could shed edification through metres like mine !

Oh ! forgive—if I thought “ Perhaps my page turning
o’er,
“ Some such poor arrant worldling as I was of yore,
“ May have it, by grace, brought before his mind’s eye,
“ That unsearchable riches in godliness lie !”

And oh ! if but one should thus influenced be
To repair to the Law and the Testimony—
To flee into the ark, and be rescued from sin,
Finding heaven’s enjoyments on earth to begin,

If this should but happen—in truth and indeed,
I would deem it a prouder, thrice-blesseder meed,
Than a cart-load of laurels conferred on the score,
That my efforts the impress of genius bore !



WHEN IN DEATH I AT LENGTH RECLINE.



WHEN in death I at length recline,
This message bear to my kindred dear ;
Tell them I sought upon grace divine,
Day and night to live, while I sojourn'd here.
Bid them not shed one tear of sorrow,
For oh! if while here our spirits remain,
But grace to repent and believe we borrow,
From the Lord of our life, what is death but gain ?

If a stone on my grave reposes,
I pray you upon its surface write,
That he, the mouth of whose grave it closes,
Held free-grace principles, main and might.
Then should some urge, with stern disdainings,
The follies and sins in my life beheld,—
Tell them that but for that creed's constrainings,
Those follies and sins had been centupled.

Take this Bible, Truth's auto-record,
Give it to any who lack its page ;
Tell them to let it, through life's course chequered,
Their highest, heartiest care engage.
Then should any be thee beseeching,
To tell him what course in its use to steer,
Bid him seek from heaven the only teaching,
That ever could render its meanings clear.



I SAW THY FORM IN EARLY YOUTH.



I SAW thy form in early youth,
In beauty's vesture clad,
When every charm (in sober truth)
That beauty lends it had, MARY !
Had Beauty laid her down to die,
First making thee the heir
Of her entire treasury,
Thou had'st not been more fair, MARY !

Thy voice with mirth-notes ever rang,
I think I hear it now ;
Thy little song-birds never sang
More merrily than thou, MARY !
Thy gaiety in every breast,
Awoke responsive glee,
Like sun-rays, warming where they rest,
Flowed gladness forth from thee, MARY.

The natural affections dwelt
 Within thy gentle breast ;
At sorrow's tale thou aye could'st melt,
 And weep with the distrest, MARY !
Of thy sweet temper many a trait
 Doth Memory record ;
But (Oh ! that but) Truth must—shall say,
 Thou did'st not love the Lord, MARY !

And now that fell disease hath swept
 Thy former charms away,
And thou, life's noon unfled, hast wept
 Their premature decay, MARY !
With temper soured by thy lot,
 With dispositions changed,
Ay, as thy person—art thou not
 From all, once loved, estranged, MARY !

What profit hast thou now, alas !
 In things that once could please—
Could morning-cloud more quickly pass,
 Than passed the worth of these, MARY ?
Yet listen ! I will shew a way
 By which thou shalt attain,
Much more than thou hast lost—ay, lay
 Thy grasp on giant gain, MARY !

A way shall joy and bliss bestow,
Of which I dare declare,
The joy and bliss you used to know,
But monkey-mimics were, MARY !
'Tis no new way, 'tis old I ken,
Ay, older than the world ;
Than that pernicious hour, when
From Eden man was hurled, MARY !

To Jesus flee—tell Him your sins,
And for the “ new-birth ” pray,
In which alone new life begins,
Whatever some may say, MARY !
Thou wer't baptized in infancy,
It hath not cured the ill ;
A mightier Baptism must be
The Baptism shall kill, MARY,

The fatal principle within,
(Accursing all below)
And make you from the death of sin,
A resurrection know, MARY !
Ah ! wary be of error here,—
False starting-points—oh ! flee !
Begin at the beginning—drear
The ending else may be, MARY !

Cry with a mighty cry to Him
Who will not frown on thee,
However feeble, faint, and dim,
Faith at the first may be, MARY ;
Cleave, cleave to Him by simple faith—
Embrace, hold fast His Cross ;
Hear only what His Scripture saith ;
Eschew Tradition's dross, MARY,

And thou shalt know a peace—a rest,
(More felt than understood)
By which thou shalt be—oh ! so blest—
That even if you could, MARY,
(As well) that state which used to make
Your portion, re-attain—
I doubt if you much pains would take,
To win that state again, MARY !

*I saw thy form in youth
prime - I love -*

HAVE WE NOT OFTEN FOUND.



HAVE we not often found, when by faith realizing,
That enough for the day is the evil thereof ;
A sweet placid calm in the bosom arising,
Which through the day did not decline or wear off ?
When on the Lord's care and direction depending,
And not "making haste" to accomplish our end,
Have we not found a progress our efforts attending,
Did far that of less sober seasons transcend ?

When others around us were all in a hurry,
Rushing hither and thither—from pillar to post—
O'erwhelm'd with solicitude, bustle, and flurry,
As if in a moment their all would be lost ;
We have calmly and quietly followed our calling,
Devoid of excitement or violent zeal,
And found when around us night's shadows were
falling,
That nought had been wanting to perfect our weal.

As the pulse and the water by Melzar provided,
For Judah's four children in Daniel's day,
Made them fairer and fatter in flesh than betided,
To those who put not the "king's portion" away;
So—so with the Christian when God is his portion,
He can quietly carry his point and exult,
While the efforts of others perhaps end in abortion,
Or at least in no greater successes result!

Yes, oft while our Zionward course we are keeping,
That saying comes true yet again and again,
That God often gives his beloved while sleeping,
What self's haughty efforts might fail to attain.
Ah! would that by men, whose contempt is extended
To "trusting in Providence" it could be known,
What harass is spared, and what profit appended,
To the "walking by faith," ay—and by it alone!



NAY BUT SO PERMANENT THE PEACE.

NAY, but so permanent the peace
Which reigns within and o'er me,
I sometimes fancy its decrease,
Would perhaps be better for me.
Immersed in present blessedness,
Heart-full of sunny laughter ;
I lay not perhaps sufficient stress
On that which cometh after.

If privileged to realize
At noon and night and morning,
The presence of the Lord—mine eyes
Scarce glance towards the dawning,
Of that bright day when, if our breath
We yield ere skies restore Him,
Hosannas shouting, humbled Death
Shall usher us before Him.

'Tis but when Grace relaxes sway,
And leanness for a season,
Chastises us for giving way
To some internal treason ;
'Tis only when some such effect,
Is wrought by the "old leaven,"
That I can in my heart detect,
The wish to go to heaven !



WHILE MUSING ON LOVE'S SWEET SWAY.

WHILE musing on Love's sweet sway,
A moment from the theme I turned,
To think what worth in Faith lay,
And what the wealth her actings earned ;
I did not
Forget what,
(When eulogising these three,
Love, Hope, Faith)
The Word saith,
" The greatest yet is Charity !"
Then prayed I that Love's flow might be,
A very Nile unto my heart,
With rich and rare fertility,
Imbuing it in every part !

But still I felt that Love owes
Its being in the heart's sphere,
To bright Faith, from which it flows,
As from a parent-fountain there.
Then thus I
Did reason " Why

“ Just in proportion as we prize
 “ The fruit—the tree
 “ Will surely be
 “ Of worth and moment in our eyes ;”
Then prayed I, “ Lord, increase my faith,
 “ The Queen of Graces is she found ;
“ Experience (like the Word) saith,
 “ In Faith’s increase shall Love abound !”



SHE SANG OF GRACE.



SHE sang of Grace—while o'er her lyre,
A flood of sun-shed radiance fell,
As though it would the chords inspire
With strains of glowing joy to swell.
Yet o'er her joy, a something shed
A calm—inducing not decrease,
Which noting Fancy softly said,
“ Joy resting on the lap of Peace.”

She sang of Him—her risen Lord,
Her Saviour, Prophet, Priest, and King,—
Then seemed along each ravished chord,
A blend of many strains to ring.
By Faith, Hope, Peace, Joy, Love—her lyre
At once attuned seemed to be,
Not one emotion, but a choir,
Inditing its rich harmony !

She sung of Self—and strait her strain,
Waxed dull and dirge-like—sad and low ;
A mournful spirit seemed to reign,
O'er all the tones it uttered now !
“ And oh ! sweet maid,” quoth I, “ have done ;
“ No more with this last theme depress
“ Thy lyre—ah ! no, sing alone,
“ Of Him, the Lord our Righteousness !”



ONWARD, ONWARD, LET US GO.



ONWARD, onward, let us go,
Canaan is before us ;
Soon shall sorrow, grief, and woe,
Lose their power o'er us.
Yet a little while, and we
Weary pilgrims cease to be.

Only, only, let us trust,
Let but Faith sustain us,
Soon, right soon we may—we must
Be where nought shall pain us.
More than conquerors we shall prove
In the Lord of Life and Love !

Closer, closer, let us cleave
To the Rock of Ages ;
Never His protection leave,
While our warfare wages.
Well may we then laugh to scorn,
Wiles of men or devils born.

Purer, purer, day by day,
Wax both heart and haviour,
That we may the more display,
Likeness to the Saviour.
Holiness ! without it we
Heaven's Lord shall never see.

Fonder, fonder, wax our love,
As each hour flitteth,
For the glorious things above,
Where our Saviour sitteth.
Thus alone can we declare
That we risen with Him are.

Daily, daily, better known
Be the lesson taught us,
That we are not our own,
But the Lord's who bought us.
In proportion as we feel
This great truth, our bliss we seal.

Riper, riper, may we be
As each day is ending,
For the realms of purity,
Whither we are wending ;
Where before His presence, we
Faultless shall presented be.

Quicker, quicker, beat our hearts
With anticipation,
As each moment by us darts,
And we near salvation.
Burn we more to reach our home.
“ Even so, Lord Jesus, come !

Nearer far may than we deem,
Be His second Visit,
When a startled world shall scream,
“ Lo ! that sign !—what is it ?”
May we have to hail that Sight,
Not a hair bestirred by fright !

But opine we as we may
Of prophetic warning,
Soon we must change “night and day,”
For eternal morning.
Though He come not soon must *we*
Pass into Eternity.

Meanwhile onward let us go,
Hoping, and in chorus,
Sing this song, “ Soon, soon, shall woe
“ Lose its power o’er us.
“ Yet a little while, and we
“ Present with the Lord shall be !”

AND DO NOT ENJOYMENTS LIKE THESE
MAKE AMENDS.

AND do not enjoyments like these make amends,
For all that the Gospel enjoins us to cede,
Enjoyments whose ample abundance extends,
To reward every wish, and supply every need ?
What is Happiness then if it be not to have
All that heart can desire, or need can demand,
Whether link'd with our welfare on this side the grave,
Or bound with our weal in Eternity's land ?

Is Happiness aught but enjoyment dispensed,
By objects that with our own tastes harmonize ?
Did chancicleer feel his pursuit recompensed
When the glittering diamond saluted his eyes ?
Would the book-worm exchange with the fox-hunter
joys ?
Can the phlegmatic like what the volatile love ?
Can grey-hairs content them with infancy's toys ;
Or the spendthrift and miser the same course
approve ?

Would the red roaming native of prairie and plain,
Court the calmer enjoyments of civilized life ?
Would the quiet old lord of some rural domain,
Like the din and the danger of battle-field strife ?
No ;—congruity must 'twixt the object and taste,
Be stablish'd ere we delight can attain ;
But when this is secured, be the object embraced
What it may, we proportionate happiness gain.

On this principle 'tis that the worldling contrives,
To glean in the world what he happiness rates ;
On this principle too the believer derives
Enjoyment from sources the world nauseates.
But where is the marvel—the man is new-born,
And, substantially, old things have passèd away ;
So that save when awhile grace, in part, is withdrawn,
Nothing cares he for that on which stress you would
lay.

Were the glorious blessings the Gospel supplies,
Proffer'd to us apart from the gift of "new birth,"
(With which baptism may or may not synchronize)
As well preach the Gospel in hell as on earth.
But 'tis here that that glorious Gospel begins,
It makes us "new creatures" by power divine ;
And thus unto objects our sympathies wins,
Towards which we by nature should never incline.

Oh! then, brother by nature, think over this theme,
The most solemn you can be invited to weigh ;
This MIGHTY CHANGE seek (at the root of the scheme
In its action on us) while 'tis callèd "to-day."
And you'll find that the Gospel makes ample amends
For all its injunctions enjoin us to cede ;
By the giving of riches whose fulness extends
To indulge every wish and supply every need !



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