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John Gambold (1700-1770)  
Bishop of the United Brethren  
Association of John Wesley  
and member of the "Holy  
Club" Gambold was a member of  
this body (1730) and its constitution  
and purpose is of considerable  
historical value.  
Gambold's letters were full of pathos  
and drama but on the death of  
his father soon turned to  
melancholy. Later Elizabeth Wesley  
was of his household. He had  
a lifelong association with the  
Wesleys and was one of the most suitable men  
in England, 1770.





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*The Rev. John Gambold, M. A.*

*Formerly Minister of Stanton Harcourt,  
and late one of the Bishops of the Unitas Fratrum.*

Published by W.H. Blackburn, Darlington.

THE  
**Poetical Works**

OF THE LATE

**REV. JOHN GAMBOLD, A.M.**

FORMERLY MINISTER OF STAUNTON-HARCOURT,

OXFORDSHIRE,

AND LATE ONE OF THE BISHOPS OF THE

**UNITAS FRATRUM, OR UNITED BRETHREN:**

To which is prefixed

**THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,**

WITH AN

*ACCOUNT OF IGNATIUS AND POLYCARP.*



**London :**

**PUBLISHED BY BALDWIN, CRADOCK, AND JOY ; AND  
GALE AND FENNER ; AND BY W. H. BLACKBURN,  
DARLINGTON.**

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**PRICE THREE SHILLINGS, IN BOARDS.**  
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1816.

Journal of the

1850

REV. JOHN GAMBOURD, A.M.

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W. B. Blackburn, Printer,  
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## PREFACE.

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HAVING frequently read, with peculiar pleasure, that most excellent piece of Mr. Gambold's, entitled "The Martyrdom of St. Ignatius," I always regretted at the conclusion, that it had not been extended to a greater length, and as often wished to have in my possession more of his valuable compositions.

One of his admirable sermons was unexpectedly put into my hands last year, which excited in me, as well as in others who had likewise read it, an earnest desire that his works might be collected into a volume.—On finding that those pieces which had already appeared were out of print, and being informed that there were not only more scattered here and there in various miscellaneous collections, but also several Letters, Poems, &c. on the most important subjects, in M. S. that had never been published, I proposed to his widow and her friends, to print the whole, provided it should meet with their concurrence and approbation. They readily acquiesced, and most cheerfully assisted in collecting them, for which I beg they will accept my most respectful thanks, at the same time acknowledging my particular obligations to the gentleman who so kindly furnished me with an extract of the life of that truly pious, venerable, and ingenious author.

That the blessing of God our Saviour may attend the perusal of the following pages, and the truths therein contained produce an happy and abiding effect in the hearts of all who read them, as well as in his own, is the earnest prayer of

THE EDITOR.

853817

Practical Arithmetic

OF THE DATE

REV. JOHN GAMBOLD, A.M.

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MANCHESTER

Author

AND THE EDITOR OF THE

NEW EDITION OF THE PRACTICAL ARITHMETIC

BY JOHN GAMBOLD

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR

BY

JOHN GAMBOLD, A.M.

—

London :

Printed by W. B. Blackburn, Darlington, and J. W. ...

... and by W. B. Blackburn, Darlington.

Darlington.

WHICH THREE SHILLINGS IN BOARD

W. B. Blackburn, Printer,  
Darlington.

1866

PR  
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1816

## **PREFACE.**

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HAVING frequently read, with peculiar pleasure, that most excellent piece of Mr. Gambold's, entitled "The Martyrdom of St. Ignatius," I always regretted at the conclusion, that it had not been extended to a greater length, and as often wished to have in my possession more of his valuable compositions.

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THE EDITOR.

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## Advertisement

### TO THE SECOND EDITION.

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IN the Editor's preface which precedes this advertisement, is shewn the manner in which he became possessed of the valuable materials of the *first edition*: The *second* designedly contains only his poetical works, which are justly celebrated, by all who have perused them, for vigour of sentiment, and flow of harmony. An air of sensibility, and the traces of a refined soul, are visible in all his compositions; and at once discover christian discernment, and the genuine spirit of poetry. The specimens here exhibited of his genius, are not indeed voluminous; but their attractive sweetness amply compensates for their paucity, and induces a regret, that he who was thus exquisitely qualified to succeed in the highest department of poesy, should have left behind him but few specimens, by which to appreciate his excellence.

The Martyrdom of St. Ignatius, the chief piece in the collection, though capable of a higher polish in style, is disposed in its parts according to the simplicity of the ancient drama. Its principal merit consists in the varying and delightful views which it affords of religious truth. Christians of a mild and gentle cast, will here find reasons for thinking favourably of those who are often called, for distinction's sake, "lively and zealous brethren;" while to the latter are given abundant helps towards appreciating the worth, and imitating the strict walk and exemplary conduct of the former. The harmony and perfection of the christian character is, at the same time, shewn to consist in the happy union of active

benevolence and placid enjoyment. — The pious and intelligent reader will be convinced, by the soldier's conversion, and the description of his feelings on the occasion, that the author was "a scribe well instructed in the kingdom."

It is probable, that many persons, not at all liable to the accusation of fastidiousness, may think that they perceive, in the martyr's eagerness for death, something which has a tendency to lower his character as a christian hero. But when it is considered, that Ignatius calculated on the probability that his death would appease the rage of his foes, and stay all further proceedings against his harassed brethren, it is not wonderful that he chose rather to suffer martyrdom, than to defer for a few days what must inevitably have befallen him, had the persecution continued. The meekly courageous manner in which this venerable servant of Christ was expected to meet his death, could not but lead the minds of his anxious friends to the anticipation of the happiest results on the score of public commiseration. For the Romans, even while in the act of indulging the worst passions in the enjoyment of their brutish spectacles, had occasionally shewn themselves susceptible of an affection nearly approaching to human sympathy. — In any other view, the conduct of Ignatius, in this particular, must appear as nothing better than a work of supererogation. For this, however, Mr. Gambold is not to be blamed: He found this statement in "The Relation of the Martyrdom," to the plain facts of which he strictly adhered. But this fragment of early christian history, with many others, bears evident marks of Papistical interference, and purgatorial amendment.

DARLINGTON: April 17, 1816.

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THE  
L I F E  
OF THE  
*Late Reverend and Venerable*  
**JOHN GAMBOLD.**

---

THE Rev. John Gambold was born April 10, 1711, at Puncteston, in Pembroke-shire, South Wales. His father, a clergyman of the Church of England, lived an ornament to his profession, being well known and respected for his unaffected piety and purity of manners. He had the happiness truly to know the Lord Jesus Christ, in whom he believed, and to love Him with his whole heart. He educated his children with the utmost care and attention: and spared no pains to instil into their tender minds the principles and precepts of true christianity, which powerfully influenced his own heart, and were the invariable rule of his conduct.

His son, whose course through life and personal qualities are here recorded, had the benefit of his father's instruction and example, till he went to the University of Oxford, in the year 1726, where he entered as servitor in Christ Church, and soon became eminent for his diligent application to study; wherein his proficiency

was remarkably conspicuous, particularly in his compositions, many of which his own great humility and diffidence suffered others to bear the credit of. He was naturally of a lively and active spirit; and the time he could spare from those studies which he was obliged to pursue in the college, he chose to spend in reading the most approved authors of poetry and plays. These were at that time very agreeable to his taste, and therefore he took great pleasure in such works of genius till the year 1728, when, being present at the death of his affectionate father, that event, and the edifying exhortations he received from him in his last moments, so affected him, that a real seriousness of mind, and solid concern for his salvation, took place in him. From that period he became so far changed in his apprehension and view of things, that he renounced, from a principle of self-denial, all the pleasure he had received from books calculated to gratify the taste of the polite world; fell into a melancholy state of mind; and, from being of an active and lively disposition, became quite the reverse.

Among his papers was found one containing a solemn dedication of himself to God, which he drew up about this time, and which he called his "Baptismal Vow or Covenant renewed."

In March, 1730, he contracted an acquaintance with some of those students in the university, who, in obedience to the dictates of pure religion, were then distinguished from others by a laudable singularity in their conduct; and he followed all the rules which they observed in regulating their time and studies. Did they, according to the course of life which they had entered upon, with a view to their religious improvements, dili-

gently practise self-examination, meditation, and recollection? Did they carefully attend the church service, yet never omitting their private devotions? Did they on certain days abstain from their usual food, to the intent that they might feel the wants of others in distress, and mortify the corrupt affections and desires of their own depraved nature? Did they keep diaries of all occurrences both internal and external in their christian race; frequent the sacrament of the Lord's supper; visit the prisons, the sick, and the poor; instruct children, whose parents were not able to bear the expence of their being taught even to read? Did they exercise themselves in good works, doing, as often as opportunities presented, acts of charity to the bodies and souls of such as stood in need thereof?—In all these pious exercises and religious duties he faithfully took his part with them, in pursuit of that peace of mind which he laboured to obtain.

But not being able, by the use of such means only, to gain that which could make him happy, he gave way to those desponding thoughts from which he had formerly suffered much, totally neglected his person and apparel, confined himself as much as possible to his room, and applied, in search of information and comfort, to the works of such authors as he supposed could satisfy his enquiries, viz. the fathers of the first ages of the christian church. Of these, the most abstruse were his greatest favourites, and particularly those which are called mystics. Being well versed in the Greek language, he was much pleased with that energy of expression in which it excels. The deep speculations of those ancient writers, their beautiful allusions, the rich-

ness of style with which they clothed their ideas, and that uncommon strain of piety which, run through the whole, suited his taste, and so far influenced his understanding that he adopted their sentiments, went the same lengths with them in the scenes of imagination, and by degrees became so much like one of them, that his cast of mind bore a nearer resemblance to that which was peculiar to them, than to any that appeared among the moderns.

This melancholy, notwithstanding, still continued, and the track of deep and intense thinking, to which he had accustomed himself by a strict application to these authors, rendered him, with respect to his conceptions of things and manner of his conversation and address, very different, not only from those with whom he was intimately acquainted, but from all other men. By a close attention to writers of this stamp he had contracted such a turn of mind, and imbibed such an exalted notion of internal purity, which he laboured to acquire according to the process pointed out by them, and which he conceived was attainable, that he could not be satisfied with himself, unless he became such a refined being as those philosophical christians had formed a notion of in their warm imaginations. This being the state to which his aim was directed, he spared no pains to model himself according to the idea which he had formed of it. But every exertion proved abortive, and he found, that by the means he pursued he came far short of that perfection to which he so ardently aspired. The disappointment occasioned great concern, and though discouraged by every attempt, he still renewed his efforts, till repeated experience convinced him that all his en-



deavours to obtain the proposed end, could never succeed to his own satisfaction.

In September, 1733, he was admitted to holy orders; and as soon as capable of holding a living, was instituted to that of Stanton-Harcourt, in the diocese of Oxford, where, residing in a sequestered village, he had too much time to indulge his speculative turn of mind, and where, his parochial duties being few, he had leisure to pursue his philosophical studies with little interruption. He loved retirement, and seldom went abroad. But whenever he could prevail upon himself to visit any of his friends and acquaintance, and among the rest his patron Lord Harcourt, he was received with much respect, his company being very agreeable to all who knew him. And every one's curiosity was highly gratified, who could hear a man, of the eighteenth century, converse like one of those of the second or third of the christian æra. In attending to that train of sentiment and reflection to which he had accustomed himself, they were led back, to the distance of 1500 years, into the contemplations of axioms, sentences, and complete thoughts clothed in the most elegant dress of language, and the most delicate turn of expression. His abilities, both natural and acquired, were great; but his unfeigned humility was so apparent to every one with whom he conversed, that his superior powers of pleasing excited no sensation of dislike in any. And his whole conduct was so inoffensive, that it is not known he ever made himself an enemy. His outward appearance was indeed very different from that of others; and a good taste, with a considerable degree of discernment, was requisite to see and esteem a person who at

first sight raised in common beholders a prejudice in his disfavor, seeming rather to be of a dull and reserved, than of a sociable and communicative disposition.

Among the several books which fell in his way, the writings of the late professor Frank engaged his attention, and, as he expressed himself, “turned his thoughts a little to our Saviour and his merits;” but a subject of this sort made then so slight an impression on his mind, that he resumed his philosophical and platonic kind of religion, wherein the imagination could amuse and entertain itself in high flights, deep speculations, intense reflections, and metaphysical reasonings, to which his natural disposition inclined him.

However he did not give up so much of his time to these amusements as to neglect any part of his function; but very carefully performed every duty which he thought incumbent upon him, as a parish-minister, and lived on good terms with his parishioners, to whom he was intentionally as useful as his frame of mind and philosophical theology cou'd make him. To this theory of religion he continued attached, though he had never derived that spiritual comfort which he expected from it. At length when he found himself disappointed in the hope of those attainments which he had been so long aiming at, and was discouraged and distressed by the unsuccessfulness of all his efforts, he had the happiness of becoming acquainted with the late Peter Boehler, in February, 1737. This excellent man, (who was a minister of the church known by the name of “Unitas Fratrum, or United Brethren,” and at that time waited for a ship, that was to carry him to America, in the capacity of a missionary,) during his stay in England,

came to the knowledge of some serious people in London, and with some well-disposed students in Oxford. There he was prevailed upon to hold private meetings for the edification of awakened people both learned and unlearned. This he did in Latin, which, for the sake of the latter, the person who is the subject of this memorial, and who was one of the company, interpreted. On this occasion, and after some personal interviews with the Rev. Mr. Boehler, our late brother, (who proved afterwards a blessed instrument of service in the church of the Brethren,) was impressed with such a deep conviction of his natural depravity, and of his utter inability to help himself, and at the same time with such a clear and enlivening view of the way of salvation, that he saw it necessary, and was encouraged by the hope of the gospel, to apply to the Throne of Grace without any other preparation than that of a humble and contrite spirit, relinquishing all attachment to, and reliance on, any thing but the mercy of God in Christ Jesus.

It then appeared to him, that the chief point of christianity, which every one who wishes to enjoy the benefit thereof should be concerned to obtain, was a lively faith in the Redeemer of the world, and, as a consequence thereof, the forgiveness of sins, a conquest over the corruption that naturally dwelleth in us, and a conformity of that state of mind which was in him. These privileges he found by his own experience were not to be attained by a legal strife, and the helps that human philosophy could administer; and was convinced that they were to be received freely by all that unfeignedly believe in Christ Jesus our Lord. This doc-

trine therefore, so full of comfort to the poor in spirit, he embraced with his whole heart, and all his philosophy yielded to it. The gloom, which like a thick cloud had long enveloped and depressed his mind, was dissipated, and his spirit rejoiced in God his Saviour; he found that food which satisfies the hungry soul; and so great a change took place in him that he became a new creature, very different from what he had been before. But this happy alteration did not commence until he had undergone a long and severe trial, many struggles with his reasoning powers, and much embarrassment of thought; all which proceeded from the repeated attempts that he had made to combine his philosophy with the simplicity of the gospel, which is intended not for the high-minded and self-sufficient, but for the meek and lowly in heart; for, as our Lord himself declares, the humbling truths thereof are hid from the wise and prudent in their own eyes, and revealed unto babes.

In the year 1739 he had the pleasure of seeing and conversing with the late Count Zinzendorf. This first interview with that servant of God fully satisfied him of the falsity of those reports, which had been propagated to his discredit, and of the excellency of the person who had been so shamefully traduced. Soon after he gave the following description of the state of his own mind, and of the thoughts which he entertained of himself and the Brethren, of whom he had gained some previous knowledge: “ I then looked upon them  
“ as a happy people, and their doctrine as fundamen-  
“ tally true, but could not apply the comforts thereof  
“ to myself, being discouraged from so doing by the  
“ deep sense I had of my own guilt and depravity,

“ and by being defeated in the hopes of being happy  
“ in the notions which I had formerly imbibed. There-  
“ fore I despaired of being in a condition better than the  
“ generality of mankind, or different from them. But  
“ in December, 1740, my younger brother, having  
“ been with the Brethren in London, came to see me.  
“ The account which he gave of the happy course he  
“ observed amongst them, struck me with such an agree-  
“ able surprize, that I could not but return with him  
“ thither. My design was to see the order establish-  
“ ed, and to feel the spirit which prevailed amongst  
“ them, where several of them dwelt together. The  
“ purpose of my visit was answered to my great  
“ satisfaction; and I could believe, not only that they  
“ were right both in principle and practice, but that I  
“ might have a share of the same grace which they en-  
“ joyed. After having been again in their company,  
“ I perceived an impulse upon my mind to devote my-  
“ self entirely to Him who died for me and to live  
“ wholly for him and to his service.”

It appears, that in the interval between the year 1737 and this time, many vicissitudes took place in his mind: the drawings of grace, which he felt, were frequently rendered ineffectual, and the light of the gospel, of which he had some transient views in its native simplicity, was as often clouded by perplexities of more elevated reasoning, which every man is apt to fall into, and finds no end, ‘in wandering mazes lost,’ until he is so humbled as to suffer all his lofty imaginations to be cast down, and every thought brought into captivity to the obedience of Christ, to submit to be led into the way of salvation and continue therein, which is that of

faith unfeigned in the blood of Jesus, who is made unto us, by divine appointment, wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption. This he saw was the only way for self-condemned and repenting sinners to take, and the only thing that could make and keep them happy, while, as poor, needy, and sinful beings, they cleave unto Him, and rely upon him for daily supplies of grace.

In this view of things, he found that his former notions could be of no avail, and was convinced, that the burden of sin, with which he was oppressed, could not be removed, nor his conscience purged from dead works to serve the living God, but by faith in Him who came into the world to save sinners. He was therefore aware of what he called his reason, and afraid of his old mystic thoughts, lest they should mislead him, as they had often done before. To avoid the danger of deception from this quarter, to which he was exposed by living too much alone in a retired village, he was fully persuaded that a connection with those who not only professed themselves christians, but were such in reality, would be the means of preserving him from it; and as he had become acquainted with a society of true believers in London, who chose to be directed by the spirit and word of Christ, to be obedient to his will in all things, and to live together as persons wholly devoted to him; he wished that he also might have the favour of associating with true children of God, whose conversation might prevent his former gloomy reasoning from obtruding itself upon him, having experienced in the space of several years, that it had led him astray and been a hindrance to him in attaining to a settled peace

of mind. He remembered that he had first heard the joyful sound of the gospel from one of the Brethren, who represented it in its native simplicity, and was fully persuaded that he should become happy if he could live in the constant enjoyment of that comfort which he then in some measure derived from it, and of which he had had since many cheering, but, through his own fault, only transient sensations. He therefore determined to leave his retired situation where he could neither be of that service which he wished to be of to others, nor find the satisfaction he sought after for himself, and to take up his abode with those whom he believed to be a people of God, who through the influence of his Spirit were led into the way of truth, and held the faith in unity of spirit, in the bond of peace, and in righteousness of life. To partake of their happiness, to live amongst them in love to Christ and to one another, and to unite with them in promoting the glory of God and the good of mankind, was his desire. With this view he applied to the United Brethren, disposed as a little child in distress for help, committed himself to their care and direction, and had no choice with regard to any station or office wherein he might be in future of use to others.

In the beginning of October, 1742, he thus expressed himself upon this head: “Having had assurance  
“ that such a favour might be granted, I left my parish  
“ with a view to live wholly with the Brethren.”

Before he quitted his parish, he wrote to the Bishop of Oxford, and to his kind patron, Lord Harcourt. They expressed their concern at the step which he intended to take, and urged some reasons to induce him

to change his purpose: but his resolution was fixed. He then resigned his living in due form; and after he had taken leave of his parishioners in a very respectful manner, he went to the Brethren and lived entirely with them. Upon this occasion he wrote in substance as follows to his parishioners: “ It is not in consequence of any resentment, or of any worldly motive, that I give up my parish. I have not so implicitly given up my judgment to others as to be prevailed upon, by their persuasions, to take this step. The reason for my so doing is well grounded, and to my own satisfaction. It does not, I assure you, proceed from any dislike that I have to the worship of God in the church of England. I find no fault with any passage or clause in the Common Prayer Book. Nor can I, in justice, be considered in the same light with such persons as slight and forsake one party of christians, and go over to another, without sufficient cause. But that which has determined the choice I have made, was the earnest desire I found in myself of that improvement in the knowledge of the gospel, and in the experience of the grace of Jesus Christ, which I stood in need of. The blessings purchased by the blood of the Shepherd of our souls I longed to enjoy, in fellowship with a little flock of his sheep, who daily feed on the merits of his passion, and whose great concern is to build up one another in their most holy faith, and to propagate the truth as it is in Jesus for the good of others. His gracious presence, the power of his word, and the virtue of his blood, I wanted to have a more lively sense of, for my own comfort and support in the christian warfare:



“ and I had reason to hope for those means of happi-  
“ ness, especially where brethren dwell together in  
“ unity, for there the Lord commandeth his blessing,  
“ and life for evermore. This is all I aim at in with-  
“ drawing myself from you; and may this my depar-  
“ ture give no offence to any one! I now take my  
“ last adieu, and earnestly pray for you and for myself;  
“ for myself that I may be faithful to the grace of our  
“ Lord Jesus Christ, and prove his servant truly de-  
“ voted to him, where I am going; and may you, where  
“ you remain, be as obedient to the influence of his  
“ Spirit and the dictates of his word as I wish to be;  
“ so shall we one day rejoice before the great Shep-  
“ herd of our souls, that merciful and compassionate  
“ Saviour, in whom there is, in the mean time, life,  
“ peace, and joy for all believers. I do not go from  
“ you because I cannot live in the church of England,  
“ as an outward profession, or because I prefer any  
“ other form of ecclesiastical government before that  
“ which is by law established in this kingdom: but the  
“ inducement which leads me to this change, is the great  
“ concern I have for the attainment of a happy state of  
“ mind, and to compass this end, no means, through the  
“ blessing of God, appear to me so proper as a free inter-  
“ course with those who are of the same principles with  
“ my own, to whom I may communicate my thoughts  
“ without reserve, and from whom I can receive that as-  
“ sistance of advice and comfort, which is necessary for  
“ a person encompassed with such infirmities as I am.  
“ I heartily wish that you may derive more benefit from  
“ the instructions of my successor, than you have or

“ could have done from mine, and I trust that this will  
“ be the case.”

From the contents of this written message, the truth of an observation, which he made in one of his letters to the Bishop upon this occasion, is very evident, “ That one man may be a sectary, with a sectarian spirit in opposition to the established religion of his country, and without just ground for his separation from it: and another, at the same time that he has a real esteem for it, may do some things which have the appearance of a dissent from it, and yet have nothing against the rules and order which it prescribes, and can appeal to the Searcher of hearts for the uprightness of his intentions, as to essentials and circumstantials in the unity of the Spirit.”

By quitting his station as a parish-minister, he did not mean either to shew any disrespect to the church of England, or to give offence to any member thereof. Nor did he wish that his regard to her constitution should be considered as at all diminished by resigning the charge of his parish, and going to live with a people whose fellowship he sought to enjoy for his spiritual benefit. His determination was, if employed in their connection, to devote himself to the service of the Lord of all, and to be fellow-labourer with them, with whom he could lay his favorite stress on the redemption by Jesus Christ without opposition. He did not join the Brethren's church as a religion of human establishment, though he honoured their episcopal succession, but as a house or family of God, united together for the only purpose of doing his work and promoting the cause of true christianity in a free and unconfined manner. He highly prized the lot which he had obtained

amongst them, much esteemed the good order which they observed, partook of their fellowship, bore his part of their burdens, did his share of the work, and being incorporated with them, as well as engrafted in Christ the true Vine. he as a living branch thereof, deriving sap from that source, bore much fruit to his glory.

After staying some time in London, he went in 1742 to assist in a boarding-school, in Essex. In November the same year, he was regularly admitted a member of the Brethren's church. May 14, 1743, he was married to the present widow; resided in Wales, chiefly at Haverfordwest, where he kept a school, preached occasionally, and became acquainted with several people there, who have reason to bless God for his stay in their neighbourhood, which was till November, 1744, when he returned to London, where he continued until the beginning of the year 1747. He then accompanied some of his friends on a visit to Germany, arrived at Hernhaag, March 9, where he enjoyed many blessings in fellowship with the congregation settled there, and was respected and beloved by all. After several months' continuance in that place, he came back to London with the same company, where he lived a considerable time in favour with God and man, and to the edification of all who heard him preach or conversed with him. Besides the public office of a minister, his attention was employed in writing and correcting several pieces for the press, such as "The Maxims, &c." taken out of the Dissertations and Discourses of Count Zinzendorf, and other compositions of his own, which are a standing proof of his fine taste.

in evangelical truths, and of his clear understanding of the economy of grace under the New Testament. He wrote also an excellent tract or essay on the character of Count Zinzendorf, which was also published in the German language in Mr. Spangenberg's Apologetical Writings. He was likewise useful in repeating extempore in English the sermons which the late Count preached in German; and the translation was so well performed, that every one who heard him and understood both languages, wondered at the facility of his comprehension and the retentiveness of his memory. He revised several other books, viz. "The Rationale of their Doctrine and Discipline," some apologetical writings, and "The Greenland History."

Besides these employments he was ready to give assistance upon all occasions, whether of conference with his brethren, congregation meetings, or private conversation with individuals who wanted his advice, in which his meekness and wisdom, his charity and patience, were very conspicuous. In the year 1754, it being thought necessary to keep up a regular succession of ecclesiastical orders, he was at a general conference of the several labourers in the congregations of the Brethren in England, chosen and consecrated a Bishop of the *Unitas Fratrum*. But with what humility, and diffidence in himself, did he accept this office! And in the exercise thereof no trace of any disposition was seen in him, but that of lowliness of mind; nor did he think himself thereby entitled to any greater respect than was due to any other of his brethren. As he would not have accepted it, had he not been earnestly requested to take it upon him by his brethren, so he

had no other view in complying with their intreaties than to be used as an instrument of keeping up the regularity of such ordinations as might be found necessary. Such a Bishop would have been justly esteemed an honour to any church, whether ancient or modern, if disinterestedness of spirit, humility of mind, devotion of heart, a benevolent disposition towards all men, and a voluntary submission to the service not only of the church in general, but of every member thereof though in the most inferior station, be the proper qualifications and distinguished ornaments of the christian episcopacy.

These excellent endowments, which the grace of God had wrought in him, and enabled him to use to his glory, made him greatly respected by all who knew him and were capable of forming a right judgment of real worth and undissembled goodness. But neither the regard which was shewn him, nor the rank which he held in the church could alter that humble opinion he always entertained of himself. And such was the character he maintained in the situation assigned him, that he was deservedly esteemed, not only by those with whom he was connected, but by others of every denomination, who were acquainted with him.

From the year 1754 to 1764 he resided chiefly in London, employing himself in every branch of service for the congregation settled there, and in regular correspondence with all his fellow-labourers of the same communion in England. Herein he acted solely from a principle of love to the souls whom he had in charge, and received from them the most grateful returns of affection.

After this, he went to a general synod of the Brethren, which was held in the year 1764, in Germany, where he had the satisfaction of being present with many servants of God, assembled together for the promotion of true christianity and the building up of each other in their most holy faith. There he was likewise much respected and beloved. From thence he came back to London, where he chiefly resided, till the year 1768, when he was seized with a dropsical asthma, which had such an effect upon his whole frame, that they who were about him apprehended that every day would be his last.

When there was some intermission of pain, though he very sensibly felt the weakness of his constitution, and had reason to believe that his existence in the body would be of short continuance; yet being desirous of rendering the remaining part of it in some measure useful to others, he purposed to go into Wales: his view, in the change of his situation, was to be instrumental to the benefit of his countrymen. His friends being of opinion that his native air would be of service to him, and having some hope that his usefulness might even yet be more extensive, encouraged the design he had formed in his own mind, and of which he had given them an intimation. In consequence of their concurrence and approbation, he removed to Haverfordwest, where he had the special care of the congregation settled in that place, and the prospect of being helpful to many other awakened souls in those parts. At the same time some indications seemed to promise a better state of health, but these were only flattering, and the hopes of all, who had his recovery at heart, were soon after, to their great regret, disappointed.

In a letter dated October 11, 1770, wherein he assured his correspondent, that he was better with respect to the asthma, could lie down in bed and get some sleep, he thus described the state in which he then was: "I ought to be thankful for every mitigation of pain; but it becomes, I think, plainer than ever, that I have a real attack of the dropsy, which whether I shall get the better of, or it, by and by, get the better of me, is a question. I totter on my legs, and though I look pretty well, yet there are few intervals in the day wherein I have any thing like strength either of body or mind. However, I set no bounds to my Saviour's power, if he sees it good to continue me here a little longer: but it is hardly to be any more expected in my case. I really do all I can to support my impaired constitution, and walk most days a little in the chapel or burying-ground, till I am ready to drop down. All that I can properly desire of my gracious Lord is, that he would be merciful to me an unworthy sinner, wash me from all my unfaithfulness and transgressions in his blood, keep me in communion with himself and his people, help me to behave rightly, at least not offensively, in my sickness, and be perceptibly near to me in my last hour, whenever it is to be."

It appeared from this letter, that the congregation committed to his charge, could not receive from him, in his infirm state, that service which was indispensably requisite: and as there was reason to fear that his concern for those intrusted to his care, would incline him to attempt more than he could perform, and by that means hasten his end, it was proposed that he should change the place of his abode for another, where he might

pass the remainder of his dying life without any concern of mind relating to the duties of his office, and only enjoy the love of all about him. This offer was agreeable to his own choice. And he was so much respected and beloved by all who knew his personal qualities, that any of his friends in the neighbourhood, would have given him the kindest reception, and have considered it as a privilege to do all in their power to administer to his service and comfort. But upon farther consideration on this proposal, he wrote to his friends in London to this purpose: "I am fully convinced that what has been proposed with regard to me proceeded from a very kind intention to make all things as convenient for me as possible. For these affecting proofs of christian love, I shall retain, to my latest breath, a deep sense of gratitude. But some circumstances have just now occurred to me, which render it a matter of doubt whether I should leave my station, or make a further trial of my abilities with the assistance which is at hand, that the regular course of service, for the souls under my care, may be continued without intermission, till I depart this life."

In another letter, dated July 28, 1771, which was his last, he declared the situation of his mind to the following effect: "The writing of the few lines before the present, was the work of several days, attended with more difficulty and pain than any one is able to conceive, who does not feel what I have suffered. But to complain is disagreeable to me. The constant prayer of my heart, most tenderly united with yours, is for the welfare and prosperity of the church of God, and especially that part of it which



“ is the immediate object of our care. May our faithful and best Friend, who purchased it with his blood and is the supreme head thereof, so defend his people amidst all opposition, and support his servants, who labour in the word and doctrine, and have the general charge over his house, that the several members of it may increase in faith, hope, and love, to their comfort and joy!

“ With respect to myself, if I may judge from what I feel, I can think no otherwise than that I am very near the end of my course. Therefore all my prayers are centered in this, that my gracious Lord may wash me, a sinner, in his blood, and abide always near me, especially in my last extremity.”

From his whole demeanor in every stage of his illness, it appeared that he had, in great degree, the same mind which was in his Lord and Master. In those intervals wherein he was in some measure free from pain, and was thereby enabled to perform any part of his ministerial function, whether he preached to a public auditory, or explained the scriptures to a private company, he approved himself to all who heard him, a scribe well instructed unto the kingdom of heaven. The bible he esteemed above all other books, and from that sacred volume, as his most important treasure, he drew the spirit as well as matter of all his discourses. From this standard of divine truth his doctrine never varied, and his practice was a living sermon of the truths he taught. The last subject whereof he treated with more than usual energy and edification to his hearers, was, “Set your affections on things above,” &c. Col, iii. 2. The exhortation herein given was exem-

plified in his own disposition and conduct. For as the love of Heaven had made him heavenly, and the desire to be with Him who endured the cross for him, and was therefore his great object, had dis-engaged his heart from all earthly attachments, so his benevolence prompted him to do good to all within the compass of his influence. Among the many instances of persons in affliction to whom he had been an instrument of help and comfort, was one involved in distress of the most complicated nature, whose dejected mind, by his compassionate attention, was so much relieved, and animated with an assured hope of a speedy dismissal from pain and grief to endless joy and rest, that all who were concerned for and sympathized with the sufferer, rejoiced on his account; and it was said by some, that if his benefactor had come into those parts for his sake alone, the service done with respect to him would have well answered the expence and trouble of his journey thither.

His sphere of usefulness was contracted in proportion to the increase of his disorder. But however limited in his influence, as far as it reached he lost no opportunity of comforting the poor and dejected, and to intercede for the friendless. Upon the least intermission of pain, he was always ready to converse with those about him, upon the most interesting subjects for their edification and comfort. The great concern of his mind and heart was for the furtherance of the gospel, for the church in general, and for that part of it which was under his immediate care, that it might grow in grace and be enlarged by countless numbers to the praise of its Redeemer. With the same solicitude for the benefit of his countrymen at large, he not only drew up some remarks

on the Welch tongue, and grammatical institutions in that language, for the use of English preachers, who, living amongst them, must speak so as to be understood, but offered many prayers at the throne of grace in their behalf, which, there is no doubt, will sooner or later be answered. From the nature of his disorder, which, becoming more and more oppressive, scarce allowed him any sleep, he was apprehensive that he should be deprived of the use of his mental faculties; but knowing in whom he believed, he with full resignation committed himself to his care, and perceiving that they who were with him, were affected at the prospect of such an event, he said: "All he does, is well done; let us only look to Him, and the end will be blessed." If at any time, through extreme pain, a word of complaint fell from him, which very rarely happened, upon recollection he acknowledged the impropriety of it, saying, "I ought not to speak so: it might be much worse with me; I am graciously dealt with;" which was generally his answer to those who asked him how he did. At the last communion, which he attended in public, on Sunday, September 8, he partook of that sacred ordinance with the humility and reverence which becomes a sinner in the presence of God his Saviour, and at the same time with the unshaken confidence in his mercy, which is peculiar to the true believer. In singing, at the conclusion of this awful solemnity, a verse of praise and thanksgiving, which he began himself, the communicants were impressed with such a lively sense of that peace which the world cannot give, that many grateful tears flowed from every eye in the happy assembly.

When, through an entire weakness of body, he could no longer attend the congregation, such a measure of grace was bestowed upon him, that his private conversation with all who visited him, had the most happy and beneficial influence upon their minds. His thoughts were constantly employed in the things of God, and the concerns of his church; so that what he said upon all occasions was so interesting, that every one who heard him, and whose memory could not retain the particulars of what had been spoken, lamented afterwards that he had not preserved in writing what well deserved to be remembered.

Being always ready to acknowledge the least assistance received from others, he could not sufficiently thank those about him for the kind offices they had done him, and particularly his dear wife, for the great faithfulness she had shewn, and the tender nursing care with which he had been attended by her in every stage of his illness. In this benevolent and grateful state of mind he passed the remainder of his life here below. As long as the ability of utterance lasted, whoever came near him in the day-time, or watched with him in the night, was sensibly affected with what, out of the fulness of his heart, his mouth spake. He expressed, as well as he was able, the living sense he had of the undeserved mercy of God, and of the unlimited kindness of his friends; giving them the most salutary advice for their spiritual improvement, and singing with a cheerful, though faltering tone of voice, verses of praise and adoration to Him who had redeemed and washed him from his sins in his own blood.

At length, when he seemed no more to have the power of speech, he lay still; and it appeared to them who were present with him, that the awful minute of expiration drew near. For a while he was scarce perceived to breathe, but all at once he exerted the feeble efforts of dissolving nature to speak his earnest desire to be at home with his most gracious Lord; and just before the close of all his sufferings, was heard to pray with emphasis in these words: "Dear Saviour! remember my poor name, and come, come soon." Shortly after, his petition was granted; and He whom his soul loved, took him into his eternal security, on Friday morning, September 13, 1771. The witnesses of his happy departure, were struck with a reverential sensation of the peace of God on this occasion. His residence here on earth lasted 60 years, 4 months, 3 weeks, and 1 day. He left two children behind him, a son and a daughter, who, with his widow, are still living.\*

To shew the members of the established church, in a striking point of view, the treasure of sound doctrine contained in the Book of Common Prayer, and to endear to them that ancient formulary of public devotions, he published in the year 1765, without his name, "A short Summary of Christian Doctrine, by way of question and answer, the answers being all made in the sound and scriptural words of the Church of England."

He also composed several hymns expressive of the situation and desires of his own heart, which are inserted in the brethren's hymn book. These with other pieces which he wrote in verse at different periods of

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\* They were living in the year 1789, when this was written.

his life, and have been separately published, are collected in the subsequent pages.

It is the earnest prayer of the editor, that every one who reads the preceding narrative, and the several successive parts of this volume, may, by the blessing of God, derive both profit and pleasure *of the best sort* from the perusal.

And there is no reason to apprehend, that the candid and well disposed, who shall pay due attention to that which is contained herein, will be disappointed of the improvement in grace and knowledge, which they, through the Spirit of Truth, may wish to receive from the writings of a man, who, though he was possessed of such mental powers as too often beget self-esteem, yet was distinguished for meekness and humility, which accompanied him to the last moment of his life. His invariable concern was not only to give no offence to any, but to do good, as far as he was enabled, to all men; and his greatest care, to maintain with tender fidelity that connection of heart which he enjoyed with God his Saviour, by being cautiously observant of his will, and constantly watchful in preserving the grace given him as the choicest treasure.

## PREFACE

TO THE

*Tragedy of St. Ignatius.*



**WHETHER** the Reverend Author of the following piece ever intended it for publication, is not known. So much is certain, that some years before his decease he was not even possessed of a copy of it; and out of his peculiar modesty, and perhaps because he knew it was not perfect, according to the generally received rules of the drama, and for some other reasons, he wished that it had not strayed, in manuscript, into the hands of some of his friends, who valued it highly, not only on account of their esteem for the author, but for its own excellence in point of sentiment.

Those who had the happiness to be intimately acquainted with the author, knew that he was of a very studious turn of mind, and could not be satisfied with the surface and appearance of things, but sought eagerly after useful and necessary truth, and was unwearied in his researches. This induced him not only to read with great attention the holy scriptures, but to study the fathers of the first centuries, believing that in them he should find the strongest features of the christian re-

ligion, and the fullest proofs of what was the doctrine, discipline, and temper of the christian church, at and immediately after the times of the apostles.

He was at a certain time so given up, if we may thus express it, to the company of the fathers, and so taken with their manners, that he unintentionally became in his way of thinking, speaking and acting, as though he had lived in the first or second century, and in the closest intimacy with Ignatius, Polycarp, &c.

He had in his youth a great fondness for dramatic pieces, both ancient and modern; and though we cannot find that he ever frequented the theatres any where, yet looking upon dramatic writings as a pleasing and impressive manner of conveying ideas and actions to others, we suppose he formed the plan of giving, if not to the public, yet to some of his friends, a representation of the state, principles and practice of the christians in the first and second century, in a dramatic composition.

He certainly believed, that a piece, wherein the love of Christ, shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost, is set forth as producing the most excellent principles in the human soul, viz. devotion to God, love to our neighbours, humility, forbearance, aptness to forgive, yea, to love and bless even bitter, active, and powerful enemies,—would be more suited and edifying to a christian reader, than such as are too much *in vague* to the reproach of christianity; in which lust, pride, ambition, &c. are called in to assist in the production of something like virtue, but which cannot be worthy of that name when proceeding from such vile and poisoned sources.



Our author in writing this tragedy adhered to history, and has therefore attended Ignatius at Antioch, and from thence to Rome, by the same road which he travelled. He has given him the same company which he then had; and has presented Ignatius, Polycarp, and the Bishops and Deacons who attended at Smyrna to our view, in such a clear and lively manner, that we are brought into their company, and hear them speak the sentiments written in the epistles of Ignatius and Polycarp, and see them act agreeable to the most authentic accounts which are handed down to us, of what passed at that time; and the whole performance is so adapted to the spirit of that period, that there is hardly any thing that can be called his but the dress.

What Ignatius speaks to the Romans in the fifth act, is only a version of what he wrote to the christians at Rome.

The reasonings of the two philosophers for and against the christian scheme may be difficult for some readers to understand, but bespeak the genius of the most candid and upright of that class of men in those later times. We wish that the philosophers of our day were always willing to discuss the essential tenets of christianity with the same openness, and to receive the force of truth, grounded upon experience: then would the supercilious sneer of contempt, and the prompt rejection of christianity at the first mentioning it, give way to, at least, a mild and tolerant temper.

We do not present this to the public as a perfect dramatic performance; we are sensible it will not bear, in all respects, to be examined by the strict rules of criticism. The author has not attended to unity of

time and place; but for this he will not be blamed by the admirers of Shakspeare, or by those who have read the fine tragedies of Jephthah and of John Baptist, by Buchanan. He takes no pains to render the plot intricate, and then to unravel and wind it up, so as to leave the mind filled with amazement at the event; but he follows history, without seeking to awaken the passions, or surprise by uncommon incidents; and yet it is to be hoped, that some will feel many passages and incidents powerfully and usefully.—Had our author himself published it, we are persuaded he would have given it a finishing which it cannot get now.

As this piece is therefore not presented to the public as a complete dramatic composition, it can afford no employment for critics in this point of view. And as to those who may be offended with the general scope of this performance, and the general tendency of the doctrines which it enforces, by no fictitious examples, but with historical faithfulness, they must employ their critical abilities, not on the author, but on the fathers, and even on the apostles themselves; for we cannot help lamenting that the cross, or the power of the incarnation, sufferings, and death of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, was, is, and will be (alas!) to many foolishness; but to others, who are and shall be saved, the power of God and the wisdom of God. 1 Cor. i. 18.

The reason that this piece is now published is this: sundry copies of it have been procured by different persons, and some of them are very imperfect. Many, who have read it, have urged that it might be

printed; and we were not without apprehensions that it would sooner or later be published from some imperfect or erroneous copy, or by some one who might mar by attempts to mend, and we have seen some such copies: therefore we rather chuse to publish our author as we found him, with the hope that it will be of some use and a blessing to many, by their not only reading, but feeling something of the spirit of the first christians. The operations and fruits of that Spirit that glorifies Jesus, must be the same in all periods of time to the end of the world.

As many readers may be unacquainted with the life of Ignatius, we have been desired to give some account of this blessed martyr; which we will do from the best authorities that have come to our hands.

SOME ACCOUNT OF

**ST. IGNATIUS THE MARTYR,**

Who was also called

**THEOPHORUS.**


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FROM what parents Ignatius sprung, is not told us: nor is it certain where he was born, but this honor has been ascribed to Nora, in Sardinia.

There is a tradition that he was the little child whom our blessed Lord and Saviour set before the disciples, when he told them, that *Except they were converted, and became as little children, they should not enter into the kingdom of heaven.* But as the proofs handed down to us are not sufficient to authenticate this relation, we cannot deliver it as a fact; nor is it material to our purpose, as the intention is only to give, from the best authorities, some account of what the Grace of God made Ignatius to be as a christian, a bishop, and a martyr.

This appears certain, that he was contemporary and particularly acquainted with the apostles of our Lord, and received instructions from those first and inspired messengers of God our Saviour, and that he and Polycarp were more especially disciples of St. John.

Having approved himself as a christian indeed, and as a devoted and anointed servant of our Lord Jesus Christ, he was, upon the decease of Euodius, chosen by the apostles Bishop of Antioch, the metropolis of Syria, and was consecrated thereunto by them with imposition of hands.

Thus he must have continued many (it is said forty) years in this important function; and we are told, by those who attended him to his martyrdom at Rome, and who gave an account of his death, that “he was a  
“ man in all things like unto the apostles;” so that he must have been, in all respects, a worthy and venerable bishop, approving himself in the sight of all men as a faithful steward over the household of God; and that he was, as is said of him, “like a divine lamp illuminating the hearts of the faithful by his exposition of  
“ the Holy Scriptures.”

That he was clothed with humility, appears from all his epistles; for though so highly esteemed as a faithful shepherd and bishop, and on the way to receive that which was, in those days, esteemed the highest possible honor that a human creature and an heir of grace could possess,—the crown of martyrdom; yet, in writing to the Romans, Smyrnæans, &c. concerning the church of Syria, he says of himself, “I am even ashamed to  
“ be reckoned as one of them: for neither am I worthy,  
“ being the least among them, and as one born out of  
“ due season. But through mercy I have obtained to  
“ be somebody, if I shall get to God.”

That the love of God was shed abroad in his heart by the Holy Ghost, is evident from all he has written. The work of redemption by the incarnation, life, suf-

fering, and death of our Lord Jesus Christ, and his resurrection for our justification, being deeply impressed on his heart by the Holy Ghost, made him a living witness of the power of the great salvation to all around him, and a constant inculcator of the redemption in Christ's blood.

We must not expect to find in those of his epistles which are extant, a regular system of divinity. He wrote letters to several churches, and to Polycarp, when he was hurried to Rome under a guard of rude soldiers: we therefore find, that although the great and fundamental truths of the gospel are asserted throughout his epistles, yet he only wrote about such cases as related to their and his own circumstances at that time.

As the spirit of Jesus infuses love, meekness, forbearance, and the most real concord and union, so he, as a disciple of St. John, who learnt it on the breast of his gracious Master, earnestly exhorted the churches to remain in brotherly love and union of heart. Thus, in his epistle to the Magnesians, he writes, "I salute the churches; wishing in them an union both of the body and spirit of Jesus Christ, our eternal life." Again, "I exhort you to do all things in a divine concord. Let no one look upon his neighbour after the flesh; but do you all mutually love each other in Jesus Christ." Again, "Being come together in the same place, have one *common* prayer; one supplication; one mind; one hope; in love, and in joy undefiled. There is one Lord Jesus Christ, than whom nothing is better. Wherefore come ye all together as unto one temple of God; as to one altar,

“ as to one Jesus. Christ, who proceeded from one  
 “ Father, and exists in one, and is returned *to one.*”  
 The Trallians he exhorts to “ love every one his  
 “ brother with an unfeigned † heart.” To the Phila-  
 delphians he writes, “ Come all together into one  
 “ place with an undivided heart:” and he speaks out  
 of the same spirit in all his epistles.

As this was a subject which he urged agreeable to  
 the mind of his beloved Lord and Master, so he was  
 fired with holy indignation against all those who sought  
 to foment dissensions, by introducing doctrines con-  
 trary to the mind of Christ. He tells the Ephesians,  
 “ There are some who carry about the name of Christ  
 “ in deceitfulness, but do things unworthy of God;  
 “ these ye must flee, as ye would so many wild beasts:  
 “ for they are ravening dogs, who bite secretly: against  
 “ whom you must guard yourselves as men hardly to be  
 “ cured. Wherefore let no one deceive, as indeed nei-  
 “ ther are ye deceived, being wholly the servants of  
 “ God. For inasmuch as there is no contention among  
 “ you which can trouble you. ye must need live according  
 “ to God’s will.” To the Trallians he writes, “ Stop  
 “ your ears, therefore, as often as any one shall speak  
 “ contrary to Jesus Christ, who was of the race of  
 “ David, of the Virgin Mary.” To the Philadelphians,  
 “ As becomes the children both of the light and of the  
 “ truth, flee divisions and false doctrines; but where  
 “ your shepherd is, there do ye, as sheep, follow after.  
 “ For there are many wolves who seem worthy of be-  
 “ lief, that, with a false ‡ pleasure, lead captive those

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 † Or undivided.

‡ Or evil.

“ that run in the course of God; but in your concord  
 “ they shall find no place. Be not deceived, brethren;  
 “ if any one follows him that maketh a schism in the  
 “ church, he shall not inherit the kingdom of God.  
 “ If any walks after any other opinion, he agrees not  
 “ with the passion of Christ. Love unity: flee divi-  
 “ sions: be the followers of Christ as he was of the  
 “ Father.—Where there is division and wrath, God  
 “ dwelleth not.”

From these, and many other passages in his epistles,  
 it appears evident, that there were in his days, as there  
 had been even in the time of the apostles, men of cor-  
 rupt minds, who sowed seeds of dissension among the  
 children of God, and who turned the grace of God in-  
 to licentiousness; and that he saw beforehand reason  
 to caution the christians against such who should arise,  
 perverting the truth, or holding it in unrighteousness;  
 touching whom, he tells the Trallians, “ That such  
 “ confound together the doctrine of Jesus Christ with  
 “ their own poison, whilst they seem worthy of be-  
 “ lief; as men give a deadly poison mixed with sweet  
 “ wine, which he who is ignorant of it, does, with the  
 “ treacherous pleasure, sweetly drink in his own death.”  
 He adds, “ Wherefore guard yourselves against such  
 “ persons; and that ye will do, if ye are not puffed up.”  
 Of such deceivers he says, in his epistle to the Ephe-  
 sians, “ Those that corrupt\* families by adultery, shall  
 “ not inherit the kingdom of God. If therefore they,  
 “ who do this according to the flesh, have suffered death,  
 “ how much more shall he die, who by his wicked

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\* Corrupters of houses.



“ doctrine corrupts the faith of God, for which Christ  
 “ was crucified ! He\* that is thus defiled shall depart  
 “ into unquenchable fire, and so he that hearkens † unto  
 “ him.”

He warns the Philadelphians against those who preach the Jewish law, and adds, “ For it is better to  
 “ receive the doctrine of Christ from one that has been  
 “ circumcised, than Judaism from one that has not.  
 “ But if either the one or the other do not speak con-  
 “ cerning Christ Jesus, they seem to me to be but as  
 “ monuments and sepulchres of the dead, upon which  
 “ are only written the names of men. Flee there-  
 “ fore the wicked arts and snares of the prince of this  
 “ world, lest at any time, being oppressed by his cun-  
 “ ning, ye grow cold in your love.”

It is evident that he had to combat against various kinds of corrupters of the word of life, and particularly also against those who opposed the ground of our salvation, the reality of the incarnation, sufferings, and death of God our Saviour. These held, that our blessed Lord did not take on him true flesh, nor suffered really, but only in appearance; and their principles led them to all looseness and libertinism. With a view to this horrible heresy, which, with many others, began to show their heads in the East, he writes to the Smyr-næans, “ I have observed that you are settled in an  
 “ immovable faith, as if you were nailed to the cross  
 “ of our Lord Jesus Christ, both in the flesh and in the  
 “ spirit; and are confirmed in love through the blood  
 “ of Christ; being fully persuaded of those things which

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\* Such as one defiled.

† Hears him.

“ relate unto our Lord, who truly was of the race of  
 “ David according to the flesh, but the Son of God  
 “ according to the will and power of God; truly born  
 “ of the virgin and baptized of John, that so all righ-  
 “ teousness might be fulfilled by him. He was also  
 “ truly crucified by Pontius Pilate, and Herod the  
 “ tetrarch, being nailed for us in the flesh; by the  
 “ fruits of which *we are*, even by his most blessed pas-  
 “ sion, that he might set up a token for all ages through  
 “ his resurrection, to all his holy and faithful servants,  
 “ whether they be Jews or Gentiles, in one body of  
 “ his church.

“ Now all these things he suffered for us, that we  
 “ might be saved. And he suffered truly, as he also  
 “ truly raised up himself; and not as some unbelievers  
 “ say, that he only seemed to suffer, they themselves  
 “ only seeming to be. And as they believe, so shall it  
 “ happen unto them; when being divested of the body  
 “ they shall become mere spirits.\*

“ But I know that even after his resurrection he was  
 “ in the flesh; and I believe that he is still so. And  
 “ when he came to those who were with Peter, he  
 “ said, “*Take, handle me, and see that I am not an in-*  
 “ *corporeal demon.*” And straightway they felt him,  
 “ and believed, being convinced both by his flesh and  
 “ spirit. For this cause they despised death, and were  
 “ above it. But after his resurrection he did eat  
 “ and drink with them, as he was flesh; although, as  
 “ to his spirit, he was united to his Father.

“ Now these things I put you in mind of, not ques-  
 “ tioning but that you yourselves believe that they are

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\* Incorporeal and demoniacs.

“so. But I arm you beforehand against certain beasts  
 “in the shape of men, whom you must not only not  
 “receive, but, if it be possible, not meet with.”  
 However, he exhorts them to pray for their repentance.

It is evident that he looked upon the manifestation of God in the flesh, and his living, suffering, and dying the accursed death of the cross for us, as the great and effectual cause of our salvation, of the union between Christ and his members, and of the oneness of the individuals with him and with each other, by constant declarations to this effect. In his epistle to the Ephesians he says, “Let my life be sacrificed for the doctrine of  
 “the cross, which is indeed a scandal to unbelievers,  
 “but to us is salvation and eternal life. Where is the  
 “wise man? Where is the disputer? Where is the  
 “boasting of those who are called wise? For our God,  
 “Jesus Christ, was, according to the dispensation  
 “of God, conceived\* in the womb of Mary of the  
 “seed of David, by the Holy Ghost.”

Speaking farther on this subject he says that this new star shone and sent out its light above all other stars. “Hence,” says he, “all the power of magic was dissolved, and every band of wickedness was destroyed; men’s ignorance was taken away, and the old kingdom abolished; God himself appearing † in the form of a man for the renewal of eternal life.” To the Philadelphians he writes, after speaking of those who, out of strife and spirit of criticism, rejected or perverted the gospel, “To me Jesus Christ is instead of all the un-  
 “corrupted monuments in the world: together with

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\* Carried.

† Being made manifest.

“ those undefiled\* monuments, his cross, and death, and  
 “ resurrection, and the faith which is by him; by which  
 “ I desire, through your prayers, to be justified.” In  
 his address to the church at Tralles, in Asia, he calls  
 them, “ Beloved of God the Father of Jesus Christ,  
 “ elect, and worthy of God, having peace through the  
 “ flesh, and blood, and passion of Jesus Christ our hope,  
 “ in the resurrection which is by him.” In his salu-  
 tation to the church of Philadelphia, he says that it  
 “ has obtained mercy, being fixed in the concord of  
 “ God, and rejoicing evermore in the passion of our  
 “ Lord, and being fulfilled in all mercy through his re-  
 “ surrection: which.” he adds, “ I salute in the blood  
 “ of Jesus Christ, which is our eternal and undefiled  
 “ joy.” In his epistle to the Smyrnæans he writes,  
 “ I salute your very worthy bishop, and your venera-  
 “ ble presbytery, and your deacons my fellow servants,  
 “ and all you in general, and every one in particular,  
 “ in the name of Jesus Christ, and in his flesh and  
 “ blood, and in his passion and resurrection, both bodi-  
 “ ly and spiritually, and in the unity of God with you.”

Thus the stupendous work of redemption by our  
 Lord Jesus Christ was to him the foundation of all  
 hope, and the root from whence every happy principle  
 in the heart and every good fruit in the walk and con-  
 versation of man must spring. Yet far from looking  
 upon christianity as the philosophers did upon their  
 systems, as a matter of pleasing speculation only, he  
 knew it to be powerfully operative. He therefore  
 says, in his epistle to the Ephesians, “ Christianity is

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\* Untouched.

“ not the work of an outward profession, but shews  
 “ itself in the power of faith, if a man be found faithful  
 “ unto the end.” And to the Romans he says, “ A  
 “ christian is not a work of opinion, but of greatness  
 “ of mind.” He therefore, writing to the Ephesians,  
 recommends faith and love, which he says “ are the be-  
 “ ginning and end of life; for faith is the beginning,  
 “ and the end is love; and these two joined together §  
 “ are of God; but all other things, which concern a  
 “ holy life, are the consequences of these.” He therefore  
 exhorts, “ Let us do all things as becomes those who  
 “ have God dwelling in them, that we may be his tem-  
 “ ples, and he our God.” To the Trallians he writes,  
 “ Whereas ye are subject to your bishop as to Jesus  
 “ Christ, ye appear to me to live, not after the manner  
 “ of men, but according to Jesus Christ, who died for  
 “ us, that so believing in his death, ye might escape  
 “ death.”

Besides his instructions to love one another, he ex-  
 horts the Ephesians to “ pray without ceasing for other  
 “ men; for,” he adds, “ there is hope of repentance in  
 “ them, that they may attain unto God. Let them  
 “ therefore at least be instructed by your works, *if they*  
 “ *will be no other way.* Be ye mild at their anger,  
 “ humble at their boasting: to their blasphemies, *return*  
 “ your prayers; to their error, your firmness in the  
 “ faith: when they are cruel, be ye gentle; not endea-  
 “ vouring to imitate their ways: let us be their brethren  
 “ in all kindness and moderation, but let us be follow-  
 “ ers of the LORD; for who was ever more unjustly used,

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§ Being in unity.

“ more destitute, more despised? That so no herb of  
 “ the devil may be found in you: but you may remain in  
 “ all holiness and sobriety, both of body and spirit, in  
 “ Christ Jesus.”

From hence, and much more which we might add from his own words, it is obvious what was the spirit, temper, and walk of Ignatius, who was well aware of the insufficiency of words, and the necessity of reality, as he says to the Ephesians, “ It is better for a man to  
 “ hold his peace, and *be,* § than to say *he is a christian,*  
 “ and not to be. It is good to teach, if what he says  
 “ he does *likewise.*” And again he saith, “ No man  
 “ professing a *true* faith, sinneth; neither does he who  
 “ has love, hate *any.* The tree is made manifest by its  
 “ fruits; so they, who profess themselves to be chris-  
 “ tians, are known by what they do.”

We cannot discover his character and conduct as a bishop, better than by the advice which he gives his beloved brother, co-disciple, and afterwards fellow-martyr, Polycarp; as a sketch of the tenour of his own temper and walk in that important function, he writes:

“ I beseech thee, by the grace of God, with which  
 “ thou art clothed, to press forward in thy course, and  
 “ to exhort all others that they may be saved. Main-  
 “ tain thy place with all care, both of body and spirit:  
 “ make it thy endeavour to preserve unity, than which  
 “ nothing is better. Bear with all men, even as the  
 “ Lord with thee. Support all in love, as also thou dost.  
 “ Pray without ceasing. Ask more understanding  
 “ than what thou already hast. Be watchful, having thy  
 “ spirit always awake. Speak with every one, accord-  
 “ ing as God shall enable thee. Bear the infirmities

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§ Speaking, and not to be.

“ of all, as a perfect combatant. If thou shalt love  
 “ the good disciples, what thanks is it? But rather  
 “ do thou subject in meekness those that are mischiev-  
 “ ous. Every wound is not healed by the same plai-  
 “ ter: if the accessions of the disease be vehement,  
 “ mollify them with soft remedies: be in all things wise  
 “ as a serpent, and harmless as a dove. Be sober as  
 “ a combatant of God. Let not those that seem wor-  
 “ thy of credit, but who teach other doctrines, disturb  
 “ thee. Stand firm and immoveable, as an anvil when  
 “ it is beaten upon. It is the part of a combatant to  
 “ be wounded, and yet to overcome,” &c.

Here we may see the picture of Ignatius as a bishop. He exhorts all the churches to whom he wrote, to love, honour, and obey their bishops, presbyters, and deacons, as highly necessary for their own edification, the maintaining of unity, and preventing the machinations of Satan.

He had a foreboding and earnest desire to become a martyr, and wished for nothing more than to seal with his death the truth of the gospel, to which he had borne such a loud and convincing testimony for so many years. However he escaped the storms of the various persecutions under Domitian, although he withstood the raging flood, by supporting and strengthening those who were ready to sink in these times of trial, and such who were not as yet well grounded in the faith.

Though the church at Antioch, and throughout all Syria, certainly rejoiced at his being still left among them as one who fed the church of God which he had purchased with his own blood; and he rejoiced greatly himself, when the persecution abated, at the tranquility

of his church; yet he was troubled as to himself, that he had not been thought worthy to suffer for his Lord, as though he had not attained to a true love of Christ, nor was come up to the pitch of a perfect disciple.—Continuing therefore some years longer with his church, as a faithful and approved shepherd, he at length attained to the summit of his wishes.

Trajan, ‡ in the nineteenth year of his empire, coming from his conquest of the Scythians and Dacians, and many other nations, looked upon it as needful to the rendering his dominion absolute and universal, to subdue the spirit of the christians, and oblige them “to worship the Devil, with all other nations.” The persecution was renewed; and fear came upon the christians, as they must either sacrifice or die. On this account our valiant soldier of Jesus Christ, being in fear for the church of Antioch, and hoping thereby to avert the storm, was voluntarily brought before Trajan, who was then at Antioch, in his way to Armenia and the Parthians, against whom he was hastening.

Being come into the presence of Trajan, the emperor said unto him,—

“What a wicked § wretch art thou, thus to endeavour to transgress our commands, and to persuade others also to do the like, to their destruction!”

Ignatius answered: “No one ought to call Theophorus after such a manner; forasmuch as all wicked spirits are departed far from the servants of God. But if because I am a trouble to these evil spirits, you call me wicked, with reference to them I confess the

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‡ The relation of the martyrdom of St. Ignatius.

§ Or devil.



“ charge: For having within me Christ the heavenly King, I dissolve all the snares of those devils.”

*Trajan* replied: “ And who is Theophorus?”

*Ignatius.* He who has Christ in his breast.

*Trajan.* And do not we then seem to thee to have the gods within us, who fight for us against our enemies?

*Ignatius.* You err in that you call the evil spirits of the heathens GODS; for there is but ONE GOD, who made heaven and earth, and the sea, and all that are in them: And ONE JESUS CHRIST his only-begotten Son; whose kingdom may I enjoy!

*Trajan.* His kingdom, you say, who was crucified under Pontius Pilate?

*Ignatius.* HIS, who crucified my sin, with the inventor of it, and has put all the deceit and malice of the devil under the feet of those who carry him in their heart.

*Trajan.* Dost thou then carry him that was crucified within thee?

*Ignatius.* I do: for it is written, “ I will dwell in them and walk in them.”

Then *Trajan* pronounced this sentence against him; “ Forasmuch as Ignatius has confessed that he carries about within himself Him that was crucified, we command that he be carried bound by soldiers to Great Rome, there to be thrown to the beasts, for the entertainment of the people.”

When the holy martyr heard this sentence, he cried out with joy, *I thank thee, O LORD, that thou hast vouchsafed to honour me with a perfect love towards Thee, and hast made me to put on iron bonds with thy apostle Paul.*

Having said this, he with joy put on his bonds: and having first prayed for the church and commended it with tears unto the Lord, he was hurried away, like a choice ram, the leader of a good flock, by the brutish soldiers, in order to his being carried to Rome, there to be devoured by the blood-thirsty beasts.

Many have expressed their surprize, and sought for the reasons which induced the emperor to send this person, loaded with years, such a long and irksome journey, to meet a death which could have been inflicted upon him at Antioch. Whether it was done out of a kind of humanity, (for Trajan was in general not inhuman,) that he might have time to consider of the terrible death he was to die, and through fear, and, by being harrassed by the inconveniences and afflictions he should be exposed to on the road, he might be induced to renounce the faith, and to sacrifice to idols; by which means also Trajan would have obtained a complete victory, and be enabled to lead in triumph, to the temples of the idols, a man, a bishop, who had been so many years one of the brightest ornaments and a pillar of the church. Or whether, as it is said, he was advised by the senate to pass this sentence, lest, by his being put to death at Antioch, he should be rendered still dearer to the people there. Whatever may have been the reason, there seems evidently a hand of divine providence in it, as he became a living witness and monument of the grace and salvation of our Lord Jesus Christ wherever he came; encouraging the bishops and ministers, and giving the most lively exhortations, and administering consolation to the churches, not only to those through which he passed, but, by his epistles,

to those round about. By this means we have also a specimen and taste of the spirit of that period of the church.

He left Antioch, and entered upon his journey with joy, and greatly desirous to suffer, and came to Seleucia; sailing from thence, after great fatigue, he arrived at Smyrna; where, leaving the ship, he hastened to see Polycarp, his fellow-scholar, who was bishop there. For in the *relation of his martyrdom*, it is added, “They had both of them been formerly the disciples of St. John.”

His joy was great to meet again and converse with his beloved Polycarp, which appears from what he writes to Polycarp, after their interview, from Troas: “I exceedingly give thanks that I have been thought worthy to behold thy blessed § face, in which may I always rejoice in God!” In this meeting, it is said that Ignatius “communicated some spiritual gifts to Polycarp, and gloried in his bonds.” He also, in his epistle to Polycarp, seems to intimate to him, that he (Polycarp) should attain to the crown of martyrdom, by telling him, “That he should also be a combatant of God:” the crown proposed to him being immortality and eternal life; and adds, “Concerning which thou art also fully persuaded, I will be thy surety in all things, and my bonds, which thou hast loved.”

The great esteem in which he was held by the churches was such, that they sent deputies from the churches and cities in Asia to attend and comfort him,

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§ Innocent.

and to receive some advantages by his communicating unto them those gifts of grace which he partook of in such an abundant measure, And we find this deputation was of such a nature, that the churches are said to have attended him by their bishops, and priests, and deacons. Of those with him at Smyrna, we find the following expressly mentioned in his epistles: “Onesimus, bishop of Ephesus,” touching whom he writes to the Ephesians, “who by inexpressible love is ours;” and stiles him “an excellent bishop.”

Damas, bishop of Magnesia, concerning whom he exhorts the Magnesians “not to use him too familiarly on account of his youth, but to yield all reverence to him; as I perceive (adds he) that your holy presbyters do, not considering his age,|| which is indeed young but as becomes those who are prudent in God, submitting to him, or rather not unto him, but to the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ the bishop of us all.” Polybius, bishop of Tralles, of whom he writes to the Trallians, “In effect I saw your whole church in him. I seemed to find you, as also I knew that ye were the followers of God.” And again, “I have received and even now have with me the pattern of your love in your bishop; whose very look is instructive, and whose mildness is powerful; whom I am persuaded, the very atheists themselves cannot but reverence:” so that beside himself and Polycarp, these bishops are mentioned by him as being with him at Smyrna. Of presbyters, we find the following mentioned, Bassus and Apollonius, of Magnesia; and of

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|| Seeming youthful state.

deacons, Burrhus, Euplus, and Fronto, of Smyrna, Ephesus and Sotio, of Magnesia, besides the presbyters and deacons of Smyrna, and probably from other churches, whose names are not mentioned. Indeed it seems, by what is written, as if there was a general convocation of the churches, in Asia; and we may suppose that there were some even from Rome, as we find he writes his epistle from thence to the Romans with the direct intention to prevent their taking any steps to hinder the execution of Trajan's sentence. Moreover he writes to the Romans, "There is now  
 " with me Crocus, most beloved of me. As for those  
 " which are come from Syria, and are gone before me  
 " to Rome to the glory of God, I suppose you are not  
 " ignorant of them."

We must still add to the number of those with him at Smyrna, Philo, the deacon of Cilicia, of whom he says, in his epistle from Troas to the Philadelphians, that he was "a most worthy man; he still ministers  
 " unto me in the word of God, together with Rheus,  
 " of Agathopolis, a singular good person, who has fol-  
 " lowed me from Syria, not regarding his life." He also mentions them honourably in his epistle to the Smyrnaeans. These two seem to have been his constant companions and attendants on this his uncouth pilgrimage, and even to his death.

In this assembly of the bishops, presbyters, deacons, and brethren from so many churches, he first of all intreated the whole church, but more particularly Polycarp, to contend with God in his behalf, that being suddenly taken by the beasts from the world, he might appear before the face of Christ. We may naturally

suppose that he then recommended to Polycarp and to the assembly, that they would take care of his church, and see that it was provided with a worthy successor. This was evidently a subject of their conference, as he urges it in all his epistles. He writes from Troas to Polycarp as follows: “ It will be very fit, O most  
“ worthy Polycarp, to call a select council, and choose  
“ some one whom ye particularly love, and who is  
“ patient of labour, that he may be the messenger of  
“ God; and that, going to Syria, he may glorify your  
“ incessant love to the praise of Christ. A christian  
“ has not the power of himself, but must be always at  
“ leisure for God’s service. Now this work is both  
“ God’s and your’s, when ye shall have perfected it.” In his letters to the other churches he desires them to send delegates from thence to Antioch, on the one hand to comfort, and on the other to congratulate his flock on account of the abatement of the persecution of which he had heard on the way, to his great joy; and he requests Polycarp to write to the same effect to those churches to which he himself could not write.

Thus, with a terrible death in view, and to which he was hastening, in the midst of all the distressing circumstances attending his irksome journey, and his being hurried and seized by his savage guards; yea, and in the enjoyment of the love of his brethren, he could not forget his dearly beloved flock, which, not man, but God had committed to his charge. We must also conclude, that they conferred about the state of all the churches, as he seems, by his epistles to those to whom he could write, to have a thorough knowledge of their state by the advice he gave unto them; then he opened

unto them the dangers to which they were exposed, and the hour of temptation approaching unto them. And finally, he was not “wanting in returning a recompence to the churches who came to meet him by their governors; and he sent letters of thanks to them, which distilled spiritual grace, with prayer and exhortation.”

From Smyrna he wrote epistles to the churches of Ephesus, Magnesia, Tralles, and Rome. It has been already observed, that his epistle to the Romans was evidently written with a view to dissuade them from attempting to rescue him from the jaws of the lions; but to shew how much he was convinced that it was fitting that he should seal the truth, in which he had enjoyed the most solid happiness, by his death, and how ardently he wished for the crown of martyrdom, we will quote his own expostulations to the Romans:

“I hope ere long to salute you, if it be the will of God to grant me to attain unto the end I long for. For the beginning is well disposed, if I shall but have grace without hindrance to receive what\* is appointed for me. But I fear your love, lest it do me an injury. For it is easy for you to do what you please; but it will be hard for me to attain unto God, if you spare me. I shall never hereafter have such an opportunity of attaining unto God. If you should be silent on my behalf, I shall be made partaker of God: but if you shall love my body, I shall have my course again to run. Wherefore ye cannot do me a greater kindness than to suffer me to be

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\* My lot.

“ sacrificed to God, now that the altar is already pre-  
 “ pared: that when ye are gathered together in love,  
 “ ye may give thanks to the Father through Jesus  
 “ Christ, that he has vouchsafed to bring a bishop of  
 “ Syria unto you, being called from the east to the  
 “ west. For it is good for me to set from the world,  
 “ that I may rise again unto Him.

“ Ye have never envied any one. Only pray for  
 “ me, that God would give me both outward and in-  
 “ ward strength. Nothing is good that is seen. For  
 “ even our God Jesus, now that he is in the Father,  
 “ does so much the more appear. I write to the  
 “ churches, signifying to them all, that I am willing  
 “ to die for God, unless you hinder me. I beseech that  
 “ you shew not an unseasonable good-will towards me.  
 “ Suffer me to be food to the beasts, by which I shall  
 “ attain unto God. For I am the wheat of God, and  
 “ shall be ground by the teeth of the wild beasts, that  
 “ I may be found the pure bread of Christ. Rather  
 “ encourage the beasts, that they may become my se-  
 “ pulchre: then shall I be truly the disciple of Christ,  
 “ when the world shall not see so much as my body.  
 “ Pray therefore unto Christ for me, that by these in-  
 “ struments I may be made a sacrifice to God. I do  
 “ not, as Peter and Paul, command you. They were  
 “ apostles, I a condemned man. They were free, but  
 “ I am even to this day a servant. But if I shall suf-  
 “ fer, I shall then become the freeman of Jesus Christ,  
 “ and shall rise free.† And now being in bonds, I  
 “ learn not to desire any thing.‡



“ All the ends of the world, and the kingdoms of it,  
 “ will profit me nothing: I would rather die for Jesus  
 “ Christ, than rule to the utmost ends of the earth.  
 “ Him I seek, who died for us. Him I desire that  
 “ rose again for us. This is the gain that is laid up  
 “ for me.

“ Pardon me, my brethren; ye shall not hinder me  
 “ from living: nor, seeing I desire to go to God, may  
 “ you separate me from him for the sake of this world,  
 “ nor seduce me by any of the desires of it. Suffer me  
 “ to enter into pure light; where, being come, I shall  
 “ be indeed the servant of God. Permit me to imi-  
 “ tate the passion of my God. If any one has Him  
 “ within himself, let him consider what I desire, and  
 “ let him have compassion on me, as knowing † how  
 “ I am straitened.

“ The prince of this world would fain carry me  
 “ away, and corrupt my resolution towards my God.  
 “ Let none of you therefore help him: rather do ye  
 “ join with me, that is, with God. Though I am alive  
 “ at the writing of this, yet my desire is to die.  
 “ My love is crucified; and there is not any fire with-  
 “ in me that loves matter, but living and speaking  
 “ water saying within me, “ *Come to the Father.*”  
 “ I take no pleasure in the food of corruption, nor in  
 “ the pleasures of this life. I desire the bread of God,  
 “ which is the flesh of Jesus Christ; and the drink that  
 “ I long for is his blood, which is incorruptible love.

“ I have no desire to live any longer after the man-  
 “ ner of men; neither shall I, if you consent. Be ye

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† What constrains me.

“ therefore willing, that ye yourselves also may be  
“ pleasing to God. I exhort you in a few words. I  
“ pray you, believe me. Jesus Christ will shew you  
“ that I speak truly. My mouth is without deceit, and  
“ the Father truly hath spoken by it. Pray therefore  
“ for me, that I may accomplish what I desire. If I  
“ shall suffer, ye have loved me; but if I shall be re-  
“ jected, ye have hated me.”

It is probable, that the Romans had represented to him the terrors of the death that was prepared for him, with a view to obtain his consent, that they might persuade the people not to desire his being brought forth to be devoured by the beasts, as he writes so strongly upon this subject; “ May I enjoy the wild beasts that  
“ are prepared for me: which also I wish may exer-  
“ cise all their fierceness upon me; and which for that  
“ end I will encourage, that they may be sure to de-  
“ vour me, and not serve me as they have done some,  
“ whom out of fear they have not touched. But, and  
“ if they will not do it willingly, I will provoke them  
“ to it. Pardon me in this matter; I know what is  
“ profitable for me. Now I begin to be a disciple;  
“ nor shall any thing move me, whether visible or in-  
“ visible, that I may attain to Christ Jesus. Let  
“ fire and the cross, let the companies of wild beasts,  
“ let breakings of bones, and tearing of members, let  
“ the shattering in pieces of the whole body, and all  
“ the wicked torments of the devil come upon me, only  
“ let me enjoy Jesus Christ.”

Having employed the time he was allowed to spend in Smyrna, in the most useful and edifying manner, and, as the *relation of his martyrdom* tells us, “ Having

“ thus strengthened such of his brethren at Rome as  
 “ were against his martyrdom, by this epistle, as he de-  
 “ sired; setting sail from Smyrna, (for he was pressed  
 “ by the soldiers to hasten to the public spectacles at  
 “ Great Rome, that, being delivered to the wild beasts  
 “ in sight of the Roman people, he might receive the  
 “ crown for which he strove,) he came to Troas.”

We find that the churches of Smyrna and Ephesus, out of their great love and esteem for him, sent one to attend him to Troas, as he writes to the church at Philadelphia. “ The love of the brethren that are at Troas  
 “ salutes you: from whence also I now write by Bur-  
 “ rhus, (Polycarp’s own deacon) who was sent toge-  
 “ ther with me by those of Ephesus and Smyrna for  
 “ respect’s sake.”

He must have made some stay at Troas, as from thence he wrote letters to Polycarp, to the Philadelphians and Smyrnæans.

He was constantly met on the road, as far as the knowledge of his route could reach, by messengers from the neighbouring churches; of this he makes mention to the Romans: “ My spirit salutes you, and the  
 “ love of the churches that have received me, in the  
 “ name of Jesus Christ, not as a passenger; for even  
 “ they that were not near to me in the way, have gone  
 “ before me to the next city to meet me.”

Of his journey from Troas to Rome, we have the following account in *the relation of his martyrdom*:

“ From whence (*Troas*) going on, being brought to  
 “ Neapols. he passed Philippi, through Macedonia,  
 “ and that part of Epirus which is next to Epidamnus;  
 “ having found a ship in one of the sea-ports, he sailed

“ over the Adriatic Sea; and from thence entering into  
 “ the Tyrrhene, and passing by several islands and  
 “ cities, at length he saw Puteoli, which being shewed  
 “ to the holy man, he hastened to go forth, being desi-  
 “ rous to walk from thence, in the way that Paul the  
 “ apostle had gone; but a violent wind arising, and  
 “ driving on the ship, would not suffer him so to do:  
 “ wherefore commending the love of the brethren in  
 “ that place, he sailed forward. And the wind conti-  
 “ nuing favourable to us. in one day and a night we  
 “ indeed were unwillingly hurried on, as sorrowing to  
 “ think of being separated from this holy martyr: but to  
 “ him it happened just according to his wish, that he  
 “ might go sooner out of the world, and attain unto the  
 “ Lord whom he loved. Wherefore sailing into the Ro-  
 “ man port. and those impure sports being at an end, the  
 “ soldiers began to be offended at his slowness, but the  
 “ bishop with great joy complied with their hastiness.”

Having brought Ignatius thus far towards the end of  
 his journey, and the attainment of his highest wishes, we  
 cannot but observe, that he seems to have been led by  
 the hand of God this long and tedious way, that he might  
 be a monument of the power of grace to the churches  
 through which he passed, and a proof that he did not  
 bear the name of Theophorus in vain, but that Christ  
 was in him the hope of glory, and the principle of action.  
 Thus his occupation on the way, was to shew to unbel-  
 lievers what the redemption in the blood of Christ, when  
 sealed by the Spirit, produces in the human heart, and  
 brings forth in the walk and conversation, even under  
 the severest trials, and to encourage and strengthen the  
 zeal and faith of the churches. That all desired to have

some testimonies of his walk and conversation, is evident, as Polycarp in his epistle to the Philippians writes, “What you know of Ignatius, and those that are with him, signify unto us.” And Polycarp, by Ignatius’s own desire, and by the desire of the Philippians and other churches, sent to them Ignatius’s epistles, “together with what others of his were come to his hands.”

The length and various difficulties of his journey must have been very trying to him, when we consider his great age. being upwards of eighty, his being in bonds, and subject to rude heathenish soldiers, unaccustomed to humanity. As to his bonds, instead of murmuring on their account, he prized them highly as most costly ornaments, or, as he calls them, “Spiritual jewels.”

As to the treatment which he received from his keepers, we can have no better account than that which he himself gives of it: he writes to the Romans from Syria, even unto Rome, “I fight with beasts both by sea and land, both night and day; being bound to ten leopards, that is to say, to such a band of soldiers, who, though treated with all manner of kindness, are the worse for it.” But he adds, “I am the more instructed by their injuries, yet am I not therefore justified.”

The writers of the *relation of his martyrdom* proceed as follows:—

“Being soon forced away from the Port, so called, we forthwith met the brethren from Rome, (for the report of what concerned the holy martyr was spread abroad) who were full of fear and joy; for they rejoiced in that God had vouchsafed them the company of Theophorus, but were afraid when they considered that such a one was brought thither to die. Now

“ some of these he commanded to hold their peace, who  
 “ were the most zealous for his safety, and said, *That*  
 “ *they would appease the people, that they should not*  
 “ *desire the destruction of the just.* He presently  
 “ knowing this by the Spirit, and saluting all of them,  
 “ desired that they would shew a true love to him, dis-  
 “ puting yet more with them than he had done in his  
 “ epistles, and persuading them not to envy him who  
 “ was hastening unto the Lord.”

This controversy of love and zeal between the aged and fatigued bishop, and the loving and tenderly affected Roman brethren, must have been very moving, and was probably the hardest trial that Ignatius met with on his whole journey. That he overcame what he regarded as a mistaken effect of their love, is a proof of the ardour of heart and burning zeal of the brethren in those days of genuine christianity, as likewise the readiness to submit, even in the most tender and delicate point, to the desire of this ancient servant of the Lord Jesus Christ. When he had gained his point, we are told, “ All the brethren kneeling down, he prayed to the  
 “ Son of God in behalf of the churches, that he would  
 “ put a stop to the persecution, and continue the love  
 “ of the brethren towards each other. Which being  
 “ done, he was with all haste led into the amphitheatre,  
 “ and speedily, according to the command of Cæsar  
 “ before given, thrown in, the end of the spectacles  
 “ being at hand: for it was then a very solemn day cal-  
 “ led in the Roman tongue the XIIIth of the Calends of  
 “ January,\* upon which the people were more than  
 “ ordinarily wout to be gathered together.

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\* Twentieth day of December.—Sura and Synecius were consuls.

“ Thus was he delivered to the cruel beasts, near the temple, by wicked men ; that so the desire of the holy martyr Ignatius might be accomplished, as it is written, *The desire of the righteous is acceptable.*”\*

It appears that the beasts did their work so effectually, that they left but a few fragments of his body : only the greater and harder part of his bones remained, which were carried to Antioch.

Thus Ignatius obtained his wish, and shewed more true heroism, wisdom and fortitude, as it proceeded from unfeigned and ardent love to his gracious Lord and Saviour, and a joyful and assured hope of a blessed immortality in the presence of his God who died for his sins, than Trajan in all his conquests.

In the *relation of his martyrdom*, it is further said. “ that some of the brethren being together watching and praying with tears unto God, to shew them what had been done, they had particular displays of the blessedness of Ignatius.”

The year in which he suffered martyrdom is not positively ascertained ; but this is plain, that it was between the years of our Lord 107 and 116.

The writers of the *relation of his martyrdom* declare that they were eye-witnesses ; and conclude it by saying, “ We have made known to you both the day and time ; that being assembled together, according to the time of his martyrdom, we may communicate with the combatant and most valiant martyr of Christ, who trod under foot the devil, and perfected the course he had piously desired, in Christ Jesus our Lord ; by

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\* Proverbs x. 24.

“ whom, and with whom, all glory and power be to the  
“ Father, and to the Blessed Spirit, for ever and ever!  
“ Amen.”

His memory was dear to the churches, and he was pointed out by Polycarp, in his epistle to the Philip-  
pians, as an example unto them. He writes, “ I ex-  
“ hort all of you that ye obey the word of righteous-  
“ ness, and exercise all patience; which ye have seen set  
“ before your eyes, not only in the blessed Ignatius,  
“ and Zosimus, and Rufus, but in others among  
“ yourselves, and in Paul himself, and the rest of the  
“ apostles; for they loved not this present world,  
“ but him who died, and was raised again by God  
“ for us.”





SOME  
ACCOUNT  
OF  
*P O L Y C A R P.*



As Polycarp is so often mentioned, and is a principal character in the tragedy which gave occasion to this account of Ignatius, we will say a few words of him also:

HE was born in the East, and was sold in his childhood to a certain noble matron, whose name was Calisto, bred up by her, and at her death made heir to all her estate, which, though very considerable, he soon spent in works of love and mercy.

He received his christianity from Bucolus, bishop of Smyrna, by whom he was made deacon and catechist of that church; and having discharged those offices with universal approbation, he was, after the decease of Bucolus, made bishop by the apostles, and particularly by St. John, whose disciple he had been with Ignatius.

His character in his function was great; and so well known, that his enemies, before his death, cried out, that he should be thrown to the lions, saying, "This is the doctor of Asia, the father of the christians, and the overthrower of our gods." And when he was burnt, they persuaded the governor not to let his friends carry away any of his remains, "Lest," said they, "the christians forsaking him that was crucified, should begin to worship Polycarp." He was greatly esteemed throughout all Asia, and was called the prince and the ruler of Asia, and his influence extended even to Rome.

Though both Ignatius and Polycarp foresaw that the latter should also suffer martyrdom, yet he continued many years after Ignatius's death at the head of his church, till, according to the most probable accounts, he also obtained the martyr's crown, in the year of our Lord 147. under the reign of Antonius Pius, when persecution raged, and many christians were thrown to the wild beasts. But when the beasts would not seize and devour Gemnicus, though he provoked them to it, the multitude cried out, "Take away those wicked wretches; let Polycarp be looked out." When Polycarp heard that he was called for, he resolved to stay in the city; but being persecuted, he at length departed to a village not far off, where he stayed some time in prayer. Hearing that his pursuers were near at hand, he withdrew to another village, where he was found, being betrayed: he might have escaped, but would not, saying, "The will of the Lord be done." His conduct had such an effect, that some of the soldiers began to repent. The guards setting him on an

ass, brought him into the city, being on the great sabbath.\* Herod the chief officer met him, and taking him into his chariot, persuaded him, saying, “What harm is there in saying, Lord Cæsar, and sacrifice, and so be safe, &c.?” But he not being to be moved, they threw him violently out of the chariot, and hurt his thigh; however, he went on briskly, as though not hurt, and was brought to the lists. The proconsul took much pains to persuade him to reproach Christ: But Polycarp answered, “Eighty and six years have I now served Christ, and he has never done me the least wrong: how then can I blaspheme my King and Saviour?” Much more was said and replied. At length he was committed to the flames, and received the crown of his martyrdom on the 26th of March, being the Great Sabbath, in the year 147, and near forty years after the death of Ignatius.

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The Saturday between Good Friday and Easter Sunday.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.



IGNATIUS, *Bishop of Antioch, surnamed Theophorus.*

AGATHOPUS, } *Deacons.*

PHILO,

TRAJAN, *the Roman Emperor.*

POLYCARP, *Bishop of Smyrna.*

ONESIMUS, }

POLYBIUS, } *Messengers of the Churches.*

DAMAS,

ROMAN CHRISTIANS.

TWO PHILOSOPHERS.

CLAUDIUS, *a Soldier.*

*Other* SOLDIERS.

DIRCE, *Deaconess of Antioch.*

CATECHUMENS. PENITENTS.

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THE  
MARTYRDOM  
OF  
St. Ignattus.

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ACT I.—SCENE I.

*Scene, Antioch.—An open place before Ignattius's door.*

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PHILO, AGATHOPUS.

PHILO.

THOU know'st, Agathopus, what threats of late  
Trajan has breath'd against the christian name:  
Death is their doom who shall refuse the worship  
And rites appointed of the Gentile gods,  
Thus he pronounc'd when warm with Scythian conquests,  
Impetuous still from that campaign, he's now  
At Antioch. But 'tis casual impulse guides  
The mind of man; his new exploit of arms  
(For now he looks to Parthia) may take up  
His total fervour, nor permit to fall  
This nearest thunder hanging o'er our heads.

By this or some diviner bar, can God  
 E'en yet between his helpless servants stand  
 And the black day—

AGATHOPUS.

—A glorious day, O Philo,  
 When persecution low'rs! I call it sunshine,  
 Which quickens the dull bosom of the church  
 To bold productions and a bloom of virtues.  
 Yes, such a worthy juncture I much long for,  
 When christian zeal benumb'd and dead thro' ease,  
 Glows with young life, feels the more copious flow  
 Of ghostly aids; and, as the dangers rise,  
 Heightens its pulse and fills up all its greatness.  
 'Then is the time of crowns; of grants profuse  
 (Complete remission, open Paradise,  
 With power to intercede for common souls,)  
 To gen'rous motives of intenser duty,  
 Which while the suff'rer sees, serene and glad  
 He thanks the impious hand that help'd him forward.

PHILO.

E'en there methinks there's something to deject me.  
 Must I obtain my glory by the guilt  
 Of other men, of no less lovely make  
 Original, and offspring of one God?  
 This thought may damp whom death itself invites;  
 Besides, I wish not trials, since I know not  
 Who then shall stand.

AGATHOPUS.

Whoever loves his Lord!  
 Whoever hath contemplated the cross,  
 And felt the death of Christ thro' all its meaning;  
 Thro' all its benefits, thro' all its charms;

He, reconcil'd to pain, and far remov'd  
 From this world's foreign false felicities,  
 Carries devoted blood, which, more than ready,  
 Pants to be spilt upon its Master's grave.  
 The hypocrite will shrink: but highly welcome  
 That edge of danger which pares off such members.

PHILO.

I think the love of Christ need not imply  
 Such blunt importunate desire of death.

AGATHOPUS.

Recall th' unworthy thought! and search thy heart,  
 My Philo; for I fear, these sober minds  
 Have worldly lusts at bottom. Haply fame  
 And pop'lar favour make thy lot too sweet?

PHILO.

I own 'tis sweet to love and to be lov'd  
 By all Christ's people; it may richly comfort  
 This mortal state; and could it rise so high,  
 That, from this source, irregular attachment  
 To life should spring, I'd argue back and say  
 'Twas not irregular, for here 'twas heaven.  
 "Fame,"—if it shone, my frailties keep me cool.

AGATHOPUS.

Does not the specious luxury detain thee  
 Of worldly peace, and soft unruffled ease?

PHILO.

No: I still see all my concerns below  
 Hang by a dubious thread. Am I called forth  
 To action or to suff'ring. I can meet  
 From no enervate rest the stronger shakings  
 Of this rough world.

## AGATHOPUS.

Once more; perhaps the cause  
Is woman; pow'rful to bring back to earth.  
Ev'n tow'ring souls, and kindle up afresh  
The light, the taste, the system of old nature..

## PHILO.

In vain you seek the cause, my jealous friend,  
Why I love life. A thing you little guess  
How far I am from loving! Who indeed  
Whose soul has any fire can take delight  
In such a blind existence; which ties down  
These seraph minds t' attend a dull machine,  
To feed and doze, rejoice and fret, the same  
With animals? Which now by sanguine hope,  
Ideas gay, illuminates all o'er.  
The cred'lous heart; and then with strange surmise-  
And grief mysterious so envelopes all,  
That wisdom doubts,—tho' 'tis indeed one thing,  
Or to despise, or use and balance both.  
I have so little footing in this life  
Firm to my thoughts, that it could not support me  
To live out one day more, did I not look  
To reasons in the depths of providence;  
For I must own, Agathopus, I think  
These things are not in vain: Our Maker's hand  
Hath plac'd some virtue in this earthly process  
To work us, in the end, surprising good.

## AGATHOPUS.

O Philo, from the cross of Christ alone  
Derive thy good! His church is a new world;  
Where all thy fate and all thy business lie.  
And since thou'rt cold about a speedy passage.



Into thy Master's joy, I must at least  
 Question thy christian hope. Feel'st thou the pledge  
 Of blessed resurrection? Does thy heart  
 Within thee leap, to meet the last great scenes?

## PHILO.

Tho' well persuaded that these sins of mine,  
 Incumbrances so massy to the zeal  
 Of a whole mortal life, will ne'er resist  
 When the great Father shall one day shine forth,  
 Restoring exil'd man; yet scarce I dare  
 Connect myself and glory in one thought.  
 I do but cast me in the crowd of beings  
 On God's broad mercy, as a mighty tide  
 Bearing its peevish offspring safe to harbour.

## AGATHOPUS.

I understand thee, Philo, and may'st thou  
 Now understand how far below the gospel  
 Thy soul consents to dwell! The friends of Christ  
 Don't strive with sin, but trample under foot  
 Its poor exploded antiquated strength.  
 They don't rely on some benign event  
 From the wide wheel of things, but pierce directly  
 Where Jesus now admits them, and ordains  
 Their thrones in bliss: Hence they in spirit stand,  
 Free from all spot, amidst the train of heaven,  
 And see God's face, whose full and constant smile  
 Doth so attend them thro' the wilds of life,  
 That natural dejection, flitting fears,  
 And all vicissitude are swallowed up  
 In one still dawn of that eternal day.—  
 But see the reverend bishop coming forth,

*Enter* IGNATIUS.

IGNATIUS.

I hope, my sons, at this important season  
 No idle talk employ'd you. Learn betimes,  
 With tender sense, to bear the church's burden.  
 But I must praise the place where you have chose  
 Your morning stand. For hence we look around  
 And see so many roofs, where pray'r incessant,  
 With mighty thoughts of heart and fervent faith,  
 Is offer'd up to heav'n. Hear Thou, my Lord,  
 Thy people's voice, and give them peace this day!

AGATHOPUS.

Our meditations, father, were the same  
 With yours, about th' impending persecution.

IGNATIUS.

And don't you think it strange, Agathopus  
 And Philo, ministers and witnesses  
 Of the mere love and innocent meek life  
 Of christians, that they should be hated thus?

AGATHOPUS.

The laws of Christ condemn a vicious world,  
 And gall it to revenge.

IGNATIUS.

Tho' that be true,  
 Yet still our human foes are chiefly found  
 Poor instruments t' exert a foreign malice,  
 Whose depth and horror is beyond the heart  
 Of silly flesh and blood. That ancient rival  
 Of God's dear Son pursues the potentate  
 In us his subjects, and retains the nations  
 With all th' enchanting sweet and pow'r of evil,

To form his wretched pomp and fight his war.  
 When heathen hosts attack'd of old the race  
 Of chosen Israel, 'twas in truth a siege  
 Sustain'd by Jesus in his little fort  
 From the dark legions. Then the outstretch'd arm,  
 But now the cross must conquer. Tell me therefore  
 As in your ministries you have observ'd,  
 How would my flock receive that bitter cup?

## PHILO.

Firm in the faith.

## AGATHOPUS.

Ardent for martyrdom!

I yesterday convey'd to a poor man  
 His dole of public alms: "Give me," said he,  
 "But one day's bread; I hope to want no more."  
 Husband and wife and other friends take leave  
 Each time they're call'd from one another's sight,  
 As not to meet till in the world of spirits.  
 When at their work, "Fulfil your task," they cry,  
 "Poor hands; this drudgery will soon be o'er!"  
 At meals is scripture read? They seem to need  
 No *earthly food*: Is "resurrection" named?  
 They loath *it*. Children, now intelligent  
 Above their years, mark all their father says,  
 Look in his face and cry, "Sha'n't we die too?"  
 The father in the slumbers of the night  
 Sees a bright angel wave him to the tortures;  
 He cries, "I come!" And when he wakes, he finds  
 His spir't half loosen'd from his mortal prison.  
 The women now think of no ornaments  
 But shackles: Every bosom, weak before,  
 For the grand trial a big soul reserves.

Already to the lot of martyrs rais'd  
 All see each other. Ev'ry face more shining,  
 And more august each little threshold seems.

IGNATIUS.

I'm glad my people are so well prepar'd.  
 But I've a secret hope, that providence  
 Means not so much: the blow of persecution  
 May light indeed, but yet stop short of them.  
 Trajanus is accounted far from 'cruel,  
 Most gentle, in the gen'ral, and humane;  
 Perhaps it will content him to chastise  
 Numbers in one. How joyfully should I  
 Buy the flock's safety with my single danger!  
 But come, Agathopus, our holy books  
 Must be hid somewhere, for they shall not die.

*Exeunt Ignat. and Agath*

PHILO.

Reversing thy proposal, O Ignatius,  
 How many lives in Antioch would redeem  
 Thy single breath! But heav'n's great law (we own)  
 Pleads on thy side: which loves to snatch away  
 The tallest saint, and force his raw dependents,  
 Forsaken branches, to strike root themselves.

*Noise without.*

I know that noise; it is the Emperor's chariot:  
 He fails not daily on a plain hard by  
 To exercise his soldiers. He went out  
 This morning with the dawn. O let him teach  
 Us to be wise, and wage a better warfare,  
 With vigilance as earnest and unweary'd.—  
 But how is this? Here's part of his retinue  
 Bending this way. I'll stand aside and watch them.

*Enter SOLDIERS.*

*First SOLDIER.*

What should these christians be? Methinks, for once,  
I'd see what passes in their meeting.

*Second SOLDIER.*

Fool!

Their meeting's in the dark, where they commit  
Adultery, and quaff the blood of infants.

*First SOLDIER.*

I cannot think so: they are simple people,  
Given to fancies, but of no ill meaning.

*Second SOLDIER.*

Why then should our wise Emp'ror be so bent  
Against them? As he drove through yonder gate,  
He cast his eye this way. "O here," says he,  
"In these back lanes and forlorn skirts of Antioch,  
"The new sect chiefly dwell. In vain do we  
"Give laws to nations, if the dregs of men  
"May thus outbrave us. 'Though to-day we march  
"Onward to Parthia, I must crush this evil  
"Before I stir—Some of you instantly  
"The christian Bishop seek, and bring him to us."

*Third SOLDIER.*

But now 'tis time to ask which is his door:  
And see, here's one can tell us:—Friend, where lives  
Ignatius?

PHILO.

There, the house is just before you.

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*

Good shepherd! soon his wish was heard. O Lord,  
Grant him thy strength, and guide what now ensues!

H

[*Exit.*

## SCENE II.

*Scene changes to a Room of State—TRAJAN seated and attended—IGNATIUS brought in by the soldiers.*

TRAJAN.

WHAT art thou, wretch? push'd on by thy ill genius;  
Not only to oppose my will, nor own  
The gods of Rome, but other simple souls  
Inveigle to their ruin!

IGNATIUS.

Noble Emperor,

I bear (and not in vain, through grace divine,)  
A name of better import than to be  
Or wretched or demoniac. No! the man  
Who is Theophorus can ne'er want joy;  
Is rais'd above the reach of misery,  
Is freed from demon's pow'r;—nor only freed,  
But able to control and scourge the foe.  
As I with ease their every snare dissolve,  
Sustain'd by Christ, the heavenly King.

TRAJAN.

Explain,

What mean'st thou by the name "Theophorus?"

IGNATIUS.

'Tis he, whose soul is ever full of God,  
'Tis he, who carries Christ within his breast.

TRAJAN.

And think'st thou that in us no gods reside,  
Enjoying, as we do, their aid in battle?

## IGNATIUS.

Whom you call gods, and, misinform'd, adore;  
 Are demons of the nations. One alone  
 True God there is, who made the earth and sky,  
 And all things in them; and one Jesus Christ,  
 Son of his love, whose kingdom be my portion!

## TRAJAN.

Thou mean'st the same whom Pilate crucify'd?

## IGNATIUS.

Him I do mean who crucify'd my sin,  
 Together with its author; and subdued  
 The realm of darkness, (gladly I repeat  
 What I, on this occasion, prove and feel,)  
 Under their feet, who carry him in heart.

## TRAJAN.

So then the Crucify'd lives yet in thee?

## IGNATIUS.

He does; for thus the gracious promise runs,  
 "In them I'll walk, and in their hearts I'll dwell."

## TRAJAN.

Thus, therefore, I conclude: since this fond man  
 Affirms, with frantic phrase, that still in him  
 The Crim'nal lives, whom to the cross we doom'd;  
 Let him be carried to Imperial Rome,  
 And, worried by wild beasts, divert the people.  
 Ten of our soldiers guard him; and just now  
 Put on his chains. We'll haste to higher cares.  
 Erem quell'd opinions pass to conquer land.

*They put on Ignatius's chains.*

*[Exit Trajan.]*

## IGNATIUS.

Pursue thy glory, Trajan; I of mine.

Am now possess'd : thanks to my gracious Lord,  
 That for his love and faith in his firm word  
 I'm bound in irons with the great Saint Paul,  
 Am call'd to sufferings, and can bless the call !

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

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ACT II.—SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Christians' Place of Religious Assemblies.*

*The People coming in at the lower end of the Place.*

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AGATHOPUS, PHILO.

AGATHOPUS.

HOW happy is our office, thus to stand  
 And serve the brotherhood ; dispatch th' affairs,  
 And, by a nearer view, admire the graces,  
 Peculiar sentiments, and varied virtue  
 Of thousand lovely souls all taught of God !  
 Nay, ev'n so often to tell over names  
 And faces mark'd for glory, gives a pleasure,  
 Like that wherewith the prophet's angel once  
 Shall pass along, sealing the sons of light.

PHILO.

I sadly mourn those few, whose lapse and frailty  
 Hath raz'd them from our list : but real seems



Their penitence, though scarce fulfill'd its period;  
Shall we propose them to the bishop's mercy ?\*

## AGATHOPUS.

Yes, at this time ; for persecution's hour  
The canon supersedes. Now guilty souls  
Releas'd from other discipline, have leave  
To purge their sins in blood ; and blushing bear  
The rank of faithful with them to the dead.  
Now also the young hearts of catechumens  
Should be admitted to the christian voyage ;  
Whose course, soon finish'd, may perhaps ne'er know  
That gradual conflux of temptation's waves,  
Which meets and shakes our common perseverance.  
But where is Dirce ? We must speak with her.

## PHILO.

Yonder she is.

## AGATHOPUS.

Then beckon to her, Philo.

*(Philo beckons, and Dirce comes up to them.)*

## AGATHOPUS.

My sister, this is the last time you'll see  
Our gentle bishop ; therefore now consider  
If there be any soul under your hand  
That he may be of use to ?

## DIRCE.

The good bishop  
Is useful, like the day, a gen'ral guide  
And comfort to us in our several paths ;

\* In the primitive church, the time of separation from the church was shortened to those who had fallen under censure, by the recommendations of confessors, or those going to suffer martyrdom.

But otherwise, there's none within my charge  
Wants any more partic'lar ray of light.

AGATHOPUS.

None prone to sadness, or perplex'd with doubts?

DIRCE.

That case, I own, is frequent in our sex,  
From tenderness of frame, and more sincere  
And close attention to religious cares.  
But all, at present, walk in such strong works,  
And fervent darings of exerted zeal,  
'That there's no room for scruples or for clouds  
To gather on the soul. Each softest mind  
Stands now above its usual lets and fears,  
As in another region; and collected  
Into itself, secure of Christ within,  
Darts with a bolder motion through this life,  
Nor needs the friend, and breaks through ev'ry foe.

PHILO.

This is a pastor's joy, when his whole flock,  
So full of Christ, use him for order's sake,  
As if they us'd him not. But what's become  
Of the design'd espousals of Maria,  
For learning fam'd, and by Ignatius deem'd  
Pattern of female virtues, with the brother  
Approv'd of by her?

DIRCE.

At this awful time,  
When both so soon above mortality  
May be with Christ, they drop, with joint consent,  
Such thoughts, though holy, nor unworthy those  
Who love the Lord no less, but at more distance  
Wait to put on the privilege of angels.

Maria now breathes her devoted heart  
 In pray'r ; is far superior to poor hopes  
 From aught beneath the skies. Yet, as she saw  
 Worth in that brother, and the grace of Christ  
 Bright'ning his soul, she does not still disdain  
 The thought of meeting him among blest myriads  
 With some peculiar and immortal friendship.

AGATHOPUS.

My Dirce, thou hast been for sev'ral years  
 A faithful leader of the lambs of Christ ;  
 And many souls by thy maternal voice,  
 In the hard conflict and the wav'ring hour,  
 Have ta'en the courage to cast off this world :  
 Thou may'st expect, if any female blood  
 Is shed, it will be thine.

DIRCE.

Welcome the day !

I think I have some blood about my heart,  
 Though cold and wither'd in this outward frame,  
 That would not shun to be pour'd out for Jesus.

PHILO.

Behold the people in great numbers present.

AGATHOPUS.

I'll speak to them.—My brethren and my sisters,  
 To your respective places. You shall hear  
 Once more the good Ignatius. With much pain  
 He has the guard's consent.—O ! here he is.

*Enter IGNATIUS, guarded by the Soldiers.*

IGNATIUS.

I thank you for your gentleness, my keepers !

My speech is first to you, and if there's here  
Any beside, a stranger to our faith.  
Here 'tis we meet; and you shall hear our doctrine,  
Which, as you truly say, is mostly taught  
In corners. But this secrecy, not guilt,  
But meekness that would not offend, persuades.  
Our holy purpose and our pure assembly  
Fears not the light, but asks a fuller light  
Than this weak world can see by. That great day  
Which is reveal'd in fire, and in the blaze  
Of highest truth and reason, shall approve  
What we poor worms have acted in this place.  
And angels, who are fixt attendants here,  
When they report, in language of their world,  
The hymn, the pray'r, the fellowship of saints,  
It sounds nor crime nor folly. True it is,  
We differ somewhat in our form of life  
From other men: And singularity,  
If needless and fantastic, has no comfort  
When public hatred frowns. Nor would that scheme  
Deserve the stress of suff'ring zeal, whose worth  
Lay in fine notions; but could not relieve  
With real strength the lab'ring heart, nor alter,  
By operation deep, our wretched being.  
But if, by seal of God, and true experience  
Of some few happy souls, a doctrine stands  
Commended, as the med'cine of our nature,  
Which every seed of woe subdues within;  
Then, sure, amidst the anger of sick minds,  
Amidst all dangers of the friendly teacher,  
It must be taught. And such is our religion,  
Great in itself by solid gifts of grace;

Its lovely secret healthful to mankind.  
 This we hold forth, couch'd under decent rites,  
 Which, while you look upon as singular,  
 Are us'd with social heart. For thus we think  
 You, now idolaters, do darkly mean  
 The God we serve, and will, with vast relentings,  
 Discover him at last.—

### SOLDIERS.

Old man, forbear !

You've liberty to speak, but not disparage  
 The Emperor's religion.

### IGNATIUS.

Now to you,

Belov'd in Christ, I turn: I have asserted  
 What you'll attest, that as by proper laws  
 And many special customs, we are sever'd  
 A chosen body from the world about us ;  
 So the distinction well is justified  
 By inward graces and peculiar bliss  
 Within this body felt. Are there not here  
 Men who can say, in soberness and truth,  
 That guilt is done away, and innocence,  
 Fearless and free, restor'd within their breasts?  
 That vice, with dark inextricable bands,  
 No more detains, nor drives to acts of shame  
 The blushing, reasoning, reluctant mind?  
 That, for the passions which by turns inspire  
 The worthless life of nature, anger, sloth,  
 And avarice, and pride, pure love prevails,  
 Kindled by heaven, nor by a bad world quench'd?  
 That they have inwardly exchang'd their climate,  
 And pass'd from death to life ; so that their heart,

Heal'd and exulting, from its deep recess  
 Returns this answer :—*That the power of evil,*  
*The sting of pain, and terrors of the grave*  
*Are now no more ; or but at distance rage*  
*In faithless minds ; while not a dart can reach*  
*Their citadel of peace in Jesu's love !*  
 That they, in short, to God's paternal face  
 And firm affection can appeal and look,  
 Nor earthly griefs dare intercept the prospect ?  
 But still to ev'ry want they feel as men,  
 To every priestly charitable pray'r,  
 They breathe as saints of God ; his ear and pow'r  
 Are nigh : till thus, by constant use and proof  
 Of aid celestial, heav'n is, more than earth,  
 Their home, the country of their heart and commerce !—  
 If thus it is, and has been felt among us,  
 What can I say but this, *Value and keep*  
*Your happiness in Christ !* Weak are my words.  
 To teach whom he enlightens. Glad I am,  
 However, that his love has fir'd my tongue  
 To bear such witness to his grace and blood,  
 As mov'd you oft to make a deeper search  
 Into that mystery ; till a glance from Him,  
 Fraught with the thing itself, left you and me  
 Happy and dumb before our bounteous Lord,  
*As I now am. O Jesu, thou art all !*

#### AGATHOPUS.

Father, the penitents with tears beseech you  
 To think of them before you go.

#### IGNATIUS.

Poor men!

Let them draw near ; declare the truth, my sons.

To leave the loving Saviour, is it not  
 A bitter thing? Is it not worse than death?  
 Have you enjoy'd one easy hour, by all  
 That human wealth or wisdom could do for you,  
 While wretchedly, by sin, cut off from Him  
 And from his people's fellowship?

PENITENTS.

O no!

Through deserts we have walk'd, and found no rest.

IGNATIUS.

Then may you find it now! May our good Lord  
 Shine forth again with healing aspect on you!  
 Be as you were before with him and us!  
 Only remember, that the life of faith  
 Loses in joy and lustre by each fail,  
 Although the substance be retriev'd.

PENITENTS.

Dear Saviour,

Receive us to the meanest of thy mansions!

PHILO.

The catechumens too your pleasure wait.

IGNATIUS.

Come hither, ye, whom from an evil world  
 The name of Jesus draws! You count him sweet,  
 And great, and mighty, by that glimm'ring light,  
 Your novice minds have gain'd. You venerate  
 That full acquaintance, and that vital union  
 Whereby the faithful know him: And to this  
 You now aspire. But can you then let go  
 Your manly wisdom, and become as babes  
 To learn new maxims, and the mind of Christ;  
 Can you forsake your former ease and sunshine,

T' associate with a poor afflicted people,  
 The scorn of all mankind? Can you the weight  
 Of your whole souls, with all your hopes of God,  
 Rest on a long past action; and that such  
 As your Lord's mystic but opprobrious death;  
 Or on events which visionary seem,  
 A resurrection, and some second world?  
 Can you such gratitude and sov'reign love  
 Contract for One, who but with grace unseen  
 Assists you inwardly; that for his sake  
 You'll crucify your flesh, curb your own will,  
 And nothing but his servants be in life?  
 Dare you henceforward undertake these things?

### CATECHUMENS.

We have consider'd them, and, by God's help,  
 We dare.

### IGNATIUS.

Then you shall soon, by sacred rites,  
 Among us be admitted; and, mean while,  
 If dear and blessed you account this day,  
 Sing your first praises to your Master's honour.

### CATECHUMENS *sing:*

#### I.

O THOU, who dost lead each ignorant lamb  
 Of thy royal flock in wisdom's bright ways,  
 Enable thy children, close knit in thy name,  
 Thee, Christ, friend of weak ones, with pure hearts to praise

#### II.

Thou art the great Word, and Wisdom of God,  
 The Saviour of souls, o'ercome by thy charms,  
 Ev'n hearts cold and hopeless, deep suuk in sin's flood,  
 A taste of thy sweetness soon raises and warms.



## III.

Be therefore our prince, our glory and guide,  
 Thy steps are the path to virtue and bliss!  
 Who drink of thy Spirit, and in thee confide,  
 Their works are all comely, there's nothing amiss.

## IV.

Grant us in thy word and grace so to grow,  
 That more solid praise to thee we may sing:  
 In life and in doctrine incessantly shew  
 Our whole heart is justly giv'n up to our King.

## V.

To God's holy Child, so strong to redeem,  
 By us, who through grace his likeness do bear,  
 Be glory for ever, while rooted in him,  
 A people of prudence and peace we appear.

## AGATHOPUS.

Now stand among the brethren, and partake  
 What further shall be said.

*[Catechumens and Penitents stand among the brethren.]*

## IGNATIUS.

If any church  
 Is more oblig'd than others to maintain  
 The purity of faith, the flame of love,  
 And search the perfect meaning of the gospel,  
 'Tis ours, where first began the name of christians.  
 That name is much adorn'd by due demeanour  
 To those without; with meekness of strong minds,  
 Bearing whate'er in blindness they shall do  
 To grieve us; nor rejecting government,  
 Or aught that's wise or good in this world's course;  
 But above all, that blessed knot be kept,  
 Of peace and love within ourselves. 'Tis this  
 Detains our Lord among us; who departs

Soon, like the soul, from torn dissever'd limbs.  
 While this continues, Satan shall not find  
 Room to infuse his mischief; nor shall I  
 Be wanted; you will all support and build  
 Each other up. Be jealous then that nought,  
 Plenty, nor fame, nor gifts of grace, be sweet  
 To any, but in common with his brethren.  
 Christ in each other see and serve: nor let  
 Suspicions or resentments rise betwixt you.  
 But one word more: Sacred, you know, with us,  
 Domestic order is, and decency;  
 Let those who should obey and learn, submit  
 Most gladly so to do, their easier lot;  
 Those who should teach and govern, as for Christ,  
 Dispassionate and prudent, fill their place.  
 Go thus through life, where poverty and toil  
 In meanest occupation you must suffer,  
 (And well you may, with Christ within!) if not  
 The fiery trial. But our Lord will see,  
 While you cleave to him, how to lead you on.  
 In his great name I leave my blessing with you!—  
 Philo, Agathopus, you'll go with me.

AGATHOPUS.

We humbly thank you, father.

PHILO.

But you, brethren,  
 Bear on your heart your pastor's love, and strive,  
 If in life's easy common road you live,  
 Yet still proportionably strong to feel  
 The truths for which he goes his blood to spill!

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

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 ACT III.—SCENE I.

SCENE, *Smyrna.*—*An outer Chamber in Polycarp's House.*

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IGNATIUS *guarded by SOLDIERS.*

IGNATIUS (*aside*)

THIS is the mansion of good Polycarp,  
 Disciple with me once of blessed John ;  
 He's indispos'd, or he had run to meet me.  
 Sweet interview I hope for, if these Leopards  
 Will but permit. Harsh have they been to me :  
 Do thou, O Lord ! return it on their heads  
 In soft converting grace. I'll speak to them.—  
 Did you observe, my friends, what pass'd at sea ?

*First SOLDIER.*

We are not senseless:—Yes, there was a storm  
 Which lustily employ'd the skilful hands  
 Of our brave sailors.

IGNATIUS.

But are you aware  
 Of that good Providence and Pow'r Divine  
 Which sav'd you in the roughest hour of danger,  
 That now at ease you might admire his love ?

SOLDIER.

This is your way, ye moralizing sect !  
 On every sight, or accident in life,

You introduce your God, your mystery  
 As if all life were some religious thing.  
 Then you rip up our faults; yet can't retain  
 The air of masters long: for when we shew  
 Our just resentment, you, like silly slaves,  
 Tamely digest both mockery and blows.

IGNATIUS.

May you, in time, know from what fund of soul  
 All this proceeds; what energy within  
 Makes us——

SOLDIER.

Old man, we are not thy disciples  
 But keepers; save thy voice for them that seek it.

IGNATIUS.

Then my request will suit your inclinations.  
 Shall I have leave, while we abide at Smyrna,  
 T' associate with a brother in this place?

SOLDIER.

Yes, in our eye. But we shall cut you short  
 Amidst your chat and solemn pageantry  
 Of sighs, and prayers, and songs, and sentences,  
 So tedious when you meet. For soon at Rome  
 The sports come on, and we must bring the bishop  
 Where a throng'd audience will, as usual, wait  
 His looks and gesture; likely now to yield,  
 Humane for once, some pleasure to mankind.  
 Go to your friend, and place us in some corner.

## SCENE II.

*SCENE opens to an inner Chamber—POLYCARP sitting at one end: IGNATIUS goes up to him—SOLDIERS retire to the other end of the Room.*

IGNATIUS, POLYCARP.

IGNATIUS.

HOW is my friend? Feels he the mortal part  
Oppress the fervent soul?

POLYCARP.

Not much, my brother,

'Tis but a slight disorder, and my Saviour  
Is doubly careful to support within  
My weary heart with pledges of his love.

IGNATIUS.

I little thought, dear Polycarp, again  
To see thy face.

POLYCARP.

Full many rounds indeed  
Have time, and human things, and human thoughts  
Gone through, since we before sat thus together.

IGNATIUS.

We then were younger, but not otherwise  
Much diff'rent: for the whirlpool of blind passion  
Was, from the first, no element of ours.

POLYCARP.

Just as we launch'd into a dangerous world  
God sent us a good pilot.

IGNATIUS.

So he did.

I often think, and shall to my last breath,  
Of the last hours we spent with that great man.

## POLYCARP.

Is it partiality, or is it insight  
 Into the system of a dear friend's conduct,  
 'That makes each little thing he says or does,  
 Speak more to us, than others are aware of?  
 But so it is. I see the holiness  
 Of John, not only in his elevations  
 That struck mankind, but even where he seem'd  
 T' express the human, and the frailer side.  
 Thus in his playing, to unbend the mind  
 With a tame partridge, there's a tacit slur  
 On mortal care, as if he said "Be easy,  
 "Your projects and this play meet in a point."  
 So when old man, for lack of memory  
 And matter, as it seem'd, he oft repeated  
 One lesson, "Love the brethren;" 'twas, we know,  
 A thought extracted from a world of thinking.

## IGNATIUS.

Yes, charity was always his chief theme.

## POLYCARP.

And that from reas'nings not at all supine,  
 Whate'er they were, I'm apt to think, the man  
 That could surround the sum of things, and spy  
 The heart of God and secrets of his empire,  
 Would speak but love: with him the bright resu't  
 Would change the hue of intermediate scenes,  
 And make one thing of all theology.  
 And John, 'tis certain, had an eagle's eye:  
 He saw whence all creation first began,  
 How it now lies, and where it ends at last:  
 He saw the mighty LOGOS\* moving through it,

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\* The Divine WORD. John i. 1.

(Guardian of beings first within himself)  
 Ardent t' educe the pow'rs and vary'd beauties  
 Of the deep Godhead, image of his Father.  
 And then to raise in purity and joy,  
 A temp'ral world, more lax variety,  
 To be the second image; which, as child  
 Of grosser feature, should be cover'd o'er  
 With his kind radiance, and grow up in him.

IGNATIUS.

I rather should assign a nearer source,  
 Within the bounds of time and of the church,  
 For all his strains of love: *The WORD made flesh,*  
 Oft, in his hearing, gave our holy union  
 The honour to stand next, in saving souls,  
 To his own blood; nay more, had condescended  
 To be himself a brother; make but one  
 Among a knot of friends: for so he seem'd,  
 Th' apostle said,\* to Peter and the rest,  
 An easy, free, and but more knowing friend.

POLYCARP.

But John was the great favourite; he was seated  
 Still next to Jesus.

IGNATIUS.

Yes, and might not that,  
 The near admission to such worth and sweetness,  
 Give him a bent to love? As 'tis well known,  
 A man fresh come from one deserving object,  
 Can love a species in the shadow of it.

POLYCARP.

That blessed converse seem'd indeed the softest,

\* John, whose disciple Ignatius was.

As well as strongest image of his mind.  
 At Jesu's name, with recollected awe,  
 We'd stand adoring : he would drop a tear,  
 As for an old acquaintance ; then correct it  
 With a mild smile, that let down his whole soul  
 To simplest posture, and a strange repose.  
 " Wonder not, sons," said he, " that still my heart  
 " Emotions feels for Jesus as a man.  
 " I know him such, most amiable and kind !  
 " And ev'ry little passage of his life  
 " In flesh—his walks, his lodging, and repast,  
 " Not without shifts of poverty, recur.  
 " How many silly questions have we ask'd him,  
 " While he gave answers, that, with all their depth,  
 " Would also please ! Cheerful he was to us ;  
 " But let me tell you, sons, he was within  
 " A pensive man, and always had a load  
 " Upon his spirits."

### IGNATIUS.

That was for our sin.

Mourning was his, that constant joy of faith  
 Might be the character of our poor service,  
 Whose guilt he bore, and drank up all our curse.

### POLYCARP.

O precious door of hope ! How much did John  
 Grieve when the Gnostic her'sy would shut it,  
 Denying Christ had flesh wherein to suffer.

### IGNATIUS.

This was one reason why the holy charge  
 Of the blest virgin who abode with him,  
 Pleas'd him so much ; she was a monument  
 Of Jesu's true humanity.



## POLYCARP.

As that

Is likewise the great basis of our hope,  
Of resurrection and a glorious change,  
Like his, from mortal to immortal flesh.

## IGNATIUS.

What that immortal flesh may be, was shewn  
To John in awful vision, when he saw  
(And scarce could bear the overwhelming favour)  
His Jesus stand before him, now expressing  
His heavenly substance, and his robes of light.

## POLYCARP.

What large discoveries to the end of time  
Were then vouchsaf'd to John! he saw the rage  
Of Antichrist prevailing, and the love  
Of many waxing cold. He saw the throne  
Where sits our Lamb, incessantly ador'd  
By angel-hosts, and looking down mean while  
On mortal man, and on his suff'ring church.  
He saw the mighty judgment and the plagues  
Of God's last wrath: from which the chosen bands  
Into their New Jerusalem receiv'd,  
Partake with Jesus a triumphant rest.

## IGNATIUS.

Low at the feet, not only of great John,  
But of the meanest servant of my Lord,  
May I be found that day! Yet must I tell  
(Since Polycarp's no novice in these things)  
What gifts of late, as I draw nearer death,  
Are lent e'en me. I can discern the scope  
Of former dispensations; both the league  
And difference of christianity and them.

I know the ranks and polity of angels,  
 And by this mouth, predictive of events  
 Then future, hath the Father truly spoke.

POLYCARP.

I do believe it, brother, (and my soul  
 By sympathy has tasted of thy gifts  
 While thou dost speak,) for doth not Christ indeed  
 Dwell in all his, and shew forth, as he pleases,  
 Or graces which the world calls wonderful,  
 Or those which with mere nature it confounds?

IGNATIUS.

That is another doctrine sweetly taught  
 By our apostle ; that we live in Christ,  
 Have fellowship with him, and on him grow  
 As branches on the vine ; that he's a light,  
 Vital and cheering to our inward man.  
 This short description does convey much more  
 Than the most labour'd circle of vain words.

POLYCARP.

The station which we hold in Jesus now,  
 Redeem'd from earth, no words of man can reach ;  
 But you shall quickly know, my dear Ignatius,  
 What 'tis to be with him in better regions,  
 You'll see his face, and see it as a martyr.

IGNATIUS.

Take comfort, Polycarp, your time will come.  
 My deacons should be back. I gave them leave  
 An hour or two, to see the saints of Smyrna.

POLYCARP.

Not to learn aught, when they have liv'd at Antioch.

IGNATIUS.

Yes, an appeal is made (as I perceiv'd

At sea) to your chief brethren's light and spirit,  
 About the Christian life. My two young men  
 Are diff'rent in their natures; and the warmest  
 Wants to transform the other to himself.  
 And this indeed were well, could it be done;  
 For I must own Agathopus is faithful  
 And fervent in the work of Christ; the more  
 Because he's purely what the gospel makes him,  
 Knowing no taste or theory besides.  
 But then the other likewise is sincere;  
 Too much, indeed, entangled with the charms  
 Of philosophic liberty of thought,  
 Milky benevolence, and love of ease;  
 Yet firm at heart to Christ; howe'er complexion  
 Like a strong wind, may half a diff'rent way  
 Blow back the soul's loose vest.

**POLYCARP.**

Is there no use

Whereto this latter genius may be turn'd?

**IGNATIUS.**

To teach the wounded self-abhorring mind  
 A secret hope and patience with itself,  
 Is Philo's talent. As his sense is quick  
 To equity, and caution, and decorum;  
 And as he truly loves the human nature,  
 He's farther useful to restrain excesses;  
 And chiefly that, where most young converts err,  
 A pique and enmity to unbelievers.  
 But here they come.

*Enter PHILO and AGATHOPUS.*

## PHILO.

You're happy, reverend father,  
In such a worthy flock.

## AGATHOPUS.

But thou'rt condemn'd.

## POLYCARP.

I've heard the case : shall I be arbitrator ?  
Judge not each other any more, my sons,  
Each has his province : Thou, Agathopus,  
Of make impetuous, and, by grace divine,  
Upright in faith, and full of christian fervour,  
Art destin'd to convert : thou shalt display  
And strike the drowsy world with the strong blaze  
Of Christ's religion, and its true demands ;  
Which are no lower than thou hast conceiv'd them.  
Philo shall follow thee, by nature form'd  
To be a comforter ; and glean up those  
(As his heart shows him 'tis the mind of God)  
Not yet so firmly bound up in thy bundles,  
Nor mark'd illustriously th' Elect of Christ.

## IGNATIUS.

I thank you, Polycarp.

*(Polycarp looks towards the end of the room.)*

What see you there?

## POLYCARP.

One of the Soldiers looks extremely thoughtful,  
A softness creeping o'er his hardy face ;  
Now all the longing that an eye can carry,  
He darts at you : then checks himself, and droops  
Fix'd on the earth. One step he just has taken,  
But fears to add a second.—Shall we call him ?

## IGNATIUS.

Yes, by all means—Friend, would you speak with me ?

*(A Soldier advances from the rest up to Ignatius and Polycarp.)*

## SOLDIER.

I am not worthy, holy man, to come  
Into your presence.

## IGNATIUS.

Why ? what is the matter ?

## SOLDIER.

Don't you remember that a soldier struck you ?—

## IGNATIUS.

I have forgot it.

## SOLDIER.

And derided you

This very morning ? I was the vile wretch

That did it : but this heart is humbled since.

## IGNATIUS.

And what can I do for you ?

## SOLDIER.

Pardon me

## IGNATIUS.

That's done.—What more ?

## SOLDIER.

I can't tell what ! my soul

Draws to you strangely. 'Tis as if it melted

To take your mould. I would be what you are !

## IGNATIUS.

Christ make thee so, my son !

## SOLDIER.

Why ! can it be ?

I spoke the word, because methought 'twas sweet :

As a poor man, got into some brave dream,  
 Lends himself to it, and keeps shut his eyes;  
 But when I open them, alas! for me,  
 There is no hope: I ne'er shall be like you!  
 I've been a wicked liver all my time. [Weeps.]

IGNATIUS.

That need not hinder.

SOLDIER.

What not all those vices?

I'd name them, but I know they're things so strange  
 To you, that, though 'twould ease me much, I cannot  
 Permit the tale to stain your whitest thoughts.

IGNATIUS.

Poor man, whate'er beneath temptation's hour,  
 Thy wand'ring path and broadest foolishness  
 Hath been, 't was from a nature not unknown  
 And not unfelt by us.

SOLDIER.

Are not you holy?

IGNATIUS.

We are, thanks be to Christ!

SOLDIER.

So then I learn

*There* lies the med'cine that can help e'en me!  
 What does your Christ insist that one should do  
 To gain his favour? I would lance this flesh  
 With many a wound, or lie whole nights in frost,  
 Or——

IGNATIUS.

O my child! he came not to impose  
 Suff'rings on you, but in your stead to suffer.

He died, some years ago, in Palestine,  
 Professedly and purely for your sins.

SOLDIER.

No, not for mine ; for I was far away,  
 And ne'er acquainted with him.

IGNATIUS.

But, my child,  
 He made you, and so knew your name and nature :  
 And then, though God, he, with a parent's pity,  
 Became a man to cleanse you with his blood.

SOLDIER.

He helps me therefore, as at first he made me?

IGNATIUS.

'Tis true, my child, and you were then but dust,  
 And could do nothing.

SOLDIER.

I will sink again  
 To dust : lie on this ground till he shall come  
 And take me up.

*[Falls prostrate.]*

IGNATIUS.

O Son of God most high !  
 Look down, this is thy day : Be glorify'd  
 By healing this thy creature : Grant him peace :  
 And perfect what thou hast begun.

*[Soldier rising up.]*

SOLDIER.

Good father,  
 How do you find yourselves when God is with you ?  
 I feel a gentle flame within my breast,  
 That seems to alter every nerve about me.  
 I'm lightsome now : and my whole soul's directed

Up to those heavens, as if I had some friend  
Residing there that never would forsake me !

IGNATIUS.

And so thou hast, my son : Christ now is thine,  
For ever thine, and all thy sins forgiv'n !  
Be a new man henceforth, and one of us.

ALL.

All glory be to God and to the Lamb !

POLYCARP.

Yea, praise to him, accessible and mild,  
Who keeps no state with a returning child :  
But free ordaining him an heir to-day,  
Of all his wealth accel'rates the display. }  
Like the great ocean, when some dam gives way. }  
Let never narrow hearts the haste arraign  
Of Jesus to relieve a sinner's pain :  
He knows what is in man, nor to his art  
Are chaos and creation far apart.  
There's but a word between ! Be that word giv'n,  
Yon sinful soul shall be a saint of heaven :  
And with his Maker pitch his tent more sweet,  
More firm, with these dark clouds beneath his feet.

END OF THE THIRD ACT.



## ACT IV.—SCENE I.

SCENE, *The outer Chamber of POLYCARP'S House.*

---

AGATHOPUS, PHILO.

AGATHOPUS.

THE hour approaches, when the messengers  
Of Asia's churches, who have been already  
Once with Ignatius, promis'd to return.

PHILO.

They'll be here soon : we'll tarry to receive them.

AGATHOPUS.

I never saw a sight more venerable,  
Or that gave higher thoughts of something real  
In christian faith and love, than when choice men  
From dif'rent congregations of this province,  
Met all at Smyrna, but to see our martyr.

PHILO.

Some of them please me much.

AGATHOPUS.

Yes, there's Onesimus,  
Bishop of Ephesus, all over love  
And tenderness to souls.

PHILO.

None strikes me more  
Than the Magnesian chief, Damas, I think,

A bishop in his youth. There's a fine soul  
Within that man.

AGATHOPUS.

Not to forget the grave  
Polybius of Tralles, wise and plain.

PHILO.

Our different likings are not now so fierce.

AGATHOPUS.

No, Philo, we are one! I lay me under  
Thy spirit, like the ground thou tread'st upon,  
And would give up whate'er I have to purchase  
One feature of the soul I so mi-judg'd.

PHILO.

Honest Agathopus, still thou art fervent!  
There is no cause for that. Thou hast thy path,  
And that as much more excellent than mine,  
As the bright sun excels the sickly moon.  
For all the strong in faith, who snatch the prime  
Of gospel grace, and its meridian fires,  
Are thine; whilst I th' inglorious crowd befriend,  
Who creep benighted in the rear of hope.

AGATHOPUS.

Ay, Philo, you were always mild to sinners.  
I hardly ever saw one reconcil'd,  
But my heart blam'd the condescending terms.  
But 'twas not so last night. Were I in glory,  
I could have pluck'd the crown from my own head  
To put it on the soldier's.

PHILO.

Thou wast never  
Stain'd with foul crimes, Agathopus, but I  
Have been a deep offender, and can yearn

Over a loathsome lazar like myself.  
 I never told thee how I was converted :  
 Cilicia was my native land. My father,  
 Too fond and easy, put it in my pow'r  
 To pamper ev'ry taste : he found his error ;  
 And scarce reproving me, he let me see  
 He dy'd for grief. This was reproof indeed  
 To me, who dearly lov'd him ; and ne'er felt  
 (That I must say) ev'n in the life of sin,  
 Harsh passions. Much I thought of leaving life,  
 But left the place where I had kil'd a parent.  
 After some wand'ring, I, in anguish still,  
 Return'd to Tarsus. The good bishop there  
 Set forth the cleansing virtue of Christ's blood ;  
 I went to hear him ; for I was so dead  
 To all this world, I now ne'er shunn'd reproach.  
 Then first my soul conceiv'd a glimm'ring hope ;  
 I saw a greater Father had been grieved,  
 But, (well for me !) so great, he could remit  
 The complication of impieties.  
 I was baptiz'd, chos'n deacon, came to Antioch  
 On business, where Ignatius ask'd to keep me !

## AGATHOPUS.

Whate'er thou wast, O Philo, heretofore,  
 I see thee now a saint, and born of God :  
 Yea, since mine eyes are open, I discover  
 Thy daily acts and spirit of thy life  
 Have all the principles, though not the pomp,  
 Of high perfection and a light divine ;  
 And, like an expert swordsman, thou dost more  
 By slow, and smooth, and unexpected motions,  
 Than I perhaps with all my brandishes.

## PHILO.

I think not so, my friend! 'Tis men like you  
 That must support christianity. The reasons  
 Of that admitted once, require thenceforth  
 A constant ardour, an exerted soul  
 Still on the wing with some extatic warmth.  
 If e'er this fails, men of my turn, who now  
 Make no unpleasing discord to the gospel,  
 (For 'tis a discord) lost in stronger numbers  
 Of you, who still bear up the genuine sound—  
 If e'er, I say, your brave and worthy voices  
 Shall under ours subside, we shall invent  
 Some foreign harmony, and cast off Christ's.  
 But I would hear what work of God has past  
 Upon thy soul, Agathopus.

## AGATHOPUS.

I was

At Antioch born, and bred by christian rules ;  
 And ne'er defil'd with so much outward sin  
 As, with due emphasis, might shew the need  
 I had of Jesus, and endear his blood.  
 Yet, by one comprehensive glance, did God  
 Teach me the truth of things. I had one morning  
 Kneel'd down to pray'r, my most delightful task,  
 When, all at once, a crowd of horrid thoughts,  
 Fraught with the images and rankest venom  
 Of all the vices that e'er man committed,  
 Broke in upon my soul. I was amaz'd  
 To see myself from every shape of good,  
 Where I had built my rest, immensely back  
 As on some desert island thrown, where seem'd  
 No hopes of succour. But the Saviour came,

And with his splendour brighten'd all the place.  
 Redeem'd I was from real sin; and felt  
 Both those quick terrors, and that great deliv'rance  
 In comfort as intense, which lie beneath  
 A gospel we so indolent enjoy.

PHILO.

Blest must you be, and always nigh to Christ,  
 While you preserv'd this light.

AGATHOPUS.

All souls must do so.

Our freshest mem'ry still must hold before us  
 The wonder and true joy of that first hour,  
 When fear and sin, to hope and innocence,  
 By clear, by firm, though sudden steps were chang' .  
 So shall we ever praise the power of Christ,  
 Which grants this leave and mystic privilege  
 To us, so rotten in ourselves, to stand  
 Free now from ev'ry spot of human follies——  
 There's some one coming in.

PHILO.

'Tis only Claudius.

Poor soul! he hangs upon us, and can scarce  
 Bear to be station'd with his brutish fellows.

*Enter CLAUDIUS, the Soldier.*

CLAUDIUS.

My dearest brethren! how shall I express  
 What our good Lord does for me! Night and day  
 I find him with me, and he shews me still  
 Fresh wonders. What a thing is Jesu's love!  
 Soft is my heart as infant's flesh; yet able

Like adamant or steel, to stand the shock  
 Of death and hell, and cut its way through all.  
 There's something in me, moment after moment,  
 Spreading and rising, like a tree of life :  
 I follow it, and scarce feel the ground I tread on.  
 I'm wholly Christ's ! But how can I be his,  
 O tell me, in a soldier's rough profession ?  
 Must I kill men ?

PHILO.

You mean, must you not love them ?  
 Yet you're a member of this world, whose process  
 Involves e'en us in many things——But see,  
 The deputies are coming.

CLAUDIUS.

I'll retire.

[*Exit Claudius.*]

*Enter ONESIMUS, POLYBIUS, DAMAS, with  
 other Messengers of the Churches.*

ONESIMUS.

Again we come to wait on good Ignatius.—  
 Is he at leisure ?

PHILO.

I'll go in and see.

[*Exit Philo.*]

AGATHOPUS.

Then he is talk'd of in your several countries.

ONESIMUS.

We all admire so bright a character.

AGATHOPUS.

What if, like us, you ever at his side

Had seen his life and conduct ?

DAMAS.

You were happy.

We come from far, and don't repent the labour,  
But once to taste the graces of his spirit.

AGATHOPUS.

He was a man so pure in private life,  
So all-devoted to the things above,  
So mere a servant both of Christ and men :  
You'd say he acted without spark of nature,  
Save that each motion flow'd with ease and beauty.  
Then such a pastor was he, so intent  
'To guard from errors and build up in Christ,  
(In wisdom, innocence, and unity)  
Each simple soul ; so gentle too therein,  
No heart but blest itself it had a father.  
How would he moan when any persecution  
Threaten'd the flock ! and (which in him was great,)  
Rejoice at its removal ! though thereby  
Debarr'd himself from all his wish on earth.  
He'd say, when fell Domitian's rage gave o'er,  
“ Now I shall never be a true disciple,  
“ And die for Christ !”

POLYBIUS.

Glad would I hear more of him,  
Pattern of Bishops ! But, lo, Philo comes.

*Re-enter PHILO.*

PHILO.

Ignatius, honor'd elders, now attends you.

## SCENE II.

*SCENE opens to the inner Chamber.*

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**IGNATIUS and POLYCARP.**—*Enter to them*  
**ONESIMUS, POLYBIUS, DAMAS, &c.**—  
**PHILO and AGATHOPUS.**

**ONESIMUS.**

WE told you in the morning, blessed man,  
 What sorrow and what warmth your holy bonds  
 Spread through the churches. They could do no less  
 Than send us to salute you; and to knit  
 By all th' advantage of this dread occasion  
 Our common love; and enter as we can  
 Into the hope and might of Jesus with you.

**IGNATIUS.**

To love me they did well; for much I want  
 The kind assistance of each christian soul.  
 I hope all give it me. Pray for me, brethren.

**POLYBIUS.**

We do.

**DAMAS.**

May nothing, when the time shall come,  
 Blemish thy combat!

**IGNATIUS.**

Ay, that prayer was right.  
 For I have weakness still, and ghostly foes  
 Which fight against me and my resolution.



Heav'n knows, I am a sinner ! and deserve  
 To die more deaths than one, on that account.  
 What favour then, O Lord, that wretched flesh  
 Shall honour thee, while sinking to its dust !

ONESIMUS.

We wait upon you now, to know your will  
 And orders to the churches ; since to-morrow  
 You sail to Rome ; and we, alas ! return  
 Not worthy yet of chains, to our own flocks.

IGNATIUS.

See, I have writ some hasty letters for you  
 To carry back. And give my humble thanks  
 To every congregation.

*(Servant appears at the door.)*

POLYCARP.

Who is there ?

Letters from Antioch for you, Ignatius.

*(Ignatius reads letters)*

IGNATIUS.

Dirce is dead, Agathopus ! I find,  
 One of the heathens passing in the tumult,  
 When we went off, struck her as 't were in sport,  
 And her glad soul took flight. The news that follows  
 I can't conceal from you, my rev'rend brethren :  
 All things at Antioch, by our Saviour's care,  
 Are quiet now again : so tell the churches.  
 Were it not well if each would send some brother  
 To greet my flock upon the mercy shewn them ?  
 But still, poor orphans, there's no bishop chos'n :  
 Think of them, Polycarp.

POLYCARP.

Your care, as pastor ;

Shall leave its due impression on my breast :  
 For that, be easy. And since now are met  
 Such distant bishops, presbyters, and deacons,  
 Well representing th' universal church,  
 Let me suggest employment for this ev'ning,  
**IGNATIUS.**

What is it ?

**POLYCARP.**

You, Ignatius, as our Lord  
 Will give you light, shall hint some gen'ral cautions,  
 Tending to keep the church through every age  
 From such corruptions as may hurt the plan  
 Or cloud the purity it yet retains.

**IGNATIUS.**

With all my heart. Thou Friend of souls, direct us!  
 And ever guide all those on whom the charge,  
 The sacred charge of thy great mystery,  
 (*God in the flesh*, saving by precious faith  
 Poor sinners) shall devolve in future times !  
 Long have I fear'd there is a depth of Satan,  
 Which from pretences fair, and warm pursuit  
 Of real parts, but not the proper centre  
 Of truth and holiness, will circumvent  
 The church at last. Strange the extremes would seem,  
 To which this well-pois'd soundness of our system,  
 By partial aggravations, may be wrought :  
 But worse, if possible, and more deplor'd,  
 That infidel indifference which succeeds them.  
 For when so oft bewilder'd and deceiv'd,  
 A general fastidious indolence  
 Fixes the mind, 'tis hard to move it more.  
 I calculate the fates of christian faith

By dispositions in the make of men ;  
 Three sorts I have observ'd. For some there are  
 Severe and solemn, like the *Pharisees*,  
 Allur'd by pomp and form. Some are again  
 Of fine and tender mold, and urge the path,  
 Like *Essenes*,\* of rapturous devotion.  
 And lastly, some (well turn'd for human life,  
 But the most fatal, when their day shall come,  
 To our religion) sit like *Sadducees*;  
 Cool moderators of their brethren's fires ;  
 Their mark and inspiration common sense.  
 The first and last of these, as with the Jews,  
 May, in their turn, command the public stream,  
 The third have some eruptions more retir'd.

#### ONESIMUS.

Be pleas'd to show by what unhappy steps  
 Each of these spirits may deface the gospel.

#### IGNATIUS.

First let me mention what is the great centre  
 And heart of it : which while it moves within,  
 And actuates, whatever outward frame  
 Of man's ideas, still there is one life,  
 Rich life, wide ranging through varieties.  
 For have not we, ev'n now, those sev'ral tastes  
 Amongst us ? Yet hereby all sanctified.

These were three chief sects of the Jews the Pharisees, Sadducees, and Essenes. Of the two first frequent mention is made in the gospels. The last made less noise, and seem'd, at the time of our Lord's walking on earth, not to be so numerous, though they increased considerably afterwards. They maintained the resurrection of the body against the Sadducees; they were very devout and abstemious, but avoided the ostentation of the Pharisees, they did not swear, they excommunicated those who did not walk orderly, and they were much given to fasting and contemplation.

Your conscious souls prevent me while I point  
 The anchor of your calling. 'Tis a faith  
 Depending only on the blood of Christ,  
 And nothing of our own, from first to last.  
 This keeps us now in great simplicity :  
 For happy here, we lay no eager weight  
 On other things, but use them in their place.  
 Posterity, I fear, will fail here soon.  
 For thus, in nakedness of faith to hang,  
 Amidst whate'er we do, or know, or have,  
 On foreign aid and merit; nor permit  
 Nature to say, *she's owner of one thing* :  
 This is an edge so fine, 'twill turn and warp ;  
 The more, because a raw and novice world  
 Will not be tender of it; having still  
 So many other plausible resorts,  
 That court the fancy, and are christian too :  
 As influx of the Spirit, ceremonies,  
 And morals (to who list to see no more)  
 Of christian law. Each sev'ral taste now laps'd,  
 Of course pursues, adorns some one of these.  
 The soft, contemplative, and *Essene* genius,  
 Both makes the noblest choice, and does least harm.

#### DAMAS.

I long to hear you paint the cause of that.

#### IGNATIUS.

What ghostly energy and mystic life  
 Do we now feel within! We have this jewel ;  
 Yet on its radiance do not choose to gaze  
 Directly, but with humble hand hold fast  
 The casket where it lies—Faith in Christ's blood.  
 But as the knowledge of that tenure fails,

Each warm devotionist will strive to fix  
 The now departing Shekinah by nice  
 Though impotent descriptions; will reduce  
 All to a science, and to each attainment  
 Prescribe a way of art and false ambition.  
 See you how this may be?

## DAMAS.

I see too plain,

The Spirit's self on Jesus may be made  
 T' encroach.

## IGNATIUS.

But this is light to what ensues.

We highly value now our solemn rites,  
 Symbols of love, and our Lord's protection:  
 And much we press obedience to the pastor.  
 But O! what I foresee may flow from this  
 In a dark age; when int'rest, on one hand,  
 And, on the other, childishness of thought  
 And Pagan gloom, for superstition ripe,  
 Will, by our use, confirm that iron yoke!  
 The clergy will be lords; and endless forms,  
 Hide from the church her Saviour's face.

## POLYBIUS.

Alas!

That ordinances, in his name begun,  
 Should cease to preach him only to poor souls!

## IGNATIUS.

The worst is yet to come. When christian faith  
 Has worn all weaknesses of th' human spirit,  
 And been derided through them, 't will be deem'd  
 Expedient to appoint a jealous guardian,  
 The fire and wild luxuriance to correct.

Of this strange principle. Low, and more low,  
 By treach'rous praise of its own moral precepts,  
 Shall it be brought in all it will persuade  
 Of work from its diviner plan and power,  
 Beyond the measures of mere human life.  
 Till by degrees bold reason recommends  
 Her own unmingled system, nature's light,  
 And will not suffer on that scheme to hang  
 (Though long but tolerated, like the laws  
 Of conquer'd countries) the bare name of Jesus.  
 As he had died in vain, with great applause  
 The world rolls back to what it was before.

ONESIMUS.

O Adam ! Adam ! We no more blame thee :  
 We too have tasted Paradise, and fell,  
 Look'd over Jesus, to know good and evil.

IGNATIUS.

I see, my brethren, the last scene I've drawn  
 Too much affects you ; it drinks up your spirits :  
 What shall I say ? 't won't be till distant ages.

ONESIMUS.

Our love extends to all : that's no relief.

IGNATIUS.

Why then I have, (if I must bring it forth)  
 What will, I'm sure, the present grief expel,  
 Though not as I would wish. Look nearer home :  
 Are Smyrna, Ephesus, Magnesia dear t' you ?

ONESIMUS.

Dearer than life.

IGNATIUS.

Then long before this plague  
 Sha' overspread the earth, all these your churches

Shall lose their christian glory, scarce retain  
Savour of Christ, or symbol of their hope.  
Ravag'd and trodden down by infidels.

**POLYBIUS.**

Nay then we're silent! Judgments are to come,  
And foul apostacies. Let us make haste  
To die my brethren, lest the gospel lamp  
Go out before us.

**DAMAS.**

No, recall that word;

Howe'er distress or error may deform  
The Spouse of Christ, his love will ever last.  
And when these storms are o'er, and man's each passion  
Hath had its day, its swing and penitence  
In holy things; then purest light again  
The sweet recover'd infancy of faith,  
Shall bless the earth, and introduce that kingdom,  
Where Christ, the King of Peace, shall stand confest,  
Admir'd in all his saints, and all his works.

**POLYCARP.**

This is the sum, my brethren, CHRIST IS ALL!  
If e'er we lean to other things, we fall.  
Spirit, and rites, and reason too, are good,  
If planted, and if glorying in his blood.  
Faith is so simple, whence all good doth spring,  
Mankind can't think it is so great a thing:  
Still o'er this pearl steps their ambitious pride,  
Pursuing gladly any form beside.  
Yet, O good Saviour, narrow as it is,  
And delicate, and prone for man to miss,  
Ne'er be the way shut up to this our bliss!

}  
}

No, everlasting be thy gospel, Lord,  
And through all time its saving power ador'd!

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

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ACT V.—SCENE I.

SCENE, *Rome, just without the City—The City Walls  
and Gate lying before, and some old Ruins on  
one Hand.*

---

TWO PHILOSOPHERS.

*First* PHILOSOPHER.

YOU seem to like this place, as if one step  
Was precious from the follies of the town:  
But you look musing. Pray what was the object?

*Second* PHILOSOPHER.

Why, truly, the poor christians. For it seems  
This day, this Thirteenth of the Spectacles,  
Some noted priest of theirs, a pris'ner brought  
In the last ship, shall be expos'd to beasts.

*First* PHILOSOPHER.

And are those silly wretches worth a thought?

*Second* PHILOSOPHER.

Perhaps worth sev'ral, brother. For, you know,  
We who seek truth must not be prejudic'd.



*First* PHILOSOPHER.

I don't myself believe the monstrous stories  
 Reported of them ; but I think them persons  
 Soft and precipitate to each new whim,  
 And not much us'd to reas'ning.

*Second* PHILOSOPHER.

Be it so.

But whence then comes their constancy in suff'ring,  
 Their more than Roman fortitude of spirit ?

*First* PHILOSOPHER.

From great enthusiastic warmth.

*Second* PHILOSOPHER.

Well said!

And will enthusiasm then, (with all  
 The decencies of life and civil duty  
 Preserv'd) make men so gen'rous and heroic ?  
 For whether they be reasoners or no,  
 I'll give a reason why their sect should stand.

*First* PHILOSOPHER.

One would not call in madness to support  
 E'en virtue's self! Enthusiasm's no less.

*Second* PHILOSOPHER.

Here we recur to the first doubt ; which was,  
 Whether for those particular opinions,  
 Which thus inspire and heat them, they can shew  
 Rational grounds? If so, it is not madness.  
 Man's scrutiny absolves them, if their lines  
 And gen'ral motives, which sustain all round  
 Their faith and conduct, be but rightly drawn :  
 Whate'er within this circle lies of bold,  
 Or fervent, or ecstatic, is referr'd  
 To impulse of the deity they worship.

But 'tis a quality in the whole nature,  
 And sep'rate from the tenet of enthusiasms,  
 Yet I consider——

*First* PHILOSOPHER.

What is that?

*Second* PHILOSOPHER.

'Tis joy.

The spring of hearty, strong, and graceful actions,  
 What makes all worth, all elegance of wit,  
 Yea all benevolence, but this one feeling,  
 Or from good blood, from sense or ornament,  
 Or casual good humour? Hence in vain  
 Do we philosophers erect such minds,  
 Which can admit none of these genial charms :  
 They sink again. For we infuse but reason :  
 Not glowing health, nor fibres turn'd to honour ;  
 Nor, like the christian priests, can we convey  
 A foreign joy more elevating yet,  
 Enthusiasm.

*First* PHILOSOPHER.

What you say is just : but still

I'd not work up a rapture like those priests,  
 By doctrine so irrational and weak.

The joy's not bad, engine indeed of virtue,  
 Had it a good foundation.

*Second* PHILOSOPHER.

Stop and think !

Is it the movement, which perhaps alone  
 Can raise a lively and ingenuous flow  
 Of virtue, the free blossom, of such minds  
 As are already happy ; and hath God  
 Left no room, think you, or foundation for it ?

*First* PHILOSOPHER.

Yes, you have shewn 'tis wov'n with our complexion.

*Second* PHILOSOPHER.

That's not enough ; if we such virtue mean,  
 (As sure we do, who hold the soul immortal)  
 As looks beyond the use and present lustre  
 Of human life ; and hath its great affair  
 With the Divinity, his grace or frown.  
 Here by analogy the rule's the same ;  
 Joy precedes virtue : but it must be joy  
 Upon this state, and in this line of things,  
 'The vot'ry must behold his God propitious,  
 Himself admitted as a humble friend :  
 Easy of heart, and confident henceforth ;  
 Then will he rise to the great character,  
 By excellence of soul, that ne'er appear'd  
 Before this Entheon's interview with heav'n.

*First* PHILOSOPHER.

You've got into the centre of their first  
 And most obnoxious doctrine. (For the other  
 Of some good spirit or divine afflatus  
 Upon the mind, may fairly be allow'd.)  
 To every proselyte at first admission  
 Full innocence they lend : whate'er his crimes  
 Before have been, he's white, and free, and just ;  
 And, equall'd with the vet'rans of virtue,  
 First wears the laurel, then begins the fight.  
 Make this consistent, and I'll ask no more.

*Second* PHILOSOPHER.

I think I can. For let us now suppose,  
 He that rejoices is by force of that  
 Dispos'd for good ; and he, who by some glance

From the mild Deity, triumphs in his love,  
 Moves then to higher good; displays at once,  
 However abject or perverse before,  
 Relenting gratitude and holy worth:  
 If so, one may with virtue be endow'd  
 At once.

*First* PHILOSOPHER.

But this is rarely seen.

*Second* PHILOSOPHER.

'Tis true,

Yet the objection does not drive me back  
 From what benign effects I said would follow  
 On joy divine; but urge me to enquire,  
 Why this kind glance is not bestow'd on all?

*First* PHILOSOPHER.

That I can tell. Because mankind are under  
 The power of vice.

*Second* PHILOSOPHER.

That cannot be; for this  
 Is what destroys that power which never melts  
 But at this fire.

*First* PHILOSOPHER.

Yet may not ranker vice,  
 Foul with its brutish habits, be in nature,  
 A bar to th' operation?

*Second* PHILOSOPHER.

Not at all.

This joy, if given, does there the very same  
 As in clear minds, it meets th' ingenuous springs  
 Of our great soul conceal'd beneath the rubbish.

*First* PHILOSOPHER.

But 'tis not given, yourself then tell us why.

*Second* PHILOSOPHER.

God is a governor ; and acts indeed  
 By rules political, and not as we  
 Would trace him still with geometric scale,  
 By mere connexions and capacities  
 In physical existence. Hence pure guilt,  
 Debt, and affront, and breach of covenant,  
 (Ideas strange to us !) tie up the hand  
 That might, if simple nature were consider'd,  
 At any moment, work all virtues in us.

*First* PHILOSOPHER.

If guilt's the obstacle, then its removal  
 May well be sudden, and all good flow in.  
 The christians do indeed employ their care  
 On guilt itself ; so taught by old tradition  
 Descending from the Jews. And now methinks  
 I can see farther in this scheme. If God  
 Acts as you represent him, and with-holds  
 His cheering presence from the human mind  
 On motives politic ; then on the like  
 He may restore it. Guilt's political ;  
 Deriv'd external merit is no more.  
 Yet this I thought ridiculous indeed,  
 That they account themselves belov'd of God  
 For what another did.

*Second* PHILOSOPHER.

'Twas, I suppose,  
 Their Founder.

*First* PHILOSOPHER.

Yes.

*Second* PHILOSOPHER.

Why this is (as you say)

Good in the use and equity of state,  
 That to a corporation from its head  
 Merit should pass, and dignity dilated  
 Clothe every branch with honours of the root.  
 And truly, I've long look'd on this expedient  
 As the most fit and delicately suited  
 To give at once both room for God to bless  
 Nor yet make man or petulant or proud.  
 The late dark sky and images of guilt  
 Keep their reality: but only serve  
 T' illustrate present safety; as we see  
 The broken weapons, hideous to behold,  
 Brighten and triumph o'er some barbarous land.  
 Man now is happy; but 'tis plain by whom!  
 Not by himself; the Patron stands before  
 To face the Godhead, and obtain its gifts:  
 He at a distance terminates his care  
 And glad though feeble service pays this Friend,  
 His own, his softer and compendious God.  
 What a sweet passion to this Benefactor;  
 What plain infantile gaiety of heart,  
 And yet what outward greatness of deportment:  
 In short, what a new set of sentiments  
 Would burst from the recesses of the soul,  
 Which should believe itself divine and happy,  
 Through the whole length of ages, and all this  
 By the *mere love* and *wonderful achievement*  
 Of One who left such *merits* once, and still affords  
 His virtual presence to his friends!  
 All this I do I must imagine—though  
 I'll speak no more, lest you should think me christian.

*First* PHILOSOPHER.

Whoe'er thinks me not much their enemy  
Henceforward, shall not put me to the blush.  
As for their meetings and their private rules,  
They're a society, and so must have them.

*Second* PHILOSOPHER.

Enough! Here comes the martyr, we'll retire.

*First* PHILOSOPHER.

We are not worthy now, good man, to stay  
And join thy train, another time we may.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*Enter* IGNATIUS, *guarded by Soldiers: several Roman Christians accompany him.—AGATHOPUS and PHILO following after.*

IGNATIUS, ROMAN CHRISTIANS, &c.

## IGNATIUS.

'T WAS very kind, my brethren, that you came  
So far to meet us. Had I been permitted,  
In honour of the steps of holy Paul,  
I from Puteoli on foot had travell'd.  
Thus far 'tis well! This is imperial Rome;  
And I, a bishop from the distant East,

Now see the countries of the setting sun :  
 I too am come to set ! but rise again .  
 In Jesus Christ.

**ROMAN CHRISTIANS.**

Are you resolv'd to die ?

We could perhaps induce the people yet  
 Not to require you for their savage sports.

**IGNATIUS.**

O don't attempt it ! Ne'er shall I again  
 Have such a gale to waft me to my God.  
 Were I like Paul and Peter, a freed-man  
 In Christ, and perfect, to make no such motion  
 I would command you. I am yet a slave ;  
 But do intreat you not to hinder me,  
 For by this death I shall obtain my freedom.

**ROMAN CHRISTIANS.**

Are there no motives to persuade your life ?

**IGNATIUS.**

No, I have nothing more to do on earth.  
 My loves and my desires are crucify'd ;  
 There's not a spark of fire or warmth within me  
 To things below : but that same living water  
 Promis'd by Jesus, has extinguish'd all.  
 It springs to life eternal in my heart,  
 And calls me onward only to the Father.  
 Tedious to me is corruptible food,  
 And every joy of life. The bread of God  
 I hunger for, the flesh of Jesus Christ :  
 His blood I'd drink ; that is, I would be made  
 Immortal with him in the state of love.  
 I do not wish to be one moment longer  
 This man, this dark and miserable being :



And though I'm yet alive, (you see I am  
Because I speak) my heart is all on death.

ROMAN CHRISTIANS.

But 'tis a cruel death that they intend you.

IGNATIUS.

Let fire, and cross, and troops of rav'nous beasts,

Let tearing, grinding of this total frame,

Let every art of pain the devil owns,

Come on me, so I but enjoy my Jesus.

I am God's wheat, the lion's jaw must bruise it.

So shall I make clean bread, fit to present.

In God's high sanctuary.

ROMAN CHRISTIANS:

But can't you,

O rev'rend father! be a friend of Christ,

And yet continue here?

IGNATIUS.

O, no! I cannot.

I can't be true to the great mystery,

The life of faith, while in the world I'm seen,

Nothing that can be seen is fully right:

And only then I am a good disciple,

When e'en my body (though but in the paunch,

Of a brute beast, and by a change of forms,

Is yet withdrawn from this bad world's inspection.

There has one object been disclos'd on earth

That might commend the place; but now 'tis gone;

Jesus is with the Father, and demands

His members to be there. Him do I seek

Who died, who rose for us. In gaining him.

I shall be rich enough. Pardon me, brethren!

You must not stand between me and my life.

Nor weigh me down when I ascend to God.  
 No, let me now pass upwards to partake  
 Unsullied light, and be what he would have me.  
 No, let me now the passion imitate  
 Of Christ my God. Do any of you feel  
 Him in your heart? Then you can sympathize.  
 You know my straits, what sacred ties I'm under.

ROMAN CHRISTIANS.

We'll not resist you more. God's will be done.

IGNATIUS.

Pray tell me, keepers, there on our left hand,  
 That mossy fragment of a wall,—what is it?

SOLDIER.

'Tis an old burying-place, now laid aside.

IGNATIUS.

Laid aside, said you? So shall all this world  
 Be soon. Good soldiers, let me lean against it  
 One moment. Brethren, shan't we pray together?

*(Ignatius kneeling by the old wall.)*

IGNATIUS.

Thanks to thy love, Almighty Son of God,  
 Which, o'er the steps of all my life extending,  
 Gave me to know thy name and saving might:  
 And now to taste the bliss of dying for thee.  
 Grant to the churches rest and mutual love,  
 And holy gifts, and lively confidence  
 In thee. Bring on the blessed end of all things.

*(The brethren whisper and stand up.)*

What is't, my friends?

ROMAN CHRISTIANS.

The sports are just concluding,  
 And you in haste are sent for.

## IGNATIUS.

I am ready.

Come, soldiers; come, Agathopus and Philo! You,  
Some of you, friends, keep praying in this place.

*Exeunt Ignatius, Soldiers, Philo and Agathopus, to  
the Amphitheatre. Manent some Roman Christians.*

*First* ROMAN CHRISTIAN.

Who can help praying now? My very soul  
Is on the stretch, and busy with her God,  
About some big request I cannot utter,  
Nor comprehend.

*Second* ROMAN CHRISTIAN.

The time of great affliction,  
Or great suspense is sacred, and exceeds  
The common bounds of thinking.

*First* ROMAN CHRISTIAN.

—And of power,  
For sure, till now, I never felt such strength  
And energy of spirit; flesh and the world  
No more retard me, than if not in being.  
I would do something! Would do any thing!  
For some eternal nerves are wak'd within me,  
Some strange alacrity, which, if it lasted,  
Would be the body's death, and shake it off  
Without or puny sickness or a groan.

*Second* ROMAN CHRISTIAN.

But stop, my brother, let us now be faithful  
To the good martyr's orders, and pray for him.

*First* ROMAN CHRISTIAN.

I pray too much for words. I pray for all things,

All time, and all eternity at once.

What would you more?

*Second* ROMAN CHRISTIAN.

Only to recollect

And stand in awful silence here awhile

Before our heav'nly Master, doing no more

But this, to have Ignatius on our heart.

*First* ROMAN CHRISTIAN.

Content.

*Third and Fourth* ROMAN CHRISTIANS.

O Lord, be present with thy servants !

[*They pray some time silently.*]

*Second* ROMAN CHRISTIAN.

Now I am forc'd myself to break the silence.

Did you perceive that breath of purer air,

Which spread a sweet simplicity and calm

Over our soul? Indeed the Lord is with us !

I fancy this mild signal shew'd the moment

When great Ignatius mounted to the skies.

'Tis so : for see, the deacon comes to tell us.

*Enter* PHILO.

PHILO.

Christians, rejoice ! Your brother is at rest,

Safe in the arms of Christ, above the toils

And hazards of an earthly pilgrimage.

ROMAN CHRISTIANS.

The manner of his martyrdom we long

To hear.

PHILO.

'Twas quickly o'er. Two hungry lions,

Kept for him, were let loose, with a loud shout,  
 And mingled horror of some softer hearts,  
 Through the whole amphitheatre. He first  
 Look'd up to heaven, and then let gently fall  
 His eyes to earth, as one whose suit was heard,  
 Nor needed that he should solicit more.

And so it was e'en to a circumstance.  
 He always wish'd there might, if possible,  
 Be no remains of his, which we survivors  
 Might stoop to gather, or regard as martyr's.  
 And very few are left; (Agathopus  
 And Claudius glean what is,) he has his grave  
 Completely in the beasts, the place which he  
 With such partic'lar pleasure destin'd for it:  
 I saw this pleasure in his looks; and 'twas  
 The last I saw of him: for while he stood  
 As one that would have strok'd the grisly brutes,  
 They seiz'd upon him, and devour'd him up.

*Enter AGATHOPUS and CLAUDIUS.*

### ROMAN CHRISTIANS.

And did he leave us then no dying words?

PHILO.

He scarce had time to speak, yet said something,  
 A word or two, but I could not hear what.

AGATHOPUS.

I'll tell you, brethren, what Ignatius said:  
 What his death preaches to you—"Let your life  
 " Be hid with Christ. Choak not, by worldly care,  
 " Or earthly joy, that emanation fair  
 " Of Christ's own mind, the new implanted seed

" Of Christian holiness ; but ever feed  
 " And more expand it by the works of love,  
 " And following your good instincts from above.  
 " For not in vain, or with some low design,  
 " Were you ingrafted into Christ your vine,  
 " But you with him, in whom your whole trust lies,  
 " Shall to divine inheritances rise ;  
 " Stand with Ignatius on that better shore,  
 " As dear to Christ as he that went before ! "

PHILO.

Here we disperse. Agathopus and I  
 Return to Antioch. Where are you, Claudius,  
 Order'd to be ?

CLAUDIUS.

At Rome.

PHILO.

Then here you see  
 The brethren you must join with.  
 (*Roman Christians giving him the hand.*)  
 ROMAN CHRISTIANS.

Take the pledge  
 Of dearest love and fellowship immortal.

CLAUDIUS.

My first instructors, by whose friendly voice,  
 I learnt to trust in Jesus ! Must I part  
 With you ?

AGATHOPUS.

Yes, Claudius, and 'tis no great thing.  
 We with these friends must part ; both, with Ignatius :  
 They, ere their thirsty souls had time to know  
 And knit with his ; we, after a strict union  
 Of many years. With our exterior state

'Tis thus. But Christ within is ever sure,  
The same in youth and age, at Rome or Antioch.  
One source of joy to each believing breast,  
Where we all drink, and live, and meet at last.

END OF THE MARTYRDOM OF ST. IGNATIUS.

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**POEMS**

AND

**H Y M N S .**

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# POEMS AND HYMNS



## RELIGIOUS DISCOURSE.

TO speak for God, to sound religion's praise,  
Of sacred passions the wise warmth to raise ;  
T' infuse the contrite wish, to conquest nigh,  
And point the steps mysterious as they lie ;  
To seize the wretch, in full career of lust,  
And soothe the silent sorrows of the just :—  
Who would not bless, for this, the gift of speech,  
And in the tongue's beneficence be rich ?

But who must talk ? Not the mere modern sage  
Who suits the soften'd gospel to the age ;  
Who ne'er to raise degen'rate practice strives,  
But brings the precept down to christian lives.  
Not he, who maxims from cold reading took,  
And never saw himself, but through a book.  
Not he, who hasty in the morn of grace,  
Soon sinks extinguish'd, as a comet's blaze.  
Not he, who strains in scripture phrase t' abound,  
Deaf to the sense, who stuns us with the sound :—  
But he, who silence loves, and never dears  
In the false commerce of a truth unfelt.

Guilty you speak, if subtle from within,  
 Blows on your words the self-admiring sin ;  
 If unresolv'd to choose the better part,  
 Your forward tongue belies your languid heart.  
 But then speak safely, when your peaceful mind  
 Above self-seeking blest, on God reclin'd,  
 Feels him at once suggest unlabour'd sense,  
 And ope a sluice of sweet benevolence.  
 Some high behests of heaven you then fulfil,  
 Sprung from his light your words, and issuing by his will.

Nor yet expect so *mystically* long,  
 Till certain inspiration loose your tongue :  
 Express the precept runs, " Do good to all ;"  
 Nor adds, " Whene'er you find an inward call."  
 'Tis GOD commands: no farther motive seek,  
 Speak or without, or with reluctance speak :  
 'To love's habitual sense, by acts aspire,  
 And kindle, till you catch the gospel-fire.

Discoveries immature of truth decline,  
 Nor prostitute the gospel-pearl to swine.  
 Beware, too rashly how you speak the whole,  
 The vileness, or the treasures of your soul.  
 If spurn'd by some, where weak on earth you lie,  
 If judg'd a cheat or dreamer where you fly ;  
 Here the sublimer strain, th' exerted air  
 Forego ; you're at the bar, not in the chair.

To the pert reas'ner, if you speak at all,  
 Speak what within his cognizance may fall :

Expose not truths divine to reason's rack,  
 Give him his own belov'd ideas back,  
 Your notions, till they look like his, dilute ;  
 Blind he must be—but save him from dispute !  
 But when we're turn'd of reason's noon-tide glare,  
 And things begin to shew us what they are,  
 More free to such your true conceptions tell ;  
 Yet graft them on the hearts where they excel.  
 If sprightly sentiments detain their taste :  
 If paths of various learning they have trac'd ;  
 If their cool judgment longs, yet fears to fix ;  
 FIRE, ERUDITION, HESITATION MIX.

All rules are dead ; 'tis from the heart you draw  
 The living lustre, and unerring law.  
 A state of thinking in your manner shew,  
 Nor fiercely soaring, nor supinely low.  
 Others their lightness and each inward fault  
 Quench in the stillness of your deeper thought.  
 Let all your gestures fix'd attention draw,  
 And wide around diffuse infectious awe ;  
 Present with God by recollection seem,  
 Yet present, by your cheerfulness, with them.

Without elation, christian glories paint,  
 Nor by fond am'rous phrase assume the saint.  
 Greet not frail men with compliments untrue,  
 With smiles to peace confirm'd and conquest due.  
 There are who watch t' adore the dawn of grace,  
 And pamper the young proselyte with praise :  
 Kind, humble souls ! they with a right good-will,  
 Admire his progress—till he stands stock still.

Speak but to thirsty minds of things divine,  
 Who strong for thought, are free in yours to join.  
 The busy from his channel parts with pain,  
 The languid loaths an elevated strain :  
 With these you aim but at good-natur'd chat,  
 Where all, except the love, is low and flat.

Not one address will diff'rent tempers fit,  
 The grave and gay, the heavy and the wit.  
 Wits will sift you ; and most conviction find  
 Where least, 'tis urg'd, and seems the least design'd.  
 Slow minds are merely passive, and forget  
 Truths not inculcated : to these repeat,  
 Avow your counsel, nor abstain from heat. }

Some gentle souls, to gay indiff'rence true,  
 Nor hope, nor fear, nor think the more for you :  
 Let love turn babbler here, and caution sleep,  
 Blush not for shallow speech, nor muse for deep ;  
 These to your humour, not your sense attend,  
 'Tis not th' advice that sways them, but the friend.

Others have large recesses in their breast :  
 With pensive process all they hear digest :  
 Here well-weigh'd words with wary foresight sow,  
 For all you say will sink, and ev'ry seed will grow.

At first acquaintance press each truth severe,  
 Stir the whole odium of your character :  
 Let hardest doctrines all your words engross,  
 And nature bleeding on the daily cross.

Then to yourself th' ascetic rule enjoin,  
 To others stoop, surprisingly benign ;  
 Pitying, if from themselves with pain they part,  
 If stubborn nature long holds out the heart.  
 Their outworks now are gain'd, forbear to press :  
 The more you urge them, you prevail the less,  
 Let speech lay by its roughness to oblige,  
 Your speaking life will carry on the siege :  
 By your example struck, to God they strive  
 To live, no longer to themselves alive.

To positive adepts, insidious yield ;  
 T' insure the conquest, seem to quit the field :  
 Large in your grants ; be their opinion shown :  
 Approve, amend—and wind it to your own.  
 Couch in your hints, if more resign'd they hear,  
 Both what they will be soon, and what they are :  
 Pleasing these words now to the conscious breast,  
 Th' anticipating voice hereafter blest.

In souls just wak'd the paths of light to choose,  
 Convictions keen, and zeal of prayer infuse.  
 Let them love rules, till freed from passion's reign.  
 Till blameless moral rectitude they gain.

But lest, reform'd from each extrem'er ill,  
 They should but civilize old nature still,  
 The loftier charms and energy display  
 Of virtue modell'd by the Godhead's ray ;  
 The lineaments divine, Perfection's plan,  
 And all the grandeur of the heavenly man.

Commences thus the agonizing strife  
 Previous to nature's death, and second life :  
 Struck by their own inclement piercing eye,  
 Their feeble virtues blush, subside, and die :  
 They view the scheme that mimic nature made,  
 A fancied goddess, and religion's shade ;  
 With angry scorn they now reject the whole,  
 Unchang'd their heart, undeified their soul ;  
 Till indignation sleeps away to faith,  
 And God's own power and peace take root in sacred wrath."

Aim less to teach than love. The work begun  
 In words, is crown'd by artless warmth alone.  
 Love to your friend a second office owes,  
 Yourself and him before heav'n's footstool throws :  
 You place his form as suppliant by your side,  
 (A helpless worm, for whom the Saviour died).  
 Into his soul call down th' ethereal beam,  
 And, longing, ask to spend, and to be spent for him.

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ON THE

DEATH OF THE REV. MR. CENNICK.

THOU gen'rous soul! to me thy path shines bright  
 Happy thy choice, and exquisitely right !  
 Blameless in all that constitutes a man,  
 Or man can e'er demand, admire, or scan,  
 Thy keener eye yet higher fountains view'd,  
 Whence a divine immortal rectitude,  
 Must clothe the best, as worst, through Jesu's blood.



I've seen the warmth, wherewith to reptiles vain,  
 God's counsel thou, undaunted, didst maintain ;  
 How, next, the mourners thou could'st gird with power }  
 In thy great Master's name, so that one hour }  
 Did former gloom and guilt in heav'nly joy devour.  
 How, lastly, to that heart, whose godlike zeal  
 Met the rough steel to work this gen'ral weal,  
 Thy heart with private gratitude did burn,  
 With tears of love fill'd up its votive urn ;  
 Best, sweetest mon'ment, which man's spirit here,  
 'Midst deeds more echo'd, can in silence rear.

My breast with pain do these reflections fill,  
 Barely not censuring the all-wise will :  
 Why from our streets did such a torch retire,  
 When reigning night insults all sacred fire,  
 Deems it long bury'd, as in *Erro's* days,  
 And stalks securely pagan, o'er the place ?

Ah ! my heart bleeds—my God has lost a friend !  
 (We christians teach, our God could condescend  
 To lose, yea, suffer for a time, and die :  
 Friendless, unheeded, walks poor *Jesus* by.)  
 Sinners have lost one too, who very low,  
 Arm'd with the gospel-promises, could go,  
 Yet the most hopeless souls to comfort rais'd,  
 Who with renewed hearts their Saviour prais'd.  
 What shall I say ? I'm loser too and lame— }  
 Wanting the helper, I'll enshrine the name ! }  
 'Twill raise my ardor, and direct my aim.

## TO A FRIEND IN LOVE.

ACCEPT, dear youth, a sympathizing lay,  
 The only tribute pitying love can pay :  
 Though vain the hope thine anguish to assuage,  
 Charm down desire, or calm fierce passion's rage ;  
 Yet still permit me in thy griefs to grieve,  
 Relief to offer, if I can't relieve ;  
 Near thy sick couch, with fond concern, t' attend,  
 And reach out cordials to my dying friend.

Poor hapless youth ! what words can ease thy pain,  
 When reason pleads, and wisdom cries in vain !  
 Can feeble verse impetuous nature guide,  
 Or stem the force of blind affection's tide ?  
 If reason checks, or duty disallows,  
 " Reason," you cry, " and duty are my foes :  
 " Religion's dictates ineffectual prove,  
 " And God himself's impertinence in love."

What art thou, Love ?—Thou strange mysterious ill,  
 Whom none aright can know, though all can feel.  
 From careless sloth thy dull existence flows,  
 And feeds the fountain whence itself arose :  
 Silent its waves, with baleful influence, roll,  
 Damp the young mind, and sink th' aspiring soul,  
 Poison its virtues, all its pow'rs restrain,  
 And blast the promise of the future man.  
 To thee, curst fiend ! the captive wretch consign'd  
 " His passions rampant, and his reason blind,"

Reason, Heaven's great vicegerent, dares disown,  
 And place a foolish idol in its throne :  
 Or wildly raise his frantic raptures higher,  
 And pour out blasphemies at thy desire.—  
 At thy desire he bids a creature shine,  
 He decks a worm with attributes divine ;  
 Hers to angelic beauties dares prefer,  
 " Angels are painted fair, to look like her !"  
 Before her shrine the lowly suppliant laid,  
 Adores the idol that himself has made :  
 From her almighty breath his doom receives,  
 Dies by her frown, as by her smile he lives.  
 Supreme she reigns, in all-sufficient state,  
 To her he bows, from her expects his fate,  
 " Heav'n in her love, damnation in her hate !"  
 He rears unhallow'd altars to her name,  
 Where lust lights up a black polluted flame ;  
 Where sighs impure, as impious incense rise,  
 Himself the priest, his heart the sacrifice :  
 And thus God's sacred word his horrid prayer supplies.

" Centre of all perfection, source of bliss,  
 " In whom thy creature lives, and moves, and is,  
 " Save, or I perish ! Hear my humble prayer,  
 " Spare thy poor servant—O in mercy spare !  
 " Thou art my joy, on thee alone I trust,  
 " Hide not thy face, nor frown me into dust.  
 " Send forth thy breath, and rais'd again I see,  
 " My joy, my life, my final bliss in thee.  
 " For thee I am—for thee I all resign ;  
 " Be thou my one thing needful, ever mine !"

But O forbear, presumptuous muse, forbear,  
 Nor wound, with rant profane, the christian ear.  
 A just abhorrence in my friend I see,  
 He starts from love, when love's idolatry.  
 "Give me thy heart," if the Creator cries,  
 "'Tis given the creature," what bold wretch replies?  
 Not so my friend—he wakes, he breathes again,  
 And "reason takes once more the slacken'd rein."  
 In vain rebellious nature claims a part,  
 When heaven requires, he gives up all his heart:  
 ("For love divine no partnership allows,  
 "And heaven averse rejects divided vows:")  
 Fix'd though she be, he rends the idol thence,  
 Nor lets her power exceed Omnipotence.  
 Commands his God, "Cut off th' offending hand?"  
 He hears, obedient to his God's command:  
 "Pluck out thine eye," let the Redeemer say;  
 He tears, and casts the bleeding orb away.  
 Victorious now to nobler joys aspires,  
 His bosom touch'd with more than earthly fires:  
 He leaves rough passion for calm virtue's road,  
 Gives earth for heaven, and quits a worm for God!



## ON TAKING UP A BIRD

*Shot through the Wing, in going to Newnham.*

E'EN this poor bird, some hours ago,  
 Did strength of wing and freedom know.  
 Where'er his little will would steer,  
 He trac'd each landscape far and near;

And felt each joy the neigh'ring field  
To virtuoso bird could yield.

At every halt, the shades among,  
Gustful and ready flow'd his song;  
He chirp'd in self-applauding lay,  
Whate'er a joyful heart could say.

But most his conscious soul was blest,  
When of aërial walk possest,  
He could look down on man and beast.

As there the purer breezes play,  
And glitters the superior day,  
He'd grow more stately than before,  
And drink in pride through ev'ry pore.

But now no boastful notes he sings,  
No more he wields his former wings;  
On lowly earth his path now lies,  
And he's a reptile, till he dies.

So when to high abstractions wrought  
By fine machinery of thought,  
(As sages, skill'd in nature, tell,)  
The sons of contemplation fell,  
Some magic dart, in silence thrown,  
To human life has fetch'd them down;  
With other mortals humbly mixt,  
Their courage quail'd, their wings tranfixt.

While thus with tender moan I talk'd;  
And held him in my hand and walk'd;  
His head the bird with languor wav'd,  
His eyes grew dull, his bosom heav'd,  
His plumes were of their gloss bereav'd.

On the next hedge I perch'd him fair ;  
 High and well pois'd in fresher air ;  
 In vain,—that wing no more must fly ;  
 That fainting heart forgets the sky :  
 He sunk amidst the thickets low,  
 Obedient to his weight of woe.  
 I bade the boughs that o'er him spread,  
 Gently to hide his luckless head.

### ON LOWNESS OF SPIRITS.

IN nature's ebbs, which lay the soul in chains,  
 Beneath weak nerves, and ill-sufficing veins,  
 Who can support bare being, unendow'd  
 With gust voluptuous, or reflection proud ?  
 No more bright images the brain commands,  
 No great design the glowing heart expands,—  
 No longer shines the animated face,  
 Motion and speech forget their conscious grace ;  
 How can the brave, the witty, and the gay  
 Survive when mirth, wit, courage die away ?  
 None but the christian's all-comprising pow'r  
 Subdues each chance, and lives through every hour :  
 Watchful he suffers all—and feels within  
 All smart proportion'd to some root of sin ;  
 He strikes each error with his Maker's rod,  
 And by self-knowledge penetrates to God.

## THE MYSTERY OF LIFE.

SO many years I've seen the sun,  
 And call'd these eyes and hands my own,  
 A thousand little acts I've done,  
 And childhood have, and manhood known:  
 O what is life ! and this dull round  
 To tread, why was a spirit bound ?

So many airy draughts and lines,  
 And warm excursions of the mind,  
 Have fill'd my soul with great designs,  
 While practice grovel'd far behind :  
 O what is thought ! and where withdraw  
 The glories which my fancy saw ?

So many tender joys and woes  
 Have on my quivering soul had power ;  
 Plain life with height'ning passions rose,  
 The boast or burden of their hour :  
 O what is all we feel ! why fled  
 Those pains and pleasures o'er my head ?

So many human souls divine,  
 So at one interview display'd,  
 Some oft and freely mix'd with mine,  
 In lasting bonds my heart have laid :  
 O what is friendship ! why imprint  
 On my weak, wretched, dying breast ?

So many wondrous gleams of light,  
 And gentle ardours from above,

Have made me sit, like seraph bright,  
 Some moments on a throne of love:  
 O what is virtue! why had I,  
 Who am so low, a taste so high?

Ere long, when sovereign wisdom wills,  
 My soul an unknown path shall tread,  
 And strangely leave, who strangely fills  
 This frame, and waft me to the dead:  
 O what is death! 'tis life's last shore,  
 Where vanities are vain no more;  
 Where all pursuits their goal obtain,  
 And life is all retouch'd again;  
 Where in their bright result shall rise  
 Thoughts, virtues, friendships, griefs, and joys



## To a Friend,

### ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

FROM life's whole drama half retir'd,  
 My breast with nought poetic fir'd,  
 (If e'er the muse dwelt there,)  
 Whence shall I take the tribute meet  
 Of votive lays, wherewith to greet  
 Thy new commencing year?

I'll take it from a spring ne'er lost  
 'Midst Hermit's apathy and frost,  
 Or Lethe of old age;



No ! it still bubbles fresh and young,  
 When nature's tone is all unstrung,  
 And thoughts e'en leave the sage.

This never-failing source is love,  
 As human instinct, rais'd above  
 All other human things ;  
 But as a new birth from the heat  
 Of the Prime Lover's pangs and sweat,  
 Fledg'd with immortal wings.

This gives me words, (which, though but few,  
 Yet in their central import true  
 All optatives comprise :)  
 The Lord, who bought thee by his blood,  
 Keep thee endow'd with all the good  
 Which in his merit lies !

He daily, sunlike, on thee shine,  
 Dispel all clouds and cheer within  
 The happy child of grace :  
 Give thee with tenderness to feel,  
 With zeal to love, and so fulfil  
 The orbit of thy race !

ON THE  
 UPON LISTENING  
 TO THE

*VIBRATIONS OF A CLOCK.*

INSTRUCTIVE sound! I'm now convinc'd by thee,  
 Time in its womb may bear infinity,  
 How the past moment dies, and throbs no more!  
 What worlds of parts compose the rolling hour!  
 The least of these a serious care demands:  
 For though they're little, yet they're golden sands:  
 By some great deeds distinguish'd all in heaven,  
 For the same end to me by number given!  
 Cease, man, to lavish sums thou ne'er hast told;  
 Angels, though deathless, dare not be so bold!

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*A Piece,*

WRITTEN BY THE AUTHOR AT A TIME WHEN UNDER  
 APPREHENSION OF LOSING HIS SENSES.

A FOOL, bereft of common wit,  
 If Cod will make me, I submit,  
 The jests and laughter I can brook,  
 Rais'd by my odd, dejected look;  
 To any, cheaply sly or brave,  
 I'll be a property and slave;  
 A ground in empty fops to cause  
 A tickling, secret self-applause;

But to more sober minds,—a call,  
 To think what ills may man befall;  
 No science more, no learn'd design,  
 No fav'rite system now is mine;  
 Each keen pretension I disclaim,  
 Nor hear the sprightly trump of fame:  
 Quiet the world flows on for me,  
 Under its chiefs, who'er they be:  
 I'll die—so from endearments clear,  
 So useless, none will drop a tear.  
 Remembrance, Lord! with thee alone  
 Will be of—lately such an one:  
 And well I ween this lamp of mine,  
 Now interrupted in its shine,  
 The good resolves, so soon defac'd,  
 The loves which dark disquiet blast,  
 Shall be reviv'd another day,  
 When nothing shall their force betray.  
 Thy healing light if I partake,  
 The fool shall in full-wisdom wake:  
 Is ign'rance more, than learning, blind  
 To truths which blissful love must find?  
 Love grant me now—how'er obscure—  
 To fix the heart I can't secure;  
 To guard the steps, if anguish drive,  
 It thought becalm'd—no more survive,  
 Or blazing thick the eye deceive. }  
 Under this shield I'll view serene  
 Whate'er mischance may supervene;  
 Attentive how the stingless ill  
 His friendly message doth fulfil;

Which can't my future glory spoil,  
 And will conclude my present toil.  
 One of your kind, my human friends,  
 But for one boon the kind pretends :  
 Beneath your notice thus deprest,  
 Let him lie down and be at rest :  
 Sage thoughts, like thunder-stricken oak,  
 In each spectator he'll provoke.  
 May some one guard, when you are dead,  
 From all licentious wrongs your head ;  
 As you with decent heed revere  
 Your poor unliving brother here :  
 For why is censure spent in vain  
 On deeds of incoherent brain ?  
 Those under no account can fall,  
 Or if they can, are seal'd up all :  
 For, though on earth this spectre roam,  
 He's of no world, but that to come.

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### THE CORRECTIVE.

**UNSKILFUL** while my eye explores  
 The sage apothecary's stores  
     With baneful names inscrib'd,  
 Of venom from each min'ral mould,  
 Of plants which breathe delirious cold,  
     Or hotter suns imbib'd :

"Such drugs," quoth I, "whose ice or fire  
 Against the vital mean conspire,  
     Remove such drugs as these !

This to a furnace frets the blood,  
 Narcotic that arrests the flood,  
 And both are—more disease.”

“Softly!” said he: “each fiercer juice,  
 To charm and bend it to our use,  
 Has some corrective nigh;  
 Thus harmless through the veins ’twill shoot,  
 And—native poison at the root,  
 Will raise the cordial high.”

This secret now to man apply:  
 Don't our peccant humours die  
 Beneath a friend's controul?  
 This can retrench our rage to worth,  
 And call the first idea forth,  
 And balance all the soul.

Our genius erst pursu'd its course,  
 Like spirits of too sublimiate force,  
 And work'd itself to wind;  
 But now it moves a measur'd length,  
 With temper now and ancient strength,  
 In vehicles enshrin'd.

Go then—your own corrective seek,  
 That to your fire shall add the meek,  
 And to your phlegm the gay;  
 Without his will—taste not your own,  
 The potion's poison, when alone,  
 And you are born to stray.

With this refiner of your art,  
 You'll feel the image of your heart  
 A gentle mixture made ;  
 You of his joy serene possess,  
 And your chagrin within his breast,  
 Acknowledg'd, spent, and laid.

Nor will he give th' ingredients crude,  
 His ways in gross on you obtrude,  
 Which should your genius spoil ;  
 With nicer hand he'll but instil  
 What best incorp'rates with your will,  
 The tincture—or the oil.

---

### 1 TIM. v. 6.

THE THAT LIVETH IN PLEASURE, IS DEAD WHILE SHE  
 LIVETH.

HOW hapless is th' applauded virgin's lot,  
 Her God forgetting, by her God forgot !  
 Stranger to truth, unknowing to obey,  
 In error nurst, and disciplin'd to stray ;  
 Swoln with self-will, and principled with pride,  
 Sense all her good, and passion all her guide :  
 Pleasure its tide, and flatt'ry lends its breath,  
 And smoothly waft her to eternal death !

A goddess here, she sees her vot'ries meet,  
 Crowd to her shrine, and tremble at her feet ;

She hears their vows, believes their life and death  
 Hang on the wrath and mercy of her breath ;  
 Supreme in fancy'd state she reigns her hour,  
 And glories in her plenitude of pow'r :  
 Herself the only object worth her care,  
 Since all the kneeling world was made for her.

For her, creation all its stores displays,  
 The silk-worms labour, and the diamonds blaze :  
 Air, earth, and sea conspire to tempt her taste,  
 And ransack'd nature furnishes the feast.  
 Life's gaudiest pride attracts her willing eyes,  
 And balls, and theatres, and courts arise :  
*Italian* songsters pant her ear to please,  
 Bid the first cries of infant reason cease,  
 Save her from thought, and lull her soul to peace. }

Deep sunk in sense th' imprison'd soul remains,  
 Nor knows its fall from God, nor feels its chains :  
 Unconscious still, sleeps on in error's night,  
 Nor strives to rise, nor struggles into light ;  
 Heav'n-born in vain, degen'rate cleaves to earth,  
 (No pangs experienc'd of the second birth,)  
 She only fall'n, yet unawaken'd found,  
 While all th' enthrall'd creation groans around.

## AN HYMN.

THAT "I am thine, my Lord and God,  
"Sprinkled and ransom'd by thy blood,"—

Repeat that word once more!

With such an energy and light,  
That this world's flattery nor spite,  
To shake me ever may have pow'r.

From various cares my heart retires;  
Though deep and boundless its desires,  
I'm now to please but One,  
Him, before whom the elders bow;  
With him is all my bus'ness now,  
And with the souls that are his own.

This is my joy (which ne'er can fail,)  
To see my Saviour's arm prevail;  
To mark the steps of grace:  
How new-born souls, convinc'd of sin,  
His blood reveal'd to them within,  
Extol my Lamb in ev'ry place.

With these my happy lot is cast!  
Through the world's deserts rude and waste,  
Or through its gardens fair;  
Whether the storm of malice sweeps,  
Or all in dead supineness sleeps,  
Still to go on be my whole care.



See ! the dear sheep by Jesus drawn,  
 In blest simplicity move on ;  
 They trust his shepherd's crook :  
 Beholders many faults will find,  
 But they can guess at Jesu's mind,  
 Content, if written in a book.

O all ye wise, ye rich, ye just,  
 Who the blood's doctrine have discuss'd,  
 And judge it weak and slight :  
 Grant but I may, (the rest's your own)  
 In shame and poverty sit down,  
 At this one well-spring of delight !

Indeed if Jesus ne'er was slain,  
 Or aught can make his ransom vain,  
 That now it heals no more ;  
 If his heart's tenderness is fled ;  
 If of a church he is not head,  
 Nor Lord of all, as heretofore ;

'Then, (so refers my state to him,)  
 Unwarranted I must esteem,  
 And wretched all I do—  
 Ah, my heart throbs ! and seizes fast  
 That cov'nant which will ever last ;  
 It knows, it knows these things are true.

No, my dear Lord ! in following thee,  
 Not in the dark uncertainly  
 This foot obedient moves :  
 'Tis with a Brother and a King,  
 Who many to his yoke will bring,  
 Who ever lives, and ever loves.

Now then, my Way, my Truth, my Life,  
Henceforth let sorrow, doubt and strife,

Drop off like autumn leaves ;  
Henceforth, as privileg'd by thee,  
Simple and undistracted be  
My soul, which to thy sceptre cleaves.

Let me my weary mind recline  
On that eternal love of thine,  
And human thoughts forget ;  
Childlike attend what thou wilt say ;  
Go forth and do it while 'tis day,  
Yet never leave my sweet retreat.

At all times to my spirit bear  
An inward witness, soft and clear,  
Of thy redeeming pow'r :  
This will instruct thy child and fit,  
Will sparkle forth whate'er is right,  
For exigence of ev'ry hour.

Thus all the sequel is well weigh'd !  
I cast myself upon thy aid,  
A sea where none can sink ;  
Yea, in that sphere I stand, poor worm !  
Where thou wilt for thy name perform  
Beyond whate'er I ask or think.

---

### *ANOTHER.*

O 'TELL me no more  
Of this world's vain store,  
The time for such trifles with me now is o'er.

A country I've found,  
 Where true joys abound ;  
 To dwell I'm determin'd on that happy ground.

The souls that believe,  
 In Paradise live :  
 And me in that number will Jesus receive.

My soul, don't delay,  
 He calls thee away,  
 Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad day.

No mortal doth know  
 What he can bestow,  
 What light, strength, and comfort : go after him, go !

Lo ! onward I move,  
 And but Christ above  
 None guesses, how wond'rous my journey will prove.

Great spoils I shall win  
 From death, hell, and sin ;  
 'Midst outward afflictions, shall feel Christ within.

Perhaps for his name,  
 Poor dust as I am,  
 Some works I shall finish with glad loving aim.

I still (which is best)  
 Shall in his dear breast,  
 As at the beginning, find pardon and rest.

And when I'm to die,  
 "Receive me," I'll cry,  
 For Jesus hath lov'd me, I cannot say why.

But this I do find,  
 We two are so join'd,  
 He'll not live in glory and leave me behind.

Lo! this is the race  
 I am running, through grace,  
 Henceforth, till admitted to see my Lord's face.

And now I'm in care,  
 My neighbours may share  
 These blessings: to seek them, will none of you dare?

In bondage, O why,  
 And death will you lie,  
 When one here assures you free grace is so nigh?



## The Dying Christian

TO HIS SOUL.

THOU thinking, throbbing particle within,  
 Closely endear'd companion, though unseen,  
 Self-conscious soul! now from the falling clay  
 Whither, ah whither lies thy lonely way?  
 Stripp'd of the body's organs and embrace,  
 What fates await thee in the darksome space?  
 Say, (for presage divine is giv'n to thee)  
 Nor dare to say, but what thou'lt surely be.  
 My feeble part'ner! in thy fears  
 Nature's concern and voice appears;

But I a tut'lar pow'r have known,  
 Nigh to me as my flesh and bone,  
 (For he and I are mystic one :)  
 When thy pulse fails, and eye grows dim,  
 Still I have light, and live with him.  
 Nor wonder, I th' ensuing way  
 Can with such confidence survey ;  
 The solace of the years I've liv'd,  
 Has been already things believ'd ;  
 Pardon of sin, the smiles of God,  
 Purchas'd by this my Guardian's blood :  
 His plighted love and influence pure,  
 Than thy sensations not less sure,  
 Have made this thought e'en tend'rer to my heart,  
 That Jesus I shall see, than that from thee I part.

---

### EPITAPH ON HIMSELF.

ASK not, " Who ended here his span ?"  
 His name, reproach, and praise, was MAN.  
 " Did no great deeds adorn his course ?"  
 No deed of his but shew'd him worse :  
 One thing was great, which God supply'd.  
 He suffer'd human life—and died.  
 " What points of knowledge did he gain ?"  
 That life was sacred all—and vain :  
 " Sacred, how high ? and vain, how low ?"  
 He knew not here, but died to know.

*Finis.*

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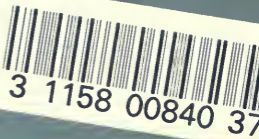
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