

The Morning Star
of Reason

Erastus Brown

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THE
MORNING STAR

OF

R E A S O N,

ABSORBED IN THE

Rising Sun of Revelation:

IN SEVERAL

POETICAL CHECKS TO INFIDELITY.

SUCCEEDED, &c.

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=====
BY ERASTUS BROWN.
=====

STOCKBRIDGE:

PRINTED BY CHARLES WEBSTER.....FOR THE AUTHOR.

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1823.



Advertisement and Contents.

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TUNE—*Exile Patriot.*

1. The *Author* while writing, his Muse was delighting,
Improving his moments as they pass away,
Fair Reason exciting, the curious inviting
To purchase his Poems, and make no delay.
2. And then they'll have freedom to sit down and read them,
Correct, or respect them, as fancy may lead them;
By rhyming and chiming in beauty exceed them,
And a *far greater genius. perhaps, may display.*
3. The Ath'list and Deist, may here share a portion
Of what is contain'd in the rays of the Star,
That in their return they may pay their devotion
To Him, whom the sages once sought from a far.
4. And when they had found the First Cause of Creation,
The King of the Jews, and the God of Salvation,
They prostrate before Him, and paid adoration,
Presenting their gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.
5. To the Christian delighting, in arguments pleasing,
The Author with pleasure presents an Essay
In defence of the truth, from the dictates of Reason,
By the light of the Star, at the break of the day.
6. Likewise to the skeptics descendants of Arious,
On popular tenets, to many precarious.
Especially those who are now Unitarious,
The Star in the morning will dart them a ray.
7. The Sun is a rising, while error surprising
Most gravely appears from the ward-ropes of light,
With insinuations, that's raising vexations
With Churches, and Preachers, and People polite.
8. Ye soldiers of Jesus, both scholars and farmers,
Advance to the ars'nal, of bright Christian armors,
Nor hear to the music of those pleasing charmers; *
Awake! to your arms—and contend for your right!
9. The Author, exploring the Chart of Freemasons,
A beautiful portrait therein he espied,
Three globular circles as round as three basons,
Likewise a triangle, of three coequal sides.
10. The three endless circles, denote the eternity
Of the Father, the Son, and Spirit's Fraternity,
While the triangle shews to the world their equality;
This faith of Freemasons should ne'er be denied.

* Arian Teachers.

The Morning Star of Reason, &c.



PART FIRST.

A CHECK TO ATHEISM.

As "God hath chosen the foolish things of this world to confound the wise," permit the Author to choose a plain simple mode of reasoning, if haply, by the foolishness of the same he may save some.

"COME NOW AND LET US REASON TOGETHER."

NOW let the Star of *Reason* rise,
And teach the simple to be wise,
And shew from whence creation came—
Tell the great Author and his name.
And when her glorious work is done,
Absorb in revelation's sun,
And let that sun forever shine,
And then right reason shall be mine.
But she must have a resting place,
Or ramble in eternal space;
Her centre is that *Great First Cause*,
Who gave all nature birth and laws.

In vain false Reason might advance,*
 And say that all things come by chance,
 Without a skilful architect
 Of wisdom, power, and high respect.
 Since chance is all contingency,
 By chance, such order ne'er could be
 As in the natural world appears,
 To govern days, and months, and years,
 By which Astronomers can tell,
 For half a century as well,
 Some great eclipse upon the sun,
 As if the event was past and done.
 Can chance produce order like this ?
Reason, says chance, by chance might miss.

* By Chance, men have like mushrooms grown,
 Or moss, upon the smooth flint stone ;
 Without a seed, without a soil,
 Without a planter, or his toil.
 Or rise like trees, and fall again,
 Senseless eternally remain.
 Or transmutate to other creatures
 Of different size, of different features,
 A sprightly horse, or stupid ox,
 A howling wolf, or subtle fox,
 A mewling cat, or growling dog ;
 By Chance, some reptile, snake or frog.
 Then ape, and in the monkey scowl,
 Or hoot in yonder midnight owl.
 By Chance, the world might transmutate,
 From something small to something great ;
 By Chance, the planets might go out ;
 The earth have legs and walk about.
 Then vegetables would be hair,
 And animals to lice compare.
 But where we see a pleasant field,
 The earth, by Chance, has there been peal'd.
 By chance, perhaps, my readers smile ;
 By Chance, be serious now awhile.
 Is Chance a God ? By Chance he rules,
 By Chance, his subjects may be fools.

Nor can right Reason e'er suppose
 That something out of nothing rose ;
 For if from nothing something came,
 Nothing supports creation's frame.
 Then let false Reason quit her task,
 And *Reason right*, some questions ask :
 Can there be worlds without a cause ?
 Can there be subjects without laws ?
 Can there be laws without an aid,
 By whom all nature's laws were made ?
 Reason says, No ; I cannot see
 But what some Great First Cause must be.
 Then tell us Reason, if you can,
 Who first begat the soul of man ;
 Or who in man so wisely wrought
 Those intellectual powers of thought ?
 Since no effect in nature's laws
 Can ever rise above their cause :
 Could inert matter e'er produce
 Such mental powers of noble use ?
 Reason says, No ; and thus replies :
 From spirit they must first arise,
 A spirit infinitely great,
 All-wise, Almighty to create.
 Here Reason seem'd awhile to pause,
 And thought about her Great First Cause ;
 Then feeling anxious in her mind,
 The cause of thinking pow'rs to find,
 She spread her lofty wings in flight,
 And soar'd above the orbs of light ;
 And through immensity of space,
 'Till almost wearied in her chase ;
 Then hov'ring on the wings of hope,
 Made use of Reason's telescope ;

And looking to eternity,
 No end of causes could she see,
 'Till she became so eagle-ey'd,
 One self-existent source she spi'd,
 Of independent power possess'd,
 The spring of life to all the rest.
 Elated with her enterprise,
 She saw from whence effects arise ;
 The fountain head of reason right,
 Of intellectual pow'rs so bright,
 From whom all rationals receive
 Their being, and in whom they live.
 And here she found a place to rest
 From toil and pain, and doubts oppress'd ;
 Her hopes were swallowed up in sight,
 Her darkness changed into light.
 Her consolations now were great,
 To find the power that did create ;
 Who grasps creation in his hand,
 And measures Oceans with a span,
 And weighs the mountains in a scale,
 Upholding worlds, or worlds would fail.
 But here she had to condescend
 To own what she can't comprehend ;
 Nor till with all her powers possess'd,
 How this first cause could self exist ;
 But own'd it was a mystery,*
 The depth of which she cannot see ;

* To mystery, she must consent,
 Or war until her stores are spent ;
 And all her mental powers exhaust,
 And lose her life to pay the cost.
 For when she views creation round,
 Myst'ry, in ev'ry thing is found.

{ See next page.

Then bow'd and worship'd with a nod,
 And said, "My First Great Cause is God!"
 Transported with the joyful theme,
 Of paying homage to his name;
 Her faith in full she then express'd,
 And said, "I am no Atheist."

PART SECOND.

A CHECK TO DEISM, IN FAVOR OF REVELATION.

"Thou believest that there is one God. Thou doest well—the devils also believe and tremble."

NOW let the sons of Reason own,
 The God-head dwelt in bliss alone;
 Before created things were made,
 Or the Almighty power display'd.
 In whom all knowledge lay conceal'd,
 Until his attributes reveal'd
 The natural and the moral world,
 With all their contents now unfurl'd.
 In the all-wise Creator's plan,
 He form'd the active creature, Man;
 From whom his works were once conceal'd;
 To whom his works are now reveal'd.
 Revealed light illumines his eyes;
 Revealed food his taste supplies;
 The aromatic flow'r or rose,
 Their fragrance to his sense disclose;

Nor could she fully comprehend
 A spire of grass, should she pretend.
 If myst'ry rules in Nature's laws,
 It was deriv'd from their First Cause,
 Who self-exists in mystery,
 And doubtless will eternally.

The power of touch he feels acute ;
 Revealed sounds his ears salute :
 Though revelation is decried,
 This light appears on every side.
 Man mounts the stage quite ignorant
 And so remains, 'till he is sent
 To College, 'cademies, or Schools,
 To learn the scientific rules.
 His tutors then, he must obey,
 Who first reveal'd the letter A ;
 And so throughout the alphabet,
 'Till he has learnt it all complete.
 Teachers reveal, scholars admire,
 'Till they the sciences acquire ;
 By searching all their various parts,
 'Till they become Masters of Arts.
 Then let the man of science own
 He nothing knows but what's made known ;
 And if made known, 'tis not conceal'd,
 So all he knows has been reveal'd.
 He could not tell from whence he came,
 Nor would not even know his name,
 If it was not reveal'd to him,
 By some kind friend, or God supreme.
 What is there, then, that's not reveal'd ?
 Nothing, indeed—but, *what's conceal'd* :
 And if conceal'd it is not known ;
 This reason forces man to own.
 If revelation he denies,
 He first must put out Reason's eyes ;
 And then he has no pilot here,
 And cannot tell what course to steer.

He's left to wander in the dark,
 And steer by guess his doubtful barque ;
 As Mariners, by tempest toss'd,
 When chart and compass both are lost,
 Without a pole-star, or a guide,
 On boist'rous waves to wander wide ;
 Where Reason could no haven gain,
 To sail an age with THOMAS PAINE.
 Then quit his helm and lab'ring oar,
 Sprang overboard, and swam to shore ;
 After a long and tedious night,
 She liv'd to see the morning light,
 Then bid adieu to great VOLTAIRE,
 And left him sinking in despair.*
 As revelation's sun arose,
 His morning beauties to disclose,
 False reason sunk in shades of night,
 Suppress'd by revelation's light.
 The sky was clear. the air serene,
 No clouds of doubt could intervene ;
 The mists of error fled away,
 And left fair Reason clear as day ;
 Reason, from reason fair must own,
 That all she knows has been made known.
 As every day and week presents
 New scenes, new troubles, new events,
 So every month and every year,
 Will prove right reason argues fair.

* Tronchin the physician of the Duke of Orleans, being sent for to attend Voltaire in his illness at Paris, Voltaire said unto him, "Sir, I desire you would save my life, I will give you the half of my fortune, if you lengthen out my days only for six months. If not, I shall go to the Devil, and shall carry you away along with me." See Fletcher's Letters. p. 234.

We see and hear, we taste and smell,
 And feel the touch, when all is well,
 By which we form distinct ideas
 Of things disgusting, or that please.
 If outward senses can receive
 Material things, by which we live,
 Why not the senses of the mind
 Receive the things that's more refin'd ?
 Substance on substance can impress
 Its likeness, this we must confess ;
 As types their signatures reveal,
 By an impression on a seal.
 So spirit can on spirit move,
 Exciting rational to love,
 And to our intellects reveal
 A power divine, which spirits feel.
 The greater can the less control,
 So God can move upon the soul,
 Knowledge divine to men impart,
 And stamp his image on their heart.
 The face of nature smiles to prove
 His image must be that of love.
 His nature must be goodness, too,
 Which does to all his creatures flow,
 Throughout creation's vast domain,
 Where wisdom, power, and goodness reign.
 But whence do natural evils rise,
 Producing tears, and groans and sighs ;
 Could they at first originate
 From God, the source of goodness great ?
 Reason says true, this must be strange,
 If nature's undergone no change ;
 If all things as at first remain,
 Oh why should nature thus complain ?

The elements would not contend,
 And animals would not offend,
 And men, no doubt, would all agree
 And dwell in peace and harmony.
 But now we see it is not so,
 All nature seems destined to wo ;
 And animals their swords have drawn,
 To slay mankind, as if forlorn,
 Come Reason fair, and now explain
 This mystery, which does still remain,
 Concerning elements that rage
 And animals upon the stage.
 God is a God of attributes,
 [Right reason say, to shun disputes,]
 Of wisdom, goodness, power divine,
 While truth and justice in him shine.
 His power and wisdom were display'd
 In all the animals he made ;
 His goodness did supply and feed
 Them all, of every kind and breed.
 But still his truth remain'd conceal'd,
 Until his law was first reveal'd,
 And when his holy laws were broke,
 Justice for vengeance loudly spoke !
 Man is a composition great,
 Of all the elements complete ;
 Both earth and air, water and fire,
 In human bodies all conspire.
 And with those elements refin'd,
 God gave to man a moral mind,
 Of intellectual powers well strung ;
 A consciousness of right and wrong.

This King of Kings and Potentate,
 Whom moral agents did create,
 Fair Reason says, as their first cause,
 He had the right to give them laws :
 And that his laws might be of force,
 He sanction'd penalties, of course ;
 And man was happy, God to please,
 While he obey'd his high decrees.
 Then conscious reason has to own,
 'Till laws were broke, no pains were known ;
 Then man is not what he once was,
 When he first came from his First Cause !
 He must have broke the grand edict,
 Or God those pains would ne'er inflict ;
 The penalty, no doubt, was death,
 Or man would ne'er resign his breath.
 And when the law was put in force,
 All nature felt the curse, of course ;
 Those elements that form'd the man,
 For all the rest must fall or stand.
 Being govern'd by the active soul,
 Of mental powers, that rul'd the whole,
 When man the law of God transgress'd,
 All nature groan'd, as one oppress'd.
 What was that law, can reason tell
 The rule, by which man stood or fell ?
 That monitor in every breast,
 Which by the Deists is confess'd,
 And here they step on holy ground,
 While yet in unbelief they're found ;
 (Let them take off their shoes in haste,
 Least they defile the holy place.)
 For if they'll read the first of John,

They'll see what ground they tread upon.
Christ is the true light, John declares,
Which unto every man appears ;
The Deists, then, are not exempt,
Though to evade this, they'll attempt,
And say, 'tis but the light of nature,
If so, it comes from their Creator :
And consequently is made known,
By nature's God, this they must own.
Then revelation must be true,
To give those gentlemen their due.
Since nature's light, and light divine,
Doth both without and in them shine,
They now may seek salvation free,
Consistent with philosophy.
And read the scriptures, which contain
The will of God, reveal'd to men.

PART THIRD.

A check to Unitarian belief in the abstract, (as published in the PITTSFIELD SUN, September 19, 1821.) The votaries of this belief (or rather unbelief,) hold that Jesus Christ is not God, neither an object of divine adoration. And that he is nothing more than a person endowed with a divine mission from God, and of course deny the doctrine of the Holy Trinity. In support of the latter, the Author makes the following remarks.

“Earnestly contend for the faith which was once delivered unto the Saints.”

“If the foundations be destroyed, what can the righteous do?”

THOSE permanent foundations must be three,
 Of essence one, of power and unity ;
 Describ'd as Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
 Throughout the Gospel to the uttermost.
 The sacred scriptures solemnly declare,
 That there are three* who do true record bear
 In heaven above, as is express'd by John,
 Describ'd as three, and yet pronounced one.
 One great eternal power and Godhead, †
 By whom this world and all things else were
 made ;
 One indivisible eternal three,
 Whose omnipresence fills immensity.
 In plural terms the Godhead does express,
 Their councils and resolves, I must confess,
 God speaks to God, as man to man declares,
 When he resolves to prosecute affairs.

* 1 John, 5, 7. † Romans 1. 20.

And when the triune God from silence broke,
The first in council to the others spoke :

“Let *us* make man, go to, let us go down,*
The language of the wicked to confound.”

And these phraseologies appear to be
A confirmation of the trinity.

Of three distinct personal subsistencies,
Of essence one, who gave the world decrees.

The word † of God was God, with God I write
Eternal life, and equal light with light ;

Wisdom with wisdom, power with power divine,
Whose attributes bright as the Father’s shine. ‡

Who being in the glorious form of God, ||

Before he left his high and bright abode,

Then thought he might have claim’d equality
With God, the Father, without robbery :

Which must imply his nature and his name,
Together with his fulness, was the same.

Omnipotent, omniscient, he must be,

And omnipresent from eternity.

Of his eternity who can dispute ?

Let wisdom speak, and check a long dispute :

“The Lord in the beginning of his way

Possessed me,” we hear true wisdom say ; ¶

The way of God, whose contemplative way,

Must be as ancient as eternal day ;

As ancient as his self-existent mind,

The date of whose beginning none can find.

’Twas then the son, or word, or wisdom was,

[One with the Father, as the Great First Cause]

When he the system of creation plann’d,

Before our Saviour wrought it with his hand.

* Gen. 1. 26 Ch. 11. 7. † John 1. 1, 2, 3, 4. ‡ Heb. 1, 3

¶ Phil 2, 6. ¶ Prov. 8, 23.

If by the word* created things were made,
 The truth of which no christian can evade,
 He must exist before created things,
 The uncreated Lord, and King of Kings.
 The great and glorious titles that are giv'n
 To God the Father, now enthron'd in heaven,
 Are, I think, to God the Son apply'd
 Throughout the scriptures, scarce can be deni'd
 He's called "God,"† whose name is rightly
 spelt,

In whom "the fulness of the Godhead dwelt."‡
 "The mighty God, and the all-mighty too,
 The everlasting Father,§ this is true."

"The great God," who never was so small,
 But he had ample power to save us all.

"God over all blessed forever more,"

Whom saints and angels worship and adore ||

"The Alpha and Omega, he is penn'd,
 The first and last, beginning and the end."

"This is the true God, and eternal life,"¶

"God only wise, our Saviour ends the strife."**

I think the sacred scriptures must convince

The man of science and of common sense,

That Christ is God, in essence of his nature,

Or he could ne'er have been the world's cre-
 ator ,

[sist,

By whom all things in heaven and earth con-

As Paul, the great Apostle has express'd ;

That at the name of Jesus †† we should bow,

While heavenly hosts fall down and shew us
 how..

* John 1, 3. Col. 1, 16. † Heb. 1, 8. ‡ Col. 2, 9. § Isa. 9,
 6. Rev. 1, 8. || Rev. 5, 11, 12. ¶ 1 John 5, 20. ** Jude 25.
 †† Phil. 2, 10, 11. B. 2.

The holy ghost, the sacred comforter
 Is God in essence, this I must declare ;
 One with the father and the son the same ;
 One light, one love, one great eternal flame.
 As, for example, here are tapers, three,
 One substance and one element, we see,
 Distinct they blaze amidst the shades of night,
 Whose mingling rays form but one general
 light.

And in this element of liquid fire,
 Light, heat and colour perfectly conspire,
 Inseparably join'd, these three are one,
 So is the Father, Holy-Ghost and Son.

PART FOURTH.

A check to Christ-ian Unitarianism.

O that the Muse might call without offence,
 Those bible Christ-ians back to bible sense ;
 If possible, persuade them if he can,
 Firm to believe that Christ is God and man.
 "God is a spirit," so must be his son, *
 Likewise the Holy-Ghost, these three are one,
 If of one spirit, of one nature, too,
 And must be one in essence, this is true.
 Christ-ians, the Father, and the Son, you own
 In unity, but not in essence, one.
 You say the Son in person is divine,
 Whose attributes above the angels shine,
 But is not equal with Jehovah God,
 Nor yet in rank so low, as human blood.

* Son or second person of the adorable Trinity,
 Abstractly considered from his humanity.

If Jesus Christ is neither God nor man,
 What being is he? tell us if you can.
 "He's called God, you say, as Moses was,"
 The mediator of the Jewish laws :
 Or other Rulers, "Judges of the Jews,"
 Who did our Lord's divinity refuse,
 [But still acknowledged his humanity,
 As in the gospel of St. John we see, †]
 And here they stumbled o'er the stumbling
 stone,
 Dash'd on the rock, were broken and undone.
 The stumbling stone to them I think must be
 The God-Head shining through humanity.
 Permit a friend to ask the reason why
 That you with them his Godship do deny,
 And yet maintain the inconsistent plan,
 To worship one that's neither God nor man.
 The Jews to him will never bow the knee,
 'Till they believe in his divinity,
 Then let this mandate never be forgot,
 Spoke by the angel, "see thou do it not :"
 But worship him in whom all fulness dwelt,
 Who came to save a world from sin and guilt,
 Who took upon him Abraham's promis'd seed,
 Was David's root and offspring, as we read. ‡
 Who gave himself the title of a man, §
 This true and faithful witness then must stand.
 As David's root was David's great Creator,
 So David's offspring must be human nature.
 "Bright morning star, who does so clearly
 shine,
 With heavenly rays of light and life divine ;

† John x, 33. ‡ Rev. 22, 16. § Exo. xv. 2, 3. John xv, 24.

The son of righteousness, the King of Kings,"
 Has risen fair "with healing in his wings."
 Emanuel God came to our relief,
 "A man of sorrows, and oppress'd with grief,"
 God, manifest in flesh, our saviour came,
 "The word of God made flesh," must mean
 the same,
 The title of a man to him was given,
 Once God, and man on earth, but now in
 heaven.

Whoever lives for man to intercede,
 This holy man for wicked men did bleed.
 You say a more exalted victim died,
 The "word of God made flesh," and crucifi'd.
 (If God, a spirit, could to matter change,
 I think the miracle was very strange,) [been,
 What kind of flesh and blood could this have
 So freely offered to atone for sin?
 Was it angelic, superangelical:
 Or was it human, or divine, pray tell,
 The highest blood that ever yet was spilt,
 Flow'd from our Saviour's side for sin and guilt.
 "You say humanity could not atone;"
 Corrupt humanity, could not, I own.
 But pure humanity, and undefil'd,
 As in the person of the holy child, [us,
 This lamb of God, whose blood was shed for
 Justice averts and takes away the curse.
 The law of God demanded nothing more
 Than Adam's* life, to pay off all the score.
 The world would then have been depopulate
 And desolation been immensely great.

* Spiritual, temporal, and eternal life.

This to prevent true wisdom interpos'd,
 And from the source of goodness, mercy rose;
 And Christ, the second Adam, then stept in,
 And gave his life to save the first from sin.
 Then why a more exalted sacrifice
 Than human nature, bleeding from the skies:
 Christ suffered pain in body and in soul,*
 The merit of whose sufferings paid the whole.
 With malefactors on the right and left,
 The manhood spoke as of his God bereft;
 "My God, my God," the suff'ring victim cri'd
 O "why hast thou forsaken me," then died.
 The mid-day sun itself refus'd to shine,
 When human nature parted with divine.
 The God-head then, I think, must be the same,
 As 'twas before the second person came
 From realms of glory, to unite with man,
 To execute redemption's glorious plan.
 And while his body in the grave remain'd,
 His soul repair'd to Paradise† regain'd.
 And when he rose triumphant from the dead,
 Almighty power as God,‡ he then display'd;
 Those parts unite immortal all divine,
 Ascend to bliss, and in full glory shine.
 Now seated on the mediatorial throne,
 To plead the merits of himself alone;
 Distinct, in person, I expect to see,
 If I am happy in eternity.

* Isa. 53, 3. Mat 26, 38. † Luke 23, 43. ‡ John 10, 18.

On the omnipresence of Christ.

“ Who hath ascended up to God on high,
 But he who first descended from the sky ?”
 According to the statement he has given
 While here on earth, he must have been in
 heaven.*

Where two or three are gathered in my name,
 There am† I (as God,) to bless the same.
 Should numerous congregations thus collect,
 He'd show them all the same divine respect.
 An omnipresent Saviour mortals need,
 Or he must move from place to place with
 speed.

From east to west, from north or southern
 poles,
 To heal the sick and save immortal souls.
 If he's not God omnipotently great,
 He must be finite in a local state ;
 And while he works in North America,
 Say who can save, when men in India pray ?
 They might as well bow to their Juggernaut,
 And by his wheels be crushed in the rut.
 And so die martyrs for their idol God,
 If Christ is absent with atoning blood.
 Those missionaries that were thither sent,
 Might be quite sorry that they ever went ;
 If there's no omnipresent Saviour there,
 To save idolaters from sad despair.
 (As God his omnipresence may compare
 Unto the liquid element of air,
 Which operates to Earth's remotest bounds :
 Breathes in our lungs and every one surrounds :

J ohn 3, 13. † Mat. 18, 20.

In whom we live, and move, and being have.
 Such is Emanuel, who came to save ;
 The air I feel, but still I cannot see :
 Such is my God, my Saviour, unto me.)
 You say, " the Father saves by Christ the son,
 As men who have their work by proxy done."
 If so, my friends, his agent must be there,
 And as a Saviour must be every where.
 It must be so, he's every where the same :
 His works, his miracles aloud proclaim.
 He did possess almighty power divine,
 Who at a feast turned water into wine ! [ed.
 The winds and seas his sovereign voice obey—
 Lepers were cleans'd and devils were dismay-
 'd :

Disorders heal'd, infirmities were cur'd,
 Of those who had their pains long time endur'd.
 By him, the blind could see, the lame could
 walk : (talk.

The deaf could hear, the dumb could plainly
 The damsel from her downy pillow rose,
 From dieing paleness blooming charms dis-
 close :

The widow's son was raised from the bier,
 And Lazarus from the tomb was made to hear,
 His Lord obey'd, and by his power arose
 To perfect health, bound fast in grave clothes !
 Ah ! who is this, that walks upon the waves,
 Puts forth his hand, and sinking Peter* saves ?

* When Unitarian unbelief, I think,
 Got hold of Peter, he began to sink ;
 Our Lord, as if surpris'd at this, cried out—
 O thou of little faith, why dost thou doubt ?
 May this reproof suffice for every one.
 Who doubts the power of God's beloved son.

Who did possess all power in heaven and earth?
Who at his pleasure gave creation birth?
 While all the power was vested in the Son,
 One might suppose the Father then had none,
 Except they both had equal power—the same,
 And here the right of argument I claim.
 Hold fast the doctrine of the trinity,
 Three, one in essence, power and unity.
 As from the Father, did proceed the son, *
 So did the holy-ghost, these three are one ;
 And each of one eternal power possess'd,
 Say, who's the greatest, wisest, or the best ?
 If Christ from God, the Father, did proceed,
 As a pure stream does from the fountain lead,
 Is not the water in the stream the same
 As in the fountain-head, from whence it came ?
 Since all the streams † into the ocean run,
 The element of water is but one ;
 The fountain feeds no faster than it fills (rills.
 From flowing rivers, showers, and chrystal
 And if they circulate in constant motion,
 Say which is most dependent, streams or
 This element in quantity's the same (ocean ?
 As when it first into existence came.
 Although it various offices perform,
 In oceans, rivers, and in rising storms.
 Now tell me, candid Christian, if you can,
 Upon your best and most consistent plan,
Which are the oldest, § streams and showers of
 Or flowing waters in the raging main ? (rain,

§ Can a Son be as old as his Father ? The essence of all human nature was comprised in Adam at first, consequently of equal date. * John 15, 26, 16, 28. † Eccl. 1, 7.

THE TRIAL
OF
C A I N,
THE FIRST MURDERER;

IN POETRY, BY RULE OF COURT,

IN WHICH A PREDESTINARIAN, A UNIVERSALIAN,
AND AN ARMINIAN ARGUE AS ATTORNEYS AT
THE BAR; THE TWO FORMER AS THE PRIS-
ONER'S COUNCIL, THE LATTER AS ATTORNEY-
GENERAL. SUCCEEDED, &c.

By ERASTUS BROWN.

“ Prove all things, hold fast that which is good.”
ST. PAUL.

STOCKBRIDGE,

PRINTED BY CHARLES WEBSTER....FOR THE AUTHOR.

District of Massachusetts, to wit :

DISTRICT CLERK'S OFFICE.

BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the twenty second day of December in the fortieth year of the Independence of the United States of America, Erastus Brown of the said District, has deposited in this Office the title of a Book, the Right whereof he claims as Author, in the words following, *to wit* :

The trial of Cain, the first murderer, in poetry, by rule of Court—In which a Predestinarian, a Universalian and an Arminian argue as attorneys at the bar ; the two former as the Prisoner's Council, the latter as Attorney-General.—Succeeded by Hymns and Spiritual Songs ; the measures of which are adapted to some very pleasing and harmonious tunes, calculated for the entertainment of youth and other serious minded persons. Composed by *Erastus Brown*. “ Prove all things, hold fast that which is good.”—*St. Paul*.

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, “ An Act for the Encouragement of Learning, by securing the Copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such Copies, during the Times therein mentioned :” and also to an Act entitled, “ An act supplementary to an Act, entitled, An Act for the Encouragement of Learning, by securing the Copies of Maps, Charts and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such Copies during the times therein mentioned ; and extending the benefits thereof to the Arts of Designing, Engraving and Etching Historical, and other Prints.”

WILLIAM S. SHAW,

Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.

ADVERTISEMENT.



1. The Author had it in his mind,
While writing this dramatic piece,
The origin of sin to find,
The source of evils to express :
2. To let the light of truth appear,
In honor of the Deity ;
That men may his great name revere,
Who made them moral agents free :
3. To clear the attributes of God,
From public censures that arise ;
From sentiments that spread abroad,
Under a popular disguise.
4. To shew his readers, if they please,
The difference, that does exist,
Between foreknowledge and decrees,
And let them judge as they think best.

P. S. The Author has chosen a Rule of Court ; with the omission of some legal ceremonies ; in preference to the usual mode of writers on Divinity ; and thereby would be considered by the public, as simply representing the Tragedy, that has been, and is now exhibited on the Stage ; and probably will be until the watchmen of different denominations, see eye to eye, and harmonize in one general mode of faith,



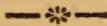
CONTENTS.



1. The Court will call, at nine o'clock,
Both Judge and Jury will be there ;
After the witnesses have spoke,
The lawyers plead before the bar.
2. The Jury's mind will be express'd,
And strike the prisoner with surprise !
His final sentence will be pass'd,
And then the Court Supreme will rise.
3. After the lawyers have dispers'd,
Ten lovely characters appear,
Complete in wedding garments dress'd,
Go forth to meet the Bridegroom there.

THE TRIAL OF

CAIN.



AS I ascend the theatre of time,
The mournful scene invites my muse to rhyme,
The drama opens and the play's begun ;
Abel is kill'd by Adam's oldest son !
Near Eden's plains, the righteous victim falls,
His blood, for vengeance, loud to Heaven calls,
Justice informed ! his injured right resents ;
Issues a warrant ; wicked Cain presents
Before the Judge and Jury, on their seat,
Both parties present, for the trial meet.
The Court is called, Oye, Oye, Oye,
The trembling pris'ner cannot get away,
Indictment's read, to specify his crime ;
The day, the month, the year, the place, the
time ;
The pris'ner asked if guilty, or if not,
He now denies the charge upon the spot.
Witness is called, Knowledge and Truth ap-
pear,
They lay their hand upon the book and swear.

Attorney General.

Foreknowledge, Sir, your testimony give,
 The Court, the truth are ready to receive,
 Didst thou know Cain, before he broke decree,
 Only in time, or from eternity ?

*Foreknowledge.**

I ever knew, that such a man would be,
 In time, a moral agent acting free ; [ist,
 The cause, the means, by which he would ex-
 The moral powers of which he'd be possess'd ;
 I saw, when first he entered on the stage,
 When first in wickedness, he did engage ;
 When he resolved to perpetrate this crime ;
 Prefix'd the day, and waited for the time ;
 The day commenc'd, the hour was drawing
 nigh,
 He fled to yonder field in anger high ;
 Then rising up, his brother Abel kill'd ;
 Thus, what I long foresaw, was then fulfill'd :
 I was eye-witness to the horrid deed,
 And saw the righteous Abel gasp and bleed ;
 All this was present from eternity ;
 There's nothing old, nor nothing new with me.

* Right reason says, foreknowledge cannot be,
 When we apply the term to Deity ;
 For that indeed would be, for to suppose,
 He knows events long time before he knows.
 What knowledge, then, does Deity possess ?
 'Tis present, perfect knowledge, I confess,
 All things are naked to the open view,
 Of him, says Paul, with whom we have to do †

† *Heb. iv.*—13.

Prisoner's Counsel.

Didst thou know Cain would perpetrate this
 crime,
 Before he had existence here in time ?
 And didst thou know the motive and the cause
 That moved him on to break God's holy laws ?

Foreknowledge.

My perfect knowledge of the real fact,
 Is that he chose to do the horrid act ;
 His motive was to gratify his will,
 And cool his anger, when his brother fell.

Prisoner's Counsel.

Didst thou not know the pris'ner was employ'd
 To execute the purpose of the Lord,
 Which he resolved the pris'ner should fulfil,
 By secretly determining his will ?

Foreknowledge.

I do not say he was employed by God
 Feloniously to shed his brother's blood ;
 Or that the Lord determined his will,
 Or foreordained that Abel he should kill ;
 But this I have already testifi'd,
 (A fact so plain it cannot be deni'd,)
 He was a moral agent, acting free,
 And never bias'd by necessity.

Prisoner's Counsel.

But art thou not a party here concern'd,
 As from the pulpit we have often learn'd ?

And art thou not combined with decree?
I now adjure thee, sir, to answer me!

Foreknowledge.

I am no more concerned in this cause,
Than to do honor to the holy laws;
And to relate the facts I saw take place,
By Cain, the first born son of Adam's race.

Attorney-General.

Foreknowledge, Sir, your witness is complete,
And if you please, you now may take your seat.
Come, Mr. Truth, before the Court appear,
And what you know, as witness, now declare.
Did you see Cain, the pris'ner, at the time
Foreknowledge saw him perpetrate this crime?

Truth.

I certify what Knowledge said is true,
All things are naked to his open view;
That Abel, innocent, and not to blame,
Was killed by Cain, I testify the same.

Prisoner's Counsel.

Please Sir, to be a little more minute,
In giving testimony in this suit.
Did not the Lord foreknow Abel would fall,
Because he first decre'd the fates of all?

Attorney-General.

It seems the gentleman is fully bent
To ask some questions, quite impertinent;

I answer now the question just propos'd,
 The weakness of the same, I will disclose.
 If God foreknew, because he first decreed,
 Then his decrees Foreknowledge did precede;
 He form'd decrees, when once in ignorance!
 An imposition, this, on common sense.

Prisoner's Counsel.

I have one question more, I would propose,
 And then my inquisition I will close.
 Sir, are not high Foreknowledge and decrees
 One and the same? now answer if you please.

Truth.

Foreknowledge is an attribute divine,
 Decree is law, an action of the mind;
 Foreknowledge sits enthroned in realms of day;
 Decree points out the strait and narrow way;
 Commanding virtue and forbidding vice,
 Yet leaves the agent free, to act his choice,
 And only binds him to a just account
 With his Creator, is the whole amount.
 The agent acted, and the work was done,
 Decree was broke while Knowledge looked on;
 Knowledge with me, a witness to the fact,
 Then saw the pris'ner in the very act.
 Foreknowledge had no influence on his mind,
 Nor did decree the pris'ner's actions bind;
 He acted free, within himself alone,
 As if his actions had been unforeknown.

Prisoner's Second Counsel.

Sir, was there no atonement made for Cain
By Christ, the Lamb, from earth's foundation
slain ?

Truth.

Christ tasted death for every soul of man,
For Adam, Eve, for Abel and for Cain ;
For their posterity he once did bleed,
And now he lives, for all to intercede.

Attorney-General.

Now Mr. Truth, be pleased to sit down, [crown.
Your presence will this Court with honor

Chief Judge.

Gentlemen Counsel, have you witness here
In favor of the pris'ner at the bar ?

Prisoner's Counsel.

May't please your honor, we have witness [great,
Witness to prove the doctrine of fate ;
Witness subpoena'd from a distance far,
No doubt, they'll clear the pris'ner at the bar.

Chief Judge.

Let them come forward and be qualifi'd ;
The Court will hear them and the cause decide.

Prisoner's Counsel.

Come, Mr. CALVIN, eminently great,
And Mr. MARTYR, bold on points of fate ;

And Dr. TWISS, upon Jehovah's will,
 And Rev. HOPKINS, of improved skill ;
 We've several more, of whom we have not
 spoke,
 Here's Mr. HUME, and Mr. BOLINGBROKE,
 And Mr. PAINE will readily advance,
 And great VOLTAIRE, a gentleman from France.

Attorney-General.

Surprising, gentlemen, that you presume
 To summon Bolingbroke, or Mr. Hume ;
 Or Mr. Paine, before this Court to swear,
 Or any other Deist, like Voltaire ;
 Since they deny the holy three in one,
 And the divinity of Christ, the Son ;
 And the Evangelists they all deride ;
 And sport with Revelation in their pride,
 Shall they come forward then, and qualify
 By that most sacred volume they deny ?
 Why such a farce as this, whoever saw !
 I now object them all in point of law.

Prisoner's Counsel,

The honorable Court will plainly see,
 The Clergy and the Deists both agree,
 (Except it is about the Trinity.)
 On points of fate, which we expect to prove,
 They harmonize, like brethren in love.

Attorney-General.

Astonishing ! this must the Court surprise.
 If Clergymen with Deists harmonize ;

Or with those infidels associate,
On sentimental points of dismal fate.

Prisoner's Counsel.

Why Attorney-General so abrupt ?
I think 'tis time your clamour, Sir, was stopp'd,
This is a point the Court must now decide,
By their decision, then, we must abide.

Chief Judge.

Gentlemen Deists, you must all withdraw,
No infidel can testify in law ;
The Court supreme can give no reason why
A man should swear by what he does deny.

Prisoner's Counsel.

Then let our other witnesses attend,
And take the oath by raising their right hand.

Clerk of the Court.

You solemnly do swear, in case of blood,
You'll tell the truth ; so help you living God.

Prisoner's Counsel.

Come, Mr. Calvin, you may now proceed,
And tell the Court what was by God decreed.
Before the earth's foundation he had laid,
Or such intelligents as men, were made.

Calvin.

God foreordained whatever comes to pass,*
Ages of ages, from first to last,

* Assembly's Catechism.

Yea, all events that ever did take place,
 Or ever will, among the human race,
 He's the chief agent, and does all things well,
 'Twas by his sovereign will the angels fell ;
 And in his providence of high perfections,
 He rules his creatures, governing their actions.
 " Every action,* motion, thought or word,"
 Is by the hidden counsel of the Lord ;
 Nought comes to pass but what's ordain'd by
 him,
 Our sovereign Majesty, the great Supreme,
 " The wills of men are governed by the will,
 Of God,"* when walking, sitting, standing still ;
 They're carried on directly to the mark,
 Whate'er they do, in daylight or the dark.

Attorney-General.

Sir, did the great Jehovah foreordain,
 That Abel by his brother should be slain ?
 That David should defile Uriah's wife,
 Then get her husband drunk and take his life ?

Calvin

According to the Lord's revealed will,
 Cain had no right his brother for to kill,
 Nor David to seduce Uriah's wife,
 Nor indirectly take her husband's life.

* Calvin's Inst. Sec. 3d.

† Ibid, Sec. 8.

But according to his secret will,
 (Since I am under oath I'm bound to tell ;*
 Cain acted out of mere necessity,
 Yet thought within himself he acted free.
 And David was necessitated too,
 When Bathsheba presented to his view,
 'To use his princely policy and skill,
 And thus obey Jehovah's secret will :
 David, a man after the Lord's own heart,
 Could never from the way of life depart ;
 Although his conduct, sometimes, seem'd to
 vary,
 Yet in the end, there's nothing can miscarry ;
 For God appoints the end and then the means,
 There's nothing, therefore, ever intervenes ;
 All secondary causes strictly tend
 To bring about the great, important end.

Prisoner's Counsel.

Sir, in your deep researches do you find
 The Lord has any council kept behind,
 Which he has not revealed to other men :
 But unto you, as an elected friend ?

Attorney-General.

For conscience sake, Sir, let the priest alone !
 I fear already he has falsely sworn ;

* The Devil, and wicked men, are so held in on every side with the hand of God, that they cannot conceive, or contrive, or execute any mischief, any further than God himself doth not permit only, but command. Nor are they only held in fetters, but compelled also as with a bridle, to perform obedience to those commands. See Calvin's Institute. C. 1. 17. S. 11.

Since secret things to God supreme belong,
I think 'tis time your witness held his tongue.

High Sheriff.

Silence there! the Court cannot be heard!
Both Judge and Jury ought to be rever'd.

Prisoner's Counsel.

Mr. Calvin, you may now retire;
You see how truth will kindle up the fire:
As soon as you revealed the secret treasure,
The gentleman at once show'd his displeasure.
Come, Mr. Martyr, now the Court attend,
Your evidence the prisoner may defend.

*Martyr.**

Men are supplied with opportunity,
'That they may answer to God's high decree;
"He blinds, deceives, seduces men to evil,
Works on their hearts," that they may serve
the devil.

Prisoner's Counsel.

Come, DR. TWISS, immediately draw near—
Before the Judges, solemnly declare
Your sentiments upon Jehovah's will;
I have no doubt but you the truth will tell.

Dr. Twiss.

I now assert it as a real fact,
God was the author of the pris'ner's act.

* See Pet. Martyr's Ver. Comment. in Rome. C. 36. 42. 3

And Cain was moved by his sovereign will,
In anger high, his brother's blood to spill.

Prisoner's Counsel.

Come, MR. HOPKINS, be your name rever'd,
Your fruitful mind, no doubt, is well prepar'd;
The ways of God with man, in truth relate,
And fully prove the doctrine of fate.

Hopkins.

God moves, excites, and stirs up sinful men,
Deceives and blinds to carry on his plan ;*
His positive, creative power exerts,
Puts sin within, and hardens sinners' hearts.

Chief Judge.

Have all the witnesses in full declar'd,
What they of Cain, the pris'ner, saw or heard ?

Prisoner's Counsel.

May't please your honor, they have all ex-
pressed ;
The Rev. HOPKINS was our last, and best.

Chief Judge.

Gentlemen counsel, you may now advance
Your arguments, and make your best defence.

* Mr. Hopkins' express words read thus ;—" God moves, excites, and stirs up men to that which is sinful ; and deceives, blinds, hardens, and puts sin into their hearts, by a positive, creative influence." See a book entitled a contrast between Calvinism and Hopkinsscienism, page 63.

Arguments by the Prisoner's First Counsel.

Gentlemen, Jury, honorable Court,
 You've heard our witnesses make their report;
 According to the force of evidence,
 We now proceed to make our just defence;
 And as our witnesses declare at large,
 We deem the pris'ner clear from all the charge;
 As it relates to criminality,
 Impossible, that he should guilty be;
 This will appear in course of argument,
 Which to the Court we cheerfully present;
 And we are happy to espouse his cause,
 In veneration of our wholesome laws;
 And glory to defend the innocent,
 For whom we'll argue till our breath is spent
 Before we'll see the pris'ner suffer wrong,
 We'll show the source from whence his ac-
 tions sprung.

The spring of action, gentlemen, we find
 In Cain, arising from a power divine,
 Which moved him on by strict necessity,
 To act by force, as if he acted free.
 To give this subject an illustration,
 We say the water moves by gravitation,
 Not having power within itself to move,
 But governed by that power that rules above.
 We see it flow amain down yonder hill,
 In rapid progress to the useful mill.
 The lofty wheel that is so nicely made,
 By force of water, turns the trundle-head.
 The trundle-head, by that compelling power,
 Whirls round the stone that grinds the wheat
 to flour;

The stone throws out the same with rapid
force,

The well ground wheat, together fine and
coarse;

The elevators raise it up aloft,
From thence it empties through a narrow
trough.

In all this course it finds no place to halt
'Till it is sifted through the rolling bout.

One share goes this way, and the other that,
Both parts are useful, man and beast to fat.

But if the wheel and trundle-head should clash,
The cogs and rounds irregularly mash.

And in their discord make a dreadful rout ;
One half the cogs and rounds get broken out.

May't please your honors, who must pay the
cost, [first ?

The jarring wheels, or he who made them
But if all parts in harmony agree,

They answer to the author's high decree,
Or if they disagree, 'tis but the same,

None but the architect can be to blame.

Now turn the argument which way you will,
A fair conclusion justifies the mill.

By this construction for the use of man,
I would exhibit the Almighty's plan.

Now agency in man, and man's free will,
Are like the operation of the mill.

The water runs, and all the wheels turn free,
And yet they move from strict necessity ;

So Deity moves on the human will,

That man may all his high decrees fulfil.

And now behold the system of the skies,
 The sun, the moon, the stars, in order rise ;
 The sun to rule the day, the moon the night,
 The stars reflect their rays of borrow'd light ;
 And each revolve, in order round the sun,
 With useful splendor, see those planets run :
 And unto Sol, great adoration pay,
 From evening twilight, to the break of day :
 Through all the various seasons of the year,
 Like free and moral agents, they appear—
 Upon the stage of the ethereal world,
 Nor can they from their orbits e'er be hurl'd,
 Obedient to the laws of nature great,
 Like men and angels, bound in chains of fate ;
 Each, in his fixed station, must remain,
 Till great Jehovah breaks the secret chain.
 Now Sol resembles Deity alone,
 While seated on his everlasting throne ;
 The planets, Venus, Mercury, refers—
 To high archangels, bright and morning stars ;
 Though fallen now, they once in glory stood,
 Admiring round the dazzling throne of God.
 Could they have fallen into sad despair,
 But by the power, that first upheld them there ?

Argument II.

Since in a cause of life, and death, I plead,
 By just similitudes, I shall proceed.
 Behold the ample theatre complete,
 Where men, for exhibitions, often meet ;
 The painted curtains, all so nicely spread,
 The well dress'd Puppets, all completely made ;

Like gentlemen and ladies, they advance,
 And take the figure of their usual dance ;
 With admiration, the spectators gaze,
 To see them operate, in various ways ;
 And children think, those puppets all dance
 free,

As they do, when they're happy, full of glee ;
 But men of sense, like jury-men and squires,
 Discern the fraud, and find they play on wires ;
 For when they come to look into the plan,
 Behind the curtain, there's a gentleman ;
 With skilful hand, he manages the play,
 And makes his puppets, dance the tune so
 gay ;

And they must move, and act just as he please,
 That all of them, may answer his decrees :—
 Now by this puppet man we here may see
 A striking emblem of the Deity,
 Who sits behind the curtain of the skies,
 And manages the play so nice and wise,
 And men like puppets, on the stage must
 stand,

'Till they are moved by his skilful hand ;
 And when he strikes the wire of his decrees,
 They move with freedom, and they act with
 ease ;

In all their operations here below,
 He points their course, and steers them where
 they go.

Some walk in paths of virtue : some in vice ;
 According to his wise and sovereign choice—
 Some humbly bow before their God, and pray.
 Some walk in splendid circles, fair and gay :

And some blaspheme the sacred name of God,
 While others rage and shed each others' blood;
 Some drink and gamble, curse and swear and
 fight ;

Some bear the cross and walk in gospel light ;
 And some commit adultery and incest :

Which was decreed, as well as all the rest ;

And foreordained whatever comes to pass,

With men or devils, from the first to last.

To this amount great Calvin testified,

And who can say the Rev. Calvin lied ?

As good a saint, almost, as was on earth ;

And yet he put an honest man to death.

Michael Servetus, was the victim's name,

Whom Rev. Calvin offered to the flame ; *

Because Servetus with him disagreed,

And could not fellowship his holy creed ;

Our great reformer to prevent this evil,

Pronounced him atheist, heretic, and devil ;

And who can say he was to blame for this

If foreordained, it cannot be amiss ;

And while he was so zealous for his God,

I ask the Court, who can dispute his word ?

I think his testimony is of weight,

For to confirm the doctrine of fate.

He preached by précept, and example too,

And how much less did Cain, the pris'ner do ?

Calvin in language Cain did much exceed ;

Then let it be so, since it was decreed ;

But as they sacrificed to their God,

Cain offered Abel's, Calvin, Michael's blood ;

* Or was the procuring cause of his being burnt to death.

Abel was sacrificed in the East,
 Michael was offer'd by the great high priest.
 And now behold the smoke like incense rise,
 From Calvin's altar, far above the skies ;
 If God to Calvin's offering had respect,
 Can he the pris'ner's sacrifice reject ?
 One did the will of God, much like the other,
 And he that does his will, Christ calls his
 brother.

Now Calvin is reputed in the world, [hurl'd ?
 Then why should Cain be to destruction
 Since neither of them, could their God
 displease,

While they obey his Majesty's decrees :—
 Now, if the Court can justify the priest,
 I think the pris'ner ought to be released;
 I argue this with strict propriety,
 That Cain, as well as Calvin, must go free :
 Since he was bound in golden chains of fate,
 I'm sure he cannot be a reprobate ;
 Unless injustice rules the Deity,
 Which I have never argued in my plea ;
 Tho' I contend for wholesome doctrine,
 And plead that God's the author of all sin ;
 " He moves, excites and stirs up wicked men,
 Deceives and blinds to carry on his plan ;
 His positive, creative power exerts ;
 Puts sin within, and hardens sinners' hearts."
 To this amount the Rev. Hopkins swore,
 The cause is clear, what witness need we more ?
 So I must close in this refulgent light ;
 And say with Pope, " whatever is, is right !"

And in this confidence I now retire,
As a consistent Calvinist, Esquire.

Arguments by the Second Counsel.

May't please your honors, as I'm call'd to
plead,

In this important cause I must proceed ;
And approbate the plea that has been given,
As most consistent with the laws of Heaven ;
My colleague's arguments, so wise and great,
Were founded on the principles of fate ;
Which I maintain, as a consistent plan
To justify the ways of God to man ;
And reconcile the ways of man with God,
And clear the pris'ner from his brother's blood.

Now God created man, upright at first,
Then suffered him to fall, and so be curs'd ;
And then concluded all in unbelief,
That all from him salvation might receive.
Christ was consider'd as the Lamb that's slain.
Before the world was peopled with men.

And when the first unhappy pair had fell,
Expos'd themselves and progeny to hell.
While they remain'd in Eden's dismal shade,
The promise of a Saviour, there was made ;
Whose merits are sufficient to atone
For all the crimes the pris'ner may have done ;
So wise, so great, so liberal his plan ;
He tasted death for every soul of man.
He came to seek and save that which was
lost ;

To pay the debt, and cancel all the cost :

He magnified the holy law of God,
 And made it honorable through his blood ;
 He answer'd all demands and penalties,
 And thus the pris'ner from the charge he
 frees.

The law has now no energy nor force,
 The suit, may't please your honor, falls of
 course ;

The Court no longer need to be detain'd,
 The point is clear, the pris'ner's cause is gain'd ;
 For here we see, the most consistent plan,
 To justify the ways of God with man ;
 And reconcile the ways of man with God,
 And clear them all through the atoning blood.
 Thus far, my arguments I have express'd,
 As a consistent Universalist ;
 And in this confidence, I close my plea,
 That Cain, and all the world, will saved be.

Arguments by the Attorney-General.

Since I'm engag'd in this important cause,
 To vindicate my conuntry's righteous laws,
 I hope to clear the attributes of God,
 And let the bold transgressor feel his rod ;
 By shewing first, the origin of evils,
 Where holy angels changed into devils ;
 And then pursue the same consistent plan,
 To find the origin of sin in man ;
 And so pass on, unto the cause of Cain,
 Who has no doubt, the righteous Abel, slain ;
 And on these premises, I ground my plea,
 The strength, and force, of moral agency.

May't please your honors, our Creator God,
 Wise, self-existent, independent stood,
 Bofore the sun or moon, or stars appear'd,
 Or this vast globe was on its basis rear'd,
 Eternity alone, he once possess'd,
 Before created beings did exist,
 Perfect and happy in himself alone ;
 High seated on his everlasting throne.
 Wisdom and goodness, mov'd him to create,
 Worlds, men, and angels, in their first estate ;
 He spoke ; and all things into being came,
 All very good, he then pronounc'd the same.
 Angels and men, true, moral agents were,
 Each, in his sphere of action, shining clear ;
 And each endow'd with freedom of his will,
 To choose and act, with a superior skill ;
 This constitutes a moral agent free,
 A power to choose, and act with liberty ;
 Devoid of this, man's but a mere machine,
 And can not have ability to sin.
 If he's a passive engine in the hand
 Of his creator, how can he offend ?
 He only acts, as he is mov'd upon ;
 Methinks such actions, never can be wrong.
 As the first counsel argued in his plea,
 Who casts reflections on the Deity ;
 And so obscur'd the attributes of God,
 To clear the pris'ner, from his brother's blood ;
 But please your honors, these things are not so,
 Which to the court supreme, I mean to show.
 Let scripture speak, and check a long dispute,
 A tree is known, by virtue of its fruit.

Can olive berries, on the figtree grow,
 Or bitter waters, from sweet fountains flow?
 God is the source of perfect goodness great,
 The streams that flow from him, are pure and
 sweet:

Then reason answers with a voice sublime,
 He's not the author, of the pris'ner's crime:
 God is consistent with himself alone,
 His laws, from the beginning, have been one:
 What is reveal'd, must comprehend the whole,
 What lies conceal'd can never bind the soul;
 Sound reason yet, could never find a cause,
 Why God should counteract his moral laws.
 Then let us search; but where shall we begin,
 To seek and find, the origin of sin?
 Since it could not exist eternally,
 It must arise from moral agency;
 That principle, the gift of God, so great,
 It's absolute, and self-determinate;
 And never forc'd to virtue, nor to vice,
 But has the pow'r, of a decisive choice.
 Whatever state, the agent may be in,
 Abuse of goodness, constitutes his sin.
 Compelled virtue can have no reward,
 Nor forced vice, be punish'd from the Lord:
 For this, if men or angels e're were curst,
 In what respect, could Deity be just?
 Then view the angels, eminently great,
 Once plac'd in a probationary state;
 To keep Jehovah's just commandments given,
 And prove allegiance to the King of heaven;
 Which state impli'd, a reverential cross—
 They had to bear, or else the crown was lost,

With an aspiring principle to rise,
 To higher dignities above the skies ;
 Which principle was in its nature good,
 While govern'd by the holy law of God ;
 But when those agents turn'd from law aside,
 That principle became a serpent ! Pride !
 It was transmuted, and degenerated,
 For which the fallen angels, now are hated.
 It was their bliss, the Godhead to obey ;
 Their total ruin, if they fell away ;
 They each had power to stand or power to fall ;
 To keep God's high commands or break them
 all.

What was the law that put them to the test,
 In heaven to keep and be forever bless'd ?
 Or violate and sin against that light,
 And sink themselves in shades of endless
 night ?

When God his first begotten son brought
 forth,*

Our great Redeemer, of the highest worth,
 To be our prophet, priest, and king supreme,
 He said, " Let all the angels worship him."
 And here they found a reverential cross,
 Which must have tried them to the uttermost,

* " When there were no depth, I was brought forth, when there were no fountains abounding with water. Before the mountains were settled, before the hills, was I brought forth." Prov. viii. 24, 25. The author would infer from these Scriptures, that the son of God was exhibited to angels in the appearance of his human nature, before the foundation of the world ; as well as to Abraham and Nebuchadnezzar afterwards, long before he actually appeared in the flesh. See Gen. xviii. 1, 3—Dan. iii. 25.

When call'd to bow and reverence Christ the
 Son,
 As they before the triune God had done :
 Who then appear'd, in human nature clad,
 A little lower than the angels made ;
 But yet exalted, as their lofty king,
 To whom Archangels must their tribute bring.
 It is suppos'd one third of them refused,
 Their moral rights and liberties abus'd ;
 Apostatiz'd, and in rebellion rose,
 The government of heaven to oppose ;
 But Michael with those rebels did contend,
 The kingdom of our Saviour to defend.
 The dragon† and his angels were cast down,
 Their place in heaven can no more be found ;
 And here we find the origin of evils,
 Where holy angels changed into devils.
 They might have stood, in heaven still remain-
 'd ;
 Tho' fallen now, and under darkness chain'd ;
 By agency they fell, 'tis plain to see,
 And not by virtue of a stern decree.

Argument II.

I shall pursue the same consistent plan
 To find the origin of sin in man ;
 And humbly hope the honor'd court will see :
 I argue just, and with propriety.
 For agency in man, was just the same
 As in the angels, who were first to blame ;
 When he, the fatal present did receive,

† Rev. Chap. xi. iv. —verse 7 and 9.

And took the apple from the hand of Eve ;
 By agency he might forever stood,
 (Tho' Eve had fallen from primeval good ;)
 And found access unto the tree of life,
 In blissful solitude without his wife ;
 Until his Maker had again displayed
 His power, and then another partner made ;
 Who in her manners might be more reserv'd ;
 And her Creator faithfully have serv'd ;
 And Eve, poor Eve, then worthy to be curs'd,
 From Adam justly might have been divorc'd :
 And driven out of happy Paradise,
 For having listen'd to the serpent's voice.
 The man was under no necessity
 To eat the fruit of that forbidden tree :
 Because his wife partook and was to blame,
 And tempted him to take and eat the same ;
 No more than Lot, who fled with all his power
 From Sodom, and escaped that dreadful show'r
 While his fond wife, it seem'd, began to halt,
 Look'd back, and turn'd into a pillar of salt.
 A monumental pillar there she stood,
 For having broke the holy law of God,
 While Lot escap'd unto the city Zoar,
 And was preserv'd until the storm was o'er.
 But Adam, fond of his apostate wife,
 Partook the fruit, and forfeited his life ;
 And here we find the origin of sin,
 In man, rebellious man, did first begin.
 No moral evil can from God proceed,
 His law forbids and proves 'twas not decreed.
 Did God permit, or suffer sin in man ?
 No, man permitted, there it first began ;

God's law forbade that such a thing should be,
His justice did inflict the penalty,
Which proves 'twas neither suffered nor per-
mitted;

And here the pris'ners counsel is defeated.
For Eve, aspiring to be something great,
Adher'd unto her new associate,
Who first allured her eyes and then her taste;
Before her mind, the object, wisdom placed ;
Wisdom she sought and dearly paid the cost,
Folly obtain'd and all her goodness lost ;
Her glory, honour, virtue and renown,
Fair princess of the world was thus cast down:
And now behold the once most happy pair,
Blushing with shame and sinking in despair ;
Naked, they sought a covering with leaves,
And hid among the trees, like guilty thieves :
A striking proof of their depravity,
And alienation from the Deity,
Whose omnipresent eye surveyed with ease
Those guilty wretches hid among the trees.
But God had thoughts of mercy to display,
And walk'd the garden in the cool of day ;—
O Adam, where art thou ? Jehovah cried,
Trembling with fear, this fallen prince repli'd.
I heard thy voice within the garden sound,
And was afraid thus naked to be found ;
I hid myself among the trees for shame,
And thought, perhaps, I might come under
blame.

The Lord enquir'd of him to know the cause
If he had broke his just and holy laws ;

To which the penalty annex'd at first
 Was, "If thou eat thereof, thou shalt be
 curs'd."

Then Adam answered thus to Deity,
 The woman whom thou gav'st to be with me }
 First brought the fruit from that forbidden }
 tree :

I thought to try its quality by taste,
 And now, alas! I am by sin disgrac'd.
 Then God enquir'd of Eve what she had done,
 "Why couldst thou not have let that tree alone?
 And eat the fruit of life, and liv'd forever,
 Eternally been happy in my favour?"

Eve said, the Serpent tempt'd me to eat,
 And I was taken by his grand deceit.
 He did pretend the fruit would make me wise,
 And be like him, who reigns above the skies.
 Then on the Serpent God pronounced first, }
 Above all cattle thou art ever curst, }
 Thy reptile form to man, appear the worst. }
 A lasting enmity is now decreed
 Between the woman's and thy hateful seed ;
 For he shall bruise thy head and thou his heel;
 This law in nature I will ne'er repeal.

Then to the woman God made this reply,
 Thy sorrows I will greatly multiply ;
 Thy fruitfulness shall an affliction prove,
 Thy husband shall rule over thee in love.
 Then unto Adam, the Creator spoke,
 Since thou hast listened to thy wife and broke
 My law, which I commanded thee to keep,
 The earth is curs'd with many evils deep ;

From thence shall grow the thistle and the
 thorn,
 To choak the wheat and check the growing
 corn ;

For this thy progeny will sigh and mourn,
 For dust thou art, and unto dust return.
 Thus the first pair presumptuously behav'd,
 Were curst in person, and in mind deprav'd ;
 But God in mercy made them coats of skins ;
 And promis'd Christ to save them from their
 sins ;

By this free gift both Adam and his wife
 Were then restor'd to agency and life.
 And we our agency, from Christ obtain,
 By which we have a power to act again ;
 The law to Adam was, obey and live,
 The law to us is now, repent, believe !
 All men by grace have power to do the same,
 And if they do it not they are to blame.

Argument III.

And now I come unto the cause of Cain,
 Who has, no doubt, his brother Abel slain ;
 Two witnesses have testifi'd correct,
 They saw the pris'ner in the very act ;
 Knowledge and Truth in substance both
 agree ;

And swear they saw the pris'ner break decree,
 'Foreknowledge had no influence on his mind
 'Nor did decree the pris'ner's actions bind ;
 He acted free, within himself alone,
 As if his actions had been unforeknown ;”

To this amount, the Truth has testifi'd,
 And Truth, may't please your honors, never
 li'd :

Therefore the evidence, that swore to fate,
 The force of Truth, can not invalidate :
 They testifi'd, to sentiments believ'd
 By those, no doubt, who have the world de-
 deceiv'd !

By sophistry, by smooth and subtle art,
 To clear the guilty, from their just desert ;
 As if Jehovah wrought all sin in man,
 And caus'd the horrid murder, done by Cain ;
 If so, may't please your honors, what is God ?
 What but a tyrant, shedding human blood !
 Methinks that Satan, scarce so bad can be,
 As Hopkins represents the Deity.

If Satan acts as he is moved upon,
 In what respect can such an one be wrong ?
 He's but a tool in the Almighty's hand,
 To execute what he before had plann'd.
 It is almost too horrid to relate,
 The viprous broods that have been bred by
 fate ;

In nations, kingdoms, states and towns,
 Where this prevailing principle abounds ;
 As the first counsel boldly did relate,
 Of Mr. Calvin, who imbibed fate ;
 And breathed slaughter in his praying breath
 And put Servetus to a cruel death,
 Because the Doctor* with him disagreed,
 And could not think events were all decreed.

* Servetus is said to have been a Spanish Physician and School Master.

If Mr. Calvin was so full of malice,
 He burnt Servetus, and escap'd the gallows ;
 I think 'tis no sufficient reason why,
 That Cain for horrid murder should not die ;
 For Cain, a better doctrine, had been taught,
 Before the crime; to action, he had brought ;
 But Mr. Calvin's doctrine led him on
 Perhaps, to do the crime, that he has done.
 Error in doctrine, may to practice lead,
 In thought, in word, in action ; if decreed :
 And after all, he might, perhaps, relent,
 And for his misdemeanor, might repent ;
 And if he did, I think 'tis very well
 If not, I leave it with the Court to tell
 Which way he went, to heav'n or to hell. }
 The pris'ner for his crime, can have no clock,
 Its aggravating nature must provoke
 The laws of justice, to make their demand,
 On him who first with blood has stain'd our
 land.

Again the pris'ner's counsel did pretend
 To show a form he had so wisely plann'd
 Which represented agency as mean,
 As helpless puppets, or a mere machine ;
 Which leaves the agent motionless of course,
 Till moved by gravitation or by force ;
 Much like the ebbing and the flowing ocean,
 That's governed by a secret spring of motion ;
 Or like the stars, revolving in their courses :
 Or gilded coaches, drawn by sprightly hor-
 ses ;

Or fish that swim in ether on the steeple,
 To the admiration of the people !
 Such kind of agents, gentlemen, are we,
 If bound by fate, or strict necessity.
 But I contend for more consistency,
 The power of choosing and of acting free ;
 Free to virtue, though not as free to vice,
 Since law forbids the agent's wicked choice ;
 Yet men have power to counteract decrees,
 And break God's holy laws just when they
 please ;
 For this, the Lord annex'd a penalty,
 To bring to justice moral agents free ;
 On any other principle than this,
 No court of justice ever could exist,
 But to avoid disputes and future cavils ;
 Man's will is free to make a choice of evils ;*
 As free in this, as any other case—
 Which in the King of Israel once took place ;
 Who had three evils offered from the Lord : †
 The famine, or the pestilence, or sword :
 The king replied, I now am in a strait ;
 (Judgment and reason seemed to hesitate,) }
 'Till his free will determined his fate. }
 What place or station ever yet was found,
 Where man's free will from liberty was
 bound ?
 'Twas free by nature, now 'tis free by grace, ‡
 And will be free in all the human race :

* Calamities.

† 1. Chron. XXI, 10, 11, 12, 13.

‡ ANAGRAMS 1.

Does the preponderating motive move
 Mankind to act from prejudice or love ?

This brings me to the very point in hand,
 The attributes of God for to defend,
 The very nature of a just decree,
 Presupposes an ability
 In man, to keep or violate the same,
 For which he's liable to praise or blame ;
 Without this power what tribute could he
 bring

To his Creator, God, his heavenly King ?
 What honor to his justice would redound ;
 What glory to his goodness would abound ?
 Man might as well have never been created ;
 Or when created, been annihilated !

As to exist, without free power to act,
 In honor of his God, or disrespect.

He would have been a cypher in the hand
 Of his Creator, and a cypher stand ;
 Nought could have comprehended the ac-
 count,

Nought, the total sum, and whole amount.
 But, please your honors, agency's the scale,
 In which men turn to heaven or to hell ;
 If otherwise, they've no account to give,
 Nor no reward from God can they receive.

Argument IV.

Now to the second counsel I reply, [die ;
 Who plead that Christ for all the world did

When will consents, the motive leads astray ;
 When will refuses, motive must obey.

2. The harmonizing powers of the soul,
 Produce the free volitions of the mind ;
 Will can indeed, these noble powers control,
 When will demands, to him they are resign'd.

In this respect he argued just and right,
 According to the truth and gospel light.
 But when he plead that all would saved be,
 On principles of strict necessity ;
 The chain of orthodoxy there he broke,
 Advancing error, as he smoothly spoke.
 But here may't please your honors might be
 made

A fair distinction, without much parade ;
 Between redemption, and salvation great,
 To make the subject clear, I now will state,
 The great atonement by our Saviour's blood,
 Took place upon the agency of God ;
 Of his good will, salvation's offered free,
 This is the noblest work of Deity.

And when he makes those offers unto men,
 Upon his wise and most consistent plan ;
 He leaves those agents free, with power to
 choose

Their endless happiness, or to refuse ;
 Which lets his glorious attributes shine clear,
 That men as moral agents may revere ;
 Without compulsion, free from all constraints,
 They live and die, as sinners or as saints.

'Tis God's prerogative for to command,
 And man's best wisdom, strictly to attend ;
 Repentance is requir'd of every one,*
 And faith in God's supreme and only son.
 And why required, if man's no power to do ?
 Justice, indeed, would ne'er decree it so.
 God never reaps but where he first has sown ;
 And then he has a right to claim his own.

* That actually sins against God.

He gives ability and moral powers,
 To exercise them, gentlemen, is ours ;
 Whoever then improves what God has given,
 May claim his promise, of a crown in heaven.
 But every one that misimproves his time,
 In sight of Deity commits a crime ;
 Because he had a moral power to do,
 And did it not, he fits himself for woe.
 What more, may't please your honors, can
 remain,

Except it is to close my plea on Cain ?
 Who for his crime, it seems, did not repent,
 And now it is too late; his day is spent :
 For when a pris'ner is to judgement brought,
 His flowing tears will then avail him not ;
 By law and evidence he must be try'd,
 And by the same the Jury must decide.
 We've fully prov'd he did the horrid deed,
 And from the charge he never can be freed ;
 This bloody crime he did premeditate :
 Then let the Jury now decide his fate ;
 And as he did his moral powers abuse,
 I see no way the Court can him excuse ;
 Since he has broke the sixth and great com-
 mand,

Let him be hung, or banish'd from the land.
 Thus far, my sentiments I have express'd,
 A moral agent free, a Methodist ;
 My arguments in all have been but four :
 They are conclusive ; and I add no more.

Chief Judge.

Gentlemen Jury, I must give you charge,
 You've heard the proof, and arguments at
 large ;

I'm sensible, that life is dear to all,
 Tho' justice, may aloud for vengeance call !
 Now if the pris'ner was a mere machine,
 And had no moral faculties to sin ;
 For heaven's sake, don't sentence him to woe,
 But clear him from the charge, and let him

go :

But if he was a moral agent free,
 And did not act, from strict necessity ;
 I charge you now, as in the fear of God,
 To clear your skirts, from Abel's righteous
 blood ;

Without delay, immediately withdraw,
 Make up your minds ; do honor to the law.

Sheriff.

Silence ! Spectators, give attention there,
 Make way, and let the jury now appear.

Clerk.

Gentlemen, Jury, are you all agreed
 In sentiment ? if so you may proceed.

Verdict of the Jury.

With one consent, the Jury all agree,
 That Cain, a moral agent, broke decree :
 Free from necessity, he made his choice ;
 And acted free, is our united voice ;

Our Judgment to declare, a little further,
We find him guilty now, of wilful murder.

Chief Judge.

The pris'ner is found guilty of the crime ;
And shall be mark'd, with infamy through
time ;

And soon depart, into the land of Nod,
For having broke the high decree of God !
Where conscious horrors, will forever roll,
And frightful spectres, haunt his guilty soul !
May this an everlasting warning be,
To all the world of moral agents free.

High Sheriff,

Come Cain, the pris'ner, first of Adam's race,
Come go with me, to your destined place.

Chief Judge.

The other causes may be laid aside,
There is no more, at present, to be tri'd
The Court will now, immediately arise,
And the next session, meet above the skies.

A PARAPHRASE ON THE PARABLE OF THE TEN
VIRGINS.

Matt. xxv. 1 to 13.

1. The Kingdom is, our Saviour states;
Compar'd to ten fair candidates ;
Who took their lamps, and lit the same,
Transported with a joyful theme.
2. In wedding garments, they appear'd,
While, blooming hopes, their spirits cheer'd ;
Espous'd to God's beloved son,
Their beauty, and their graces shone.
3. Methinks they knew their sins forgiven,
With one accord set out for heaven ;
All justified by faith complete,
Went forth, the Bridegroom for to meet.
4. Their appellation seems to prove
Their innocence their faith and love ;
Their chastity it does express,
Their purity and holiness.
5. But five of them most foolish were,
Because they did not persevere ;
It seems they chose a smoother way,
And thus their creed we hear them say :—
6. If once in grace, always in grace,
Our faith takes hold and keeps its place ;

We've had a good experience past,
That light with us will always last.

7. We live in sin and sometimes doubt ;
Our lamps grow dim, but can't go out,
There will a little spark remain,
And that will kindle up again :—

8. Although in ashes buried deep,
Of unbelief, 'twill safely keep,
And when by prayer we blow the same,
The spark will rise into a flame.

9. Christ died for us, but not for all,
We cannot from his favour fall ;
He has for us a high respect,
Because we are his own elect.

10. And when we sin, or step aside,
We still remain his loving bride ;
His love for us will ne'er grow cold,
We were ordain'd for him of old.

11. We now may sleep and take our ease,
Whate'er we do meets his decrees ;
We soon shall wake with joy again,
His promises are yea : Amen.

12. The wisdom of the wise was this—
To persevere, lest they should miss ;
And as they wisely did improve,
Their faith did sweetly work by love.

13. This was the lamp, and this the oil,
The foolish occupied awhile ;
But as they loiter'd by the way,
Their lighted lamps did then decay.

14. And when in sin they lull'd to sleep,
Their grace they could no longer keep ;
Back-sliding from the Lord, they fell,
And thus expos'd their souls to hell.

15. What means the slumbering of the wise ?
Their downy bed before us lies ;
In patience, peace, and hope, they rest,
While of their light and lamps possess'd.

16. They wait in prayer, with watchful eye,
And listen for the midnight cry ;
All things are ready at his word,
They rise, and meet their coming Lord.

17. The foolish, they wake up again,
And strive to kindle up the flame ;
But O ! alas ! their light is gone,
These poor apostates are undone.

18. Then in the dark, they search about,
And find their lamps have all gone out ; *
They haste away, in sad surprise,
And fain would borrow of the wise.

19. "Come lend us now some of your oil,"
To make the bridegroom on us smile ;

* Their lamps were lit there is no doubt,
How otherwise could they go out ?

And to recruit our lamps again,
And save us from eternal pain.

20. "Not so indeed! we've none to spare,
We've scarce enough to persevere;
But go to them that sell; and buy,
And get yourselves, a fresh supply."

21. The wise were ready, free from sin.
The Bridegroom bid them welcome in;
Where all their toil and pain is o'er;
The Master rose and shut the door.

22. At length the foolish come again,
And plead that they may enter in;
"Lord open, open unto us,"
And save us from the dreadful curse.

23. The Bridegroom answer'd on the spot,
I verily, verily, know you not;
I know you do not now possess,
That true, inherent righteousness.

24. Had you been faithful to the end,
I now would lend a helping hand;
But since you did inconstant prove,
You cannot reign with me in love.

25. Come Christians, let us watch and pray,
And trim our lamps by night and day;
That they may all burn bright and clear,
When Christ, the Bridegroom, shall appear.

HYMN.

The passion of Christ.

They shall look on him whom they pierced ! *John xix. 37.*

TUNE—*Lady Washington's Enquiry.*

1. Saw you my Saviour,
Saw you my Saviour,
Saw you my Saviour God !
Oh ! he bled on Calvary,
To atone for you and me,
When he purchas'd our pardon with blood.
2. He was extended,
Highly extended.
Painfully nail'd to the cross ;
Where he bowed his head and died,
Thus my Lord was crucified,
To atone for a world that was lost,
3. Jesus hung bleeding,
Jesus hung bleeding,
Three dreadful hours in pain !
While the sun refus'd to shine,
And his majesty divine,
Was derided, insulted, and slain.

4. Darkness prevailed,
 Darkness prevailed,
 Darkness prevail'd o'er the land,
 Oh ! the solid rocks were rent,
 Through creation's vast extent,
 When the Jews crucified the God-man.

5. When it was finish'd,
 When it was finish'd,
 And the atonement was made,
 He was taken by the great,
 And embalm'd in spices sweet,
 And was in a new sepulchre laid.

6. Hail mighty Saviour,
 Hail mighty Saviour,
 Prince and the author of Peace,
 O he burst the bands of death,
 And triumphant from the earth.
 He ascended to mansions of bliss.

7. Now interceding,
 Now interceding,
 Pleading that sinners may live ;
 Oh ! behold my hands and side,
 Father, I was crucified
 To redeem them, I pray thee forgive.

8. I will forgive them,
 I will forgive them,
 When they repent and believe.
 Let them now return to thee,
 And be reconcil'd to me,
 And salvation they all may receive.

H Y M N S

AND

SPIRITUAL SONGS,

THE MEASURES OF WHICH ARE ADAPTED TO
SOME VERY PLEASING AND HARMONIOUS
TUNES, CALCULATED FOR THE EN-
TERTAINMENT OF YOUTH
AND OTHER SERI-
OUS PERSONS.



BY ERASTUS BROWN,

AUTHOR OF THE TRIAL OF CAIN, AND THE MORNING
STAR OF REASON, &c:



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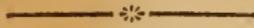
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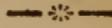
Tune—ORPHAN BOY.

1. WHEN anxious cares have fled away,
And man for sweet repose, retires,
From the third watch, to break of day,
The morning muses, tune their lyres.
When silence in each mansion reigns,
And darkness shrouds the atmosphere;
Or pale moon-light, glides o'er the plains,
Their meditations are most clear.

2. The author has his musing place,
(Permit him simply here to tell,)
Where venus blazes in his face,
When rising o'er the eastern hill.
How pleasant is his fond retreat,
His entertainment, how sublime!
His meditations, O how sweet!
When he can feel the power divine.

3. When he can view the morning star,
And gaze upon the northern pole,
By faith see Jesus from afar,
Arising on his wakeful soul.

Why should he share this bliss alone,
 While thousands round him sleep so sound ;
 Awake ! awake ! address the throne,
 Let music, love, and joy abound.



THE AUTHOR'S INVITATION TO YOUTH

Tune—GLOOM OF AUTUMN.

1. Come learn the science of sweet music,
 If you wish to know the same ;
 Join the band, who can refuse it ?
 Sweetly sound the Saviour's name.
2. Here you have those melting measures,
 Entertaining to the youth ;
 Soothing sounds, increasing pleasures,
 Flowing from the fount of truth.
3. May the subject now invite you,
 To unite, and sing an hymn ;
 May the pleasing theme excite you,
 To adore the great Supreme.
4. First on earth, and then in heav'n,
 Sing his everlasting praise ;
 Wear a crown, by Jesus giv'n,
 And with raptures on him gaze.

HYMN I.

THE SCIENCE OF MUSIC.

Tune—WASHINGTON.

1. Music, the noblest science giv'n,
 The first, and last of all the sev'n,
 Was at our great Redeemer's birth,
 By Gabriel taught to men on earth;
 'Twas this, archangels did inspire,
 Their great Creator, to admire;
 When nature to existence sprung,
 And Morning Stars together sung.*

CHORUS.

*In symphony of sounds refin'd,
 A cordial for the human mind;
 The sweetest science of the sev'n
 Which swells the highest notes of Heav'n.*

2. Music, their innocent employ,
 Was heightened to ecstatic joy;
 With soothing sounds, and melting strains,
 Echoing through the heavenly plains.
 Angelic choirs, improve it well,
 Their harmony, there's none excel.
 Though fallen men may freely raise,
 Their great Redeemer's worthy praise,

In symphony, &c.

* Job xxviii. 7.

3. "Jesus, the soul of music, is,"
 The spring of life and happiness ;
 On ev'ry tongue. let music roll,
 And fire with love the human soul.
 My Saviour bled, the world to save,
 And ransom mortals from the grave ;
 He's worthy of our choicest songs,
 And all the harmony of tongues.

In symphony, &c.

4. Sweet music, elevates the mind,
 To noblest sentiments refin'd ;
 Alleviates our mortal cares,
 And dissipates, our doubts and fears ;
 It melts our hearts to tenderness,
 And makes our suffering far the less ;
 Tuning our passions into love,
 Aspiring to the realms above.

In symphony, &c.

5. Why should this art be misappli'd ?
 And bow to vanity and pride ;
 Since vocal music in its prime,
 Invites to raptures, most sublime.
 This science was the first of all,
 And never can in ruin fall,
 Though others may in time decay,
 This must exist in endless day.

In symphony, &c.

HYMN II.

THE RADIANT BAND OF MUSIC, IN TWO PARTS.

Tune—BLUE BIRD.

1. O! how charming! O! how charming!
 Is the radiant band,
 Of music, music, music, music,
 O! how charming is the radiant band,
 Of music, playing through the air!
 The church triumphant, give the tone,
 While they surround the holy throne;
 In glory, with celestial arts,
 Angelic armies tune their harps,
 And raptur'd Cherubs, play their parts,
 Strike their highest notes
 At our Redeemer's birth.

2. Gabriel descending, Gabriel descending
 Brings the joyful news,
 Oh joyful, joyful, joyful, joyful,
 Brings the joyful news of our Redeemer's birth,
 The great Messiah's come to earth!
 And now behold a glorious throng,
 Who thus begin the holy song,
 "Glory to God," resound his fame,
 "Good will to men," aloud proclaim,
 The Saviour's born in Bethlehem;
 Shout, shout, shout,
 The great Messiah's born to day.

3. See his star arising, see his star arising,
 In the eastern sky;

Now rising, rising, rising, rising,
 See his star arising, in the eastern sky,
 The day spring opening from on high ;
 The types and shadows flee away,
 The law of Moses, must decay :
 For now begins the gospel day,
 Ye Saints, rejoice, give thanks and pray,
 And sing a sweet harmonious lay,
 Shout, shout, shout,
 The great Redeemer's born to day.

4. Shepherds adore him, wise men have found
 him

Glory be to God ;
 O glory, glory, glory, glory,
 Wise men have found him, by the rising star,
 And come to worship from afar.
 Their golden gifts, they now present,
 And spices of the sweetest scent ;
 And joyfully their Saviour greet,
 And bow, and worship, at his feet,
 And taste his love, divinely sweet,
 Shout, shout, shout,
 The king of glory's born to day.

5. Jews and Gentiles Join in concert,
 Praise the infant king, [him,
 O praise him, praise him, praise him, praise
 Jews and Gentiles, praise the infant king,
 And loud hosannas sweetly sing ;
 With Gabriel and the shining host,
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,

While Seraphs tune their golden lyres,
 Ye Saints, unite and join their choirs,
 This glorious theme the world inspires,
 Shout, shout, shout,
 The King of kings, is born to day.



PART SECOND.

THE RAPTURES OF SIMEON AT THE TEMPLE.

Luke, ii. 28, 29, 30.

1. Oh! how pleasant! Oh! how pleasant!
 Is the holy child,
 Most holy, holy, holy, holy,
 Oh! how pleasant, is the holy child,
 While in my arms, so meek and mild.
 Amazing goodness can it be!
 He looks in love, and smiles on me;
 Behold in him the Trinity,
 The Godhead in the infant see,
 The fullness of Salvation free,
 Shout, shout, shout,
 My soul's enliven'd with his charms.

2. With what pleasure, with what pleasure,
 Do I now behold,
 My Savior, Saviour, Saviour, Saviour,
 With what pleasure do I now behold—
 My Saviour's beauties to unfold;
 While mercy in his face appears,
 His presence softens all my cares,
 And banishes my doubts and fears,

And answers all my faithful prayers,
 And melts my heart and dries my tears,
 Shout, shout, shout,
 The half, to me was never told.

3. O ! how melting ! O ! how melting,
 Is the charming name,
 Of Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, Jesus,
 O how melting is the charming name,
 Of Jesus Christ the spotless Lamb.
 All glory to my infant Lord,
 He's come, according to his word,
 His promise is to me fulfill'd,
 His presence has my sorrows heal'd,
 His love within my heart reveal'd,
 Shout, shout, shout,
 My soul has caught the heavenly flame.

4. I am happy, I am happy,
 Glory be to God,
 I'm happy, happy, happy, happy,
 I am happy in his love ;
 It fires my soul for relms above.
 O let thy servant now depart
 With full salvation in his heart ;
 My eyes have seen a gospel day,
 Soon I shall leave this mortal clay,
 And soar from earth to heaven away ;
 Shout, shout, shout,
 Arise my soul like Noah's dove.

5. How transporting, how transporting,
 Is the pleasant sight,

Of Heaven, Heaven, Heaven, Heaven,
 How transporting is the pleasant sight,
 Of Heaven, and the Saints in light,
 I hope to meet my Saviour there,
 With Patriarchs and prophets dear,
 And cast my crown, before his feet,
 And join the band of music sweet,
 In highest hapiness complete,
 Shout, shout, shout,
 Arise my soul, and wing thy flight.



HYMN V.

THE PASSION OF CHRIST.

“They shall look on him whom they perced.” John xix. 37.

Tune—LADY WASHINGTON’S ENQUIRY.

1. Saw you my Saviour,
 Saw you my Saviour,
 Saw you my Saviour God!
 Oh! He bled on Calvary,
 To atone for you and me,
 When he purchas’d our pardon with blood.

2. He was extended,
 Highly extended,
 Painfully nail’d to the cross;
 Where he bow’d his head and died,
 Thus my Lord was crucified,
 To atone for a world that was lost.

3. Jesus hung bleeding,
 Jesus hung bleeding,
 Three dreadful hours in pain!
 While the Sun refus'd to shine,
 And his Majesty divine,
 Was derided, insulted, and slain.

4. Darkness prevailed,
 Darkness prevailed,
 Darkness prevail'd o'er the land.
 Oh! the solid rocks were rent,
 Through creation's yast extent,
 When the Jews, crucified the God-man.

5. When it was finish'd,
 When it was finish'd
 And the atonement was made.
 He was taken by the great,
 And embalm'd in spices sweet,
 And was in a new sepulchre laid.

6. Hail Mighty Saviour,
 Hail Mighty Saviour,
 Prince and the author of Peace.
 O he burst the bands of death,
 And triumphant from the earth,
 He ascended to mansions of bliss.

7. Now interceding,
 Now interceding,
 Pleading that sinners may live:
 "Oh! behold my hands and side,
 Father I was crucified,
 To redeem them; I pray thee forgive.

8. "I will forgive them,
 I will forgive them,
 When they repent and believe.
 Let them now return to thee,
 And be reconcil'd to me,
 And Salvation, they all may receive."



HYMN VI.

MARY'S LAMENTATION AND CONSOLATION.

Tune—LADY WASHINGTON'S ENQUIRY.

I greatly lamented the death of my Saviour,
 Who, when I repented, forgave my behaviour;
 I repair'd to the tomb, as the day was adawning,
 And I past thro' the gloom, in deep solitude
 mourning.

Great solemnity, great solemnity,
 Great solemnity, then surrounded me.

2. As I was a weeping, a voice spoke behind me,
 While thousands are sleeping, look Mary and
 find me, [er,
 What a rapture I felt, when I saw my Redeem-
 And my heart seem'd to melt, thro' my soul ran
 a tremor!

O how glorious, O how glorious,
 O how glorious, was his personage!

B

3. Who then had arose, from the tomb, to my
 comfort,
 His love to disclose, in a manner triumphant;
 I rejoic'd when I heard, of my Lord's resurrec-
 tion,
 Who again has appear'd in a state of perfection.
 O Immanuel, O Immanuel,
 O Immanuel; all victorious!
4. With pleasure I sing, of my Saviour's ascen-
 sion,
 My glorifi'd King, in his bright shining mansion.
 The angelical lyres, his high praise loud re-
 sounding,
 The celestial choirs, in sweet music abounding,
 O the harmony, O the harmony,
 O the harmony inexpressible.
5. The heav'ns retain him, in glory and gran-
 deur. [splendor;
 Till they who have slain him, shall see him in
 He'll descend with a shout to assemble the na-
 tions, [stellations!
 And the Sun will go out, with the bright con-
 See his majesty, see his majesty,
 See his majesty, most magnificent!
6. The trumpet will sound, in a manner sur-
 prising,
 The dead under ground, from their graves, will
 be rising;

While the elements melt, and the Heav'ns are
retiring ;

What a shock will be felt, when the world is
expiring.

Crown'd with dignity, crown'd with dignity,
Crown'd with dignity, will my Saviour be.

7. The ancient of days, on his throne will be
sitting,

In a glorious blaze, at this national meeting ;
Of the various classes, there's none can dissem-
ble, [ble.

At the sentence he passes, the wicked will trem-
"Depart ye cursed, depart ye cursed,
Depart ye cursed, to despondency !"

8. Ye saints, who adore me, are welcome to enter,
The portals of glory, and pass to the centre ;
From sin I have freed you, your joys are celes-
tial, [crystal,

To sweet fountains, I'll lead you as clear as the
"Come my followers, come my followers,
Come my followers, and be glorified."

9. With joy they adhere, to the voice of their
Saviour,

Whose name they revere, and accept of his
favor ;

They bow down at his feet, and their crowns
 cast before him, [him.
 In sweet raptures complete, they forever adore
 O their happiness, O their happiness,
 O their happiness is most glorious.



HYMN VII.

THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL BY ITINERACY.

Tune—FRIENDSHIP.

1. See how the work of God revives,
 Spreading o'er all creation;
 Thousands will sacrifice their lives,
 Preaching the great salvation.
 Gospel heralds loud proclaim,
 The great Redeemer's worthy theme
 A free salvation, in his name,
 Publish to ev'ry Nation.

2. In Asia, this great work's begun,
 In Europe, it is spreading;
 And through America, it's run,
 To Africa, proceeding,
 Nations, and Kingdoms, hear the word,
 Princes and Peasants turn to God,
 And thousands are by grace restor'd—
 Since Jesus hung a bleeding.

3. He sends his Missionaries forth,
 Good news, from Heaven bearing ;
 From East to West, from South to North,
 Free grace to all, declaring ;
 They leave their houses and their lands,
 Their wives, their children, and their friends,
 Thus to obey their Lord's commands.
 Leave all that is endearing.

4. For Christ, accounting all things lost,
 Faithful and presevering ;
 Around the world, they bear the cross,
 As if no dangers fearing ;
 Rising the hills, descend the dales,
 Facing the storms, and furious gales,
 But when the word of God prevails,
 They rise above despairing.

5. Crowds coming in, at Christ's commands,
 And yet there's room for others :
 Preachers receive houses and lands,
 Fathers, and Christian Mothers ;
 While they itinerate around,
 Their hearts, and souls, with joy abound ;
 Loud hallelujahs, sweetly sound,
 From sisters and new brothers.

6. Thus they receive an hundred fold,
 With joy and persecution ;
 From what their Lord, had long foretold,
 The world will not, excuse them.
 But if they to the end endure,
 A golden crown, for them is sure,

Heaven will, blessings, on them pour,
 Glory, in full effusion.

7. Sinners return to Christ, their King,
 Repent and seek his favor ;
 Their peaceful offering to him bring,
 Embrace a loving Saviour :
 Shouting for joy, they clap their hands,
 In raptures sweet, invite their friends,
 "Come let us join in social bands—
 To sing his praise forever."

8. The Gospel's preach'd unto the poor,
 Who know their sins forgiven ;
 With joy they worship and adore,
 As royal heirs of Heaven :
 The blind receive their long lost sight,
 The lame can walk with great delight,
 The dead* are rais'd, all dress'd in white,
 And will ascend to Heaven.

9. Where we shall see the glorious face,
 Of him who did restore us ;
 And sweetly sing redeeming grace,
 With those who went before us ;
 And shout the vict'ry to the Lamb
 Who fires us with love's holy flame,
 Let all Heaven resound the theme,
 In one eternal chorus.

* Dead in trespasses and sins.

HYMN VIII.

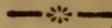
Composed on hearing a Sermon delivered, on a Quarterly occasion, by the Rev. Louis Pease at Canaan Connecticut, from Jer. viii. 22.—Sept. 3, 1815.

Tune—NORTHFIELD.

1. Is there no balm in Gilead,
Or no physician there ?
Why then is not the health repair'd
Of Zion's daughter fair ?
2. Why should she languish, faint, or die,
Through pride, or unbelief ?
Since there's a kind physician nigh,
And balm to give relief.
3. The blood of Christ, this healing balm,
Is given without wealth ;
His grace, the raging passions, calm,
Restoring perfect health.
4. Then send a messenger for him,
The prayer of faith ; with speed ;
This great physician, our Supreme,
Will grant the help we need.
5. This welcome message he'll receive,
And a kind visit pay ;
To all who in his name believe,
He'll come without delay.

6. He leaves the blissful realms above,
Behold ! him drawing near ;
He rides upon a steed of love,
And shortly will be here.

7. He's come, he's come, Glory to God !
Zion begins to rise ;
She feels the virtue of his blood,
Which all her wants supplies.



HYMN IX.

CAN TWO WALK TOGETHER EXCEPT THEY BE AGREED?

Amos iii. 3.

Tune—FREE GRACE.

1. Say, how can two together walk,
Of free Salvation sweetly talk ?
Except they are, in mind, agreed,
The merits of their Lord, to plead.

CHORUS.

*Agreed, agreed, be all agreed,
And in the work of God proceed.*

2. Let faith and love our hearts unite,
That we may keep the prize in sight ;
And run with speed, the narrow way ;
To wear a crown, in endless day.

Agreed, &c.

3. Come Presbyterians, and Baptist,
The Churchmen, and the Methodist ;
Come lay your prejudice aside,
All animosity and pride.

Agreed, &c.

4. Come Ministers and people too,
The world have fix'd their eyes on you ;
Good doctrine, and example give,
And shew them how the Christians live.

Agreed, &c.

5. Then infidels will turn to God,
Acknowledge his revealed word ;
Believe in him they have denied,
And own a Saviour crucified.

Agreed, &c.

6. Then we shall see revivals great,
Perhaps in every town and state ;
And pure religion grow and thrive
To save a dying world alive.

Agreed, agreed, be all agreed,
And Christ will us to glory lead,

—*—

HYMN X.

THE AWAKEN'D SINNER CONVERTED.

Tune—ALMIGHTY LOVE INSPIRE.

1. The gospel trump is sounding,
Free grace to all abounding,

While thousands are surrounding
 The azure throne of God.
 My Saviour is inviting,
 His spirit does enlighten,
 I will no longer slight him—
 Who bought me with his blood.

CHORUS.

*“ O give him glory,
 And O give him glory,
 And O give him glory.
 For glory is his own,
 And you may give him glory,
 And I will give him glory,
 We'll shout and give him glory,
 When we surround his throne.”*

2. He made complete atonement,
 Why should I fear to own it?
 I feel this present moment—
 Resolv'd to do his will;
 For when I had offended,
 The broken law he mended;
 He died and then ascended,
 To save my soul from hell.

O give him glory &c.

3. This world is but a bubble,
 Fill'd up with care and trouble,
 There's nothing in it noble,
 To satisfy my mind:
 Though infidels indite me,
 And old companions slight me,

My Saviour does invite me
 To leave them all behind.
O give him glory, &c.

4. The promised Messiah,
 I feel him drawing nigher,
 His goodness, I admire,
 And will revere his name ;
 My Saviour hath arriven,
 And spoke my sins forgiven,
 And I am bound for heaven,
 To new Jerusalem.
O give him glory, &c.

5. The world I have deserted,
 My soul, he has converted,
 His love to me imparted,
 I feel the holy flame.
 My King and my protector,
 Doth all my passions capture,
 And fires my soul with rapture,
 Salvation is my theme.
O give him glory, &c.

6. Free grace is now my portion,
 I sail upon the ocean,
 Of love, in sweet devotion,
 With Jesus Christ my friend.
 The breeze is blowing clear,
 My sails are faith and prayer,
 No dangers, will I fear,
 He'll bring my soul to land.
O give him glory, &c.

7. The Saints have gone before,
 To hail me on that shore,
 Where parting is no more,
 And Christ will ever reign,
 The Author of creation,
 Will crown our souls in station,
 To sing his great salvation,
 In hymns of highest strain.

*O give him glory,
 And O give him glory,
 And O give him glory
 For glory is his own.
 And you may give him glory,
 And I will give him glory,
 We'll shout and give him glory,
 Around the azure throne.*



HYMN XI.

THE EXILE OF EDEN, IN TWO PARTS.

Tune—THE EXILE PATRIOT.

1. Our first parent when fallen, were exil'd
 from Eden,
 They wander'd through deserts of sorrow
 and pain;
 Were banish'd from Paradise the place of their
 freedom,
 And we, their posterity, are apt to complain

Oh! never again in the green shady bowers,
 Where our first parents dwelt, shall we spend
 our sweet hours;
 Nor taste of the fruit, nor smell of the flowers,
 Nor sound to the numbers of Eden again.

2. "Oh! hard is our fate," cry these heart wan-
 dering strangers,
 The brutal creation's more happy than we;
 Surrounded with troubles, temptations, and dan-
 gers,
 If God had been just, could such evils e're be.
 Hush all these complaints, let us mend our be-
 haviour.

We need not go mourning as Exiles forever;
 If we but repent, and believe in the Saviour,
 Who died to redeem us, and lives to restore.

3. His character is lovely, it shines forth with
 splendor,
 He invites our attention to joys most sublime;
 He's mov'd with compassion, his heart is most
 tender, [kind:
 His blood has aton'd for the world of man-
 Come all ye despondent with hearts now relent-
 ing,
 Convicted, condemned, with sorrow repenting;
 Come just as you are, with your souls all con-
 senting,
 Accept of Salvation, in Jesus' name.

4. Come all ye fond youths, who are doating on
 beauty, [night ;
 Who revel in ball rooms, and gamble by
 Yet strangers to happiness, neglectors of duty,
 In Jesus I find a superior delight.
 His voice is sweet music, his person endearing,
 To my spirit, the wine of his kingdom is cheer-
 ing ;
 My heart is a leaping, my soul persevering ;
 My saviour's my suitor, my partner in love.

5. He offers you pardon, he waits to embrace
 you,
 Here's pleasure forever, come follow the
 Lamb ;
 Religion's a calling that will not disgrace you,
 An honor from Heaven, aspiring to fame.
 Come all ye ambitious, that rise by gradation,
 Salvation's the glory of every nation : [station ;
 Come now and receive it, and take your high
 In Heaven be crowned on Jesus' throne.



PART SECOND.

1. Come all ye vain tipplers, who often get
 heady,
 Who sup in the taverns, and lodge in the
 street ;

You reel on a precipice, you ought to be steady,
 Or soon you will tumble and fall in the deep,
 Where liquids are plenty, and you'll not be
 craving,
 Where devils torment, and the damned are ra-
 ving ;
 Where billows of justice, in vengeance are
 waving,
 O'erwhelming your souls, in the torments of
 hell.

2. Come all ye blasphemers, of loud imprecations,
 Who brave the kind Heavens and dare the
 most high ;
 Profound hellish rhetoric, infernal expressions,
 Denotes swift destruction, approaches you
 nigh, [ing,
 Such bold imprecations will prove your undo-
 Ah ! why will you sport, on the brink of sad ru-
 in; [suing,
 Make light of destruction, that's closely pur-
 While heaven and happiness, and life lies at
 stake.

3. Come all ye brave tattlers, so sly and so
 witty,
 Who pour out calumny, and slander the wise;
 Who lurk in the village, and swarm in the city,
 Yet aim to appear in a garb of disguise.

You level your arrows, at titles endearing,
 True merit, and honor, and virtue besmearing;
 No ages, nor stations, nor rulers revering,
 But pour out your venom and poison the world.

4. Of all human beings, you are most distasteful,
 Fill'd with envy and malice and pride, and
 deceit;

To all human nature, you are most disgraceful,
 Despis'd by the peasant, and scorn by the
 great.

You study on falsehood, and have a variety;
 Prove a curse to the nation, a pest to society:
 Despising religion, all persons of piety,
 The Lord will reward you, with brimstone
 and fire.

5. Come all ye poor Misers, though rich in your
 coffers,

I doubt much, if ever you liberal will be,
 Except you repent, and take Christ at his offers,
 Your treasure lies useless, till death turns the
 key. [riches,

You've ground down the poor, to accumulate
 Such impious conduct, your character impeach-
 es;

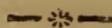
The root of all evil, your spirit betwiches,
 To make life penurious, and die in contempt.

6. Come all ye proud Deists, who boast of your
 reason, [hend;
 Who will not believe, what you can't compre-
 Come meet your opponent, let's argue a season,
 And see how the contest will turn in the end.
 You've erected a Babel, come now and defend it,
 Comprehend your existence, or else not pretend
 it,
 Here rises a mountain, and you can't ascend it,
 You're lost in the valley, and sunk in despair.

7. Come all ye bold Atheists, that glory in error,
 Deny the true God, and pay homage to
 chance; [terror,
 Be struck with conviction, and tremble with
 As you on to ruin so swiftly advance.
 By chance there's a God, and by chance there's
 a Saviour,
 By chance there's a hell, and you'll heir it for-
 ever;
 By chance there's a Heaven, for each true be-
 liever,
 By chance there are angels and Cherubs a-
 bove.

8. The church of the first born, to bliss have
 attained,
 Though once they were Exiles, that wander'd
 in time;
 The plan of Salvation, the mystery's explained,
 The glories of Heaven unfolding in prime.

Again they're restor'd, to the most pleasing
 bowers,
 In the presence of God, where they spend their
 sweet hours, [ers,
 Their souls are enraptur'd, with heavenly pow-
 To sing the sweet anthems of Eden regain'd.



HYMN XII.

EXPERIMENTAL.

1. Before I did my Saviour own,
 He ple'd my cause on high;
 Upon his mediatorial throne
 Beyond the ethereal sky.
 Ten thousand times ten thousand saints,
 And angels stood before,—
 In order bow'd, those heavenly ranks,
 My Saviour to adore.
2. He look'd with pity on my soul,
 And call'd me to believe;
 I saw myself, a sinner bold,
 Whom Satan, did deceive.

Pursuing grace disclos'd my guilt
 The sacred Scriptures bore,
 Attest that Jesus' blood was spilt,
 That I might him adore.

8. I then consider'd on my ways,
 And thought I'd turn and live ;
 In the bright morning of my days,
 Salvation to receive.

I sought by prayer, and found it not,
 'Till I my sins gave o'er ;
 I strove, and then by faith I caught,
 My Saviour I adore.

4. My heart was chang'd, my soul renew'd,
 My name enroll'd above ;
 The Father, reconcil'd, I view'd,
 And felt his pardoning love :
 While Jesus look'd on me and smil'd,
 The cordial streams did pour ;
 He own'd and bless'd me for his child—
 My saviour I adore.

5. His spirit fir'd, my ransom'd powers,
 And caus'd me to rejoice ;
 In praise, I spent my happy hours,
 It was my humble choice.
 Bright seraphs hovering on their wings,
 Good news to Heav'n they bore ;
 And while they praise the King of Kings,
 My Saviour I adore.

6. Oh ! may I ever watch and pray,
 His perfect love to know ;

And keep the straight and narrow way,
 And vanquish every foe.
 Unfeigned faith shall be my shield,
 And when my warfare's o'er ;
 Triumphantly I'll quit the field,
 My Saviour I adore.

7. Then join the first born Church above,
 And walk the Heavenly plains ;
 Where all is happiness and love,
 And joy forever reigns.
 Where flowing tears are wip'd away,
 And troubles are no more ;
 No night—but one eternal day—
 My Saviour I'll adore.



HYMN XIII.

GOSPEL VOLUNTEERS CALLED FORTH TO ACTION.

Tune—FREE GRACE.

1. Jesus our Captain General,
 Calls us to face the pow'rs of hell ;
 To gird the gospel armour on,
 And war until the victory's won,

CHORUS.

*“ Through grace, free grace,
 Through Grace, free grace,
 To all the Jews
 And Gentile race.”*

2. The Gospel Music charms our ears,
Beats up for holy volunteers ;
To arms, to arms, the trumpet sounds,
To all the earth's remotest bounds.

Through grace, &c.

3. Come all the world, take the alarm,
Escape from danger, flee from harm ;
Under Immanuel enlist,
And in his service, do your best.

Through grace, &c.

4. The bounty we may all receive,
Is pardoning grace, when we believe ;
And wear the liv'ry of our Lord,
And draw our rations from his word.

Through grace, &c.

5. The wages are eternal rest,
In uniform we must be drest ;
And march in order, rank and file,
To win the day and take the spoil.

Through grace, &c.

6. Unfeigned faith, becomes our shield,
Sword of the spirit, we must wield :
Our helmet is salvation great,
True righteousness is our breast plate.

7. We must be girt with truth about,
Shod with the gospel peace, throughout ;
Before we march a single step,
Examine ! are we all equipt.

Through grace, &c.

8. Our hearts are fir'd with holy zeal,
 Our weapons are like pointed steel;
 Mighty through God, to pulling down,
 Strong holds of Satan, to the ground.

Through grace, &c.

9. Then let us march into the field,
 Resolv'd to fight, and never yield;
 Our Captain's orders we'll obey,
 Who sets the battle in array.

Through grace, &c.

10. We wrestle not with flesh and blood,
 But with the enemies of God;
 Who darken now the lower world,
 Though once from Heav'n by Michael hurl'd.

Through grace, &c.

11. Our enemies begin to fall,
 Through faith in Christ, we conquer all;
 All principalities and powers,
 Glory to God the victory's ours.

Through grace &c.

—*—

HYMN XIV.

THE GOSPEL VOLUNTEER'S RETURN.

Tune—SOLDIER'S RETURN.

1. Shout! shout, Victorious Volunteers,
 No enemies can harm you;

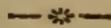
The trump of Peace, salutes our ears,
 Lay by the holy armour ;
 The war is o'er give thanks and sing,
 With joy and adoration ;
 Ascribe the praise to Christ our King,
 For vict'ry and salvation.

2. Through faith the conquest we have won,
 Our cause is well defended ;
 Our conflict's past, our work is done,
 We soon shall be disbanded.
 Then we shall leave this rolling globe,
 With all things transitory ;
 The planets and each shining orb,
 As we return to glory.

3. Through trackless ether, we shall rise,
 And wing our way to Heaven ;
 Enter the gates of Paradise,
 Where thousands have arriven.
 Who fought under Immanuel,
 And never would surrender ;
 They vanquish'd all the pow'rs of hell,
 And reign in royal splendor.

4. Those ancient worthies we shall meet,
 And share their blissful treasure ;
 And cast our crowns at Jesus' feet,
 With joy and endless pleasure.
 Enter the Saints' eternal rest,
 That's free from care and troubles ;
 Be number'd with our Saviour's guest,
 With Princes and with nobles.

5. Around the daz'ling throne of God,
 Where Jesus sways his sceptre ;
 Who gave us vict'ry through his blood,
 We'll shout in highest rapture :
 In concert with those worthies join,
 Who fought for him so boldly,
 And with celestial notes divine—
 Cry holy ! holy ! holy !



HYMN XV.

DEATH, THE KING OF TERRORS, ON HIS TRIUMPHANT
 MARCH.

(Composed Jan. 1813.)

Tune—NEW-DURHAM.

1. The King of terrors doth engage,
 With all his awful power ;
 To sweep the nations from the stage,
 And o'er the Kingdoms tower.
2. What devastation he has made,
 Through all the realms below ;
 The ancient ages they are dead,
 And we must shortly go.
3. Fierce pestilence, disease and war,
 The troops of his Command ;
 Have long been marching from afar,
 And now invade our land.

1. Our towns and cities, they beseige,
And strike the fatal blow ;
While fierce diseases in them rage,
Triumphant is our foe.
5. Our villages they oft surround,
Their mighty pow'r reveal ;
The best physicians, they confound,
And baffle all their skill.
6. Our habitations are not free,
From those terrific bands ;
The ravages of death we see
Among our nearest friends.
7. Sad accidents approach us near,
And take some by surprise ;
They start and catch for vital air,
Then gasp and close their eyes.
8. Great God our hearts are big with grief ;
To thee for help we fly ;
Thy only Son can grant relief,
And fit us for to die.

D

HYMN XVI.

I WISDOM DWELL WITH PRUDENCE, AND FIND OUT
KNOWLEDGE OF WITTY INVENTIONS.

Prov. viii. 12.

Tune—NEW-DURHAM.

1. I wisdom dwell with prudence great,
Of knowledge deep and high ;
My eyes survey the heavenly state
And all below the sky.
2. I sit a counsellor in love,
With all God's attributes ;
And keep the register above,
On earth to end disputes.
3. When men and angels shall appear,
Before the great white throne ;
Then I shall be a witness there,
To what they all have done.
4. All things are open to my view,
From vast Eternity ;
There's nothing old, nor nothing new,
But present all with me.
5. My omnipresent eyes survey,
Creation's vast domain ;
A thousand years, is but a day,
A day with me's the same.
6. Since present knowledge does not cause,
Events for to take place ;

Men have no need to break my laws,
My honor to disgrace.

7. Then let them tremble at my word,
My sacred name revere ;
Lest they be banish'd from the Lord
And sink in sad despair.



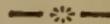
HYMN XVII.

THE HOLY JERUSALEM,—REV. XXI. 10.

1. Oh ! behold the holy city,
Coming down from God on high ;
As a bride all dress'd completely,
Now descending from the sky :
She's adorn'd with grace and glory,
Beautifi'd with costly stone ;
Lovely is her form before me,
Bright as the meridian Sun.
2. Ancient prophets, of her speak well,
Revelation does declare—
Length and breadth, and height, are equal,
And her platform lies four square.
Fifteen hundred miles extended—
North, and South, and East, and West ;
Fifteen hundred miles most splendid,
See her buildings rise abreast.

3. See her pearly gates a spreading,
 To receive the righteous there ;
 Whom the gracious Saviour's aiding,
 To her holy mansions fair.
 See her golden streets all paved,
 As the righteous march along ;
 Where the nations of the saved,
 Join in one eternal song.

4. See the heav'nly hosts advancing,
 Near the throne of God supreme ;
 Where each saint, receives a mansion,
 And eternal love's their theme :
 On their Saviour's beauty gazing,
 In sweet raptures, round the throne ;
 With celestial voices praising,
 The most holy three in one.



HYMN XVIII.

(Patriotic.)

FOR THE PRESIDENTIAL THANKSGIVING.

Tune—FEDERAL ONE.

1. The God of ages let us praise,
 Unite in sweet harmonious lays,
 And celebrate the day ;
 In which, with joy we call to mind,
 The hand of Providence so kind,
 To North-America.

2. When persecutions, sore oppress'd,
 Our fathers found no place to rest,
 From Europe, sail'd away ;
 With prayers and tears, they cross'd the Seas,
 And pitch'd their tents among the trees,
 In North-America.

3. They came to Plymouth's lonesome shore,
 And bow'd before their God to implore,
 His arm to bear the sway ;
 All savage cruelties to bind,
 That they, an asylum, might find,
 In North-America.

4. The wilderness began to bud,
 Under the fost'ring hand of God,
 And pleasant gardens gay ;
 Extensive fields did soon disclose,
 And blossom as the fragrant rose,
 In North-America.

5. Then lofty buildings soon were rear'd,
 And towns and cities large appear'd,
 And states in firm array ;
 A voice for freedom, loudly spoke,
 And British tyranny was broke,
 In North-America.

6. Our liberties, we then enjoy'd,
 And arts and sciences employ'd—
 Our genius to display.
 Under our vine, and fruitful tree,
 We worship'd God, with conscience free ;
 In North-America.

7. But when our States divided grew,
 The shafts of death among us flew,
 And struck us with dismay ;
 The Epidemic fever rag'd ;
 British and Savage powers engag'd
 With North-America.
8. Our nation fill'd with anxious cares,
 With widow's cries and orphan's tears,
 Most earnestly did pray ;
 Our Enemies before us fled,
 While thousands 'round us fallen dead,
 In North-America.
9. Our Ministers, that sailed for Ghent,
 Our country's cause to represent,
 Where Adams, B——, R——, Clay ;
 An honorable peace was made,
 Which raised the dejected head,
 Of North-America.
10. This day, our President ordains,
 That we unite in cheerful strains,
 And sing an heavenly lay ;
 To him who does our country spare,
 The greatness of his name declare,
 Through North-America.
11. Let different orders, sex and ranks,
 Return to God, their grateful thanks,
 His word and will obey ;
 That thousands may hereafter rise,
 To sing his praise, above the skies,
 From North-America.

A HYMN

ON THE DEATH, RESURRECTION, AND ASCENSION OF
CHRIST.

Tune—LENA.

1. " See the Lord of glory dying !
 " See him gasping ! hear him crying !
 " See his burden'd bosom heave !
 " Look ye sinners, ye that hung him ;
 " Look how deep your sins have stung him,
 " Dying sinners look and live" !

2. See him on the cross a bleeding !
 There for mortals interceding,
 Treated with indignity !
 By a guilty throng surrounded,
 They whose wicked hands have wounded,
 Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree.

3. See the midday sun beclouded !
 And the world in darkness shrouded !
 Trembling nature stand aghast !
 While the solid rocks were rending !
 Christ atones, for man offending,
 Bows his head and breathes his last !

4. Full atonement now is finish'd,
 All complete and not diminish'd,
 Christ has pass'd the dreadful gloom ;
 Justice by his blood is calmed,
 And his body lies embalmed,
 Silent in the marble tomb.

PART SECOND.

1. See the Lord of life arising !
 Death is conquer'd, O surprising !
 God-like pow'r he hath display'd :
 Flaming seraphs, fly from glory !
 Tell the saints the pleasing story,
 Christ is risen from the dead !

2. Hail ! O hail the happy morning !
 Shout for joy ; and cease from mourning,
 Weeping Mary, dry your tears.
 Christ is risen all triumphant !
 Lo ! he comes his saints to comfort,
 God immortal he appears !

3. Death and hell are disappointed,
 By the pow'r of God's annointed,
 Let the world believe in him ;
 He's almighty to deliver,
 Bless his sacred name forever,
 Christ is Lord and God supreme.

PART THIRD.

1. See him in the clouds ascending !
 Bright celestial guards attending,
 'Scort him to the realms of light !
 Where the heav'ny hosts adore him,
 Cast their golden crowns before him
 Fall transported at the sight !

2. There the heavens will retain him,
 Till his foes who once have slain him,
 Shall from glory see him come ;

With ten thousand saints surrounded !
 Meet a guilty world confounded !
 And pronounce their dreadful doom.

3. Hark ! hear Gabriel's trumpet sounding !
 Rise ye saints, with joy abounding,
 Christ your Saviour now draws near ;
 On his great white throne behold him !
 See him there the books unfolding,
 Come to judgement all appear.



THE LIBERTINE CONVERTED,

IN A TIME OF REVIVAL.

Tune—SAILOR JACK.

1. When this revival first began,
 Undaunted was my face,
 I then resolv'd to play the man,
 And would not yield to grace.
 But when I heard the gospel preach'd,
 The word with power my conscience reach'd,
 And broke my shield of brass.
2. A voice from flaming Sinai spoke,
 Like seven fold thunders roar'd !
 My adamantine heart was broke
 Conviction, on me pour'd !
 I stood condemned by the law,
 The sentence pass'd was just I saw,
 For having griev'd my Lord.

3. The trumpet sounded long and loud,
 Terific, to my ears!
 The lightning flashing from the cloud,
 Conspir'd to fill my fears!
 Sorrows of death compassed me,
 The pains of hell, I could not flee,
 Which brought me to my prayers.

1. My contrite heart began to melt,
 Like wax, before the fire;
 Ah! who can tell the pains I felt,
 How ardent my desire!
 For free salvation in the name
 Of Christ, the all atoning lamb;
 The promised Messiah.

5. My soul was humbl'd to the ground,
 To view the path I'd trod;
 Mercy I sought and pardon found,
 Through faith in Jesus' blood,
 And now I'm happy in his love
 I taste the joys of heav'n above,
 And know I'm born of God.

An Elegy on the the death of several young Ladies, who died in the village of Alford within a very few weeks of each other, with consumptive disorders. This solemn event had a very salutary effect on the minds of many. This event was followed by a revival of religion in that place.

1. When providence began to frown,
And cut our noblest songsters down,
A voice from heav'n did say ;
Prepare, prepare to meet thy God,
Through faith in the atoneing blood,
Prepare, without delay.
2. Mary, in bloom of life must die,
Cynthia, Cordelia's soul must fly,
Into a world unknown :
Rebecca's spirit cannot stay,
And Axthsah's hasten on the way,
From whence there's no return.
3. No medic power, nor art, nor skill,
Of wise Physicians could repel,
The firm attacks of death ;
But when their best prescriptions fail'd,
The dire disorder still prevail'd,
Till each resign'd her breath.
4. But O ! how anxious they appear'd,
That they by grace might be prepar'd,
To leave this world with joy ;
And bid farewell to all below ;
And to the Church triumphant go,
Where nothing can annoy.

5. Thanks be to God, that some of them,
 For pardon sought and found the same,
 And could recline their heads :
 Upon their dear redeemer's breast,
 In hopes of everlasting rest,
 They pass'd death's gloomy shades.

6. Ah! who can e'er forget that look,
 They gave while they so mildly spoke,
 Before they breath'd their last ;
 In lisping fourth redeeming love,
 In hopes to join the choirs above,
 And taste their sweet repast.

7. Their mortal powers did still decline,
 While smiles most heavenly and divine,
 Adorn'd their feble clay ;
 Each placid countenance declar'd,
 They went to reap a vast reward
 Of bliss in endless day.

8. Where love inspires immortal tongues,
 And happy millions join their songs,
 To sing their Saviours praise ;
 With saints, and angels round the throne,
 Adore, admire, and bless the Son,
 And on his beauties gaze.

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