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THE

POSTHUMOUS WORKS

OF THE LATE LEARNED AND REVEREND

ISAAC WATTS, D.D.

VOL. I.

SEP 13 1935

THE

POSTHUMOUS WORKS

OF THE LATE LEARNED AND REVEREND

ISAAC WATTS, D.D.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

COMPILED FROM PAPERS IN POSSESSION OF HIS IMMEDIATE SUCCESSORS:

ADJUSTED AND PUBLISHED

BY A GENTLEMAN

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. BECKET, ADELPHI, STRAND; AND J. BEW, PATER-NOSTER ROW.

M DCC LXXIX.

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INTRODUCTION

TO THE

POSTHUMOUS WORKS

OF THE

REV. ISAAC WATTS, D.D.

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF HIS

LIFE AND CHARACTER.

THERE is no ſubject on which our curioſity is more ſtrongly excited, than in that of a great man's memoirs; and certainly none in which it is ſo ſeldom indulged. One brief deſcription generally includes the whole of their unvariegated hiſtory. They were born, went to ſchool, wrote and died.

EMINENCE in literature or in writing, requires an application which can never conſiſt with a life much complicated in action. Important events are not therefore fairly to be expected in ſuch a narrative, and yet none other can be admitted without incurring the imputation of trifling-neſs or puerility. If this barrenneſs of incident is the general characteriſtic of a ſcholar's hiſtory, it is particularly ſo in this inſtance of Dr. Watts, where ill health, profeſſion, and a peculiar propenſity for an unambitious exerciſe of the religious and moral duties, contributed materially to that effect. Although, however, our readers will not find in the following particulars of this great man's Life, a relation filled with adventure, or ornamented with the liſt of offices and preferments; yet this improvement they

they will certainly derive from them: they will find how literature may be combined with humility; how the pureſt faith may co-operate with the moſt perfect practice, and how the unaffected fervour of true religion may be diſtinguiſhed from the fantaſtic effervescence of blind and ignorant enthuſiaſm.

Mr. Isaac, the father of Dr. Watts, was originally a gentleman, but had the misfortune to live in a period diſtinguiſhed for every immorality, in which virtue was indeed a kind of crime, becauſe the practice of it was a general inſult. The facetious monarch was himſelf the mirrour of the times—he ſet the example, and was as much diſtinguiſhed for his precedency in vice as rank. It will not therefore be wondered that under ſuch

encouragement, vice ſhould flouriſh, or that thoſe qualities, which generally make their way in the beſt regulated ſtates, grew with particular luxuriancy under the influence of kingly patronage, and almoſt legiſlative authority.

The integrity of Mr. Watts, however, was ſuch as no example could corrupt, and to this inviolable virtue his fortune fell a ſacrifice. From a ſtate of genteel competency, hereditarily derived, he was reduced by religious perſecution to a priſon, where he languiſhed many years under the ſevereſt cruelties and misfortunes; cruelties, which to a mind leſs properly tempered than his, muſt have extorted many an angry comment on divine diſpenſations, or have operated perhaps towards the renunciation of thoſe principles

ciples to which his calamities owed their origin. But he was differently conſtituted, religion had quieted his paſſions, and reduced all his feelings to the calm level of a pious equanimity. *He reviled not when he was reviled: when he ſuffered he threatened not, but committed himſelf to him that judgeth righteouſly.*

THE contented patience indeed which he ſupported under this ſituation, aggravated as it was by all the circumſtances that affect the neareſt and deareſt intereſts of men, by the loſs of property, the deprivation of liberty, and the total excluſion from the comforts of ſocial, domeſtic, and conjugal intercourſe, has perhaps ſcarcely been equalled.

HUMBLE as ſuch acts appear, it is to them that our admiration ought juſtly to

be directed. Which participates moſt of true heroiſm ; the indulging, or the ſuppreſſing of our paſſions ? Who would heſitate to pronounce for the latter ? and yet it is generally to the former, that the ill-judged tribute of human wonder is paid. Stung by reſentment, hurried by ferocity, or ſtimulated by ambition, a man deſtroys, conquers, and is revered. He pleaſes himſelf, makes thouſands miſerable, and at laſt receives all the reſpect which reaſon as well as religion teaches is the juſt due of a conduct exactly the reverſe. Is it nothing to have felt reſentment, and to have ſubdued it ? Is there no merit in having checked the ambition, which might in its conſequences have affected the peace or intereſt of your neighbour or mankind. Is no eulogy to be paid to him, who having had all the irritable pro-

perties

perties which exiſt in the human compoſition, rubbed and twitched by the hand of vice or perſecution, yet keeps all thoſe various and angry feelings in ſubjection, ſuffers none ſo far to prevail as to induce a retort, and even bears without complaint? Shall every conqueror be adored, but he who conquers himſelf? This is a mode of judgment which no preſcription can exempt from the imputation of injuſtice and abſurdity. The length of its prevalence by no means proves its propriety, but demonſtrates only the uniform exiſtence of this quality, in the compound of man, a diſpoſition rather to be caught by the inſubſtantial glare of ſplendid actions, than to be affected by the honeſt value of good ones.

Mr. Watts languiſhed long in this confinement; he was at laſt, however, releaſed; but his fortune having ſuffered, nay, indeed, having been almoſt entirely exhauſted in his diſtreſſes, he was reduced to the neceſſity of afterwards teaching a ſchool for his ſubſiſtence; in which capacity, though he did not earn the reputation of a brilliant ſcholar, he ſtill ſupported his right to the better appellation of a good man.

Dr. Isaac Watts was born at Southampton, July 17, 1674. The genius, which afterwards ſhone with ſuch diſtinguiſhed luſtre through all the refined countries of Europe, had with him a very early dawn. He diſcovered, in his earlieſt infancy, a quickneſs of apprehenſion, which was generally eſteemed

teemed an auſpicious preſage of his future abilities. Montaigne is ſaid to have underſtood Latin almoſt before he could ſpeak, and Lipſius to have written a book, as it is ludicrouſly deſcribed by an ingenious countryman, which muſt have been meditated, *in utero*; but without the affectation of a miracle, it is certain that Dr. Watts commenced a pupil to Mr. Pinhorne at the age of four, for the purpoſe of learning the Latin language, which at that period he acquired with an aſtoniſhing facility.

He remained with this gentleman till the year 1690, when he was removed to London for academical education, under the care of the Rev. Mr. Thomas Rowe.

In this ſituation, under the auſpices of a man, not more diſtinguiſhed for his literary talents, than his ſtrict attention to religion, he imbibed both theſe qualities of his preceptor, with an equal avidity, and became as famous for piety as erudition. He had the more merit for the firſt of theſe virtues, as his diſpoſition had a natural tendency to gaiety: nature had amply endowed him with thoſe talents, which too often prove dangerous excellencies in a young man's poſſeſſion. The pride of bearing the eſtimation of a wit, makes us forget the conſequences attending the exertion of it, and the gratification in the diſplay of a good thing frequently palliates or obſcures its cruelty or immorality. Cicero, the wiſe, the grave, the philoſophical Cicero, mourned for the loſs

of

of his Tullia; no conſolation could mitigate his ſorrows; no time ſoften the ſeverity of his grief: he wrote, however, to his friend Atticus: he found his talents expand upon the ſubject, and the vanity attending the diſcovery, how eloquent he could be on it, ſoon operated as a medicine, perhaps the only effectual one which could have been adminiſtered; and he lamented the event, if one may be indulged in the apparent paradox, till he ceaſed to grieve for it. So powerfully does the ambition of genius or literature act upon the mind, and ſo ſtrongly does it blunt the ſuſceptibility of thoſe feelings, conſtituted perhaps by nature with the moſt genuine poignancy.

Mr. Watts, however, though eminently endowed with thoſe qualities, which,

which, in the poſſeſſion of another, might have been the brilliant means of putting worth out of countenance, and making virtue ludicrous, acquired an early averſion to ſuch an application of his talents; and, by the grace of God, not only avoided theſe pernicious ſnares of criminal ingenuity, but attained betimes a due and deep ſenſe of religious duty.

So peculiarly exemplary was his conduct, while he remained under the tuition of Mr. Rowe, that this reverend gentleman frequently declared, that he never, in any circumſtance, during the whole of this period, incurred the leaſt of his diſpleaſure, nor gave the ſlighteſt occaſion for rebuke.

In the year 1693, he joined in communion with the church, of which his worthy tutor was paſtor.

When

When he had entirely compleated the courſe of academical education, he returned to his father's houſe, where he devoted himſelf with a moſt extraordinary and indefatigable perſeverence to ſtudy in general, and to the meditation of the holy Scriptures in particular.

During the laſt year of his reſidence with Mr. Rowe, he had begun to imbibe a very ſtrong propenſity to the profeſſion of the church, and being powerfully impreſſed with the awful importance of the ſubject, he from that time applied himſelf to the acquiſition of it in all its extent, with unremitting labour.

Dr. Watts very well underſtood, that it requires a very different degree of attention to a ſubject, to be convinced concerning it, than to convince.

No

No reading was neceſſary, after his removal from the academy, for the improvement of his own faith; but he wiſhed, from a true ſpirit of religion, as well as from the motive of a general philanthropy, to endeavour at extending a ſpecies of knowledge, in which mankind are ſo intimately intereſted, and to diffuſe, as much as poſſible, a proper intelligence in that literature, which to underſtand well, conſtitutes, undoubtedly, the firſt buſineſs that can fall under the cognizance of man.

He ſpent two years in this learned retirement with his father, from whence, in the year 1696, he was invited by Sir John Hartopp, Bart. to reſide in his houſe at Stoke-Newington, as tutor to his ſon. He continued in this ſituation four years, and ſo well did he blend the

learned

learned tutor with the good and amiable man, that he won the reſpect, love and eſteem of the whole family, and laid the foundation of a friendſhip with his pupil, which was afterwards mutually cultivated with peculiar affection, and ſubſiſted till death put an end to the connection.

In the execution of this duty, however, he did not neglect his own improvement, but continued to proſecute his ſtudies in ſcriptural knowledge, and to read and compare the ſacred writings in the original languages, with the beſt commentators, critical and practical.

He commenced his clerical duty on his birth-day, in the year 1698, with a ſermon which did him great credit as a preacher, and carried with it a pleaſing intimation to the religious part of his

auditors, that a man had ariſen amongſt them, who was neither ſo ignorant as to miſconceive Scripture, nor ſo vainly learned as to neglect it, which are too frequently the melancholy extremes, which equally diſgrace the profeſſors of the Chriſtian Doctrine.

During the courſe of this ſame year he was choſen aſſiſtant to Dr. Iſaac Chauncey, who at that time had the ſpiritual care of the church of Bury-ſtreet, St. Mary Axe. His exertion, however, in this ſacred duty, proved too much for a frame not conſtituted for any intenſeneſs of corporeal labour, and he was ſoon after attacked with a ſevere diſorder, which produced a ſuſpenſion of his religious exerciſes for near five months. This was generally aſcribed to his extraordinary attention to his function, as he was

not content with merely executing what ſuch an office, from the preſcriptive practice of ſome of his predeceſſors, ſeemed to require, but conducted himſelf, indeed, like a perſon who had the cure of ſouls, and who was intereſted in the eternal welfare of thoſe, over whoſe ſpiritual concerns he preſided. He prayed with the tendereſt, ſtricteſt attention with the ſick, condoled the deſpairing, exhorted the wicked, argued with the doubtful, and recommended the goſpel in his public diſcourſes, with a zeal and fervor perfectly peculiar. As ſoon, however, as he was reſtored to his health, he proceeded on the ſame indefatigable principle, and would not ſuffer himſelf to be intimidated, by the apprehenſion of any perſonal conſequences, from the due execution of ſo important a truſt.

In January, 1701, he ſucceeded Dr. Chauncey in his church, to which ſituation he was invited by the urgent and unanimous ſolicitation of the pariſhioners.

It was a remarkable and diſcouraging circumſtance, that on the very day on which he ſignified his acceptance of this preferment, the great patron of the diſſenters, King William III, died. So inſecurely, at that time, was religious toleration eſtabliſhed, that an event of this kind was of the utmoſt conſequence to all the ſects in the kingdom. Their exiſtence depended on the mereſt caſualties: the ſpiritual impartiality and religious policy of the late king was their ſupport; the caprice, the obſtinacy, the bigotry, or, perhaps, what was equally

dangerous,

dangerous, the folly of a ſucceſſor might prove their deſtruction.

Dr. Watts was, perhaps, the only proteſtant diſſenter in the kingdom unaffected by theſe general apprehenſions. He had aſſumed the exerciſe of a great truſt, and was determined not to be deficient in the execution of it. To uſe his own expreſſion, he had "Set his "hand to the plough and would not go "back;" and under the ſupport of this reſolution, he deſpiſed the expected dangers, and was ordained to the paſtoral office on the 18th of March following.

Dr. Watts, however, exalted as he was in various qualities, above the general tenor of mankind, found in common, with the worſt of his fellow-creatures, that imperfection of ſome ſort

is the inſeparable appendage of humanity. Exempt almoſt in every ſenſe of the term from mental infirmity, he was the perpetual victim of corporal weakneſs, and found his beſt ſchemes and moſt favourite exerciſes perpetually interrupted by it.

To the great grief of the church, to which he had been ſo recently elected, he was now attacked by a painful and threatening illneſs, which again produced a ſuſpenſion of his religious labours. He recovered by very ſlow degrees from this diſorder; and his church, that no improper exertion might impede ſo deſired an end, thought proper to chuſe him an aſſiſtant, to relieve him in his duty. As his health returned, however, he renewed his diligence in his miniſtry, and with more effect, perhaps, than

than ever accompanied the induſtry of any other man; he became the delight of his followers, and the object of general eſteem with mankind. His eaſy and unreſerved, but ſerious and ſolid communication with the former, mixed perſonal affection, with the regard naturally paid, to his abilities as paſtor, and led them to conſider the inſtructor as the friend; and the variety of his writings, and the profundity of his erudition, had ſecured him a high and extenſive reputation with the world.

It was in this ſeaſon of more confirmed health, that he formed a ſociety of the younger members of the church, for prayer and conference. Here he himſelf preſided, and inculcated, with a truly paternal intereſt and affection, a variety of precepts, and

directions for their particular conduct in their miniſtry, and likewiſe for their general deportment in their habits and intercourſe with mankind. He delivered to them, amongſt other things, the ſubſtance of that excellent book which he afterwards publiſhed under the title of "A Guide to Prayer." From this time we meet with no incident of a peculiar kind in his life till 1712. It is not from hence to be inferred, that this portion of time was ſlept away unprofitably, or that this vigilant miniſter had caught the unfortunate infection of clerical indolence. The fact is quite the reverſe; it was an interval of unremitted induſtry, of induſtry ſo ſimilarly and unvariably exerted, that the deſcription of one day includes the hiſtory of the whole nine years. If

we

we ſay that he was induſtrious beyond example in all the public and other exerciſes annexed to his employment, and indefatigable in various voluntary private ones; we ſhall by ſuch a ſhort narrative explain all the tranſactions of that period. This bleſſed labour was, however, at this time again interrupted by another return of illneſs.

In the month of September he was viſited with a violent fever, which ſhook his conſtitution exceedingly, and left a weakneſs of nerves behind it, which he never afterwards entirely recovered.

The eſteem and affection, which he was univerſally held in, appeared conſpicuouſly on this alarming occaſion. Prayers were made during the whole continuance of his illneſs, through ſeveral churches;

nay, of ſuch peculiar conſequence was his preſervation conſidered, that particular days were ſet apart by his pariſhioners, to petition the Deity for his recovery. Several of the miniſtry aſſiſted in theſe pious meetings. There was, indeed, all the form, in a leſſer degree only, and with the farther difference of infinitely more zeal and ſincerity uſed for the ſalvation of this particular individual, than is ſometimes obſerved on the occurrence of ſtate emergencies by royal injunction throughout the nation; of ſuch ſimilar eſtimation did his religious cotemporaries conſider the life of Dr. Watts, and the welfare of the kingdom. It pleaſed God to liſten to prayers ſo ardently put, and by ſlow degrees he recovered into a ſtate that could not ſo well be called health, as an exemption from any particular diſorder. From this time a general habitual debility pervaded

vaded his frame, and he was never well, though ſeldom ſo ill as to incapacitate him from the due execution of his function.

THERE was a conſequence attending this ſickneſs, which in the opinion of Dr. Watts, was a ſufficient compenſation for all the miſeries he endured under it; it was the means of introducing him to the family of a very excellent perſon Sir Thomas Abney, knight, and alderman of London; who, on a principle of the moſt generous friendſhip, received him in a very languiſhing ſtate of health to his houſe, and cheriſhed him there with every thing that affluence, directed by the beſt feelings, could beſtow.

A REMARKABLE attachment ſubſiſted from this time between Dr. Watts and this good

good man till his death, which happened in the year 1722; the friendſhip was however afterwards continued with his relict with equal regard; and ſuch was the ſatisfaction which their reverend gueſt received under ſuch a connection, that he has often declared, that his apparent misfortunes had been poſitive bleſſings, and that his ſickneſs was an event of that kind which is only denominated an evil from the weakneſs of human diſcernment, but which had been in reality, the dark but happy means, in the hands of a gracious Providence, of effecting conſequent good, and ſubſtantial felicity.

In the year 1728, he was preſented with the degree of Doctor of Divinity by the Univerſities of Edinburgh and Aberdeen; this honour was accompanied with a tranſcript of the reaſons that had influenced

fluenced them in conferring it, replete with reſpect and compliment to the merits of Dr. Watts.

Proceeding in the ſame uniform tenour of uninterrupted duty to his neighbour and his God, this good man, notwithſtanding the many ſtrokes his originally infirm frame had received, continued in his earthly pilgrimage, probably the moſt hallowed traveller in it, for twenty years from this time. His laſt ſickneſs was rather a decay of nature exhauſted with age and labours, than any particular diſorder. The decline in theſe ſituations is always gradual and lingering. The ſprings of life, when affected by no extraordinary impulſe, unbend ſlowly, and the ſoul ſeems reluctantly to depart when it is not driven from its receptacle by the compulſion

of

of diſorder; this was the caſe with Dr. Watts, he ſuffered long under this kind of intermediate exiſtence, and at laſt, on the 25th of November, 1748, was received into the boſom of his God.

The two following letters, as being deſcriptive of the manner in which this laſt great event affected him, may not be unacceptable to our readers. The zeal and attachment which pervades them, will alone plead our apology for their inſertion, as their is nothing perhaps which reflects more peculiar credit on a great man, than the circumſtance of his poſſeſſing the love and veneration of his domeſtics. It frequently happens that they are every where admired but at home, and revered by all but thoſe who know them beſt. To be the objects of affection to thoſe who accompany you

in

in all your familiar habits and latent practices, when the awe of the world cannot actuate, when the cover of political conſtraint is off, and a man ſtalks no longer on the ſtilts of authorſhip, or public character, always and neceſſarily implies the actual poſſeſſion of unaffected amiableneſs, and proves the exiſtence of the beſt qualities, the excellences of heart and temper.

SIR, Stoke-Newington, Nov. 24, 1748.

I WROTE to you by the laſt poſt, that we apprehended my maſter very near his end, and that we thought it not poſſible he ſhould be alive when the letter reached your hands; and it will, no doubt, greatly ſurprize you to hear, that he ſtill lives. We, ourſelves, are amazed at it. He paſt through the laſt night, in the main, quiet and eaſy, but for five hours would receive nothing within his lips. I was down in his chamber early in the morning, and found him quite ſenſible.

I begged

I begged he would he pleaſed to take a little liquid to moiſten his mouth, and he received at my hands three teaſpoons full, and has done the like ſeveral times this day. Upon enquiry, he told me he lay eaſy, and his mind peaceful and ſerene. I ſaid to him this morning, that he had taught us how to live, and was now teaching us how to die, by his patience and compoſure (for he has been remarkably in this frame for ſeveral days paſt). He replied, " Yes." I told him, I hoped he experienced the comfort of theſe words: *I will never leave thee, nor forſake thee.* He anſwered, " I do ſo." The eaſe of body, and calmneſs of mind, which he enjoys, is a great mercy to him, and to us. His ſick chamber has nothing terrifying in it. He is an upright man, and I doubt not his end will be peace. We are ready to uſe the words of Job and ſay, *We ſhall ſeek him in the morning, but he ſhall not be.* But God only knows, by whoſe power he is upheld in life, and for wiſe purpoſes no doubt. He told me, he liked I ſhould be with him. All other buſineſs is put off, and I am in the houſe night and day. I would adminiſter all relief that is in my power;

power; he is worthy of all that can be done for him. My lady ſends her compliments, and am your very faithful and truly afflicted ſervant,

JOS. PARKER.

SIR, Stoke-Newington, Nov. 26, 1748, ten o'clock in the evening.

AT length the fatal news is come. The ſpirit of the good man, my dear maſter, took its flight from the body to worlds unſeen, and joys unknown, yeſterday in the afternoon, about three o'clock, without a ſtruggle or a groan.

My lady and Mrs. Abney are ſupported as well as we can reaſonably expect. It is a houſe of mourning and tears; for I have told you before now, that we all attended upon him and ſerved from a principle of love and eſteem. May God forgive us all that we have improved no more by him, whilſt we enjoyed him.

Mr. Neal has been here this day. The will has been opened, but as he intends to write to you to-night, it would be impertinent in

me to interfere in things which he, no doubt, will acquaint you with. I am, Sir, your very obliged and moſt obedient ſervant, under much concern,

JOS. PARKER.

In attempting to convey the character of Dr. Watts, a man muſt be always liable to the imputation of partiality or injuſtice. His qualities, if fairly told, will give the portrait the appearance of the firſt, and a curtailed repreſentation would be the worſt of injuſtice, injuſtice to merit. Which ever of theſe alternatives may be here incurred, repugnant as they each are to the honeſt ſincerity of biography, this conſolation will always be in the poſſeſſion of the editor, that it was his deſign, at leaſt, to have given the figure exactly as it was, neither darkened by unjuſt *ſombre*, nor heightened by unneceſſary blaze.

There

THERE have been few men, perhaps, though the moſt diſtinguiſhed in the annals of writing or erudition, who have excelled or equalled DR. WATTS in the extent, variety and value of his endowments. Superior literature tranſmits the name of one man to poſterity, his poetical effuſions that of another; a third is made immortal by his proſe, and a fourth is handed down by the rare recommendation of eminent piety. All theſe different properties which are individually ſufficient to ſave the poſſeſſor from oblivion, were combined in him with conſiderable eclat. In literature he was the profoundeſt and moſt general adept of his day; no ſpecies of it eſcaped him: his reſearches were deep, and his ſubjects various. He was perfectly converſant in the dead languages, of which he was a great admirer, as well as an elegant

imitator, and very ſufficiently intelligent in almoſt all the living ones. Mathematics, divinity, and philoſophy were at different times the object of his purſuit, and in the two laſt particularly he was very eminently learned. If he had left no other teſt behind him, by which a judgment might be formed of his erudition and abilities, his Treatiſe on Logic would have been a convincing criterion of each. He was the firſt man who reduced this complicated ſubject to intelligibility, and mixed plain ſenſe with the ſcience. It was he took the lead in the honourable apoſtacy from the dominion of *Suarez* and *Aquinas*, who had ſo long kept meaning under the tyranny of words, and had ſeparated language from idea. It was he firſt diſcovered to the world, that logic and reaſon were not in fact incompatible, and inſtructed them in the

wonderful

wonderful truth, that the one, indeed, was but a modification of the other; and that logic, properly ſo called, in all its forms, was but meaning methodized.

Literature and judgment were not the only endowments which diſtinguiſhed Dr. Watts, variety and ſublimity of fancy were qualities which ſhone with equal luſtre in him; and he is, perhaps, the only inſtance where theſe repugnant talents were found blended in ſo particular a degree in the ſame object. His poetry if judged of with a due allowance to the theme, certainly entitles him to a very high character in that ſtyle of compoſition. The verſe muſt flow ſweetly, indeed, which makes precept palatable or religion entertaining. Eccentric imagery, fictitious deſcription, and all the other pleaſing, though alien effu-

ſions of a warmed fancy, can never be admitted in a ſubject, the greateſt excellence and the brighteſt ornament of which is truth.

With thoſe, however, who can admire genius tho' combined with morality, the poetical efforts of this Author muſt for ever be held in very high eſtimation. We find in his lyric poems all that luxuriancy and variety of idea, which are the true characteriſtics of that ſpecies of writing, and which have ſo juſtly lifted the father of it to the pinnacle of poetical reputation: and, in his pſalms, there is a well-mixed compound of ſenſe and ſublimity, of enthuſiaſm and judgment, which is every way ſuited to the dignity of inſpiration.

Great as Dr. Watts merit ſtands as an author, it is infinitely outſhone by

by his pre-eminent excellence as a man. If ſuperſtition, mixed any where with his character, it was the nice and cautious exerciſe of a moſt rigorous honeſty. His integrity was inviolable—his preferments and merited honours were all retarded, and ſome loſt by it. So far from condeſcending to accept favours from the great, under the precarious tenour of their choice, or the diſgraceful condition of making his principles the premium, he made it his maxim never to receive any material obligation at all from them. He was conſcious of the effect which perſonal kindneſs has upon a generous heart, and would not ſubject himſelf to the chance of becoming virtuouſly wicked by performing bad actions under the influence and ſanction of private gratitude. Example ſpeaks more ſtrongly than aſſertion; and the two brief inſtances which follow, will be the beſt demon-

ſtration of this part of his character. He was ſtrongly ſolicited to the deanery of Saliſbury, which was an advancement much beyond any thing he at that time poſſeſſed; but refuſed it, ſince the acceptance involved in it a dereliction of the principles to which he had been bred, and which, from ſerious and weighed reflection, he had preferred to every other ſpecies of religious doctrine or profeſſion. Our ſecond example records, that within a few years of his death, a gentleman, whoſe name, reſpect to his ſucceſſor induces us to ſuppreſs, offered to leave him his whole fortune, which was very conſiderable, under the ſimple condition only, that he would dedicate his next publication to him. Dr. Watts alſo rejected this propoſal, obſerving to his friends, that ſince the gentleman's merits had not encouraged him to ſuch a public declaration

declaration of distinction and esteem, his money should never bribe him to it. It is hard to decide where our wonder in this transaction ought most properly to be directed; whether to the vanity of the gentleman, or the integrity of the author. We have had frequent occasions to observe in the course of this life, that active and habitual piety was the general dress of this good man's mind. We shall not therefore make the eulogium irksome by repetition, but conclude with observing, that, as Dr. Watts was justly celebrated for those greater talents which exact esteem, so he was no less possessed of those gentler inferior qualifications which fasten the ties of human connections, and make friendship a pleasure as well as a duty.

HYMNS

AND

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

FAITH.

O What wretched ſouls are we!
How black our guilty ſtains!
And Satan binds our captive minds
Faſt in his ſlaviſh chains.

Hark, there's a voice of ſovereign grace
Sounds from the ſacred word!
Come deſpairing ſinners, come,
And truſt upon the Lord.

Well, I'll obey th' Almighty call,
Accept of this relief;
—Yes, gracious God, I would believe,
Lord help my unbelief.

To the dear crimſon of thy veins
Incarnate Lord I fly;
Here will I waſh my ſpotted ſoul
From crimes of blackeſt dye.

Stretch out thine arm, victorious King,
    Theſe trait'rous ſins ſubdue;
Drive the old dragon from his throne,
    With all his helliſh crew.

A guilty, weak, and helpleſs worm,
    On thee my God I fall,
Be thou my pardon and my ſtrength,
    My Jeſus and my all.

A Sacramental Hymn. From Rev. i. 5, 6, 7.

NOW to the Lord, that makes us know
    The wonders of his dying love;
Be humble honours paid below,
    And ſtrains of noble praiſe above.

'Twas he that cleans'd our blackeſt ſins,
    And waſh'd us in his deareſt blood;
'Tis he that makes us prieſts and kings
    Unto his Father and our God.

Freedom from Sin, and Miſery in Heaven.

OUR ſins, alas! how ſtrong they are!
    And like a violent ſea,
Break our obedience to our God,
    And hurry us away.

The waves of trouble, how they riſe!
Well, 'twill be quickly o'er,
And death ſhall land our weary minds
Safe on the heavenly ſhore.

How ſweetly we'll obey him there,
How quick, how quick we'll move;
No ſin to clog our winged ſouls,
Or cool our blazing love.

O how we'll ſit and ſing, and tell
The wonders of his grace,
Till boundleſs raptures fire our hearts,
And ſhine in every face.

For ever his dear name ſhall dwell
Upon our tuneful tongue,
And Jeſus, and Hoſannah be
The cloſe of every ſong.

Repentance and Mortification from the Sight of a crucified Saviour.

O That my ſoul were form'd of grief,
How quick I'd vent my ſighs!
Yes, I would guſh whole floods of tears,
Whole oceans from mine eyes.

What, Jeſus, what, my deareſt Lord,
Hang on the curſed tree!
And groan away a dying life
For wretched, rebel me!

Oh, I could tear thoſe luſts of mine,
That crucify'd my God,
Thoſe odious ſins that nail'd his fleſh
Faſt to the fatal wood.

Yes, deareſt Jeſus, they ſhall die,
'Tis ſolemnly decreed,
I'll never ſpare the guilty things
That made my Saviour bleed.

Whilſt with a melting broken heart,
My murder'd Lord I view,
I'll heat revenge againſt my ſins,
And kill the murderers too.

Delight in God.

LORD, what amazing joys are thoſe
That dwell at thy right hand;
The courts, how amiable they be,
Where all thy graces ſtand.

Their golden cordials cannot eaſe
Their pained hearts or aching heads,
Nor ſcare away commiſſion'd death
From gilded roofs and downy beds.

The ling'ring, the unwilling ſoul,
The diſmal ſummons muſt obey,
And bid a long, a long farewel
To the pale lump of lifeleſs clay.

Thence they are huddled to the grave,
Where kings and ſlaves have equal thrones,
Their bones without diſtinction lie
Among the heap of meaner bones.

Diſtinguiſhing Love.

SWIFT from the ſkies proud angels fell,
And chains of darkneſs bound 'em down;
But man, vile man, forſook his bliſs,
That rais'd him to a crown.

O the vaſt depths of ſovereign grace,
That did diſtinguiſh rebels ſo,
Our guilty treaſons call'd as loud
For everlaſting fetters too.

To thee, to thee, almighty Love,
Our ſouls, our ſelves, our all we pay:
Millions of tongues ſhall ſound thy praiſe
Through the bright ſtreets of endleſs day.

Behold, on flying clouds he comes,
And every eye ſhall ſee him move,
And though our ſins have pierc'd him once,
Then he diſplays his pard'ning love.

The unbelieving world ſhall wail,
While we rejoice to ſee the day;
Come, Lord, nor let thy promiſe fail,
Nor let thy chariots long delay!

On the Same. From Rev. v. ver. 11, 12, 13.

COME, let us join our chearful ſongs,
With angels round the throne,
Ten thouſand thouſand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

Worthy the Lamb that dy'd, they cry,
To be exalted thus;
Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,
For he was ſlain for us.

Jeſus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine,
And bleſſings more than we can give,
Be Lord for ever thine.

Let all that dwell above the ſky,
And air, and earth, and ſeas,
Conſpire to lift thy glories high,
And ſpeak thy endleſs praiſe.

The whole creation join in one,
To bleſs the ſacred name
Of him that ſits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

The Death, Reſurrection, Aſcenſion, and Exaltation of Chriſt.

THIS, this grace amazing free,
The Lord of Glory dies for men,
But oh! the boundleſs joys I ſee,
Our Chriſt will come again.

Come my redeem'd, let every tongue
In notes of triumph move,
Adore the vengeance of your King,
And wonders of his love!

The Lord's Day; or, The Reſurrection of Chriſt.

BLEST be the morn whoſe dawning rays,
Beheld our riſing God,
That ſaw him triumph o'er the duſt,
And leave his dark abode.

Twice had the ſun withdrawn the light,
And twice reſtor'd the day,
While in the priſon of a tomb,
The fetter'd Saviour lay.

Hell and the grave combin'd their force,
And ſtruggled all in vain;
The ſleeping Deity aroſe,
And burſt their feeble chain.

To thy great name, Almighty God,
We'll ſacred honours pay,
And loud Hoſannahs ſhall proclaim
The triumph of the day.

Hoſannahs of immortal praiſe,
To our victorious King,
Let heaven and earth, and rocks, and ſeas,
With ſhrill Hoſannahs ring.

A Song

A Song of Love.

COME, virgins, whoſe chaſte minds refuſe
Improper loves to own,
My ſong your ears ſhall not abuſe
With any thing profane.

Tho' love's the ſubject that I ſing,
It differs far in kind,
From that which comes from earthly ſpring,
And vitiates the mind.

Shall mortal beauties, at a glance,
Engender ſtrong deſire;
And ſhall it not my joys advance,
My Saviour to admire?

The raptures that I feel within,
No motive can contain;
The fire that hath concealed been,
Breaks out into a flame.

Some, out of fear or ſhame, decline
To make their paſſion known,
Without a bluſh, I'll tell you mine,
'Tis God's eternal Son.

Were you appriz'd how great he is,
His excellencies knew,
You would concur with me in this,
To love your Jeſus too.

No quaint hyperboles of ſpeech
His merits can diſplay,
Sooner may glimm'ring glow-worms reach
To equal the bright day.

Pierc'd by a dart from his bright eye,
None knows what I endure,
If he's withdrawn my comforts die,
I love, yet dread the cure.

The ſhining glories of his face,
As in the word reveal'd,
Thoſe rich diſplays of goſpel grace,
To me true tranſports yield.

But oh! the kiſſes of his mouth,
Thoſe pledges of his love,
Seal'd on my lips, in words of truth,
Make mine affections move.

'Tis he maintains my life and peace,
He is my conſtant theme;
My happineſs can never ceaſe
While I have all in him.

His image dwells upon my heart,
My name's on both his hands,
This ſacred union none can part,
Nor death diſſolve the bands.

Amidſt the hurry of the day,
My faith aſcends the ſkies,
Beholds him there, and brings away
Sweet comfort from his eyes.

When darkneſs covers nature's face,
As on my bed I roll,
The ſweet elapſes of his grace,
Give vigour to my ſoul.

Soon will the happy ſeaſon come,
When naught our love ſhall ſever,
But he will take me to his home,
Where I ſhall live for ever.

The Complaint.

BEWILDER'D in this world of ſin,
Among the ſhades of night,
My ſoul hath long a ſtranger been
To comfort's chearing light.

Diſtracting thoughts in dreadful troop,
Invade me with ſurpriſe,
Aſſaults my fort of weak-built hope,
And interrupt my joys.

By ſtrong temptations cloſe purſu'd,
And vexing cares oppreſt;
Sorrow is every day renew'd
In my tumultuous breaſt.

Incenſed heaven, with awful dread,
Conſumes my feeble powers;
Where ſhall I hide my guilty head,
While Sinai's thunder roars?

With grief my wretched ſtate I ſee,
Conceiv'd and born in ſin:
Since firſt I did begin to be
A ſinner I have been.

From a corrupted ſtock I came,
Whoſe treaſon taints the blood,
Thro' every vain diffuſes ſtill,
And draws the heart from God.

Hence human intellects deprav'd,
Miſtaking good for ill;
And ſin and ſatan have enſlav'd
The noble free-born will.

My looſe affections wildly run,
And in diſorder move:
What I ſhould moſt deſire I ſhun;
What I ſhould hate, I love.

Where ſhall I go to find relief?
Whoſe aid ſhall I implore
To calm the tempeſt of my grief,
And ſolid peace reſtore?

Which way ſo'er I turn mine eyes,
I ſeek and aſk in vain;
No pow'r on earth there ſurely lies
To mitigate my pain.

Creatures may pity one diſtreſt,
But 'tis beyond their art
To give a troubled conſcience reſt,
Or cure a broken heart.

'Tis Jeſus, God's eternal Son,
Who knows the pains I feel:
'Tis Jeſus, and 'tis he alone,
My wounded ſoul can heal.

Complaining of a wandering Heart.

WHEN ſhall this wretched heart of mine,
Dear Lord, compoſed be;
Engag'd in exerciſe divine,
Or meditate on thee?

Every pow'r that art can uſe,
I try to make her ſtay;
Yet ſhe doth every care amuſe,
And ſlily ſteals away.

About the world ſhe takes her roam,
And ſlips from thing to thing;
Fain would I bring the wand'rer home,
But cannot keep her in.

When public worſhip I frequent,
With thoſe that fear thy name;
She thruſts in thoughts impertinent,
And makes devotion lame.

If to my cloſet I repair,
To meet my God alone;
E'en here too oft', ere I'm aware,
My treach'rous heart is gone.

Thus

Thus daily ſhe diſturſbs my peace;
How ſhall I find a cure,
To make theſe wild excurſions ceaſe,
How make her rove no more?

The heart of man's thy province, Lord;
Then to thy care take mine:
Aſſiſting grace do thou afford,
And make it ſolely thine.

Touch'd with the loadſtone of thy love,
Let me attracted be;
Then ſhall my heart ſtill upwards move,
And ever point to thee.

The everlaſting Covenant. 2 Sam. xxiii. 5.

THO' circumſtances here below,
Succeed not to my wiſh,
Worldly enjoyments ebb and flow,
And yield no real bliſs:

Yet when on contemplation's wings
My ſoul can mount above,
And there converſe with heav'nly things,
The objects of my love;

With

With great delight I there ſurvey
Th' inheritance divine;
That is not ſubject to decay,
Which faith ſays may be mine.

By everlaſting cov'nant ſure
(A title ſound and good
Without a flaw) 'tis made ſecure,
Seal'd with my Saviour's blood.

'Tis this hath my deſires engroſs'd,
Here my ſalvation lies:
This bleſt eſtate can ne'er be loſt,
When all that's mortal dies.

SONNET.

OH! how my ſoul tranſported is
With raviſhments divine!
The Lord doth own me to be his,
And Jeſus Chriſt is mine.

My comforts more and more increaſe,
My table now is ſpread:
My cup is fill'd with joy and peace
In Chriſt my glorious head.

Whate'er I ſtand in need of now,
That for my good may be;
That God, who knows both when and how
To give, will give it me.

He ſtands engag'd to be my friend,
Ev'n in the worſt of days:
My God he is, he'll me defend,
For thus his Goſpel ſays:

His cov'nant never can remove,
But ever ſhall endure;
Founded on everlaſting love,
By Chriſt confirmed ſure.

Whatever God himſelf reveal'd
Unto his ſaints to be,
By compact bleſt has Jeſus ſeal'd
To happen too to me.

Second Sonnet.

WHOM ſhall I fear, when Chriſt, mine aid,
Keeps me ſecure from harms;
He ne'er can ſafely want, that's ſtay'd
By everlaſting arms.

Nor ſecret fraud, nor open force,
God's purpoſe can deſtroy :
Whoſe refuge is the Lord of hoſts,
Salvation muſt enjoy.

In heav'n he dwells, and keeps account
Of all created things :
He reigns alone Lord paramount
Eternal King of kings.

His counſel cannot be control'd,
His will's the rule of right ;
No ſecret ſhades can ought with-hold
From his all-piercing ſight.

In his free grace my hope ſtands ſure,
This yields me full ſupply ;
My foes can never make me poor
When ſuch reſource is by.

Of life's ſweet comforts here below,
Men's fury may bereave me ;
But this ſupports my ſoul, I know,
My Chriſt will never leave me.

Third Sonnet.

WHatever miſchiefs men project,
Upon his ſaints to bring;
Not more nor leſs ſhall they effect,
Than he permits them in.

Tho' kept within a priſon ſtrong,
By perſecuting foes,
Where iron bars and walls of ſtone
My body do encloſe:

Yet neither men, nor priſons can
Enſlave thy free-born mind;
She ſoars above the reach of man,
And ſcorns to be confin'd.

Here doth my ſoul herſelf refreſh
In meditation's fields;
Where Chriſt, the ſun of righteouſneſs,
His fragrant ſweetneſs yields.

Fourth Sonnet.

CAN God forget his children dear,
Diſciples of his ſoul?
No, no, in trouble he'll be near,
To ſave them every one.

'Tis true, ſometimes, for ends moſt wiſe,
His preſence is withdrawn;
But 'tis not long, he ſoon ſupplies
Our various wants again.

Contrary motions oftentimes
Concur in one effect;
So God in all his works deſigns
Salvation to th'elect.

The ſecret ways of Providence,
Too hard for man to ſee;
'Tis far beyond the reach of ſin
To bring forth God's decree.

Some this way turn, ſome that way preſs,
Some backwards, ſome direct;
As ſeems unto Jehovah beſt
In wiſdom to project;

Yet

Yet all a curious ſtructure raiſe
Of our celeſtial ſtory,
To celebrate th' Almighty's praiſe,
In bringing ſaints to glory.

Truth's ſelf, from whoſe unerring pen
An untruth never tell,
Declares it that with righteous men
It ſurely ſhall go well.

In this ſafe road I'll anchor caſt
Until the troubles ceaſe;
Tho' th' earth remove, his word ſtands faſt,
And here my ſoul finds peace.

On the Death of my Siſter, ELIZABETH WATTS, *who deceaſed Nov.* 11, 1691, *aged two Years.*

AND has ſhe left us too? dear infant! what
But two ſhort years, and ſcarcely that!
Could nothing, nothing here commend thy ſtay?
Could eager paſſion brook no ſmall delay?
What flames of longing love did thus extend
Thy wings or move thy haſty feet?
A mile or two, and then at journey's end!
Methinks a little travel in the way
Would make thy home more pleaſant, and thy reſt more ſweet.

Did the black irreverſible decree,
Graven in th' eternal book of fate
Deny thy life a longer date?
Or was thy noble ſoul aſpiring to be free,
(Weary'd of earth's vile drudgery)
Forſook its element of clay and fled,
As juſt before thy ſiſter's did?
But then, methinks, ſome reſpite we might have,
To cloſe the jaws of the devouring grave,
And heal that wound thy ſiſter's late long farewel gave.

Could it, ſweet babe! alas! how could it be
So great, ſo ſore an injury,
T' have kept thine earthly houſe until the ſun
Had at leaſt twelve times more exchang'd his ſtarry Throne?
O how our paſſions diſagree,
Thy love to heaven, and ours to thee!
Thine gave thee freedom from a fleſhy chain,
Quick'ned thy flight; ours, ah, but all in vain!
Strive to detain thee here, or pull thee down again.

How ſtrong were the propenſions of thy ſoul,
To mount above the ſtarry pole,
To dwell near that right hand,
Where ſempiternal joys attendants ſtand?

No

No wavering hopes of earthly bliſs
(If ſuch a thing on earth there is)
Could countervail thy ſight of this.
Thy longing mind thought every hour a day,
Each year a century,
No wonder then it fled, two ages here
Is more than fleſh can laſt, is more than ſpirit can bear.

But ſay, dear babe, what though theſe dull delights
Of oft repeated days and nights,
Earth's old ſtale ſmoaky pleaſures had no power
To charm or ſtop thy flight one hour;
Yet ſay, dear babe, could not a tear, a ſigh,
A tender mother's ſigh
Prevail, or had thy ſoul, nor ear, nor eye;
Or ſay, dear babe, will't now return and chaſe
Our griefs with one ſmall glimpſe of thy ſweet face.
Oh! ere we part ſo long, vouchſafe us one embrace.

But ſtay, fond paſſion, whither doſt thou rove,
Dar'ſt thou with murmurs countermand
Th' all-wiſe, th' almighty, th' all-diſpoſing hand?
Stay fond unthinking love.
Love, cruel, fooliſh, and profane;
Fooliſh to aſk what cannot be,
Profane t'accuſe divine decree,
Cruel to wiſh a ſaint enclos'd with ſin again:

Henceforth be mute fond childiſh love,
Dare not complain of her too quick remove,
Whom God ſaw ripe for heaven and wiſely plac'd above.

On Wiſdom in great Deſigns.

WHEN careful wiſdom doth intend
To raiſe her name by ſome great deed,
Not with an over haſty ſpeed
She ſeeks to gain her end;
But fairly doth with even pace proceed
By ſmall advances, till ſhe riſe
Above the reach of enemies,
Then takes the aim'd at enterprize.

So nature ſtill produces,
By ſober courſe and ſlow,
Things of the greateſt uſes,
She generates from low.
The pine, whoſe lofty head
With pride aſcends the ſkies,
Did from a lowly weed
Originally riſe.

The fruit that longeſt doth endure,
Comes not at once compleat,
But by degrees is made mature,
Bitter in taſte before 'tis ſweet.

So

So he that doth project,
By wiſdom and with power,
Exerts his will to act
By gradual ſteps and ſure.

Great wheels if mov'd about too faſt,
Will ſet themſelves on fire;
So high deſigns purſu'd with haſte,
Will in the midway tire.

TÆDIA VITE.

WITH anxious courſe and varied pace
I've toil'd thro' life along,
And travell'd thro' the tedious race
Full threeſcore years and one.

In this long ſcene of mortal act
I've various fortunes met,
With pain to day ſeverely rack'd,
The next with joy elate.

Sometimes the ſun with chearful beam
Hath ſhone around my head,
But ſoon a ſudden tempeſt came
And ſtruck my comfort dead.

In cauſeleſs grief, and deepeſt gloom,
I ſometimes wretched lay,
When ſoon a cauſeleſs joy would come
And drive my care away.

And yet along this checker'd plain,
For ſpots of even ground,
Full many a league of care and pain
My weary footſteps found.

O'er hills and dales, in ling'ring courſe,
I've perſevering trod,
But here was ſtill my ſure reſource
A confidence in God.

Conſtant experience of his love
In diſpenſations paſt,
Still fixt my hopes and truſt above,
And will while life ſhall laſt.

The remnant of theſe fleeting days,
Which yet my fate may doom,
I'll ſpend to thee, O Lord, in praiſe,
And think of bliſs to come.

Thoughts on Death.

AH! bleſſed Jeſus, why
Am I ſo far from thee,
What makes me fear to die,
Since death's to come to thee?

But human folly's ſet
On tranſitory toys,
We ne'er aſpire to get
To true and laſting joys.

Tho' earthly joy we know,
Continues but a day,
And all our ſweets below
Muſt quickly paſs away.

With fondneſs yet we view
Life's miſerable bliſs,
And come with grief to you,
And perfect happineſs.

Of ſelf to rid the mind,
And clear my ſoul of cares,
I'll Jeſus try to find,
He'll diſſipate my fears.

He'll ſhew me how to ſteer
From this ſeducing pain,
To leave without a tear
A world ſo light and vain.

He'll help me to reſign
My will to his decree,
Nor madly to repine,
When life's no more to me.

A Poem by Mr. ISAAC WATTS, *Senior, when he was fourſcore Years old.*

WORN with the toils of fourſcore years and five,
A weary pilgrim, Lord, to thee I come,
To beg ſupporting grace till I arrive
At heaven, thy promis'd reſt, my wiſh'd-for home.

Here's nothing to invite my longer ſtay,
Among theſe darkſome melancholy cells.
When ſhall I leave this tenement of clay?
Fain would I be where my Redeemer dwells.

Oh! had I but ſome generous ſeraph's wing,
There's nothing ſhould prevail to keep me here,
But with the morning lark I'd mount and ſing,
'Till I had left earth's gloomy atmoſphere.

My

My ſoul directly riſing upward ſtill,
Till I ſhould reach the glorious court above,
Where endleſs pleaſures my deſire ſhall fill,
And ſolid be with my dear Jeſus' love.

With ſweet refreſhments on ſuch things as theſe
My ſerious thoughts have often been employ'd,
But how much more will happineſs increaſe,
When more than can be thought ſhall be enjoy'd.

Life decaying and Death approaching.

WHAT various turns of changing providence
Do daily on our mortal ſtate attend?
No ſooner doth our feeble life commence,
But we are always haſtening to our end.

Aſſurance is my comfortable ſtay,
Yet doubts intruding often make it ſtart,
But when by faith theſe are remov'd away,
Renewing comforts chear my panting heart.

Pleaſure and pain, by their alternate courſes,
Raiſe and depreſs the mind with joy and ſorrow,
That ſweetly draws, and this as ſtrongly forces,
And this day's laughter, melts in tears to-morrow.

The length'ning ſhadows of the ſetting ſun,
And fainting beams of its declining light,
Declare how near my day of life is done;
And all things call to bid the world good night.

I know my days on earth are numb'red all,
The end is certain fixt in heaven's decree;
Lord make me ready to receive thy call,
When, where, and howſoever it ſhall be.

Jehovah; or, an Antidote againſt Melancholy.

WHENCE theſe complaints, my penſive heart,
Why thus indulge deſpair?
Confide to God thy better part,
'Tis his peculiar care.

Oft'times when reaſon repreſents
Ill objects in her glaſs,
The great Director of events,
Brings happier things to paſs.

Fear, when indulg'd, 's a dang'rous gueſt,
That plays upon the mind;
Fear will unreal ſtorms ſuggeſt
From ev'ry puff of wind.

The deepeſt foreſight can't define
What will the iſſue be,
Of any act—till rip'ning time
Diſcovers God's decree.

Who could have entertain'd a thought,
That ought could intervene,
Between the knife and Iſaac's throat,
To change the bloody ſcene.

But lo! from heav'n an angel cries,
Hold, hold, the ſtroke forbear,
I'll have another ſacrifice,
Preſerve my church's heir!

Jacob, when by his mother ſent,
To ſhun his brother's hate,
Unto his uncle Laban went,
And liv'd in poor eſtate.

Various the toil he ſuffer'd then,
Till by diſtreſs o'er born,
He wiſh'd to ſee his ſire again,
And to his love return.

With conſcious apprehenſion fill'd
The gloomy ſcene he form'd,
How with contempt he'd be beheld,
Deſpis'd, rejected, ſcorn'd!

How ſweetly were his thoughts deceiv'd,
When he arrived there,
And found himſelf with joy receiv'd,
By all he valu'd dear.

Thus ſtill it is in mis'ry's load,
Or fabricated grief;
Let us but place our truſt in God,
And he will bring relief.

A Poem on Life, Death, Judgment, Heaven and Hell.

I Sing the certain fate of human kind,
In now-exiſting worlds, and worlds deſign'd.
Creator God! all nature's ſource and end,
Great firſt and *laſt*, to whom all beings tend!
Who doſt the ſecret thoughts of man regard,
The guilty puniſh, and the juſt reward;
Aſſiſt my feeble Muſe, in heav'nly ſtrains,
To ſing the preſent *now*, and what remains;
To tell a careleſs world the doom decreed,
And drowſy ſinners rouſe to life indeed.

Mortals attend! your time ſlides ſwiftly on,
Be doing now, or ſoon you'll be undone:
Time is a ſpace for work to man aſſign'd,
And life is time and work together join'd;

Of

Of careleſs ſluggard ſouls is juſtly ſaid,
They dying live, they live among the dead *.

Behold the world, its various beings ſcan,
All things are working hard, all work for man:
For man, the glorious ſun pours out the day;
For man, the ſilver moon reflects his ray;
For man, the burning ſtars and planets bright,
Diffuſe their influence and expand their light;
For man, the cedar climbs to heights profound;
For man, the humble bramble clips the ground;
For man, ſwift beaſts advance, ſlow reptiles creep,
Birds mount the air, and fiſhes plunge the deep.
The active orbs, in various orbits hurl'd,
Skim the huge void, and form a glorious world:
That glorious world, with various creatures ſtor'd,
Of all thoſe various creatures, man the lord:
To godlike man the ſov'reign rule is given†,
And Jeſus, Lord on earth, is Lord in heav'n.

* Awake thou that ſleepeſt, and are from the dead. Epheſ. v. 14.——She that lives in pleaſure is dead while ſhe lives. 1 Tim. v. 6.

† What is man, that thou art mindful of him? And the ſon of man, that thou viſiteſt him? For thou haſt made him a little lower than the angels, and haſt crowned him with glory and honour: thou madeſt him to have dominion

But ſay, this glorious world for man was made,
That all obey—Is none to be obey'd?
Raſh thought, indeed! unworthy of the God,
Who made the world obſequious to his nod:
Obedience is his due who gives the ſway,
Man placed on high, the higheſt muſt obey;
Or ardent in his ſervice ſpend his breath,
Or tread the downward road to endleſs death.
Who fondly boaſts of life, his work to do,
Has only frail mortality in view;
And what's the ſtate he gives that pompous name?
A noon-tide ſhadow, and a midnight dream;
A blazing meteor, ſhining in the ſkies,
But lighted now, and now it drops and dies;
Thus ſhort, thus ſwift, is boaſted human age!
Thus ſoon weak mortals quit this mortal ſtage;
Exulting now, anon all comforts fled,
Alive but now, now number'd with the dead.

over the works of thy hands; thou haſt put all things under his feet. Pſalm viii. 4, 5, 6.——But we ſee not yet all things put under him; but we ſee Jeſus, who was made a little lower than the angels, for the ſuffering of death, crowned with glory and honour. Heb. ii. 8, 9. Againſt this doctrine Mr. Pope objects:

"But errs not nature from this gracious end,
"From burning ſuns, when livid deaths deſcend."

Man

Man bore, as faſhion'd, for this low abode,
Th' immortal image of the living God;
This ſacred image lay in *know* and *love*,
In theſe he liv'd the heav'nly life above:
Such Adam was; but ſoon, too ſoon, he fell,
And baſely barter'd life for death and hell!
Hence his inglorious ſons their glory fly,
Like him tranſgreſſing, and e'en like him muſt die:
Nor can the wretched race be ſaid to live,
Till they return to God, and God forgive;
Till they due rev'rence to the Son have giv'n,
Th' eternal light and life of all in heav'n:
For this is life, the living God to know,
And Jeſus, ſent to ſave the world below;
A joyful meſſage this to ſouls undone,
—Life is the Father's gift thro' Chriſt the Son;
Who takes the Son the Father muſt enjoy,
And who the father has ſhall never die:
His life's ſecur'd with Chriſt above the ſkies,
His treaſure there, and there his ſafety lies:
Nor ſhould th' eternal mountains fly away,
Quit their old ſeats and plunge into the ſea;
Nor ſhould the frighted earth its center fly,
And all its ſcatter'd atoms fill the ſky;
Would he forlorn behold the havock hurl'd,
But fearleſs ſee the ruins of the world:
He on the rock of ages ſtands ſecure,
Tho' worlds diſſolve, and orbs exiſt no more.

Hence ev'ry outward ill he ſpurns away,
Laughs at the ſword, and bids the tyrant ſlay;
With chearfulneſs reſigns his lateſt breath,
And joyful meets the cold embrace of death.

Creatures Mutability.

HOW full of changes is the ſtate
Of all created things;
Each moment gives another date,
And alteration brings.

Time's rapid courſe hath ſwept away
All that was heretofore;
And what we now behold to-day,
Will be the ſame no more.

The former generation's gone,
By later undermin'd;
Years after years preſs forward on,
And leave the firſt behind.

The ſun, with glorious beams array'd,
Whoſe motion never ſleeps;
By earth's dark interpoſing ſhade
Now ſuffers an eclipſe.

The pale-fac'd miſtreſs of the night,
Inur'd to changing forms;
This week a perfect globe of light,
The next is nought but horns.

The twinkling ſtars, few minutes paſt,
Their ſparkling beauties ſhew'd,
Are on a ſudden overcaſt,
And hid behind a cloud.

The morning, in her purple hue,
A pleaſant day preſag'd;
But ere 'twas noon, a tempeſt grew,
And bluſtring Boreas rag'd.

The ſea, her changes oft' repeats,
From calm to ſtormy roar;
The tide, by fluxes and retreats,
Gains and forſakes the ſhore.

One ſeaſon to another yields
In an alternate round;
The ſummer's heat burns up the fields,
Which winter's rain had drown'd.

The joyful earth awhile ago,
Adorn'd with vernal green;
Now bury'd lies beneath the ſnow,
Her face cannot be ſeen.

The pleaſant meadow's flow'ry pride,
In morning freſh and gay;
Cut by the crooked ſcythe and dry'd,
Is in the evening hay.

The lofty pine, which heretofore
Upon the mountain ſtood,
Its native ſtation knows no more,
But ſwims upon the flood.

Cities, whoſe royal ſtructures were
In ancient fame renown'd,
Long ſince are raz'd and diſappear,
Their places ſcarcely found.

That ſtately caſtle, whoſe ſtrong walls
Fill'd trav'llers with ſurprize,
By dreadful ſhocks of thunder falls,
And in its rubbiſh lies.

Nature and art ſtill change their dreſs,
No ſtate continues long;
And that of mortals does no leſs,
He's old who once was young.

The beggar vile, with wants diſtreſs'd,
Doth to a ſceptre riſe;
While he who late a throne poſſeſs'd,
Upon a dunghill dies.

The man of wit, whoſe airy brain
Did others ridicule,
O'erwhelm'd with ſudden grief or pain,
Becomes himſelf the fool.

Crœſus but now in pleaſures roll'd,
Amidſt his boaſted ſtore;
Yet ſoon bereft of all his gold,
He begg'd from door to door.

The hero who on battled plains,
His conqu'ring army led;
Is now a captive bound in chains,
With bread and water fed.

Samſon the ſtrong, Philiſtine's ſcourge,
Who could no equal find;
Muſt at the mill in priſon drudge,
Abus'd, derided, blind.

Beauty, the dazzling charm of ſenſe,
Makes but a little ſtay,
By age and various accidents,
'Tis quickly ſwept away.

Life's choiceſt jewels, health and peace,
Are ſeldom long enjoy'd;
The firſt by ſome acute diſeaſe,
The laſt by ſtrife deſtroy'd.

Thus always hurry'd to and fro
Thro' time's uncertain date,
O'er hills and dales we run and go
To the eternal ſtate.

And yet our fooliſh hearts admire
All forms that now appear;
Still we indulge the fond deſire
To live another year.

Lord, let my mind be fixt above,
Where changes never come:
Be thou the centre of my love,
And heaven be my home.

Let ev'ry change of providence
Be ſanctify'd to me;
That I may dwell, when ſummon'd hence,
For ever, Lord, with thee.

Falſe and True Happineſs.

TIR'D with the burdens of the weary day,
While Phœbus, haſt'ning to the weſtern main,
Shot milder flames, and with a milder ray
Lengthen'd the ſhadows on the duſky plain.

Walking

Walking in ſolitude, my thoughts began,
Contemplative to riſe within my breaſt,
How many diſappointments wait on man!
While he purſues imaginary reſt!

The choſen object of his heart's deſire,
With pleaſing view is always entertain'd:
Nor ever will his lab'ring thoughts retire,
Or quit the chaſe, in hopes 'twill ſoon be gain'd.

He runs, and rides, and ſails, o'er land and ſeas,
With reſtleſs motions racks his very ſoul;
Always uneaſy, while he ſeeks for eaſe,
His eyes intently fixt upon the goal.

And while he ſtretches on t' o'ertake the prize,
The phantom ſtill at further diſtance is:
At length ſome ſudden accidents ariſe,
And blaſt the hopes of his expected bliſs.

Th' ambitious ſtateſman, tickled with conceit
Of honours, grandeur, craving ſtill to ſee,
His growing name enroll'd among the great,
Above the level of his pedigree.

Fluſh'd with the favour of his Prince's eye,
Advanc'd in titles, minion of the court;
Riſing in Fame's emblazon'd heraldry,
With haughty ſtrides and majeſty of port;

Looks

Looks down upon the vulgar with diſdain;
Yet while he ſees another to poſſeſs
A higher ſtation, thinks, could he obtain
But that dear ſeat, 'twould be the height of bliſs.

But lo! a ſudden turn of ſtate affairs
Bids him reſign to ſome new favourite:
Now ſunk at once beneath a load of cares,
His ſun's eclips'd—and honour bids good night.

With longing eyes ſome other men behold
The glitt'ring charms of wealth, with buſy itch
Bend all their projects in purſuit of gold,
And think no happineſs like being rich.

They ſpare no labour, they indulge no reſt,
Contriving new deſigns, t'augment their ſtore;
And travel to both Indies, eaſt and weſt,
From foreign parts to fetch the ſhining ore.

Their ſchemes ſucceed, and from each quarter flow
Large gains, to make their ſwelling heaps increaſe:
Yet ſtill their mind no ſatisfaction know,
But deſtitute remain of ſolid peace.

Ere they can reach the height of their deſires,
The point their happineſs was built upon;
Tempeſts at ſea, thieves, or raging fires,
Deſtroy their ſubſtance, and the whole's undone.

So

So the voluptuous, whoſe inſatiate mind
In change of pleaſures takes his whole delight,
Flutt'ring from place to place, in hopes to find
New ſweets, to pleaſe his ſenſual appetite.

Now in choice banquets of delicious fare,
And flowing bowls, the burthen of the vine,
With ſongs and muſick to delight his ear,
Spends the dear treaſures of his flitting time.

Anon with robes of ſilken pride attir'd,
He ſtately walks to viſit maſks and plays;
Admires himſelf, to ſee himſelf admir'd,
And joys to revel out his nights and days.

Thus ſhifting ſcenes, to gratify his luſt,
He adds new fuel to increaſe the fire:
No change of liquor can allay the thirſt,
Nor earthly pleaſure ſatisfy deſire.

There's ſomething wanting ſtill to make him bleſt;
He'd fain be happy, if he knew but where
To find a cure for his tumultuous breaſt,
Which reſtleſs makes him wander here and there.

Weary'd at laſt, his appetite's appall'd,
And pleaſures overus'd inſipid grown;
Seeking for freedom, finds himſelf enthrall'd,
And all his hop'd-for happineſs is flown.

Alas!

Alas! poor man, how are thy thoughts miſled!
To fix the centre of thy hopes below:
The living is not found among the dead,
True peace does in another climate grow.

Ranſack the corners of this earthly ball,
Of real good ſhe's empty, void, and waſte;
Her beſt delights are honey mixt with gall,
Her higheſt joys do but a moment laſt.

Lord, I would place my happineſs above
Upon thyſelf, thither my ſoul aſpires:
Let me but taſte the ſweetneſs of thy love,
And this alone ſhall ſatiate my deſires.

Amongſt thy ſervants, Lord, enrol my name;
That's the high title, which I wiſh to have:
In heaven's great records this will ſtill remain,
When earthly glories periſh in the grave.

Unveil thy beauty, let me ſee thy face,
Place me beneath the banner of thy love:
With everlaſting arms my ſoul embrace,
And from thy preſence let me ne'er remove.

While others ſeek for temporary good,
Thy ſhining countenance ſhall me delight;
My ſin-ſtain'd garments waſh in Jeſus' blood,
And with thy ſaints let me be cloth'd in white.

With

With grace enrich me from thy plenteous ſtore;
Subdue my will entirely unto thine;
Grant me but this requeſt, I'll aſk no more,
Be thou my God, and happineſs is mine.

Humble Sincerity.

IN acts of worſhip, when we bring
Eternal offerings to th' eternal king,
He values not the coſtly price,
Nor grandeur of the ſacrifice.

Affected modes of outward dreſs,
Or pompous ſhews of ſervices,
Numbers of duties, nought avail;
He counts by weight, and not by tale.

The ſtately offerings of the rich,
With fine embroideries of ſpeech,
Emboſs'd with flowery words around,
Like victim beaſts with chaplets crown'd.

Such glitt'ring things may mortals pleaſe,
But Heav'n is charm'd with none of theſe:
His eyes impartial juſtice hold,
And from the tinſel know the gold.

He tries the reins, the inmoſt part,
Obſerves the movement of the heart;

Thoſe ſecret ſprings he fully knows,
Whence every word and action flows.

To perſons he has no reſpect,
Nor will the pious poor reject;
He makes the meek his favourite,
A contrite ſpirit's his delight.

He lifts the weak above their fears,
And bottles up the mourner's tears;
His love's a never failing prop
To fainting faith and ſtagg'ring hope.

His quick'ning grace, like gentle dews,
To dying plants their life renews;
The bruiſed head his arm will raiſe,
And make the ſmoking flax to blaze.

He knows the meaning of the dumb,
No leſs than accents of the tongue;
And ſighs and groans from hearts ſincere,
Are muſick in th' Almighty's ear.

Where poverty denies a lamb,
To make the ſacred altar flame;
Kind Heav'n the willing mind approves,
And takes a pair of turtle doves.

While others of their larger ſtore,
Bring greater gifts, Lord, I am poor;

And ſince my ſtock amounts no higher,
Accept my mite of pure deſire.

The Chriſtians Voyage to the Port of Reſt.

THE weary mariner long time diſtreſt,
With cares and fears upon the ſtormy main,
Driv'n by uncertain gales from eaſt to weſt,
Conſum'd with labours and continual pain,
Longing to find his port, with watchful eyes
Looks round about him, and at laſt eſpies—
Delightful view!—the wiſh'd-for land ariſe.

Freſh vigour now his fainting powers poſſeſs,
His heart revives, and dying hopes renew;
And as the diſtance leſſens, joys encreaſe,
While near approaches give a clearer view.
At length the country doth itſelf diſcloſe,
The ſpicy hills appear where pleaſure grows,
And from the fragrant air refreſhing comfort flows.

The royal city next comes on in ſight,
Whoſe rows of ſtately towers advanc'd on high,
At once ſurpriſe with wonder and delight,
Dazzling with luſtre the beholder's eye.

While thus diſcovering things unſeen before,
The diſtance vaniſhes and danger's o'er,
The haven is at hand, — he gains the ſhore.

I'm weary with th' tedious voyage of life,
While ſailing on the world's tempeſtuous ſeas,
Inconſtant winds maintain inconſtant ſtrife,
To kill my comforts, and diſturb my peace.
Sometimes afflictions, like impetuous ſhowers,
And northern blaſts attack my vital powers,
Whoſe racking pain my health and ſtrength devours.

Next from the eaſtern coaſt a tempeſt ſprings
Of ſtrong temptations, hiſſing through the air;
Like fiery ſerpents with their dreadful ſtings,
To drive me to preſumption or deſpair.
To ſtem the current of theſe boiſterous tides,
Shocks all my powers, my very heart divides,
And thro' my joints a chilling terror glides.

Sometimes I'm favour'd with a milder gale,
By gentle Zephyr, whoſe indulgent breeze,
With hope new-blooming fills my ſwelling ſail,
To waft me ſoftly o'er the calmer ſeas.
This yields refreſhment after former toil,
And ſooths my grief with pleaſures that beguile:
But ah! this ſeaſon laſts a little while.

Strait

Strait from the ſouth comes on a gloomy ſcene,
With fogs and miſts of heart-tormenting cares;
The Heav'ns grow dark which were before ſerene,
And troubles heightened with perplex'd affairs:
With lab'ring thoughts the mind's diſtracted ſo,
I know not what to do, nor where to go;
Sometimes I fail too faſt, again too ſlow.

Thus hurry'd up and down this mortal ſtate,
The poor remains of my uncertain days;
Great God, I will for thy ſalvation wait,
My ſpirits languiſh, and my fleſh decays.
My ſtrength enfeebled, and old age comes on,
And pains and fears attend my ſetting ſun,
All tokens ſure, that life is nearly done.

While thus upon the parting brink I ſtand,
With brighter viſions let my faith be bleſt;
Give me a Piſgah, ſight of Canaan land,
And ſhew my title to the promis'd reſt.
My laſt petition grant, which ſhall be this,
Let Jeſus ſay he's mine, and I am his;
I'd plunge into the gulph, and realms of bliſs.

On Ceremonies.

WHY do our churchmen with ſuch zeal contend
For what the ſcriptures no where recommend?
Thoſe ceremonies, which they doat upon,
Were unto chriſtians heretofore unknown.
In ancient time, God's worſhip did accord
Not with traditions, but the written word;
Himſelf hath told us how he'll be ador'd.

'Tis true, that in the legal diſpenſation,
Which only did concern the Jewiſh nation,
Religious rites were conſtantly maintain'd,
But ſuch, and only ſuch, as Heav'n ordain'd;
By ſpecial warrant and command expreſs'd,
The mitre and the ephod, with the reſt
Of all thoſe robes, wherewith the prieſt was dreſt.

The altar, that was built for ſacrifice,
Muſt bear ſuch faſhion, and be ſuch a ſize;
The tabernacle, and its furniture,
Its tacks and loops ſo many, and no more;
Exact, according to the pattern ſhewn,
By God to Moſes in the Mount alone;
And ſo for form muſt ev'ry thing be done.

Nothing was left to man's invention free,
No, not the leaſt addition muſt there be:
The worſhip and the mode were ſtill the ſame,
And ſo continu'd till Meſſiah came;
God's Son and Heir, whoſe government took place,
When clearly he reveal'd the truth and grace,
Which, cloath'd in types, lay hid in former days.

And here commenc'd the goſpel diſpenſation,
Centring in Chriſt the author of ſalvation;
Perfect in wiſdom he the ſyſtem drew
Of his own worſhip, who ſhall add thereto?
Can fooliſh man Heav'n's workmanſhip refine;
Or puddle water, meliorate the wine?
'Tis treaſon to corrupt the prince's coin.

When Paul was firſt converted, 'tis not ſaid,
He read a pray'r, but we read, he pray'd;
Nor do I find he did a ſurplice wear,
Either in time of preaching, or of pray'r;
Or bow'd to altars, heathen ſuperſtition;
At Athens he reprov'd that vain tradition,
And yet 'tis ſure he acted by commiſſion.

Nor can it be in ſacred records found,
That e'en that houſe was built on holy ground;
Where Peter went upon the roof to pray'r,
And yet with God he held communion there,

While dinner was prepar'd; nor is 't related,
Cornelius' houſe was ever conſecrated,
Yet Goſpel-worſhip there was celebrated.

When Paul and Silas were in priſon caſt,
And by the jailor in the ſtocks ſet faſt;
They never queſtion'd ought about the place,
Being quicken'd by the Spirit of Grace;
Betook themſelves to pray'r and praiſes high;
Which pleas'd th' Almighty's ear, bleſt melody!
Altho' there ſurely were no organs by.

Our Saviour did th' apoſtles authorize,
To go and preach the Goſpel, and baptize,
Throughout each kingdom, and in every coaſt,
In name of Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt:
But not a word I read in his command
Of ſigning with the croſs, in face or hand,
Nor thus did they his mandate underſtand.

Rome did theſe ceremonies firſt invent,
Confirm'd them by a council held at Trent;
Sent and impos'd them on the nations thence,
Made decency and order their pretence.
I dare not with ſuch ſuperſtition join:
Give me pure doctrine, goſpel-diſcipline,
Where God is ſerv'd, that ſervice is divine.

IMMANUEL.

IMMANUEL.

ILLUSTRIOUS ſun, Immanuel!
Whoſe brightneſs knows no parallel,
The riches of thy love diſplay!
Send from above ſome rays of light,
To chaſe away the ſhades of night,
And burn my darkneſs into day.

Thy powerful influence impart,
To drive the vapours from my heart,
O thou that doſt in glory dwell:
With healing beams of grace divine
Upon thy ſervant deign to ſhine,
Illuſtrious ſun, Immanuel.

Thy preſence makes a pleaſant ſpring,
In which thy lark-like angels ſing;
Thy vineyard yields a fragrant ſmell:
Thy grace with vivifying pow'r
Quickens and ſweetens every flow'r,
Illuſtrious ſun, Immanuel.

Thy golden beams are paſſing fair,
Perfume the circum-ambient air;
No angel's tongue thy grace can tell:
Much leſs can mortal man below
The fulneſs of thy glory know,
Illuſtrious ſun, Immanuel.

Should'ſt thou thy chearing face with-hold,
My comforts would be chill'd with cold,
My joys would ſhrink and ſorrows ſwell:
'Tis from thy preſence I derive
Thoſe hopes which keep my ſoul alive,
Illuſtrious ſun, Immanuel.

Long time the world had cover'd been
With clouds of ignorance and ſin,
Nor was there any to diſpel
The diſmal ills, or bring redreſs,
Till thou appear'ſt in human fleſh,
And took the name Immanuel.

Shine forth upon mine intellect,
Thy light my footſteps ſhall direct,
While in this wilderneſs I dwell:
Until thou call me to remove
Into thine upper courts of love,
Illuſtrious ſun, Immanuel.

Then ſhall I view, with open eyes,
The object of my choiceſt joys,
Which does all pleaſures elſe excel:
Where with the righteous I ſhall join,
Who in their father's kingdom ſhine,
And ever praiſe Immanuel.

Written

Written in the ſeventy-firſt Year of his Age.

WHEN I can call the bleſſed Jeſus mine,
By ſtrong embraces of a faith divine,
My ſoul's tranſported to a ſtrange degree:
And nothing can my joyful thoughts remove,
From the dear object of my ſov'reign love;
Mine inward pow'rs diſſolve in ſacred exſtaſy.

He the fixt centre of my ſoul's delight,
On whom I feaſt by day, and reſt by night;
In him alone are all my wants ſupply'd:
While I can claſp him thus within my arms,
In vain the world, with her deceitful charms,
Shall offer from his love to draw my heart aſide.

'Tis true, there's nothing to depend upon,
That I have either ſuff'red, wrought, or done;
Yet hope, my confidence, ſhall never fall.
While Jeſus Chriſt is mine, and I am his,
I cannot fail of everlaſting bliſs;
Tho' I myſelf am nothing, he's my all.

Keep up, my ſoul, a conſtant chearful frame,
At the rememb'rance of thy Saviour's name.

Survey the records of time paſt, and ſee,
When Jeſus laid aſide his heavenly dreſs,
And cloth'd himſelf in robes of human fleſh,
What ſorrows, griefs, and pains, he underwent for thee.

To make atonement with his precious blood,
He gave himſelf a ſacrifice to God;
And now as interceſſor in thy ſtead,
Appears for thee before his Father's face,
To ſue for pardon and ſupply of grace,
Where all his ſuff'rings for thy mis'ries plead.

See next the promiſes, which ſtand enroll'd
In heav'ns great charter, whence the ſaints of old,
As from a living ſpring, their comforts drew:
Aſſur'd by faith that what th' Almighty ſpake,
No powers of earth or hell could ever break,
For all his promiſes are faithful, juſt, and true.

Now let all three be added into one,
What hath been, is, or further ſhall be done,
In the tranſactions of thy Saviour's love:
A matchleſs work it will appear to be,
In union of the eternal Three,
Accompliſh'd here below, but firſt contriv'd above.

'Twas

'Twas wiſdom's ſelf that did project the ſcheme,
How God's own Son ſhould criminals redeem,
That Juſtice ſhould appear in mercy dreſt.
Here ſtop, my ſoul, and join the heav'nly choir,
And when thy feeble ſtrains can reach no higher,
In humble ſilence meditate the reſt.

The Viſion.

ATtempting an uncommon flight,
My Muſe, advent'rous, ſoar'd upright;
Fledg'd with the pinions of intenſe deſire,
She quickly left the lower ſkies,
Paſt by the rolling orbs of light,
And all the magazines of ſnow, and hail and fire:
Aſcending ſtill
The ſteepy hill,
Far, far above the ken of mortal eyes,
Thro' fields of pureſt æther, where
Ten thouſand twinkling ſtars beneath her feet appear.

Earth loſt in darkeſt clouds below,
She wings her way
In bliſsful regions of celeſtial day;
Where beams refulgent flow,

And

And gild the ſpacious plains
With radiant luſtre and diffuſive joys,
The pleaſing proſpect entertains
With ſweets that ſtill renew, pleaſure that never cloys.

Now heavenly forms appear in ſight,
Affording various ſcenes of choice delight,
Both to the eye and ear;
Whence joys ariſe
With pleaſure and ſurprize,
Too great to be expreſs'd, or mortal ſtrength to bear.
My fainting muſe, o'erwhelm'd with glory's ſhine
Of numerous objects thronging all divine,
Muſt here have dropt her wing,
And ſunk beneath the viſion's weight;
Had not aſſiſtance from above come in,
Tumultuous joys to regulate,
Brighten her intellect, and ſtrength renew;
For what ſhould further be preſented to her view.

There numerous bands, in glittering armour ſhine,
Guards of the upper realms, all warriors great,
Who ne'er in battle knew retreat,
Keeping exacteſt diſcipline.
Under their mighty chiefs, march on in ſtate,
With helms of burniſh'd gold, and ſhields the ſame,
Finer than e'er from Ophir came;

Their

Their ſpears well temper'd ſteel, all bright and keen,
Furniſh'd from Heaven's vaſt magazine :
Experienc'd every one in feats of arms,
Ready to make an onſet at the firſt alarms.

While theſe I view'd, with fixt intent,
In order paſſing by ;
Another object did preſent
New wonders to mine eye ;
Between two riſing hills at morning light,
By ſlow degrees advanc'd, 'till breaking out
Behind the ſhades, appear'd in open ſight :
A noble band of archers, bold, and ſtout,
In prime of youth, and all of equal ſize,
Of aſpect ſweet, and clad in rich attire,
Arm'd with ſtrong bows, and on their ſhoulders hung
A quiver, bound with ſilken ties,
Stor'd with ſharp arrows, fledg'd with fire,
Led by a cherub march along :
Each one a flaming ſword, brandiſh'd on high,
Their banners wrought with rich embroidery :
And this their motto was, *The Lord of Hoſts* ;
Theſe conſtantly patrole about the happy coaſts.

There on a greeny mount for pleaſure made,
With flowers enamel'd round ;
Whoſe charming beauties never fade,
Nor are with time or age decay'd,
A company ſat down ;

In

In circling rows, all overjoy'd to ſee
The reſt in that ſociety
With ſmiling countenances, which declare
The inward joys they felt;
That peaceful innocence was there,
Not as a ſtranger gueſt,
But as poſſeſſor of that breaſt
Where perfect love and real friendſhip dwelt.

Here all with free and open heart
Each other entertains:
In ſweet diſcourſe their joys impart,
'Till ſacred love breaks forth in holy flames.
Of myſteries divine their converſe was,
How great I AM, before all time and place,
Did of himſelf and in himſelf ſubſiſt;
Himſelf enjoy'd, his own eternal bliſs:
How he, before the world began,
Determin'd by immutable decree,
Whatever ſhould be done,
Thro' all the ages of futurity.
Next, how the great ideas of his will,
According to the ſcheme his wiſdom laid,
His pow'r exactly did fulfil,
When heaven, and earth, and ſea, were all of nothing made.

When

When morning ſtars, in ſweeteſt lays,
Sung the Creator's praiſe;
How haughty Lucifer, ſwell'd up with pride,
Drew multitudes o'th' heavenly hoſt aſide;
And aiming at the throne,
Refus'd obedience to th' eternal Son,
And rais'd rebellion 'gainſt the Holy One.
When valiant Michael, taking the alarm,
Call'd forth celeſtial pow'rs to arm.
No ſooner was the ſummons heard,
But all with winged ſpeed appear'd,
Under the ſtandard royal, now diſplay'd;
Cherubs and ſeraphs, whom he led
As captain-general, marching at their head,
A furious onſet on the rebels made.

The battle now began,
With fierceſt rage
Both armies did engage;
And thick battalions coming on,
On ev'ry ſide the fight tempeſtuous grows:
Nought could be heard and ſeen,
But warlike deeds and noiſy din,
Claſhing of arms, and blow exchang'd for blows.

Th' arch traitor, in the front o'th' rebel hoſt,
Already did the conqueſt boaſt;

With bold preſumption, and angelic ſtrength
Exerting, forward preſt;
Till Michael, with ſuperior powers at length,
And force invincible, the foe diſtreſt;
Who now, no longer able to ſuſtain
Such dreadful ſhocks, or bear the pain,
With creſt-fall'n hopes, and feeble courage, fought,
Soon fell into diſorder'd rout:
While peals of loudeſt thunder from the throne,
And ſhowers of flaming darts, purſu'd their flight
Unto the verge of Heav'n, from thence caſt down
Precipitant, condemn'd to everlaſting night.
Here pauſing, all the company ariſe,
And with uplifted hands and eyes,
And full tranſports of joy, their voices raiſe,
And ſing an hymn of victory to Jehovah's praiſe.

Then ſitting down, they next began
Diſcourſe about the happineſs of man,
When firſt by his creator form'd:
Whoſe ſtamp divine upon his ſoul he bore,
With noble faculties adorn'd;
An heavenly light his underſtanding fill'd
From ſacred wiſdom's ſtore:
His will conform to what his Maker will'd;
His pure affections kept within their bound,
And no tumultuous paſſions found,

To

To interrupt the quiet of his breaſt,
Or break his peaceful reſt;
All was ſerene within, with innocence poſſeſt.

In Eden's fruitful garden plac'd,
A happy ſeat, made for Heav'n's favourite,
Whoſe pleaſures yielded him a full repaſt,
And labour was delight.
Here objects new, new meditations raiſe,
Whereon his noble mind was ſtill employ'd,
Receiving bleſſings, and returning praiſe,
A ſweet communion with his God enjoy'd.

This Satan ſeeing, and himſelf forlorn,
Condemn'd to Hell's abyſs,
Deſpairing ever to return
Into the realms of bliſs,
Revolving deep his loſs, from Heav'n expell'd,
Unable to aſſail th' Omnipotent;
As once with pride, ſo now with envy ſwell'd,
His reſtleſs mind on miſchief wholly bent,
Thirſting revenge, contrives the curſt deſign;
Man's happineſs to undermine,
Under a fair pretence,
And ſhew of love, reſolves to try
To rob him of his innocence;
What ſtrength cannot perform, to do by ſubtilty.

His

His plot projected, forthwith he purſues
A proper inſtrument to find
Among the beaſts, and doth the ſerpent chooſe,
To make his agent, ſubt'leſt of his kind;
In him he enters, and the ſeaſon waits
To work his end; and finding Eve alone,
In ſoft addreſſes and a flatt'ring tone,
With her he cunningly expoſtulates
About the virtues o'th' forbidden tree,
Whoſe fruit but taſted, tells her, ſhe ſhall be
Equal to God himſelf, and wiſe as he.
And this the Maker knew, and therefore did,
Says he, as envious of your happineſs,
Leſt you ſhould rival him in bliſs,
The ſovereign tree forbid;
And bound his arbitrary law,
With a ſevere, but empty threat
Of death; but 'twas to keep you under awe;
He knows you ſhall not die; come, freely pluck,
and eat.

Thus the original of truth
Was charg'd with falſities;
While Satan, with blaſpheming mouth,
Gain'd credit to his lies.
By eaſy ſteps of falſhood he beguiles
Her flatt'ring fancy, under ſhew of good:
At length prevails upon her by his wiles,
Firſt to deſire, then eat the fatal food;

And

And ſhe, deceiv'd, ſoon drew her huſband in,
With her to be a partner of the ſin.
The devil thus his helliſh conqueſt won,
And Adam and his whole poſterity undone.

One truth, indeed, the devil told,
That our firſt parent's eyes ſhould open'd be;
Which ſadly they experienc'd, to behold
Themſelves, and theirs, involv'd in miſery;
Naked, aſham'd, and fill'd with woe,
Expell'd from Eden's happy ground,
They knew not what to do, or where to go;
While grief and tears their throbbing hearts ſurround.
Heav'n's frowns they felt, when innocence was gone;
They knew the evil, but the good was fled,
An hapleſs ſtate! and utterly undone,
Condemn'd to till the ground, and ſweat for bread.

Thus ſtood man's miſerable caſe,
When he the great Creator diſobey'd;
But here the glorious riches of free grace
Began to be diſplay'd:

For when he trembling (conſcious of his ſin)
Cited before his judge appears,
Chill horror ſeiz'd his limbs, and guilt within,
While he the diſmal ſentence hears.
The love divine, to mitigate his grief,
Declar'd what Heav'n reſolv'd by fix'd decree;
That fallen man ſhould find relief,
And Satan's conqueſt ſhould his ruin be.
Amidſt the ſerpent's curſe, which thence took place,
To rebel Adam, and his wretched race,
'Twas faith's foundation laid in words of grace:

The woman's ſeed ſhall break the ſerpent's head.
In which ſweet promiſe our firſt parents ſaw
The great Redeemer now exhibited,
Though in a diſtant light,
Yet joyful at the ſight;
From thence by faith they might new comforts draw.
To Eden's garden they muſt go no more,
Now guarded by a flaming ſword;
Yet ſaw their future happineſs ſecure,
By truſting on th' eternal word.

Among this glorious company were ſome,
Who had in thoſe firſt ages dwelt below,
And did thoſe truths by bleſt experience know,
Believing on the Saviour then to come:

In

In whom the riches of free grace
Had brought unto that happy place,
Among the bleſt,
In perfect reſt,
Their overflowing joys in hymns of praiſe expreſt.
With ſweet delight they next relate,
How promiſes of after-date
Confirm'd the former; and in various ways
Foretold the glory of the latter days,
In different names, by types and prophecies,
When, where, and how, the Saviour ſhould ariſe.

In Abra'm's ſeed all nations ſhall be bleſt;
The fruit of Sarah's barren womb,
Of government ſhall Judah be poſſeſt,
Both crown and ſceptre in his tribe ſhall reſt,
Till the peace-maker, Shilo, come.
For Hebrews muſt the paſchal lamb be ſlain,
Whoſe ſprinkled blood ſhall be ſalvation's ſign.
With victim beaſts the altars flame:
Sins by the ſcape-goat muſt be borne
Into the deſart, never to return,
By ordinance divine:
While clouds of incenſe reach the ſkies,
Atonement muſt be made by ſacrifice,
Till the great Prophet come, and Jacob's ſtar ariſe.

Old Jeſſe's ſtem ſhall bud afreſh,
And from his wither'd root ſhall ſpring
A noble plant, the branch of righteouſneſs;
Who ſhall his father David's throne poſſeſs,
Melchizedek's true type, and Salem's peaceful king.
He, with a ſhepherd's tender care,
Shall feed his flock in paſtures fair,
And to his Sion ſhall ſalvation bring.
A virgin pure ſhall pregnant be;
And from her Heaven-ſaluted womb
The great Immanuel ſhall come;
In low eſtate of higheſt pedigree;
Wonderful counſellor! the prince of peace!
To him ſhall every tongue confeſs,
And humble adoration pay with bended knee.

The vengeful ſword of juſtice muſt be drawn,
To vindicate Jehovah's right,
And ſhall the man God's fellow ſmite.
Meſſiah ſhall (not for himſelf) be ſlain:
When government from Judah's tribe ſhall ceaſe,
And regal power be by a ſtranger worn,
In Bethl'em, David's native place,
Then ſhall the great Deliverer be born.

With pleaſure having thus recounted o'er
Thoſe promiſes and many more,

Of

Of like import found in the ſacred word;
With hands lift up on high,
Joining in full accord,
At once their voices raiſe
In tunes unknown below the ſky,
And ſing a chorus to Jehovah's praiſe.

CHORUS.

Salvation to the Lord belongs,
His love's the ſubject of our ſongs;
Who pitying fallen man,
Reſolv'd t'advance his ſovereign grace,
To ſome of the rebellious race,
And fix'd it, by decree, before all time began.

Wiſdom concurr'd in the deſign,
And drew the ſcheme for love divine,
And choſe the eternal Son
To be the Saviour, and t'aſſume
Our nature in a virgin's womb,
By whom the glorious work compleatly ſhould be done.

Salvation to the Lord belongs,
His love's the ſubject of our ſongs;

Free grace hath brought us hither.
Thro' types and ſhadows of the law,
By faith Meſſiah's day we ſaw,
Embrac d him, and we live to praiſe his name for ever.

This ended, others of a later date,
Who under ſhining beams of goſpel day
Had paſs'd mortality away,
And left their earthly part behind,
Each now a perfect mind,
Arriv'd in that bleſt ſtate;
Theſe now begin in order to relate
What they below had ſeen and known
Of Jeſus, God's anointed one;
His wond'rous birth, and ſpotleſs life,
His meek behaviour void of ſtrife,
The holy doctrine which he taught,
And the ſurpriſing miracles he wrought,
The cruel treatment that he found
From enemies around,
On every ſide,
Deſpis'd, reproach'd, and villify'd;
With bitter taunts and lies abus'd,
Of blaſphemies accus'd:
And what was worſe, which other grief tranſcends,
Was wounded in the houſe of friends.

Thoſe, whom he came to ſave among the reſt,
With ſcornful pride
His innocence deride;
And envious at his growing fame,
With calumnies aſperſe his name,
Report him to be mad, with Beelzebub poſſeſt.

All theſe indignities, and many more,
The bleſſed Jeſus bore
With matchleſs patience, and ſuſtain'd the ſhock;
Invincible 'gainſt all their efforts ſtood,
Unſhaken, like a mighty rock,
Amidſt the ſwelling ſurges of the flood,
And travell'd up and down ſtill doing good.

At length the prince of Hell, with malice fraught,
Reſolving deep in thought,
The dreadful iſſue of that fatal day,
When with his rebel powers in battle 'ray,
Againſt th'Almighty Son he fought,
And routed by him, headlong through the air,
Was caſt into the pit of black deſpair;
Hopeleſs for ever to regain
His place in Heaven, or make a new campaign
In theſe bleſt realms; yet ſullen and intent
On dire revenge, to try th' experiment

Of new deſigns, contrives another plan
Of miſchief, thinking now to overthrow
(Here in his humbled ſtate on earth) God-man;
What force could not above, t'effect by fraud
below.
Thus fanning the infernal fire
Of his inſatiate deſire,
With proud conceit of conqueſt, makes it blaze
the higher.

As a fierce lion, to increaſe his rage,
Laſhes his ſides, and haughty rolls his eyes,
Attacks the foe, nor doubts the prize:
So Satan, now reſolv'd t'engage
Heav'n's champion, and to ſingle combat dares
Defiance bid, and keeneſt darts prepares;
Sure as might with his purpoſe beſt agree;
Preſuming high that he
Shall gain the battle, and victorious be.

Taking advantage of the time and place,
When in the ſilent wilderneſs alone,
Where he had faſted forty days,
He finds him hungry grown:
There he aſſaults him, and lets fly,
But miſs'd his aim;
The dart's no ſooner ſent, but inſtantly
Return'd upon the ſhooter's head with ſhame.

Enrag'd

Enrag'd at this,
He ſets him on a dang'rous precipice,
But ſtrives in vain againſt omnipotence;
While he would fain perſuade to caſt himſelf from thence:
His project fails, but in his rebel will,
Fermenting envy makes him ſtubborn ſtill,
Scorning to yield,
Or give his purpoſe o'er,
Reſolves to make one onſet more,
And try the battle in another field.
So Balaam heretofore, with helliſh ſkill,
Adjourn'd from place to place, endeav'ring ſtill
To curſe God's Iſrael from another hill.

Then to a lofty mountain next he flies,
And with him Jeſus bears,
And theſe prepares,
A choſen weapon ſeldom known to fail,
With which he manages the enterprize;
But neither can he here prevail.
The tempter, three times baffled, thus retires,
And for a ſeaſon leaves the incarnate Son.
But envy, glowing in his canker'd breaſt,
Kindles new fires,
Nor ſuffers him to reſt,
Inveterate malice ſtill to miſchief prompts him on.

Unable

Unable to accompliſh his deſigns,
Himſelf, alone, in private, he attempts
To compaſs it by human inſtruments;
With baneful hatred, ſtirring up the minds
Of rulers, prieſts, and people, forging lies
Againſt his perſon and his doctrine too;
Suggeſting groundleſs jealouſies,
That he their church and ſtate would both ſubdue.
This notion takes; and now they join,
Watching all opportunities they can,
To ſtop his progreſs, and deſtroy the man,
For more they thought him not to be,
Tho' through his words and actions ſhine
The cleareſt proofs of his divinity.

A council's call'd, wherein the prieſts conclude,
That 'tis expedient Jeſus ſhould be ſlain.
Blind zeal inſpir'd the giddy multitude,
Which drives them on amain,
With his pure blood their impious hands to ſtain.
The thing reſolv'd, they next contrive
The means, and how they ſhall proceed
T'effect the curſed deed:
While Beelzebub, to ſee his projects thrive,
Now thinking to attain his end,
Smiles horrible, and will his beſt aſſiſtance lend.

Amongſt

Amongſt Meſſiah's followers, twelve he choſe
For friends above the reſt;
Whom he with choiceſt favours entertain'd,
And near him always they remain'd.
To theſe the crafty devil goes;
And finding Judas, one of them, poſſeſt
With principles of curſed avarice;
Him he attacks, and makes an eaſy prey:
For thirty pence, a goodly price!
He undertakes his maſter to betray.

The terms propos'd, therewith the prieſts content,
The bargains made,
The money's paid,
And ſtrait a troop of armed men are ſent
For his aſſiſtance, who in haſte
Was eager bent his treaſon to purſue.
Celeſtial luminaries diſappear,
And midnight darkneſs veil'd the hemiſphere,
When over Cedron's brook they paſt
By torch light, to a garden where he knew
The maſter often us'd to be:
And there they find him with his faithful few,
And by a traiterous kiſs directs them which
was he.

When

When ſudden by a beam divine let go
From the bleſt Jeſus' face,
They're thunder-ſtruck with deep amaze,
And trembling hearts their fault'ring ſteps confound;
And ſtaggering to and fro
At length fall backward, and ſalute the ground:
Where having lain awhile, their fears adjourn'd,
And ſtrength to their late palſy-limbs return'd.
Then riſing up they ſeize him, and with cords
His tender hands they bound,
And bring him pris'ner to the high-prieſt's hall;
Where, with opprobrious words
And ſcornful taunts, he was abus'd by all;
His innocence no other treatment found.

Next to the Roman governor he's ſent,
Where, as a criminal accus'd,
He's at the bar arraign'd,
And made the ſoldier's ſport and merriment;
With buffeting abus'd,
And with a crown of thorns his ſacred head's profan'd.
In purple dreſt, with rude diſdain,
A reed for ſceptre in his hand they place;
Then hail him king, and mock-obeiſance feign,
With bended knees, and loads of foul diſgrace;
Then brought before the judgment ſeat again,
With

With clamours loud,
The rabble crowd,
Urg'd by their rulers, all together cry,
Let him be crucify'd!
Nor would they be deny'd;
Till with inceſſant importunity,
The judge o'ercome at laſt,
The eruel ſentence paſt;
Which done, his body they with ſcourges tore:
A mournful ſpectacle all o'er!
Drencht in the trickling ſtreams of his own purple gore!

Thus made a ſcene of perfect woe;
Yet this, but as it were, a ſhort prelude,
Of what he further was to undergo:
In bloody triumph, him they bring,
Before th' enrag'd multitude,
And cry, Behold your King!
From thence to Golgotha he's hurry'd on,
Amidſt the vollies of loud blaſphemies
Diſcharg'd upon him, as he paſs'd along,
By the tumultuous wicked throng;
Such barb'rous villanies,
As. black-mouth'd Hell itſelf did ne'er before deviſe.

Now

Now at the fatal place arriv'd,
Where the dire tragedy muſt finiſh'd be;
Stript of his raiment by the ſoldiers fierce,
While they among themſelves by lot divide:
His hands and feet with ragged nails they pierce;
And faſt'ned to the curſed tree,
Between two thieves the Saviour's crucify'd.
Each member rack'd with tort'ring ſmart,
From head to foot all wounds,
Encompaſs'd round from every part,
His torments knew no bounds.
Floodgates of ſorrow then were open thrown,
And all the ſtreams of grief together ran,
While on the croſs he hung;
More than can be expreſs'd by mortal tongue:
Too great by human nature to be born,
Had not the Deity ſuſtain'd the man.

All this he bore with lamb-like innocence,
Nor murmurr'd at the pain.
But oh! the ſorrows more intenſe,
The pangs he felt within!
Theſe did his very vitals drain,
When juſtice made him to ſuſtain
The puniſhment of ſin.
He, who from all eternity
Did in God's boſom lye;

His

His Son, the object of his choiceſt love,
Before creation's morn began to dawn,
Or wheels of time to move.
This was the keeneſt dart,
That pierc'd his bleeding heart,
To have his Father's preſence now withdrawn.

Thus, having finiſh'd all he was to do,
And drank the cup of wrath divine,
He did his breath reſign;
Yielding himſelf to Death, the laſt and greateſt foe.
Then from the croſs he's taken down,
And in a garden near
Interr'd, within a ſepulchre of ſtone,
Secur'd with greateſt care;
Leſt any to remove him thence ſhould come,
A guard appointed is to watch the tomb.

The Lord of Glory dead,
Th' ſerpent now began t' erect his head;
And hiſs'd aloud with helliſh joy,
Boaſting that he had gain'd the prize,
His government ſhould reach from pole to pole;
Free from annoy,
On earth to tyrannize,
Nor any ſhould his lawleſs power controul;

But

But ignorant of the divine decree,
That the Meſſiah's death ſhould his deſtruction be.

When the third morning's dawning light
Had ſcarce begun t' appear
Within the hemiſphere,
Since the Redeemer in the grave had lain:
But Death, o'ercome by a ſuperior might,
No longer could detain
The royal pris'ner under his arreſt,
Was of his power tyrannic diſpoſſeſt:
As Samſon, waking from his ſleep profound,
Burſt the new twiſted cords,
Wherewith his hands were bound
By the Philiſtine Lords.
So, the God Jeſus, threw Death's bands away,
Broke up the grave, and roſe to everlaſting day.

Nor armed guards that watch'd the ſepulchre,
Nor yet the pond'rous ſtone that on it lay,
Could hinder Heav'n's deſign:
Thoſe with amazement fled for fear,
And this an angel eas'ly roll'd away;
All obſtacles remov'd by power divine.
Now the firſt promiſe was fulfill'd,
The woman's ſeed hath broke the ſerpent's head,
And Death, the mighty ſpoiler, ſpoil'd.
Jeſus is riſen from the dead,

Angels

Angels to his diſciples tell the news;
And he himſelf appears,
To fix their faith, and diſſipate their fears:
His pierced hands and wounded ſide he ſhews;
Their drooping hearts his preſence chears,
And ſeeing him their quick'ned joy renews.

With them on earth he forty days remain'd,
And gave commiſſion in his name
A goſpel-church to raiſe and frame,
And rules for government ordain'd.
Which done, he leads them to a mountain high,
And having bleſt them there, in open ſight,
A cloud deſcending from the ſky,
Compos'd a chariot bright,
Of more than common light,
On which he mounted, and triumphant rode
Above created Heav'ns, unto the courts of God:
Th' eternal gates before him open flew,
For well the guards the King of Glory knew.
'Midſt angels ſhouts arriv'd to heights unknown,
Welcom'd by his great Father, he ſat down
At his right-hand upon the imperial throne.

Here ending the diſcourſe, they all ariſe.
My Muſe with longing eyes
Expecting what would next enſue:
When from the balmy Eaſt,

Out of a pleaſant valley, wherein grew
Choice trees in plenteous ſtore,
Such as in Eden heretofore
Were none ſo grateful to the ſight or taſte:
A charming ſound attack'd mine ear,
Which louder grew as it approach'd more near,
Reverberated from the hills;
At length it all the region fills
With heav'nly muſick, and the ſcene diſplay'd
A glorious triumph for a conqueror made.
Here ſome on pſalteries, others on the harp,
And ſome on inſtruments to earth unknown,
In lofty ſtrains, with dext'rous art,
Proclaim the glorious vict'ries he had won.

The next in order was a numerous train,
Proceeding twelve a-breaſt, with crowns of gold,
Array'd in linen white and clean,
And each a palm did in his right hand hold.
To theſe ten thouſand virgin voices join,
With choiceſt accents flowing from each tongue,
In lofty numbers all divine;
Melodiouſly thoſe play'd, and theſe as ſweetly ſung.
The noiſe was loud, but perfect concert all,
Not the leaſt jar or diſcord found,
To break or interrupt the ſound:
With equal pitch they riſe, with equal cadence fall.
O'erwhelm'd with joys amidſt thoſe heav'nly lays,
My raviſh'd Muſe, adoring, join'd their ſongs of praiſe.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Glory to God the King,
Who dwells in royal ſtate;
Who for thy pleaſure every thing
Didſt by thy word create.

Glory to God the Son,
The Lamb that once was ſlain;
Worthy of honour and renown,
Worthy to live and reign.

For with thy precious blood
Thou didſt our ſouls redeem;
And mad'ſt us kings and prieſts to God,
And we ſhall reign with him.

To God the ſpirit of power,
An equal glory be:
Let all in Heav'n and earth adore
This coeternal Three.

[*Dr.* WATTS, *in the preceding poetical Hiſtory of our Saviour's Sufferings and Death, found it neceſſary, in ſuch a narrative, to neglect the fetters of exact rhyme and regular verſification. The enthuſiaſm which a mind like his, warmed as it muſt have been with the ſubject, would probably experience in a recapitulation ſo intereſting, will operate with every candid and good reader, as a ſufficient exculpation for the inaccuracies in the poetry.*]

The Relief.

WHY ſits my ſoul thus all forlorn?
As bird with drooping wing:
The roſy bluſhes of the morn
Call to ariſe and ſing.

The dawning day of goſpel-grace
Breaks thro' the ſhades of night;
The Sun of righteouſneſs diſplays
His chearful beams of light.

The Saviour's unto Sion come,
And ſends his word abroad;
To call the wand'ring ſinners home,
And bring them near to God.

His high commiſſion from above,
Sign'd at Heaven's council board,
Contains thoſe ſov'reign acts of love,
That greateſt joys afford.

To bring in light, where darkneſs reigns,
And make the blind to ſee;
To break the captive's iron chains,
And ſet the pris'nor free.

To dying ſouls new life reſtore,
With good the hungry fill;
And conquer by almighty pow'r
The ſtubborn rebel will.

To bind up broken-hearted ones,
And calm the raging breaſt;
To eaſe the mourner of his groans,
And give the weary reſt.

This the Meſſiah was to do,
And this our Jeſus did;
He purchas'd peace and pardon too,
By ſuff'ring in our ſtead;

And ever lives to carry on
Thoſe gracious works of his:
To finiſh what he hath begun,
And bring his ſaints to bliſs.

Come then, my ſoul, ſhake off thy fears,
And wipe thy ſorrows dry;
For all thy wants and all thy cares,
See here's a rich ſupply.

Compaſſion in the Saviour's heart
Is in perfection found;
He ſympathizes in the ſmart
Of each believer's wound.

He fully underſtands thy caſe,
Sees what thou doſt endure:
Do but accept of offer'd grace,
And thy ſalvation's ſure.

The Lark.

NIGHT paſt and all the ſhadows fled,
The roſy morn began t'appear;
When I forſook my weary bed,
And walk'd abroad to take the air.

With eaſy pace I jogg'd along,
And while I various objects view'd,
Fain would my mind have fixt upon
Some theme to bleſs my ſolitude.

But ſtill my roving fancy flew
At random; nor could I controul
My wand'ring thoughts, or find a clue
To trace the lab'rinths of my ſoul.

At length the radiant ſun aroſe;
And lo! another ſudden ſight,
Which did at once my mind compoſe,
And entertain'd me with delight.

A Lark,

A Lark, the ſongſtreſs of the air,
Ariſing from her graſſy bed,
As overjoy'd and void of care,
Or by a ſecret inſtinct led ;

With flight erect ſhe ſeem'd to climb,
And reach the clouds with bold eſſays;
And flying, ſings a morning hymn,
Which ſweetly meant her Maker's praiſe.

My watchful eye obſerv'd her ſoar ;
'Till mounting up ſhe roſe ſo high
That I could ſee her now no more,
Yet ſtill I heard her melody.

At length her pinions, weary'd out,
While thro' the liquid air ſhe beat ;
The ſlender organs of her throat
No longer could her lays repeat.

She drop'd the wing with quick deſcent,
And did her airy flight conclude ;
And lighting on the ground, ſhe went
To ſeek her neceſſary food.

What uſeful leſſons, then thought I,
Theſe obſervations may afford :
I'll well conſider and apply
The actions of this little bird.

Arising with the early day,
  She leaves the earth and upwards flies;
Thro' yielding air she cleaves her way,
  And with her song salutes the skies.

The pious man his day begins
  With sallies of celestial love;
Mounting on pure devotion's wings,
  Visits the sacred courts above.

And lest he should be hind'red there,
  While he his holy incense burns;
Strict he commands each worldly care,
  To wait below till he returns.

With humble pray'r and hymns of praise,
  Prostrate before the mercy-seat,
His morning-tribute there he pays,
  And doth the same at night repeat.

Thus keeping still in duty's road,
  Sweetly to Heav'n he travels on;
And holds communion with his God,
  Until his life and work be done.

My walk had now my mind refresh'd,
  And having made this choice remark;
I laid it up among the rest,
  And home returning left the lark.

ETERNITY.

ETERNITY.

ETERNITY! that vaſt abyſs,
Which cannot be defin'd:
There's none can comprehend what 'tis,
But the eternal mind.

He never did begin to be,
Nor can his being ceaſe:
Dwells in his own eternity,
Where none diſturbs his peace.

Unto himſelf he's only known,
Supremely good and great:
Th' enjoyment of himſelf alone
Is happineſs complete.

Succeſſive ages riſe and fall,
Appear and paſs away:
But his duration runs thro' all
In one eternal day.

Angels and ſouls immortal are,
But this to God they owe;
That when they firſt created were,
His pleaſure made them ſo.

His

His abſolute eternity
Doth from himſelf ariſe;
Nor is it poſſible that he
Should e'er be otherwiſe.

Eternity! Who can conceive
With what it doth abound?
The mighty joys, the pond'rous grief,
That hang upon the ſound?

In Heav'n, this is the happy word,
That ſweetens pleaſure there;
In Hell, 'tis the tormenting ſword,
That kills with deep deſpair.

Oh! may ſuch awful thoughts as theſe,
Improv'd by meditation,
Conduce unto thy ſervant's peace,
And furth'rance of ſalvation.

And when thou call'ſt me to the grave,
Lord, grant me this requeſt,
That I may free admittance have
To thine eternal reſt.

An Enquiry after Happineſs.

MISTAKEN mortals, ſtrive in vain,
With anxious cares and reſtleſs pain;
In ſearching after happineſs,
Which fain they would on earth poſſeſs.

But wanting intellectual light,
They know not where to fix aright:
Some think 'tis this, and others that,
Treaſures, or pleaſures, robes of ſtate.

While ſenſual objects they purſue,
They take the falſe and leave the true:
So children pleas'd with painted toys,
Prefer them to ſubſtantial joys.

The world's a gilded counterfeit,
And yet but few diſcern the cheat:
Poor mortals thus, by error led,
Seek for the living 'mongſt the dead.

The way of life unto the wiſe
Is far above created ſkies;
Earth cannot give what ne'er was her's,
Tho' meteors ſhine, they are not ſtars.

Of

Of all enjoyments here below,
'Tis Heav'n the Saviour's love to know;
As in the ſacred word reveal'd,
And by the holy ſpirit ſeal'd.

From this internal evidence,
Flow joys beyond the reach of ſenſe:
Of bleſſedneſs he cannot miſs,
Whoſe God the God of Jacob is.

'Tis grace's fulneſs, glory's crown,
To ſee and know as we are known.
Jeſus, let me thy love poſſeſs,
And I'm ſecur'd of happineſs.

Fallen Angels and fallen Man.

WITH humble rev'rence, Lord, I would eſſay
The triumphs of thy juſtice to diſplay;
That awful attribute, whoſe glory ſhines
In puniſhing rebellious angels crimes:
Once happy ſpirits, holy, wiſe, and good,
While in their native innocence they ſtood;
Form'd of pure ſubſtance in creation's morn,
And claim'd the privilege of Heav'n's firſt-born;
In foremoſt rank of creatures took their place,
Were honour'd to behold their Maker's face;

Prime

Prime fav'rites in the glorious courts above,
Near the imperial ſeat of great Jehove;
Amongſt their fellows were inur'd to ſing
Melodious anthems to th' eternal King:
This was their happy ſtate, this their employ,
And wanted nothing to compleat their joy.

But oh! the dire effects of curſed ſin!
When Lucifer, and multitudes with him
Combining, their allegiance to withdraw,
Refus'd ſubjection to their ſov'reign's law;
Raiſing rebellion, thought to ſeize the throne,
And place the bold uſurper thereupon:
Till, to their coſt, they found that there could be
But one Almighty, and their Maker he;
Whoſe wrath, incens'd againſt the rebel crew,
The ſword of his tremendous juſtice drew;
Which brandiſh'd high, the Heav'n's began to roar,
With peals of thunder never heard before,
Mixt with inceſſant light'nings, flaming bright;
Storms of red vengeance quell'd their boaſted might.
No longer able now to make defence,
'Twas vain to ſtrive againſt Omnipotence.
Confuſion ſeiz'd upon the rebel hoſt,
Raging with malice, though the day was loſt.
Inexorable juſtice them purſu'd,
With dreadful horrors, and their powers ſubdu'd:

Baniſh'd

Baniſh'd for ever from the realms of bliſs,
And hurl'd precipitant to Hell's abyſs;
By Heav'n's decree bound faſt in iron chains,
Reſerv'd in darkneſs for ſeverer pains,
Unto the judgment day, when they muſt bear
Eternal torments, rack'd with black deſpair.

Here pauſe awhile, my ſoul, reflect and learn
What does belong unto thine own concern.
With low proſtration come, admire free grace
Extended unto fallen Adam's race.
To fill the ſeats apoſtate angels left,
A choſen lot of men God would accept
In a Redeemer. Oh! the bleſt deſign,
To make electing love in glory ſhine;
When in th' eternal council 'twas decreed,
That God's own Son ſhould be the woman's ſeed;
And human nature ſhould in time aſſume,
To bear his Father's wrath in ſinners' room:
His blood ſhould as a ſacrifice be ſpilt,
To make atonement and remove their guilt;
An everlaſting righteouſneſs bring in,
And all believers ſhould be ſav'd by him.
A ſcheme of wonders, deep myſterious love,
Contriv'd by wiſdom in the court above!

When

When angels fell, mercy ſtood ſilent by,
Without one glance of pity in her eye;
Nor was there any one to intercede
On their behalf, or for a pardon plead.
Thoſe holy minds that kept them ſtanding faſt,
Approv'd the ſentence that the judge had paſt.
Abandon'd thus by all without regard,
They muſt endure what juſtice did award.
But fall'n man no ſooner was arraign'd,
But Mercy mov'd her ſuit, which ſhe obtain'd;
His loſt eſtate ſhould be again repair'd,
The Saviour foreordain'd was ſtrait declar'd,
By gracious promiſe, to allay his grief,
On which depending he ſhould find relief.
Juſtice was ſatisfy'd, and Mercy ſmil'd,
Th' offender ſav'd, and God was reconcil'd.
And ſhall not this our admiration raiſe,
And fill our hearts with joy, our tongues with praiſe?

The awakened Sinner's Soliloquy.

AH! me, my ſoul, where ſhall I find relief?
What ſovereign baiſam to aſſuage my grief?
O'erwhelming ſorrows in my breaſt abound,
To ſee the dangers that my ſoul ſurround.

Troops of aſſailant foes, on every hand,
Threaten thy ruin; ſee how thick they ſtand,
Rang'd in battalia by the prince of Hell,
Their arrows notch'd, and dipt in poiſon fell.
Againſt thy welfare do they all combine,
Thine endleſs ruin is their whole deſign.
Thou art the mark, whereat the javelins fly;
Alas! my darling, thy deſtruction's nigh.
But here's not all the miſchief, open foes
Not only watch thee, but thou doſt incloſe
A formidable monſter in thy breaſt,
Whoſe envious nature never is at reſt;
But ſeeks thy blood, and ſhortly thou ſhalt ſee,
He'll work thy death, unleſs ſubdu'd he be.
The plot's contriv'd againſt thee, hatch'd in hell;
And Satan's factor doth within thee dwell:
Lurking in ſecret, waiting every day
To undermine thee, and thy fort betray:
Thy worſt, thine oldeſt foe; yet he pretends
Great friendſhip to thee, to atchieve his ends;
No dangers like to thoſe of feigned friends.
Hadſt thou but known this traitor long ago,
Thou ſurely would'ſt have ſought his overthrow.
Our proverb tells us, ſerpents hide their heads
Beneath the faireſt flowers of graſſy beds:
Where leaſt ſuſpected oftentimes they lie,
Unheard and undiſcover'd to the eye.

We ſee him not, until, alas! we feel
The ſerpent's ſting, when bitten by the heel.
The greateſt dangers are obſerv'd to grow
More from a ſecret than an open foe.
Nature's the graſs, where Sin, the ſerpent, lies
So cloſely hid; behold him with thine eyes.
Thy boſom let not any longer cover
This curſed foe, this falſe pretended lover.
See, ſee the danger thou art daily in,
From this ſelf-bred, indwelling traitor, Sin.
Great God, afford me courage from above,
Secure my ſoul with everlaſting love;
And grant me wiſdom to eſcape the ſnares
Of this beguiler, baniſh all my fears:
Arm me with ſacred weapons to expel
The ſerpent, Sin, that doth within me dwell.
Gird me with Truth, the doctrine of thy word;
Give me thy Spirits (not Goliath's) ſword:
Strengthen mine arm to wield it, and expreſs
True chriſtian valour; and with righteouſneſs
Secure my breaſt, and help me to put on
The ſhot-proof helmet of Salvation:
Shield me with Faith; that thus prepar'd I may
Endure the battle, and obtain the day.
The ſkill of ſpiritual warfare teach thou me,
That I may conquer Sin, and live to thee.

On the Mind's Contrarieties.

OH! how I hurried am
With fixt inconſtancy;
When I am moſt in frame,
How diſcompos'd am I!

I ſhun what I approve,
Yet herein pleaſure find:
So doth my fancy rove,
Theſe joys diſtract my mind.

Croſs paſſions are the gueſts
Still welcome to my heart;
Whoſe moſt delighting feaſts
Are cates of pleaſing ſmart.

Their various operations
Afford me change of diet;
Their conſtant alterations
Maintain my reſtleſs quiet.

Concealing is my hope,
Yet ſilence my diſtreſs:
I ſtill am mov'd to ſpeak,
Yet ever hold my peace.

My

My hope affords me reſt,
Yet oft that reſt is croſt;
My ſilence yields me peace,
Yet reſt through ſilence loſt.

My ſpeech oft' frees my heart,
Yet ſpeaking makes me ſad:
My freedom me enthrals,
Yet thraldom makes me glad.

Grief often me ſuſtains,
And gives my ſpirit eaſe:
But while that grief remains,
I cannot live in peace.

My mind would fain be fixt,
And find ſome ſettlement:
Yet were my thoughts unmixt,
I ſhould have no content.

Aſſurance is my ſtay,
Tho' ſtill with doubt oppreſt;
But doubts at length convey
Sweet comforts to my breaſt.

Society I ſeek,
Yet wiſh to be alone:
I daily converſe keep
With thoſe I moſt diſown.

I every day decline,
Yet always do increaſe ;
I ſtill grow more and more,
And yet my growth doth ceaſe.

My heart, as hot as fire,
Continually does burn :
Yet doth my cold deſire
Thoſe flames to freezing turn.

My day oft' turns to night,
Yet night as bright as day :
My time, now tedious quite,
Now poſts too ſwift away.

One evening gives me joy,
Next morning brings me ſorrow :
I oft' would die to-day,
Yet wiſh to live to-morrow.

Thus diſcontent content,
I am not what I am :
When I am moſt myſelf,
My heart's moſt out of frame.

Earth yields no reſt to th' ſoul,
For earth's a rolling ſphere :
O Lord, be thou my pole,
And help me centre there.

On the World's Emptineſs.

'TIS a light nothing in a ſomething's dreſs,
Nor is it more, nor can it well be leſs.
But yet if ought can leſs than nothing be,
You may conclude this leſs than nothing's ſhe.
Of nothing was ſhe made, ſhe nought contains
That's worth the getting with the pooreſt pains.
She's wiſe men's ſcorn, tho' ideots doat upon her,
Catch at her pleaſing baits, riches and honour.
The goods ſhe boaſts of are but painted toys,
A murm'ring ſound of words without a voice.
Her glorious honours, wherewithal ſhe ſwells,
Are but an airy blaſt, and nothing elſe.
A golden ſhadow is her greateſt treaſure,
A mere conceit, a frail and tranſient pleaſure.
Her beſt things are but dreams, her worſt are ſmoke;
She's very vanity, a bubble broke.
Put all theſe noughts together now, and count
To what a ſum their numbers will amount:
Now, eager worldling, ſee thy ſtock, behold
What 'tis thy graſping arms ſo faſt enfold.
Come, view the purchaſe which thy pains have bought,
A dream of ſomething, but a real nought:
Or if indeed ſhe ought contains within,
'Tis what is worſe than nothing, care and ſin.

On Joſeph's Oath.

WHAT! Joſeph ſwear, and that by creatures too?
In common talk? Doubtleſs good Joſeph knew,
'Twas an offence, on every ſlight occaſion,
To ſpend an oath; 'twas ſin, with aggravation,
To ſwear by creatures, and yet Joſeph fears
The Lord, and by the life of Pharaoh ſwears.
Had Joſeph dwelt in Canaan, he had been
Stranger to Egypt, and to Egypt's ſin.
His ſeparation from his father's houſe,
Where God was worſhip'd, oaths were not in uſe;
His abſence from old Jacob's godly care,
Laid a foundation for this curſed ſnare;
For when tranſplanted from his native land
(Tho' by direction of th' Almighty's hand,)
His high advancement, and his great renown,
In Egypt's court, the ſecond to the crown;
His daily preſence, and his converſation
With courtier lords, where oaths were much in faſhion,
Had ſo accuſtom'd Joſeph's ears to hear,
That he forgot the ſin, and dares to ſwear.
When men are abſent from the means of grace,
Preſent and honour'd in a wicked place,
Where ſins are lov'd and practis'd all day long;
Then to be godly, and preſerve the tongue,

It calls for ſtrength of grace, and double care,
To break the treble twiſts of ſuch a ſnare.
Satan's a thriving gameſter with this gin :
—How eaſily cuſtom draws e'en ſaints to ſin !

On the Folly of Man.

MAN's life's a labour, and his death's a reſt;
And yet ſuch folly have our hearts poſſeſt,
We ſcarce believe the laſt to be the beſt.

The Pleas of Juſtice and Mercy, againſt and for fallen Man, with Wiſdom's Expedient to reconcile them, fulfilled in Chriſt.

THE glorious ſtructure of this lower world,
Rear'd out of nothing by th' Almighty word,
With pleaſant hills and fruitful vales adorn'd,
Where trees, and ſhrubs, and plants in plenty grew,
All that were good for ornament and uſe ;
And num'rous animals of various kinds,
Sporting themſelves in peaceful harmony,
And as they ſpake the great Creator's praiſe :

Earth made and furniſhed thus, Heav'ns great tribune
In ſacred council ſat on high deſign,
To make the creature man, who ſhould excel
His fellows, and the Maker's image bear,
In noble faculties almoſt divine;
And as his viceroy over all the reſt
Should reign, ſubordinate to him alone;
Requiring only (as a ſingle due)
Obedience to one only law enjoin'd.
Thus man was form'd in holy, happy ſtate,
Veſted with free and ample power to keep
The cov'nant now confirm'd 'twixt God and him:
Whereby himſelf and all his after-race
Should have remain'd the fav'rites of Heav'n.
But Satan, fall'n by baleful acts of pride,
From higheſt realms of bliſs, becomes God's foe,
Raging with malice and extreme deſpair,
With guiltful ſtratagem attacks poor man;
And by his flatt'ring falſhood ſoon prevails
To draw him from allegiance to his Lord,
Caſt off obedience, and tranſgreſs his law;
A rebel, thus, man loſt his innocence,
And forfeited his claim to happineſs,
Expos'd to wrath: againſt him Juſtice brings
Her dreadful charge, too clear to be deny'd,
Too ſtrong to be evaded, while ſhe calls

For

For ſpeedy vengeance on the ſinner's head ;
With force and argument hear how ſhe pleads :

Lord, at thy high tribunal I arraign
The abject ingrate, thy glorious handy-work,
The centre of thy royal goodneſs, where
In noble counterpart thy image ſhone ;
But now become a miſerable wretch.
His woful caſe might thy compaſſion move,
Were he ſtill innocent as once he was :
But he's a guilty criminal, whoſe ſin
Juſtly forbids that pity ſhould be ſhewn.
Thou didſt create him in another ſtate,
With pow'r ſufficient to have kept him ſo :
Thy lib'ral bounty doth increaſe his fault,
And aggravates the blackneſs of his crime.
By no neceſſity was he compell'd
To act rebellion ; no, 'twas his choice
To liſten to the counſel of thy foe.
His will was free, nor could it be conſtrain'd
By creature-force, nor can he plead excuſe,
As ignorant of what the law enjoin'd,
When both the precept, and the penalty,
Were not deliver'd in ambiguous terms,
But in the plaineſt fulleſt words expreſt ;
And were engraven in his nature too.
Had he e'en felt a tranſient inſult,

Caſual

Caſual neglect, that could never form
A juſt defence for his apoſtacy.
Thou waſt his ſovereign, abſolute in power,
No ways oblig'd to him, but he to thee
For what he was, and what he did enjoy
Thy bounty gave, and didſt thy gifts maintain,
With honour and with glory crownd'ſt his head.

For him thy power a manſion-ſeat prepar'd,
Well ſituate in the choiceſt ſpot of earth,
Stor'd with all ſorts of richeſt furniture,
And trains of ſervants on him to attend.
Whate'er his mind by contemplation ſaw,
Or eyes beheld without, within, himſelf,
Marks of thy bounty, met him ſtill in view,
That might engage obedience to his lord.
Had he conceiv'd leaſt ground of diſcontent,
Thy kindneſs was an over-balance ſtill.
What favour could th' apoſtate angel do?
Author of evil, could he good confer?
To make man leave thee, and inliſt his ſlave?
Was't not enough, one creature ſhould attempt
T'invade thy glory in the upper realms?
But this muſt rob thee of it here below!
By title of Creator 'tis thy due.
Can he complain that the command was hard?
Too difficult to be by him perform'd?

No;

No; what could eaſier be propos'd than this,
Of all the fruits that in the garden grew,
One only tree ſhould be prohibited?
Yet to indulge his curious appetite,
His ſenſe to Reaſon's dictates he prefers,
And breaks the bonds of his Creator's charge.
Righteous and reaſonable was the term
Thou didſt preſcribe. And ſhall right reaſon be
Rejected by the Judge ſupreme? Becauſe
The rebel creature dar'd to trample on't?
What! muſt God abrogate his holy law,
'Cauſe man will ſay he likes it not?
What ground would here be given to reflect
Upon the wiſdom that enacted it?
And call the equity in queſtion too,
Of the command itſelf! And whether fit
By ſuch a ſanction it ſhould be confirm'd?

Man then muſt ſuffer, or the law be rul'd,
Expung'd, and be for ever void and null.
And is't not better man ſhould undergo
Eternal ſmart, the merit of his crime,
Than that the law ſhould interrupted be
With baſe diſhonour, and unrighteous deem'd?
Or the great Lawgiver with folly charg'd,
For want of foreſight? What would be th' event

Should puniſhment be ſpar'd? what it plainly
ſpeaks,
An approbation of the Devil's lye,
And juſtifies the creature in revolt?
It would condemn thy law, as if unjuſt,
Sentence thy wiſdom of improvidence.
Rather let man for ever bear the ſtroke
Of puniſhment deſerv'd for his offence;
Than that God's attributes ſhould be reproach'd.
Better that man be miſerable ſtill,
Than God be falſe, unrighteous, or unwiſe;
And tamely ſee his ſovereignty deny'd.
What profit, what advantage can it be,
If Mercy ſhould herein be gratify'd?
By pard'ning ſuch a malefactor's crime,
He'll ſurely take encouragement from thence
To ſpurn at thine authority ſupreme;
Oppoſe thy holineſs, run on in ſin,
With hopes he ſtill ſhall puniſhment eſcape.
For if the creature be reſtor'd again,
And after tranſgreſſion ſtill elude the rod,
Future obedience is a baſeleſs hope:
The eaſy re-admiſſion would abet
The repetition of an old offence.
Soon wouldſt thou find, exalted with conceit,
This baſe dependant even thee diſown.
Should he without condition be reſtor'd,

Or

Or cov'nant made to ſubject him to awe?
No; he's a creature not to be controul'd
But by the law, and penal government.
Will he unto thy precept have regard,
Or fear the threat'nings which thou ſhalt pronounce,
If now his crime be lightly overpaſt?
Is not thy mind unalterably ſure?
Yet with what reaſon will he credit that,
When he hath found it otherwiſe by proof?
Thy truth in future threats will have no force
With him, who by his own experience found
How once thou laidſt its dignity aſide.

'Tis abſolutely neceſſary, then,
Rebellious man ſhould ſuffer puniſhment,
To ſalve the honour of thy ſacred law;
And thine, who art the Legiſlator too,
With all thoſe high perfections, which agreed
In its compoſure. This, this I claim,
That forthwith vengeance vindicate my right.
Here Juſtice ceas'd———
And Mercy, who had all the while ſtood by,
Attentive to her ſiſter's arguments,
Now moving forward, thus, with aſpect mild
And chearful voice, her humble plea began:

'Tis

'Tis true, indeed, man has a rebel been,
His crimes notorious cannot be deny'd,
And Juſtice charge is too too evident.
The guilt by aggravations height'ned is:
Thy goodneſs he has ſlighted, and thy foe
Hath he accepted for his counſellor:
But 'twas not of his own pure act he fell,
As the revolt of Satan was before:
He had a tempter, but the Devil none.
He had an underſtanding, I confeſs,
To know thy will, and alſo pow'r t' obey;
But he was mutable, ſubject to fall.
The taſk enjoin'd him was not hard to do;
The burden not beyond his ſtrength to bear.
Has he a part endu'd with Reaſon's light?
A ſoul that might with Heav'n kindred claim?
He hath as well a brutiſh part, whereby
He may by ſenſual appetites be led:
Whereas the fallen angel had no fleſh,
But was all ſpirit, intellectual, pure.
Shall God for ever ſuch diſhonour bear?
While Satan with his ſubtlety prevails?
Was it for this he did the world create,
To have his work thus wreſted from his hands?
That which eternal wiſdom did project,
And power divine did into being bring,
Muſt it be in the creature's ruin loſt,

Sunk

Sunk in deſtruction, not to be repair'd:
How can it with thy goodneſs ſtand, that man
Should formed be only to be a wretch?
That by creation he ſhould be deſign'd
Not for his Maker's, but for Satan's uſe?
And thus it muſt be, if the choiceſt piece
Of workmanſhip that e'er on earth was made,
And preſently defac'd, muſt ſo remain
For ever in this marr'd and loſt eſtate.
What conſequence can hence expected be,
But that the creature, plung'd in endleſs woe,
Will a perpetual enmity retain
'Gainſt him, from whom his being he receiv'd?
Was it to have the creature's love or hate,
Creating Wiſdom did at firſt propoſe?
Shall great Jehove ordain a ſacred law,
And yet have no obedience paid thereto
By him, for whom it only was deſign'd
To be a ſtanding rule for government?
Shall the moſt curious workmanſhip of God,
Upon whoſe heart the law of nature was
Richly engraven, be ſo ſoon deform'd,
And never more its glory to be ſeen?
Treaſures of knowledge infinite are thine:
All times and things are ever in thy view;
Thou muſt foreſee poor man's unhappy fall:
Why hadſt thou goodneſs to create him, then,

In holy, happy ſtate of innocence,
If Mercy muſt afford him no relief,
Nor Pity help his miſerable caſe?
Muſt thy curſt foe for ever trample on
The honour of thy work, and raiſe his head,
In horrid triumph of thy glory, Lord!
Boaſting himſelf in his ſucceſsful wiles?
Is Juſtice one of thoſe perfections high,
That in thy nature do with radiance ſhine?
And am not I the ſame, my beams as bright?
My claim is equal let it be declar'd.
Muſt juſtice all unto herſelf engroſs?
And I, thy darling, never come in view?

'Tis paſt by irreverſible decree,
That fallen angels, bound with iron chains,
Under almighty wrath, muſt ever lie,
And feel the dreadful ſtrokes of Juſtice hand;
Without all hope, nor can they ſubjects be
For me to exerciſe myſelf upon:
And I have now leſs reaſon than before
To offer any plea for their excuſe;
For they tranſgreſs'd with full conſent of will,
Of their ſelf-motion chuſing to rebel,
Without perſuaſion from another hand:
And not content themſelves t' apoſtatize,
Raging with envy and malicious ſpite

To rob thee of thy glory, dar'd attempt,
As well on earth, as in the realms of bliſs:
The beſt of the creation here below,
By hateful guile ſeditious to alien.
Shall Satan thus, the whole creation plunge
In everlaſting ruin with himſelf?
If man ſhould be reſtor'd, will he contract
Boldneſs in ſinning with impunity?
Haſt thou not grace enough to make him ſtand
Faſt in obedience for the time to come,
As well as pity to relieve him firſt?
What hinders but he may eſtabliſh'd be,
As thoſe bright ſpirits of th' angelic Hoſt,
Who kept their firſt eſtate, by thee confirm'd?
If I muſt utterly excluded be
From ev'ry future intercourſe with man,
As I have been from devils, what can hence
Be the reſult of all tranſactions paſt,
But that one ſpecies is entirely loſt?
And I, thy Mercy, ſtill remain conceal'd,
Can never look t' appear in public view?
If 'tis thy pleaſure man ſhould be deſtroy'd,
By Juſtice hand, without all help or hope,
And from the treaſures of Omnipotence
Thou forthwith ſhould'ſt another world create,
And form another human creature there;

If he ſhould ſtand obedient to thy will,
And never forfeit his Creator's love,
Thy bounty would moſt eminently ſhine
With glorious luſtre in this new-made frame;
And yet no room for Mercy would be there;
Unleſs by Sin's commiſſion man became,
As this is now, to miſery expos'd.
And if Sin ever ſhould an entrance have
Into another world, what hope have I
Then to be heard, if I'm rejected now?
Worlds will perpetually created be,
By wiſdom, goodneſs, and almighty pow'r,
In infinite ſucceſſions, and as faſt
Sin ent'ring into theſe, vengeance is call'd
To execute perpetual puniſhment.
To Juſtice honour ſtill ſhall be diſplay'd,
While Mercy, that ſweet attribute of thine,
As glorious and eſſential as the reſt
Of thy perfections, will for ever be
Enjoin'd to ſilence, never to be heard;
But in eternal darkneſs ever lie;
Wrap'd up in clouds, and unreveal'd to man.
Take now occaſion to unveil my face,
And let me to thy creature be diſclos'd.
The choiceſt gems their darling beauties ſhew
In darkeſt ſhades, ſo Mercy's glory ſhines

In deepeſt miſery, 'till then unſeen.
Thus Mercy pleads: If man muſt ruin'd be,
Then the creation was produc'd in vain.
Juſtice replies: If man be not condemn'd,
Then to no purpoſe is God's holy law.
Grace pleads for Mercy, and abets her cauſe;
While Juſtice, back'd with Truth, holds her demand.
How ſhall this contradiction be allay'd?
This ſeeming diſcord who can reconcile?
If man's not pardon'd, Mercy is not ſhewn:
If man's not puniſh'd, Juſtice will complain.

What ſhall, what can be done? what means devis'd?
Which of the whole creation can declare
What middle method may protect
The eternal laws from inconſiſtency?
Come, flaming ſeraphs, you whoſe piercing light
Beholds thoſe glories mortals cannot ſee;
Come, mighty cherubs, who in pow'r excel,
And nobleſt deeds can eaſily perform;
Come, all intelligencies, whoſe abode
Is near the throne, and let your force unite
To undertake the taſk. What, all ſtand mute?
Your pow'r outdone? and all your ſtrength too ſmall?
The work too weighty, great beyond your ſkill?

'Tis ſo indeed ; an infinite abyſs,
Where finite underſtandings would be loſt,
And ſwallow'd up in boundleſs deeps of thought.
There's none of all the angel potentates,
Thoſe brighteſt ranks of creatures to be found,
Skilful enough to find the ſecret out,
Or mark the plan of ſuch a vaſt deſign ;
Or if contriv'd, created ſtrength would fail,
Should it attempt to bear the pond'rous weight.

Here God's own wiſdom having heard the pleas
Of both her royal ſiſter-attributes,
Stands up, and with a charming eloquence,
Chearfully grave, herſelf diſcovers thus.
Concerning man's creation, and his ſin
In violation of his Maker's law,
The puniſhment he hath incurr'd thereby,
His woeful caſe, and what hath been alledg'd
For and againſt him, every argument
I have conſider'd, and approve them all.
And leſt a ſeeming diſcord ſhould be thought
Among the high perfections of Jehove,
I have an adequate expedient found,
To anſwer all demands of either ſide,
Adjuſt the diff'rence, and eſtabliſh peace.

The pleas of Juſtice ſhall be ſatisfy'd
By puniſhment, and all her rights maintain'd.

Mercy

Mercy, in pard'ning, ſhall exalted be;
Her equal glories to the world diſplay'd.
No cauſe ſhall either have to make complaint;
I'll have a ſacrifice of no leſs worth
Than infinite, to anſwer man's offence,
Make Juſtice eaſy, and fulfil the threat
Pronounc'd for ſanction of the righteous law.
The fruit and virtue, which ſhall thence ariſe,
Will pleaſant be, and Mercy's chief delight:
Here Juſtice ſhall have puniſhment t' expect,
And Mercy plenteous pardon to beſtow,
The claims of both preſerv'd with equal poize,
Triumphant both and ſweetly reconcil'd.

Oh! wond'rous work! Oh! wiſdom's maſterpiece!
Contriv'd and ſign'd at Heav'ns high council-board,
And there recorded in th' eternal book,
That man ſhould be redeem'd, and ſin condemn'd;
The crime upon that ſurety be transferr'd,
And he alone the puniſhment ſhall bear:
Whoſe dying blood ſhall expiate the guilt,
And recompence the wrongs to Juſtice done:
And Mercy, by his meritorious death,
Life and ſalvation ſhall on us confer.
Juſtice and Mercy Jeſus joins in one.

On Contentment.

CONtent's a kingdom, where the ſoul dilates
Herſelf in pleaſures—feeds on delicates;
Who finds her, finds enough, his happy ſtore
Is ſtill ſufficient, he can want no more.
With her the peaſant finds the country life
In his thatch'd cottage, and his homely wife,
Serv'd in an earthen diſh their homely food,
Purchas'd with painful ſweat, as ſweet and good
As is his prince's more delicious fare,
Adorn'd with all that pamper'd arts confer.
With her the captive lives as well at eaſe,
As he that walks at random where he pleaſe.
Where ſhe's enjoy'd, a darkſome priſon yields
As true refreſhment, as the fragrant fields.
She makes the exile, on a foreign ſhore,
As bleſt as in his native land before.
Happy the heart, where true Contentment dwells,
Although it be poſſeſt of little elſe.
Her preſence makes it ſunſhine all the year;
In dangers ſhe ſurmounts the reach of fear.
Safe in deſpite of foes, her pleaſant ſpring
Makes in your breaſt a Philomela ſing.

She

She bids defiance to the frowns of fate,
Still ſatisfy'd with her allotted ſtate.
When gentle Zephyr, with auſpicious gales,
Breathes on the coaſt, with ſteady courſe ſhe ſails,
With chearful heart, to ſee her thriving ſtore,
Expects, but fears no loſs, nor covets more.
Again, when Boreas, with his bluſt'ring rage,
With hoary Neptune's prouder waves engage,
And ſtave her veſſel with a mind ſedate,
And aſpect mild, ſhe bears a ſhipwreck-ſtate
Without repining; calmly ſhe abides
The ſame in ebbing as in flowing tides.
O'er hills and dales ſhe keeps the ſelf-ſame pace,
And change of fortune changes not her face:
Nor wealth, nor want, nor plenty, nor diſtreſs,
Can make or marr Contentment's happineſs.
If Heav'n vouchſafe to ſmile upon her ways,
She ſpends her mercies to the donor's praiſe;
Or if another lot the ſtars ſupply,
She's humbly ſilent under poverty.
Nor poor condition, baniſhment, or thrall,
Shame, or diſgrace, or what can e'er befal,
Can make her wretched, or her peace diveſt,
Who ſtill accounts the preſent ſtate the beſt.
Not rais'd too high—nor e'er too low depreſt,
Equality ſtill occupies her breaſt.

But here, leſt any ſhould miſtake the ſame,
And court another in Contentment's name;
Know, that my Muſe intends not to adore
Her, whom the heathen ſages heretofore
Call'd by that name, but of a baſer kind,
Dame Nature's daughter, when by art refin'd:
Nor yet that baſe-born brat, of ſtupid ſenſe,
Who takes no notice of God's providence;
That cares not whether things go well or ill,
Thro' ſtubborn frame of ſelf-conceited will:
No, 'tis a maid of pure and fair deſcent,
A maid more noble, whom I call Content;
Daughter to Faith, and Hope's apparent heir,
Who with her ſiſter Patience nurtur'd were
By Chriſtian valour at Experience ſchool,
In ſacred arts by holy Scriptures rule;
Where ſhe in ſkill divine ſo much improv'd,
As makes her worthy to be well-belov'd.
From thence her deareſt qualities ariſe,
Beyond my Muſe's reach t' epitomize.
This, this is ſhe, to whom my ſoul hath been
So long a ſuitor, whom I wiſh to win.
Oh! bleſt eſtate! Lord, let my portion be
To be content with what thou deal'ſt to me.

On the Wheels of Providence.

WHEN Faith had rais'd my ſoul by contemplations,
To view th' Almighty's works and diſpenſations;
Methought I ſaw preſented to mine eyes
A curious piece of ſacred myſteries;
Fill'd full of wonder, at whoſe excellence
My raviſh'd Muſe, as one bereav'd of ſenſe,
Amazed ſtood; admiring to behold,
While moving Time did all the piece unfold.
Th' Eternal all things knows, and all directs;
We know his counſels only by th' effects.
'Twas like a globe, by Wiſdom's ſelf deviſ'd,
Prepared wheels, and differently fix'd,
Mov'd by an unſeen hand, I ſaw them go,
Each in his orb, ſome turn'd with motion ſlow;
Others in furious manner rolling round
The whole deſign ſtill threat'ned to confound.
Here while I ſaw them rattling round amain,
A ſudden check their fury did reſtrain;
Caus'd by a little wheel, whoſe ſober pace
Brought in a cog, to ſtop the other's race:

Which

Which interpoſing in their full career
Produc'd a jarring diſcord every where,
And ev'ry part diſorder'd did appear.
Now thoſe went backward, which had forward gone,
And ſlow-pac'd wheels were carry'd faſter on.
All chang'd their places in alternate way,
Thoſe that were under bore the greateſt ſway;
Poſſeſs'd the upper rooms, and mov'd above,
While ſwifteſt wheels were ſcarcely ſeen to move.
But long it held not this new-model'd ſtation,
Before it met another alteration,
From cauſes ſecret, ſudden, undiſcern'd,
Soon all the work was in confuſion turn'd.
Long time I ſought to find the reaſon out,
What this ſhould mean, what that would bring about;
But reas'ning ſtill the more increas'd my doubt:
For while mine eyes each piece apart did view,
Change after change each other did purſue,
So that the more I ſaw, the leſs I knew.
The ways of God are objects far too high,
To be diſcern'd by purblind Reaſon's eye.
Sometimes expecting this ſhould that produce,
'Twas made to ſerve a quite contrary uſe.
Their changes thus my puzzling mind perplex'd,
Not knowing when or what would be the next.

I thought confuſion had poſſeſs'd the whole,
To ſee the work in ſuch diſorder roll:
'Till Faith inform'd me, what the light of nature
Could not diſcover, how the wiſe Creator
Made all the various changes to fulfil
The ſure decrees of his eternal will,
In ſweet harmonious order; though to me
All in confuſion had appear'd to be.
Thoſe ſeeming jars, that happen'd to befal,
With him are counted as methodical.
Not the leaſt wheel, but ſerves his great deſign,
Each vary'd piece doth in concurrence join;
And altogether do their motions bend,
To bring about the wiſe Creator's end;
Which that I might the better underſtand,
Truth brought her ſacred records to my hand;
Wherein, at large, 'twas fairly written down,
What had been brought to paſs in ages gone,
And how the work of Providence went on.
Who converſe daily with the written word,
Beſt underſtand the wonders of the Lord.
Here mov'd a wheel, and by divine command,
Brought faithful Abram from his native land;
Plac'd him in Canaan, where he thriv'd awhile,
Then famine drives him to the banks of Nile;
Where he, thro' frailty, to preſerve his life,
Diſtruſts his Maker, and denies his wife.

Faith's

Faith's heroes had their failings more or leſs,
Whoſe falls ſhould ſtir us up to watchfulneſs.
The famine paſt, a wheel turns round again,
Leads him from Egypt back to Mamre's plain,
With greater riches than he had before,
His flocks and herds increaſing more and more.
Diſtreſſes often raiſe a chriſtian's ſtore.
Where he the promis'd offſpring did obtain;
Another wheel brings Iſaac to be ſlain:
Which being check'd (oh! ſacred myſteries)
Turns round, and brings a ram for ſacrifice.
Thus went the work, and there another wheel
Brings the ſupplanter graſping Eſau's heel;
God's choſen Jacob, darling of his mother,
A cunning cook to undermine his brother:
For broth and ven'ſon, it was order'd ſo,
He got the birthright and the bleſſing too.
Awhile he proſper'd thus, but by and by
The wheel turns round, and Iſaac's heir muſt fly
From Eſau's wrath, to keep his uncle's ſheep,
Where he endur'd a double 'prenticeſhip,
Thro' winter's froſt and ſummer's ſultry heat;
At length returns, improved in his ſtate,
Towards his father's houſe; when jogging on
On either ſide, another wheel begun
T'oppoſe his progreſs in ſuch furious ſtrain,
With rattling motions, whirling round amain,
That now I thought poor Jacob muſt be ſlain.

Laban

Laban enrag'd, purſues him cloſe behind,
Eſau's at hand, and both with angry mind
Reſolve revenge: but ſee, before they meet him,
Their wheels are cogg'd, and both muſt kindly greet him.
Jacob had ſtriv'n with God in ſuch a ſort
As gain'd a bleſſing, though he halted for't.
Such is th' effect of pray'r, that whoſo can
But uſe't aright, prevails with God and man.
Now all things in a peaceful order mov'd,
'Till Joſeph came, old Jacob's beſt belov'd;
A goodly youth, his aged ſire's delight,
But Envy's mark, ſpot of his brethren's ſpite.
The more his grace encreas'd, the more their ire,
His growing favour blow'd the Stygian fire,
Which burn'd within, altho' in ſilence pent
'Till ſeaſon fit ſhall give their malice vent,
In their revenge, and Joſeph's detriment.
He drawing near, they all conſult together,
How they might ſpeed him hence, they car'd not whither;
Dreaming thereby to contradict his dreams;
Tho' th' All-director us'd it as a means
For their fulfilling. Next, they all conſpire
To ſell the lad, and then deceive the ſire.

And

And now muſt Joſeph hie to Nilus' ſhore,
While Jacob little thought to ſee him more.
And very ſmall appearance did there ſeem,
That Iſrael and his ſons ſhould bow to him.
God's love's not meaſur'd by his diſpenſations,
The choiceſt ſaints have foreſt tribulations.
Poor Joſeph ſeems a miſerable man:
And here, methought, a ſmaller wheel began
To move a little in a gentler ſtrain,
And by and by it ſlept and ſtopt again,
'Till jogg'd by one, that ſtood in higher place,
Whoſe ſlumb'ring motions ran the ſelf-ſame race;
Drawling along in unwonted faſhion,
From whence enſu'd a ſudden alteration,
Throughout the work; for all things now agreed,
And Joſeph from the dungeon muſt be feed;
Sent for to court, advanc'd in ſuch degree,
That great and ſmall before him bow the knee,
And, but the king, was none ſo great as he:
In ſtate affairs the governor in chief,
Whoſe Heav'n-directed hand provides relief
Againſt the raging famine which drew nigh,
That Egypt's ſtores might Iſrael's wants ſupply.
For now the work in ſuch an order ſtood,
That Iſaac's offspring were diſtreſt for food,

And

And muſt to Memphis; for the neighb'ring lands
Afford no corn, but what's in Joſeph's hands;
Strangers muſt help the ſaints, which God commands.

There they arrive: and here I could not chuſe
But ſmile, to think what compliments they uſe
To gain the governor of Egypt's grace,
And how his dreams in order came to paſs.
Firſt Reuben comes, then Simeon, then another,
And ſo the reſt, before their unknown brother;
"To buy us corn, are we thy ſervants come,
"And hope your Lordſhip will vouchſafe us ſome,
"To ſave our lives, and ours that are at home."
While princely Joſeph, in his ſumptuous hall,
Walks up and down, and well obſerves them all;
With looks auſtere delays to grant their ſuit,
Tho' glad at heart 'twas in his pow'r to do't.
Firſt he attacks them in an angry guiſe,
With rougher language charg'd them all for ſpies;
Queſtions their errand, and upon ſuſpicion
Takes Simeon for a pledge, with this condition,
That when they come again to Egypt's land,
They bring their younger brother to his hand:
So they their innocency ſhould maintain,
And he his pris'ner would releaſe again,
Who, till they come, a captive muſt remain.

Sin

Sin may be pardon'd at the hand of God,
Yet ſinning ſaints muſt feel their Father's rod.
They keep the terms, but he renews their grief,
Benjamin's come, and charg'd to be a thief;
Now all their hopes were gone to find relief.
Deeply diſtreſt, at length he did diſcover
That he was Joſeph whom they ſold, their brother,
With glad ſad tears then all embrace each other.
When ſenſe of ſin hath wrought humiliation,
How ſweet's the goſpel doctrine of ſalvation,
Where Chriſt's reveal'd in covenant relation!
Now all the wheels in pleaſing order run,
And Jacob with his houſhold old and young,
The happy ſeed, plot of an holy nation,
With all their flocks and herds for ſuſtentation,
Went down to Egypt; where by Joſeph's hand
They were preſerv'd, and plac'd in Goſhen's land;
In fatteſt paſtures: there they did encreaſe,
Till Jacob's, Joſeph's, and the King's deceaſe:
And then, methought, an envious wheel aroſe,
Whoſe furious race did Iſrael's peace oppoſe;
And they, who once were Egypt's welcome gueſt,
Were now made ſlaves, with burdens ſore oppreſt,
Of all their freedoms wholly diſpoſſeſt,
Tax'd, tir'd with labour; nay, 'twas Pharaoh's doom,
That Hebrew males ſhould periſh from the womb;

Diſtreſs'd

Diſtreſs'd, deſtroy'd, kept under ſore vexation,
Yet grew the more, became a mighty nation.
God's church by perſecution is increas'd;
So grows the palm-tree more, the more depreſt.
By this th' appointed time drew near at hand,
When Iſaac's offspring muſt from Egypt's land
Return to Canaan, and poſſeſs the place
Promis'd of God to faithful Abra'm's race.
And now, methought, ſtrange motions did ariſe
Among the wheels, which brought before mine eyes
A ſcheme of ſenſe, confounding myſteries.
Here Pharaoh's edict Moſes doth expoſe,
To be deſtroy'd where ſwelling Nilus flows.
There moves a ſecret wheel, whoſe motions guide
King Pharaoh's daughter to the river ſide,
To bathe herſelf; not knowing God's decree,
That ſhe the happy inſtrument muſt be
Of ſaving Iſrael's ſaviour, now caſt out
At three months old: but while ſhe walks about,
By hap ſhe lights upon the reed-made boat,
Wherein the Heav'n-protected babe was put.
She opes it, views the child, and pity draws
Her tender heart (againſt her father's laws)
To ſave his life, adopt him for her ſon,
And breed him up as heir of Egypt's throne.
Whom God makes choice of for his own employ,
The rage of tyrants never ſhall deſtroy.

Time moves along, while divers things appear,
And Moſes flies th' Egyptian court thro' fear;
Remains an exile in a mean condition,
Near Horeb mount, till he receiv'd commiſſion,
Sign'd by Jehovah under Heav'n's broad ſeal,
To free the captiv'd ſeed of Iſrael
From Egypt's thraldom, and advance their ſtate;
No mercy ſtays behind the promis'd date.
Arm'd with his blooming ſerpentine rod,
Now up he marches in the ſtrength of God,
And charges Pharaoh in Jehovah's name,
That forthwith he ſhould liberty proclaim
To all the Hebrews; but the king denies
To grant it: here a conteſt did ariſe
Betwixt both parties, for the captain pleads
For Iſrael's freedom, which the king forbids:
One pleads God's intereſt, t'other pleads his own;
One claims his ſlaves, t'other demands his ſon.
Where God's commands and man's do diſagree,
God muſt be ſerv'd, tho' kings diſpleaſed be.
Moſes renews the charge with courage bold,
And ſtubborn Pharaoh ſcorns to be controll'd;
Diſown's the God, whom Iſrael doth adore,
Encreaſing his oppreſſions more and more;
Until the Levite's Heav'n-directed hand
Had ſcourg'd the tyrant, and deſtroy'd his land
With tenfold plagues. And now the Hebrew hoſt
Egypt deſpoils, and leaves the Memphian coaſt:

To

To Canaan bent, which ere they could obtain,
Methought the work muſt countermarch again;
When men oppoſe God's will they ſtrive in vain.
A rumbling noiſe began among the wheels,
And Pharaoh follows cloſe at Iſrael's heels;
Drawn by fierce ſteeds in his triumphant coach,
With whom all Egypt's forces did approach:
In furious poſture threat'ning all the way,
All vow'd revenge, reſolv'd to ſhare the prey.
When perſecutors do increaſe their rage,
It often doth their overthrow preſage.
The Hebrew army had but juſt before
Encamp'd themſelves upon the Red-ſea ſhore;
So now their ruin ſeems to be deſign'd
By ſeas before them, or their foes behind:
Each threat'ning death; but here the pow'r of God
Stops all the furious wheels, and Moſes' rod,
At God's command, divides the waters ſo
That Iſrael, ſafely, thro' the deeps may go.
When dangers great on ev'ry ſide appear,
Let ſaints rejoice, for their ſalvation's near.
Pharaoh purſues them, driving on amain;
But Iſrael paſt, the ſea returns again,
And overthrows the king with all his hoſt:
Alas! how vain is every human truſt!
Who gap'd for prey, themſelves a prey become,
And raging Memphites find a wat'ry tomb.

Let tyrants boaſt it, with preſumptuous pride,
Jehovah's ſtill on Goſpel-Iſrael's ſide.
Now all the wheels harmoniouſly accord,
And Jacob's offspring, by divine command,
March thro' the deſerts, guided on their way,
By night by fire, and a cloud by day;
With manna fed, and variouſly diſpers'd,
'Till forty years paſs'd tardily away:
Here divers motions brought ſtrange things to paſs;
At length they came unto the promis'd place,
Where being come, they ſoon the land poſſeſt,
And after labour ſat them down to reſt:
Type of that place, where ſaints ſhall reſt in peace,
When all the wheels of Providence ſhall ceaſe.
The world's a deſert, where various cares attend
A chriſtian's life, but Heav'n's his journey's end.
Here while I ſat by Jordan's flowery ſide,
Whoſe ſilver ſtreams with gentle murmur glide
By Canaan's coaſt, my mind for recreation
Look'd off the wheels, and ceas'd the meditation.

On the ſtrange Methods of delivering Love.

WHEN Chriſt intends his people to redeem,
His wiſdom takes ſo intricate a path,
That oft' it doth impracticable ſeem;
So wond'rous are his ways, ſo weak our faith.
He comes with terror, when he means to ſave,
A reſurrection doth ſuppoſe a grave.

A ſtorm of thunder makes the welkin clear,
And nipping froſts precede a pleaſant ſpring;
Calms after tempeſts oftentimes appear,
Deepeſt diſtreſſes oft' ſalvation bring.
For Faith's ſupport, 'tis penn'd in ſacred ſtory,
Great tribulations are the road to glory.

Thoſe inſtruments, whoſe native inclination
Tends to deſtruction, God doth often uſe
To bring about his people's preſervation;
Such ſtrange effects his wiſdom doth produce.
Paſt Reaſon's reach, and croſs to Nature's way:
If he command, the creatures muſt obey.

By paſſage thro' the ſeas was Iſrael freed
From Egypt's thraldom; and the means was fire,
Wherein his people, with celeſtial ſpeed,
Was borne in triumph to their heart's deſire.

God-fearing Daniel, in the lion's den,
Muſt be deliver'd from the hands of men.

Jonah's devourer, from the raging ſea,
Preſerves his life, and brings him ſafe to land.
The fiery furnace ſets the worthies free
From Aſſur's tyrannizing monarch's hand.
When Paul and Silas were in priſon ſhut,
A dreadful earthquake works their freedom out.

Boils muſt be lanc'd, in order to be cur'd;
The ground untill'd affords no fruitful crop:
Palms are for thoſe by whom the war's endur'd;
Iſrael muſt ſuck their honey from a rock.
A birth of mercies has its pangs and throws,
—The flower of peace among the prickles grows.

When Britain's crown was by a papiſt worn,
And all things modell'd for a ſure ſurprize;
An Iriſh army brought to ſerve the turn,
And liberty deſign'd for ſacrifice:
Juſt at the brink of ruin and deſpair,
Heav'n by a revolution broke the ſnare.

Ableſt phyſicians oftentimes compound
Pois'nous ingredients in their ſov'reign pills;
And make the patient ſick to make him ſound:
God ſaves his people by ſuppoſed ills.

The

The darkeſt ſeaſon uſhers in the morn;
By fears and groans deliv'rance muſt be borne.

Divine Worſhip muſt be according to Divine Rule.

'TIS not religion, in an outſide dreſs,
Of forms and modes, that an acceptance win;
With him who weighs our duties more or leſs,
According to the principle within.

We ſee the actions, but Heav'ns eyes behold
The ſecret ſprings from whence they do proceed:
Not all that gliſtens muſt be counted gold;
'Tis pure intention conſecrates the deed.

The daily flames, that from the altar riſe,
Muſt ſtill be kindled with celeſtial fire:
This only makes a pleaſing ſacrifice,
When ſacred love breaks out in pure deſire.

The rules of worſhip all appointed were,
The victim-beaſt muſt not be lame or blind;
And muſt be offer'd with an heart ſincere:
The life of true devotion is the mind.

Who in God's ſervice his preſcription ſhuns,
And dares another form to introduce,
On the thick boſſes of his buckler runs,
And calls down vengeance to repay th' abuſe.

This Nadab and Abihu knew too well,
When with ſtrange fire they brought their off-
ſpring nigh,
A ſudden flame from Heav'n upon them fell,
And in th' attempt they at the altar die.

Longing for Heaven.

I'M bound for new Jeruſalem,
Thither my beſt beloved's gone;
The righteous branch of Jeſſe's ſtem,
'Tis he I've fix'd my heart upon.

Fain would I climb above the ſkies,
To ſee the beauties of his face:
My faith would into viſion riſe,
And hope would ceaſe in his embrace.

The fine perfumes, which erſt of old,
To Solomon from Sheba came,
Thoſe ſweets do no proportion hold
To the rich odours of his name.

I languiſh

I languiſh with extreme deſire,
The object of my love to ſee:
Oh! let me in love's flames expire,
That I may with my Jeſus be.

Here's nothing to engage my ſtay,
In this inhoſpitable clime;
Where gloomy clouds o'erſpread the day,
And Sin and Sorrow ſhare the time.

This life's a pilgrimage of care;
When will the happy ſeaſon come,
That I ſhall breathe celeſtial air,
And ſettle in my native home?

Long have I wander'd up and down,
And many weary ſteps I've trod;
Tracing this barren deſart round,
And now approach to Jordan's flood;

Whoſe rapid ſtream and flowing tide
Swell up in formidable heaps.
Lord, ſend ſome courteous angel-guide,
To lead thy pilgrim through the deep.

Elijah's mantle cleft the waves,
And in the midſt mark'd out a path;
My ſoul not for the mantle craves,
But give me, Lord, the prophet's faith.

That

That I may reach the ſhores of bliſs,
And ſee the new Jeruſalem;
Where my beloved Jeſus is,
And ſpend Eternity with him.

THE SOUL.

I KNOW I am; but canſt thou tell me what
My being is? 'Tis a myſterious knot;
Which oft' has puzzl'd many wiſe men's brains,
To find out proper phraſes to explain.

That man's a complex creature, all declare,
In whom two ſubſtances united are,
Of diff'rent kinds, the body and the ſoul,
Each part diſtinct, and both compoſe the whole:
The firſt takes its original from earth,
The laſt's more noble and of heav'nly birth.
The body's but a lump of brittle clay,
Material, mortal, ſubject to decay:
The ſoul's a ſpirit, immaterial, free
From all dimenſion,—can't divided be;
A vital ſubſtance, and ſubſiſts alone
After its partner fleſh is dead and gone:
Join'd to the body, while 'tis here below,
In ſtricteſt union, though I know not how;

Uſing

Uſing the mortal part as a machine,
It moves each member by a pow'r unſeen.
Some ſay, its ſeat's the brain, and ſome the heart;
'Tis whole, and yet extends to ev'ry part:
Nor can we properly ſay 'tis here,
Whoſe living influence is every where;
From head to foot, through all the fleſhly frame,
It animates and actuates the ſame.
'Tis ſuch a hidden ſecret; who can find,
Or raiſe a juſt idea of the mind?
Her faculties are intellect and will,
In exerciſe of theſe ſhe's buſy'd ſtill:
As theſe determine, ſo the paſſions move;
Exciting joy or ſorrow, hate or love:
And as the paſſions more or leſs bear ſway,
The earthly members readily obey.
She can by knowledge all the world encloſe,
Yet very little of herſelf ſhe knows;
Or how ſhe came, or when, or whence,
Theſe all are riddles and unknown to ſenſe.
The ſoul's original's a deep profound,
Whoſe bottom Reaſon's line can never ſound.
Were all ſouls form'd in firſt ſix days creation?
Or came they ſince by human generation?
Soft, ſoft, my Muſe, conclude not that or this;
On either ſide's a dangerous precipice.

The

The ſoul's a ſubtile ſpirit, and when breath,
The bond of union is diſſolv'd by death,
She lives; and by reflection needs muſt know,
What happen'd in the ſtate ſhe late paſs'd thro',
For hence her joys, or elſe her ſorrows grow.
If, then, the ſoul from firſt creation was,
It muſt be conſcious of what came to paſs
In that long tract of time, wherein ſhe ſtood
Before united into fleſh and blood.
But ſince I nothing now remember can,
What was before that union firſt began;
What other inference can hence be made,
But that before I no exiſtence had?

Well then; do ſouls from work of nature come?
Is it deriv'd from father to the ſon?
Then 'tis material, may divided be;
Beſides, 'tis mortal, muſt corruption ſee;
All which to ſpirits never can agree.
Thus while by reaſon we would find it out,
We travel further in the maze of doubt.

Truth's ſacred volume is the ſafeſt guide,
So intricate a queſtion to decide;
There 'tis the holy penmen have declar'd,
That when the ſtructure of the world was rear'd,
The great Creator took of earthly duſt,
And thereof form'd a human body firſt;

Then

Then breath'd into the organized frame,
And henceforth man a living ſoul became.
Here plainly we arrive at this concluſion,
The ſoul was firſt created by infuſion.

What hinders, then, but that th' Almighty, he
Whoſe will and wiſdom's abſolute and free,
May in like manner, by his pow'r divine,
Create new ſouls unto the end of time?
Here ceaſe, my Muſe, and farther ſearch forbear;
Our higheſt knowledge is imperfect here.
What Scripture has reveal'd, is certain ſtill;
But where that ſilent is, lie down my quill.

Secrets Forbidden.

WHEN the dread Sov'reign of the ſkies
On Sinai's ſacred mount appear'd,
How awful the ſolemnities
To entertain him were prepar'd!

Thick clouds of ſmoke obſcure the light,
And darkneſs ſpread the mountain o'er;
Flaſhes of livid flames unite,
With horrid noiſe of thunder's roar.

From

From Heav'n, with a celeſtial train,
Th' Almighty on a cherub rode:
Old Sinai trembled to ſuſtain
The weight of its Creator God.

Meanwhile the angel-herald ſounds
His golden trumpet loud and ſhrill;
Iſrael muſt keep the appointed bounds,
And wait beneath the ſacred hill.

None muſt preſume to paſs the line;
To gaze with over-curious eyes
On ſweet myſteries divine;
The bold tranſgreſſor ſurely dies.

Strict was the prohibition giv'n,
And by ſevereſt ſanction ſeal'd:
Some ſecrets are reſerv'd for Heav'n,
And muſt not be on earth reveal'd.

'Tis daring inſolence to pry
Too near into forbidden things;
Nor is it fit that ev'ry eye
Should ſearch the cabinets of kings.

'Tis dang'rous diving in the ſea,
Or climbing up a ſteepy rock:
Where God hath not vouchſaf'd a key,
Shall man preſume to pick the lock?

The ark of God's a ſacred thing,
Not to be ſeen by eyes profane;
The Bethſhemites for looking in,
Were more than fifty thouſand ſlain.

Poring upon the burning ſun,
While with meridian beams it ſhin'd;
How many have been quite undone!
Exceſs of light hath made 'em blind.

Hence all our mis'ries firſt aroſe,
Knowledge of ſecrets was the bait;
Which Satan, the old ſerpent choſe,
To overcome our happy ſtate.

While hiding cloſe his black deſign,
With ſhew of friendſhip to deceive;
And having watch'd a proper time,
He thus attack'd our mother Eve:

" Hail, miſtreſs of the univerſe,
" Whoſe charming beauty has no peer;
" Admit your humble ſlave's addreſs,
" Who joyful am to meet you here.

" Your heav'nly form, and happy ſtate,
" With the dear part'ner of your bliſs,
" Moſt gladly I congratulate,
" And proſtrate ſue your feet to kiſs.

" Your high perfections I adore,
" The ſweets of the delightful ſeat;
" But yet there's wanting one thing more,
" To make your happineſs compleat.

" Did you but good and evil know,
" You'd ſoon the mighty diff'rence find:
" The choiceſt pleaſures always flow
" From the enjoyments of the mind.

" This knowledge may obtained be,
" If you obey what I adviſe:
" Eat but the fruit of yonder tree
" In which the ſecret virtue lies."

Startled at what the Serpent ſaid,
The woman ſtrait makes this reply;
" This tree alone hath God forbid,
" We may not taſte it leſt we die.

" Die! fear not, 'tis a vain conceit,
" Fram'd but to keep you under awe:
" God knows 'tis but an empty threat,
" To bind his arbitrary law.

" See how the boughs make humble ſuit,
" Bending their bluſhing burdens down
" To your fair hand; then take the fruit,
" And make the myſtery your own.

" How will your brighter glories ſhine,
" When your bleſt eyes ſhall open be !
" 'Twill make your excellence divine,
" For you ſhall know as well as he."

This take ; and Satan's plot ſucceeds,
While Eve gives ear to his addreſs :
With flatt'ring hopes her fancy feeds,
That ſhe ſhall deity poſſeſs.

Approaching near the tree, ſhe ſtood,
And views the fruit with wiſhful eyes ;
And ſees it to be good for food,
Deſireable to make one wiſe.

She plucks and eats, then trips about,
Full fraught with matter, longs to tell,
Soon as ſhe finds her Adam out,
What in his abſence her befel.

Not long ſhe ſought, but he appear'd,
And meets her with a tender kiſs :
At large the ſtory ſhe declar'd,
And joys at her expected bliſs.

She prais'd the fruit, and gives him ſome ;
He eats, whereat the Devil ſmiles,
To ſee both him and her o'ercome,
At once by his deceitful wiles.

Thus man, to better his eſtate,
The Serpent's counſel does embrace;
And ſwallowing down the fatal bait,
Deſtroy'd himſelf and all his race.

ON LIGHT.

ERE Time's diviſion, while the ruder earth
From ſwelling waters was not ſeparated;
Ere Phœbus or his ſiſter had their birth,
Or great Elohim had ought elſe created;
While darkneſs cover'd th' unmade ſea and land,
The product of th' Almighty's firſt command,
Was light, a fit foundation for his work in hand.

Light firſt created, the formleſs parts afford
A fitter ſubject for their Maker's uſe;
From whence Heav'ns Architect by his plaſtic word,
In time and order all things did produce.
But why was light brought forth before the reſt?
Could he want light, who always light poſſeſt?
Mortal, forbear to aſk; his wiſdom thought it beſt.

But

But ſee the method which th' Almighty us'd,
In th' old Creation when the world began;
The ſelf-ſame method hath his wiſdom chus'd
In that more glorious work, new-making man.
Though differing ſubjects, yet th' effects agree;
Where God begins to work, the ſhadows flee,
In that he firſt form'd light, in this he makes man ſee.

On the Hypocrite and the Apoſtate.

THO' in a diff'rent dreſs, and diff'rent name,
When ſearch'd, their pedigree appears the ſame:
Both ſprung from unbelief, a ſpurious brood,
Haters of God, and all that's truly good.
What one denies, the other ſeems to ſay;
Yet both agree to walk the ſelf-ſame way.
One wears a painted vizor on his face,
T'other's an open enemy to grace:
The former wears a cloak, this naked goes;
One is, but t'other is not what he ſhews.
The laſt was once the firſt, the firſt will be,
In time, as ſhameleſs and as bold as he;
Their work, their wages, and their end agree:
They're graceleſs both, herein the diff'rence lies,
The laſt's unveil'd, the former's in diſguiſe.

The Impotency of Man's Word.

MAN's word's a feeble inſtrument, whereby
His mind he can but barely ſignify;
Speak to the ear, but can't controul the will,
No more than Xerxes could the ocean ſtill.
It boaſts great things, commands in thunder's wiſe;
But wanting power in execution, dies.
'Twill prove to any who depend thereon,
As weak as Samſon when his hair was gone;
A blaſt of ſounding air, that nothing can
Produce to purpoſe, 'tis the word of man.

The Efficiency of God's Word.

WHEN great Jehovah doth his will proclaim
Each word's an agent to perform the ſame.
'Tis done as ſoon as ſpoke, ſuch pow'r proceeds
With his commands, as turns his words to deeds.
No ſooner had th' eternal mind declar'd
That light ſhould be, but ſtraightway light appear'd,
Diffus'd about the yet diſorder'd frame;
So every thing at the firſt ſummons came.

The

The word, that will'd it, gave each creature birth,
Spangled the Heavens, and adorn'd the earth;
Prepar'd the ſea, appointed each his ſtation,
Made both the form and ſubſtance of creation.
Oh! wond'rous agent! whoſe almighty word
Doth ſuch miraculous effects afford;
Far above Reaſon's reach, paſt human ſkill,
The word that ſpeaks it executes thy will:
Laz'rus, come forth the grave; young man, ariſe;
Come, Bartimeus, exerciſe thine eyes.
Oh! power divine! the word's no ſooner ſpoken,
But dead men live, the blind man's eyes are open.
Since, Lord, thou canſt, at ſuch an eaſy rate,
Cure ev'ry grief, tho' ne'er ſo deſperate;
See, ſee my caſe, O bleſſed Jeſus, ſee;
I'm helpleſs, hopeleſs, caſt thine eyes on me.
Deign to expreſs thy ſov'reign ſkill, oh! favour
A wretched patient, and become my Saviour.
Help, great Phyſician; ſhew thy ſov'reign art,
Speak ſome great word, and quicken my dead heart;
Sweet Jeſus, heal my grief, regard my moan,
Command deliv'rance, and the work is done.

ON PRAYER.

WHEN clouds appear, and thicken more and more,
It is the common token of a ſhower.

So let thy faith and pray'rs aſcend together,
Then may'ſt thou ſoon expect a change of weather.
When clouds of Goſpel-incenſe riſe amain,
'Tis a ſure token of a gracious rain.

On Moſes and Peter.

WHEN faithful Moſes, God's familiar friend,
From Sinai's ſacred mountain did deſcend;
Where he, with freedom, had obtain'd the grace,
To commune with his Maker, face to face,
And from his mouth wrote that eternal law
Of him, whoſe eſſence mortals never ſaw;
His viſage ſhone, ſuch luſtre did appear
On Moſes, that the ſons of Iſrael were
Amaz'd, amus'd to ſee thoſe beams divine
On his majeſtic front ſo clearly ſhine;
Nor were they able to behold the rays,
Or him approach till he had veil'd his face.
So Peter, when he had with Jeſus been,
Such grace was in his ſpeech and viſage ſeen,
As made him known unto the ſtanders-by,
When he, through fear, his Saviour did deny.
Heav'n ſtamps a glory, makes the face to ſhine,
And render mortals more than half divine.
Hence 'twas ſuch luſtre on their brows abode,
Moſes and Peter had convers'd with God.

SECRETS.

WHO graſp at ſecrets, often like the fly,
Prying too near the flame, are ſcorch'd thereby.

On a Saint's Life.

THIS life's a paſſage through a ſea of tears,
Where ſaints with ſins and ſorrows are oppreſt,
'Tis vain t'expect a freedom from our fears,
Till death ſhall land us in eternal reſt

ON HUMILITY.

IT is a ſacred art, whereby
In getting low, we ſoar above the ſky,
And hold communion with the Deity.

'Tis not more ſtrange than true, the way to riſe
With God, is to be low in our own eyes;
Who counts himſelf a fool, is truly wiſe.

The roots of talleſt cedars always grow
Deep i'th' earth; with grace 'tis even ſo;
He's truly high, whoſe heart is truly low.

Formio, or a Time-ſerver.

FORMIO's a zealot for religion, when
She's borne upon the ſoaring wings
Of popular applauſe, and entertain'd by men,
And countenanc'd by kings,
Or when ſhe profit brings:
But while ſhe wants public eſteem,
He's not for launching againſt wind and ſtream.
The eaſy duties, and th' external part
Of worſhip, he'll not ſtick to do;
He'll waſh the cup and platter too:
But when it comes to cleanſing of the heart,
Oh! then he ſtarts, and will no farther go.

He follows Chriſt, while Titan's rays,
With brightneſs fill the circumambient air:
But if the weather prove not fair,
His hot love ſoon decays,
He cannot perſecution bear,
But falls away like fruit,
Wither'd for want of union with the root.
When Chriſt is with Hoſannas bleſt,
And rides in peaceful triumph with a ſong,
Formio will follow with the reſt,

And

And makes up one among the throng;
As willing and as ready as the beſt,
While he's ſecure from harms,
He'll cry Hoſannah too, and ſtrew the way with palms:

But when our Saviour's ready footſteps bend
Unto that ſolitary place,
Where ſoul diſtreſs made drops of gelid gore deſcend,
Like ſweat from off the face;
Or when he wears a crown of thorns,
Then Formio ſlacks his pace,
And looks like one forlorn:
Now fearful of his Saviour's company,
He durſt not own him, or come nigh,
But leaves him all alone to go to Calvary.

Like a dull jade, when he perceives the load,
With eaſy motions follows on;
Upon ſome even plain, or in a down-hill road,
He's ready then to run,
With chearful neighs without, or whip, or goad,
His fellow ſteeds among:
And when the burden's weight he feels,
And miry ways obſtruct the wheels,

Beneath

Beneath the aſcent of ſome craggy hill,
His courage then gives o'er ;
He backward runs, or elſe ſtands ſtill :
He ſhakes his harneſs off, and draws no more.

Or like a lazy ſoldier, who with eaſe
Hath ſerv'd his captain many years,
Within ſome garriſon immur'd in times of peace
When he's ſecure from fears :
But when the trumpet fills his ears,
With an alarm, to let him know
That time admits of no delay ;
The foes approach, and forthwith he muſt go
To meet them—his ſpirits now decay ;
And rather than he'll fight, he fairly runs away.
Thus Formio does, when perſecutions riſe,
He turns his back, and his firſt faith denies,
And will at laſt be found among Chriſt's enemies.

On Chriſt's Salvation.

'TWAS man that ſin'd, and juſtice doth exact
That he ſhould pay who did the debt contract.
But ſtay, th' offence is of an higher nature
Than man can anſwer ; 'tis the great Creator,
Whoſe juſtice is offended, and from thence
Man's ſin becomes an infinite offence.

Beſides,

Beſides, 'tis perſonal; and can man produce
A ſatisfaction equal to th' abuſe?
Juſtice demands full payment, ſuch that he
Who undertakes it more than man muſt be.
What can be done? ah! who can ſatisfy?
Man's death's too vile a price, and God can't die;
Or could he, yet he ought not. Here's a caſe,
That wiſeſt Seraphims could never trace;
Here God diſplays the riches of his grace,
In his dear Son, whoſe all tranſcendant love
Drew him to leave that glory, which above,
Ere time began with his eternal Sire,
He did enjoy; ſo great was his deſire
Of man's deliv'rance from the pains of hell,
He undertook to be Immanuel.
And that he might a Saviour fit become,
Aſſum'd our nature in the virgin's womb;
Was born a man: oh! Heav'n—amazing ſight!
Both natures in one perſon did unite.
That Chriſt may be complete (conceive who can?)
He muſt be truly God, and truly man:
His nature's two, the perſon is but one,
Th' eternal God, and yet the Virgin's Son.
This is that great Philanthropos, whoſe power,
And none but his, could fallen man reſtore;
Whoſe excellencies in a two-fold nature
Declar'd him only meet for Mediator,

Sufficient

Sufficient for our ſurety, by whoſe hand
Juſtice receiv'd full payment at demand
For man's offence. Oh! wond'rous love! 'twas he
That paid the debt, and ſet the pris'ner free.
His father's pleaſure he delighted in,
To give himſelf a ſacrifice for ſin.
Here Mercy triumphs, Juſtice hath her glory,
Diſplay'd at once in this moſt tragic ſtory.
Though ſinleſs he, for ſinful man he dy'd,
That Juſtice might be fully ſatisfy'd;
Himſelf, to pay himſelf, became the price,
He was the altar, prieſt, and ſacrifice:
Th' offended party too; yet undertook
To clear the reck'ning, and diſcharge the book.
He ſtuck at nothing, to repair man's loſs,
Scorning the ſhame he freely choſe the croſs.
His human nature, in the ſinner's ſtead,
Was ſorely bruis'd, his precious blood was ſhed,
His ſoul was wounded, and his body dead;
Whoſe pers'nal union, with the Deity
Increas'd its value, rais'd its price ſo high,
As fully anſwer'd man's unhappy caſe,
Reveal'd the Father's wiſdom and his grace,
With Chriſt's great love to fallen Adam's race.
Oh! full of ſacred myſteries! who can
Enough admire, adore this great God—man?

Faith's

Faith's Cordial for a fainting Fit.

WHY ſighs my ſoul? chear up, be ſtrong;
Thy God will thee defend from wrong.
Lift up thine eyes, behold, and ſee
What promiſes are made to thee.
Tho' troubles may on earth increaſe,
God's faithfulneſs ſhall never ceaſe.
He's bound by covenant to thoſe,
Who do by faith in Chriſt repoſe
Upon his all-ſufficient arm:
Reſt there, and thou canſt take no harm.
Thy title unto Glory's good,
Chriſt ſeal'd the charter with his blood;
Wherein ſuch privileges lie
As reach unto Eternity.
Pardon of ſin was made full ſure,
And peace with God for evermore:
Here's grace and glory, every thing
That laſting happineſs can bring,
In this life and in that to come,
Purchas'd and paid for by the Son.
Come, live by faith, and thou ſhalt ſee
Whate'er he did, he did for thee.
What, fearful ſtill! my ſoul, for ſhame
Rouſe up, and meditate his name,

Who

Who owns thee in ſo near relation,
And will take care of thy ſalvation;
Great Jah, the all-commanding God,
Who governs nations by his rod,
And orders all created things,
As Lord of Lords, and King of Kings:
The rock of ages and defence,
Where ſaints repoſe their confidence;
A never faint, or failing one;
What can be more? He's Lord alone:
His name's a refuge; thither fly,
And thou ſhalt find ſecurity.
Dangers attend, but God's above,
And orders all for his in love.
His wiſdom ne'er imperfect was,
His counſels always come to paſs.
He made the earth, and bound the ſeas,
Diſpoſes all things how he pleaſe.
The wheels of Providence fulfil
The ſov'reign dictates of his will.
Should Earth and Hell be both agreed
To fruſtrate what he has decreed,
They'd ſtrive in vain, their enterprize
Shall ſerve to make his glory riſe.
Canſt but believe? then dare to truſt
Thy Father with a ſpan of duſt.
Canſt put the jewel of thy ſoul
Into his hands? Oh! then controul

The paſſions of thy fearful heart,
And truſt him with thy fleſhly part.
Act not beneath thyſelf: beware,
Live upon Faith, and baniſh fear.
Commit thyſelf and thine affairs
To him who for his people cares.
On him rely for ſtrengthening grace,
And he will bring thee to that place,
Where fix'd in Glory thou ſhalt ſing
Hoſannahs to thy God and King.
Here exerciſe thy Faith alone,
And ſlaviſh fear will ſoon be gone.

On the Life of Man.

THIS life's a tragedy, the world's a ſtage,
The actor's man, each ſeveral ſcene's an age;
The muſic that attends is joy and ſorrow,
The midwife draws the ſheet, and bids good-morrow.
Infancy firſt in ſwadling bands appears,
And makes a prologue up with cries and tears;
Rock'd in the cradle, or the nurſe's arm,
Unable to preſerve himſelf from harm;
Until increaſing ſtrength begins to bloom,
And then he loves to play about the room.

Next enters Childhood with a painted frock,
As fickle-minded as a weather-cock;
Friſking and dancing, up and down he runs,
Pleaſing himſelf with tops and eldern guns:
At length time calls to ſchool, he muſt prepare,
To learn his book, and we ſhall leave him there.
Then flow'ring Youth comes forth in rich arry
Adorn'd with garlands in the month of May:
In mirth delighting, vainly puft with pride,
Jets like a peacock when he courts his bride;
In ſports and pleaſures he conſumes his age,
Till Manhood turns him off and mounts the ſtage:
Where clad in armour bright, with ſword in hand,
His daring foes he bravely doth withſtand;
And hero-like his proweſs doth diſplay
In bold atchievements, till he wins the day:
Then leaves the field, and marches home again,
Crown'd with the ſpoils, and ſo concludes that ſcene.
Next riper age appears, whoſe ſober looks
Is like a merchant with his counting books;
Conſulting how to raiſe his thriving ſtore
With treaſures wafted from a foreign ſhore:
And then he muſing walks an eaſy rate,
Enquiring where to purchaſe an eſtate
For his young iſſue, that his heir may be
Poſſeſs'd of ſome inheritance in fee:
Which having ſettled, next his project runs
To make up portions for his younger ſons.

While thus he labours with an anxious itch,
To fill his coffers—make his children rich;
Time ſteals away, and he muſt leave the ſtage,
Being cloſely follow'd by the hand of age;
Now weary with the toils of ages paſt,
He joys to ſee his children thrive ſo faſt:
To whom in ſober ſadneſs he declares
A long, long ſtory of his former cares,
And how he has tranſacted great affairs;
Of all his travels, where he once hath been,
What things have happen'd, what his eyes have ſeen;
What this man did, and who his grandſire was,
From whence he came, and how it came to paſs,
He ſold his land, why this and that was done,
And what had happened ages paſt and gone.
His tedious ſtory being ended ſo,
He riſes up, and walking to and fro,
Gives ſage advice unto his wond'ring ſons;
Then throws him on his couch to reſt his bones:
Where he's no ſooner laid, but ſleep attends
His palſy-ſmitten limbs, ſo that ſcene ends.
And laſt of all decrepid age comes in,
With ſable countenance and wither'd ſkin,
A ſnow-white beard, and blood-forſaken veins,
And feeble body vext with daily pains:
His eyes grown dim, he neither hears nor ſmells,
A lump of living clay and nothing elſe;

Suſtain'd by crutches under either arm,
Wrapt up in clothes well lin'd to keep him warm,
Expecting daily Nature's laſt alarm.
His words ſometimes from deep experience riſe,
Declaring him to be diſcreet and wiſe;
Yet by and by he ſpeaks in ſuch a ſtrain,
As makes him ſeem to be a child again:
At length he lays him down, and Death draws nigh,
Stabs him at heart, and ends the tragedy.

ON SIN.

THE world's a peſt-houſe, and the plague of Sin
Surprizes every one that comes therein.
No country's free; that peſtilential air,
Which roſe in Eden, now blows every where.
'Tis univerſal, none from Adam come,
But are polluted from their mother's womb.
Lord, I'm infected, and th' infection's ſpread
In ſwelling tumours e'en from foot to head;
Whoſe fiery venom runs thro' every part,
But moſt of all it centres at my heart;
There is the ſore, 'tis there I feel the ſmart.

A de-

A desp'rate case! Sweet Jesus, look upon me,
Before this plague of Sin hath quite undone me.
I fear 'twill gangrene: oh! my Saviour, why
Should I want help, when such a Doctor's by?
Nor Galen's art, nor great Machaon's skill
Can cure my sore, which if not cur'd will kill.
'Tis thou, and only thou, canst make me whole,
Remove my guilt, and heal my sin-sick soul.
To thee I come, Lord, see what I endure,
Be my Physician, undertake the cure:
Put in thy probe, and search my sinking wound,
Apply thy blood, and I shall soon be sound.

On Caleb and Joshua.

CALEB and Joshua were by Moses sent,
And other ten, with this commandment,
Go up to Canaan, search, and take a view
Of that long-hop'd for country promis'd you:
Observe the people—whether skill'd in war,
Or few, or many—what their manners are;
Whether they in tents or cities dwell;
Survey their forts and all their ramparts well:
And bring us word, with all convenient speed,
That we may know the better to proceed;

By your relation ſo directed, we
We may ſuit our efforts, and the danger ſee.
Then, having thus receiv'd their Captain's order,
They march with ſpeed, and ent'ring Canaan's border,
From Rohob march, aſcending up the hill
Where Hebron ſtands, upon diſcov'ries ſtill.
From thence their ready footſteps they incline
To Eſhcol's valley, famous for the vine;
Whoſe uberous cluſters, with a ſilent ſuit,
Invited Iſrael's ſons to taſte this fruit.
They cut the bunch, of which the branches were
Two men's burthen on their way to bear.
The faireſt fruits are found in valleys low,
In humble hearts the choiceſt graces grow.
Now forty times the ſun had whirl'd about
This globe terreſtrial, ſince the ſpies ſet out
From Iſrael's camp, and having ſearch'd around
The land, and took ſuch fruit as there they found,
Back they return unto the faithleſs Jews,
Whoſe eager ears had thirſted for the news.
Then all, but Caleb and the ſon of Nun,
With one conſent ſtood up, and thus begun:
" Since we departed laſt, my friends, from you,
" At Canaan we have been, and paſſing thro',
" Survey'd it round, obſerving all things well
" Our eyes have ſeen, what now we come to tell.
" The country is a fair and fertile ſoil,
" Replete with honey, corn, and wine, and oil,

" There

" There breathes a wholeſome air, its ſituation
" Speaks it to be a healthful habitation,
" Whoſe excellence ſurpaſſes our relation.
" There rivers clear from chryſtal ſprings pro-
" ceed,
" Whoſe ſilver ſtreams refreſh the flowery mead:
" Various trees the mounting hills produce,
" Enough for fuel and the builder's uſe.
" Moſt pleaſant plains incloſe the neighb'ring
" vales,
" Where gentle Zephyr, with its foſtering gales,
" Sweetly produces moſt delightful crops,
" And goodly paſtures for a thouſand flocks.
" Both hills and dales are with ſuch bleſſings
" crown'd,
" That ev'ry bleſſing may therein be found.
" Whatever may be ſaid, or heart can wiſh,
" To make a land delightful, there it is.
" In fine, all other lands it doth excel,
" Fit for the Lord's beloved Iſrael.
Were types ſo beautiful in former days?
What's Heaven then, whoſe glory ne'er de-
cays?
" But oh! we tremble to declare the reſt,
" Our blood grows cold, our heart's with fear
" poſſeſs'd,

" To think upon the force we ſaw therein ;
" 'Tis ſuch a land as we ſhall never win.
" Their cities all are ſtrongly fortify'd,
" Encompaſs'd round with walls on ev'ry ſide :
" Too ſtrong for us to ſtorm, too high to ſcale ;
" 'Tis but in vain to think we may prevail.
" Their lofty towers even reach the ſkies,
" From whence they'll ſoon confound their enemies,
" The frontiers are with mighty bulwarks made,
" Leſt any foe their country ſhould invade :
" Canaanites, beſides, are ſoldiers all,
" Expert in feats of arms, of body tall ;
" Fierce in their viſage, and in fight ſevere ;
" We ſaw moreover mighty giants there:
" Theſe diſmal proſpects ſadly we beheld,
" Sights that with terror all our boſoms fill'd."
Where Faith is wanting, dangers ſeem to riſe ;
'Tis bad to ſend out unbelieving ſpies.
This ſtory told, this faithleſs multitude
Began to murmur, and with clamours rude
Jarring tumults immediately ariſe,
Whoſe raging voices fill'd the air with cries ;
Beſpatter Moſes and the prieſt with blame,
Concluding to return from whence they came.
" Shall we, ſay they, be flatter'd up and down,
" In hopes to get a country of our own ?
" And now we come, and have this land ſurvey'd,
" What can we think but that we are betray'd ?

" Thus

" Thus to be brought from Nile's ſweet flood with
pain,
" To find a Canaan where we ſhall be ſlain ;
" Together with our children and our wives,
" Without all hope of quarter for our lives,
" By Canaanitiſh ſwords ! Is this the reſt,
" Whereof you told us we ſhould be poſſeſs'd ?"

A Birth-Day Thought.

WORN with the toils of threeſcore years and five,
A weary pilgrim, Lord, to thee I come ;
To beg ſupporting grace, till I arrive
At Heav'n, thy promis'd reſt, my wiſh'd for home.

Here's nothing to invite my longer ſtay,
Among the darkſome melancholy cells.
When ſhall I leave this tenement of clay ?
Fain would I be where my Redeemer dwells.

Oh ! had I but ſome generous ſeraph's wing ;
There's nothing ſhould prevail to keep me here :
But with the morning lark I'd mount and ſing,
Till I had left earth's gloomy atmoſphere.

My ſoul directed upward ſtill,
'Till I ſhould reach the glorious courts above :
Where endleſs pleaſure my deſires ſhall fill,
And ſolac'd be with my dear Jeſus' love.

With ſweet refreſhment on ſuch things as theſe,
My ſerious thoughts have often been employ'd:
But how much more will happineſs increaſe,
When more than can be thought will be enjoy'd?

Life decaying, and Death approaching.

WHAT various turns of changing providence
On mortal ſtate perpetually attend?
No ſooner doth our feeble life commence,
But we are always haſting to our end.

Aſſurance is my comfortable ſtay,
Yet doubts intruding, often make it ſtart:
But when by Faith theſe are remov'd away,
Renewing comforts chear my panting heart.

Pleaſures and pains, by their alternate courſe,
Raiſe and depreſs the mind with joy and ſorrow:
Theſe ſweetly draws, and theſe as ſtrongly force,
And this day's laughter melts in tears to-morrow.

The length'ning ſhadows of the ſetting ſun,
And fainting beams of its declining light,
Declare how near my day of life is done,
And all things call to bid the world good night.

I know

I know my days on earth are numb'red all,
The end is certain, fixt in Heav'ns decree:
Lord, make me ready to receive thy call;
What, where, and howſoever it ſhall be.

The Soul's Deſire of Removing.

LONG have I ſojourn'd in this weary land,
Where ſins and ſorrows ev'ry where abound:
Soul-threat'ning dangers, ſee how thick they ſtand,
Snares and temptations compaſs all around.

'Tis an unhealthy clime, where vapours riſe,
Whoſe peſtilential influences ſhed
Malignant fumes beneath the gloomy ſkies,
Which wound the heart, and ſtupify the head.

When ſhall my ſoul obtain a kind remove?
Theſe fleſhy ſhackles broke, and I ſet free
From this dark dungeon? Soon I'd mount above,
To ſee my God, the Man who dy'd for me.

My guardian angel come and lead the way,
Aſſiſt my footſteps in the ſacred road:
I'll follow on through realms of endleſs day,
Unto the palace of my Father-God:

Where

Where ſolac'd with that beatific ſight,
No evil ſhall my perfect peace moleſt:
But with thoſe holy ones that cloath'd in white,
Shall enter into everlaſting reſt.

Earth's Emptineſs and Heaven's Fullneſs.

WHEN ſhall I raiſe my nobler thoughts
Beyond this earthly ſphere?
Too long I've lain among the pots
Of ſenſual objects here.

While glories of a brighter kind,
And pleaſures ever new,
Suited to an immortal mind,
Preſent themſelves in view.

Earth's comforts all deficient prove;
The beſt that ſhe beſtows:
'Tis in the Canaan that's above,
True milk and honey flows,

There's all that neceſſary is
To make an happy ſtate;
Whatever may conduce to bliſs,
Or perfect joys create.

Wherewith

Wherewith to anſwer all complaints,
The Goſpel doth provide;
A plenteous ſtore, where all our wants
May richly be ſupply'd.

Are we with guilt of ſin oppreſt?
Here's pardon bought with blood;
And Jeſus, the atoning prieſt,
Will make his purchaſe good.

Do glitt'ring treaſures promiſe eaſe?
Or pleaſures court the mind?
Earth's beſt delights, like honey bees,
Have pointed ſtings behind.

Honour precarious, blinds the eyes,
And vaniſhes in ſmoke:
So have I ſeen a bubble riſe,
And in a moment broke.

THE SHIPWRECK.

CAPTAIN.

SAILORS, look out; a diſmal ſtorm I fear
Will overtake us, e'er we reach the land:
See yonder weſt, what ſudden clouds appear,
Full charg'd with tempeſt, and 'tis near at hand!

The

The gentle gales, that bore us ſweetly on,
The ſmooth-fac'd calm, thoſe pleaſant times are
gone.

Fierce Boreas ſummons all his northern powers,
With furious blaſts t'attack the ſwelling tide;
Heav'n's great artillery tremendous roars,
And pointed light'nings flaſh from ſide to ſide:
The ſetting ſun hath left our hemiſphere,
And wild diſorder beats the troubled air.

The light declines, and night comes on apace;
The noiſy billows, now tumultuous grown,
Thro' the vaſt ocean one another chaſe,
Rolling triumphant with their feather'd foam;
Boiling with fury, like high mountains riſe,
And with their wat'ry engines ſtorm the ſkies.

As in full buckets pour'd, the hail and rain
Fall thick upon us, ſtill our dangers grow:
The wind blows up a perfect hurricane,
While boiſt'rous ſurges toſs us to and fro.
There's no reſiſting ſuch impetuous force;
All hands aloft, we cannot hold our courſe!

PASSENGER.

Ah! me undone! my ſinking ſpirits fall:
If Heav'n deny to help we periſh all.

SAILOR.

SAILOR.

Or do my fears ſuggeſt, or is it true?
A dreadful object ſeems t'appear in ſight,
Right off the ſtarboard-bow, in open view:
My blood runs cold, my hair ſtands bolt upright.
'Tis ſome ſea monſter of a hideous form,
Rais'd from the wat'ry caverns by the ſtorm;

Or elſe an airy ſpirit, come abroad,
Wand'ring about upon the troubled ſea.
Whatever 'tis, I fear it doth forebode
That ſudden ruin muſt our portion be.
Our crazy ſhip can ne'er ſuſtain theſe ſhocks,
The water breaks, w'are juſt upon the rocks!

CAPTAIN.

Methinks to weſtward I the land diſcern;
Let's make a tack, and try to reach to ſhore.

SAILOR.

Alas! 'tis all in vain, we drive aſtern,
Our rudder's gone, and we can ſteer no more.

PASSENGER.

The water grows in hold, 'tis five feet high,
And muſt we periſh, and the land ſo nigh?

SAILOR.

The mainmaſt cracks aloud, 'tis broke in twain,
And with its fall has beaten down the deck :
The breaches cannot be repair'd again,
Our ſhip's in pieces, and become a wreck.
There's nothing but a miracle can ſave ;
Farewel, dear mates, the ſea muſt be my grave.

PASSENGER.

Deeply diſtreſt, of other helps bereft,
I've got upon a broken plank at laſt ;
And ſtill, methinks, a glimm'ring hope is left:
Tho' toſs'd about, I'll ſtrive to hold it faſt.
My joys revive, Heav'n's mercies I'll adore,
The broken piece hath brought me ſafe to ſhore.

Our mortal part's a ſhip, with wond'rous art
Built and prepar'd with ſtores of every ſort ;
The ſoul's the paſſenger therein imbark'd,
This life the voyage, and Heav'n the landing port ;
The world's a ſea, where calms and ſtorms ariſe,
Thro' which our paſſage to the haven lies.

Our ſenſes are the mariners, who ſtand
With ready ſervice to attend the ſhip ;
Reaſon's the captain, under whoſe command
They do, or ſhould a due obſervance keep ;

Our

Our passions are the sails, whereby we move
Faster or slower, as we hate or love;

Experience is the pilot, to direct
The moving helm; the sacred word's the card,
Which shews what course to take, what to reject,
Whereto the steersman must have due ragard:
Rocks of temptation lie about the coast,
Where many gallant vessels have been lost.

Our passage must a narrow streight divide,
Where gaping dangers call for utmost care:
Presumption's gulf lies on the right-hand side,
And on the left the quicksands of despair.
Amidst the perils, what shall mortals do?
One of a thousand scarce gets safely through.

While peace and plenty, with a prosp'rous gale,
Stretch out the swelling canvas, then with ease
And streamers flying, pleasantly we sail
Upon the surface of the calmer seas:
Till overtaken by a quick surprize,
The ruffling winds of fierce afflictions rise.

The light of joy's eclips'd, and Heav'n puts on
Its darker gloom composed of doubts and fears;
Faith sinks with terror, and our comfort's gone,
O'erwhelm'd with surges of tumultuous cares:

Hope

Hope grows diſtracted, ſtagg'ring to and fro,
Not knowing where to fix, or what to do.

Billows of mighty grief roll on apace,
Wave urges wave in a continual train;
One trouble gone, another comes in place,
Loſſes and croſſes, head-ach, heart-ach, pain.
No human ſkill againſt their force prevails,
The weary'd ſailor's ſtrength and courage fails.

And, to encreaſe the terrors of the ſtorm,
The monſter Sin appears upon the flood;
A frightful ſpectacle in ghaſtly form,
From head to foot beſmear'd with guilt and blood.
This with pale horror and amazement fills,
And like a javelin through the vitals thrills.

The nearer we approach the wiſh'd-for ſhore,
Our dangers grow, with ſhocks of pain and age:
The ſhip worn out can now ſuſtain no more
The fierce concuſſions of the tempeſt's rage;
Breaks all in pieces, and becomes a prey
To the wild triumphs of the conqu'ring ſea.

Thus ends life's voyage; but where is the ſoul,
The paſſenger, amidſt this deep diſtreſs?
Dear Jeſus, help, on thee myſelf I roll,
And hope ſalvation only by free grace.

Tho'

On Heav'ns bleſt coaſt, and I'll thy name adore
With ſongs of praiſe that laſt for evermore.

The great Change expected.

WHY ſhould I murmur or complain,
To find the fleſh decay,
My ſtrength ſhall be renew'd again
At the great riſing-day.

The mortal tenement's grown old,
Ruin'd beyond repairs;
Strange ſuch a ſlender frame ſhould hold
A round of fourſcore years.

Thro' heats, and colds, and rain, and ſnow,
And many a ſtormy guſt;
While ſtronger buildings, long ago,
Are levell'd with the duſt.

'Tis owing to almighty Grace,
The feeble cottage ſtands;
Nor ſhall I ſuffer Death's embrace,
'Till Heav'n the ſame commands.

For this, great God, I daily wait;
Let me prepared be:
That when I quit this mortal ſtate,
My ſoul may dwell with thee.

Redemption by Chriſt.

REDEEM'D by Chriſt! Ah happy ſtate!
Who can conceive the matchleſs bliſs?
Nothing can ſolid peace create,
Or comfort to compare with this.

Redeem'd by Chriſt! Who ſhall condemn?
Juſtice demands are ſatisfy'd;
My plea ſhall be by faith in him;
Tho' I have ſinn'd, my Saviour dy'd.

Redeem'd by Chriſt! the law's fulfill'd,
Nor ſhall I fear its dreadful curſe:
Hereon my confidence I build,
He bore the puniſhment for us.

Redeem'd by Chriſt! from ſin ſet free,
Whoſe tyrannizing pow'r is broke;
Its bond-ſlave I'll no longer be,
But take my Saviour's lighter yoke.

Redeem'd by Chriſt! Let Satan roar;
Afright he may, but cannot kill:
Surrounded by almighty power,
Believers are in ſafety ſtill.

Redeem'd by Chriſt from earthly things,
Whoſe fading glory quickly dies!
My ſoul on Faith's expanded wings
Would viſit realms beyond the ſkies.

'Tis this I long for, this alone,
To ſee my bleſſed Jeſus' face;
Where I ſhall know as I am known,
And ever live in his embrace.

Mark the perfect Man, and behold the Upright,
For the End of that Man is Peace.

WHAT ſtrange deluſions mortals entertain!
Who hope a happy death, yet live profane.
Thus Balaam did, who went from place to place,
With fixt intent to curſe good Jacob's race:
But a ſuperior Pow'r forbade him ſtill;
And he muſt bleſs them, tho' againſt his will.
He lov'd th' unrighteous work and wages too,
Yet fain would die the death the righteous do.
So daring ſinners tread th' infernal road,
But hope t' arrive at Heav'n, the court of God.
Miſtaken ſouls! How can it ever be,
That way and end ſhould ſo much diſagree?

Do grapes on thorns, or figs on thiſtles grow?
We muſt expect to reap the kind we ſow.
In vain th' unjuſt to happineſs pretend,
The upright one ſhall have a peaceful end.
The deeds of moſt men give their wiſh the lie,
Who would with Balaam live, with Iſrael die.

The Reverſe: Or, a Kingdom in a Cottage.

HAPPY the man, who, free and unconfin'd,
Governs the little kingdom of his mind
With ſteady hand, and wiſely doth controul
The noble pow'rs and paſſions of his ſoul;
And with diſcretion ſo directs the reins,
As conſtant peace and liberty maintains.
This makes him lov'd and fear'd; his ſov'reign ſway
And gentle diſcipline, they all obey.
In Reaſon's ſpacious hall he keeps his court;
There all to him his miniſters reſort,
For orders how to act in ev'ry caſe,
That each may know the duties of his place.
Here he convenes his counſellors of ſtate,
Where matters are agreed without debate.
He loves and meditates the law divine,
Thence gathers all his rules for diſcipline.

Religon,

Religion, piety, and godly fear
Chief members of his privy council are.
Truth is high chancellor, to overſee
That fraud be never paſs'd in a decree.
Zeal's the grand marſhal, who attends upon
The judge's ſentence, and to ſee it done.
The leaſt appearance of a diſcontent,
His wiſe adminiſtration does prevent.
Envy and Malice, Hatred and Diſdain,
With all the reſt of the rebellious train,
Are baniſh'd never to return again.
He needs no armed men to guard his reſt,
While all is quiet in his peaceful breaſt.
Thus freed from all that would diſturbance bring,
His kingdom's peace proclaims a happy king.

But here if any happen to enquire,
Where is this kingdom you ſo much admire,
Whoſe happy monarch anſwers this relation?
Shew me upon the globe its ſituation;
What neighb'ring countries on its borders bound;
Tell me the climate where it may be found.
Is it a truth, or elſe a ſtory vain,
The airy fancy of a frothy brain;
Contriv'd for an amuſement to divert
The wand'ring motions of a fickle heart?

The anſwer's ready, 'tis no feigned thing,
That ſuch a kingdom is, and ſuch a King.
But what was ſaid at firſt, 'tis unconfin'd,
No tract of meaſur'd land, but tract of mind.
'Tis real truth, tho' dreſs'd in allegory,
For better help to underſtand the ſtory.
The choice enjoyments of the intellect,
Are known to others only by th' effect.
By converſation it is often ſeen,
What happy government obtains within.

But would you know the prince's outward ſtate?
The ſplendid grandeur of his earthly ſeat?
So mean and low his circumſtances are,
No marks of royal majeſty they bear.
Did you ſurvey his houſe and furniture,
You would conclude it, that he lives obſcure.

A lowly cottage, underneath a hill,
Of poor materials built with ſlender ſkill;
No cedar beams, or marble pillars ſet
Under the fabrick to ſupport its weight:
The floor is only of the earth's produce,
And hard'ned by the foot's continual uſe;
His goods and implements of houſhold ſtuff,
Are all agreeable to ſuch a roof:

Left by his grandſire to the family,
And valu'd only for antiquity.
Here with a loving, pious, frugal wife,
Contentment he enjoy'd, the ſweet of life.
Two children to them had the Maker giv'n,
Both which with care they nurtur'd up for Heav'n.
In morning early up he roſe to pray,
With true devotion ſtill began the day:
And then repairing to his daily charge,
Unfolds his ſheep to let them go at large.
A ſhepherd's bus'neſs his employment is,
A labour fraught with ev'ry ſimple bliſs;
He kept his flock with care, directs their way,
Gently reducing thoſe that go aſtray:
And while in peace they feed upon the plain,
His nobler thoughts high ſubjects entertain.

Sometimes he views the motions of the ſkies,
And when the luminaries ſet and riſe;
Obſerves Orion's courſe, and ſtars that roll
In daily circuit round the arctick pole;
The changing ſeaſons meaſur'd by the ſun,
And in what order other planets run.
Thence down to earth his active thoughts deſcend,
And there comparing cauſes with their end,
Increaſes knowledge by the works of nature,
And in them all admires the Creator;

Sees how his wiſdom, pow'r, and goodneſs ſhine,
But chiefly dwells upon the love divine;
Conſid'ring fallen man undone by ſin,
The woful ſtate that he and his were in;
Condemn'd by Juſtice to endure the pains
Of Sin's deſerts in everlaſting flames.
Hereon the Shepherd truſts, admires Free-Grace,
And often ſings the great Redeemer's praiſe.
Thus while at home, or in his work abroad,
He daily holds communion with his God.
  Theſe things conſider'd, what concluſion can
  Be drawn from thence—but here's the happy man?

THE MIND.

THE Mind's a thinking ſubſtance, which proceeds
By ſteps of thought, till it produces deeds;
Always employ'd, ſome project carrying on,
Tho' few obſerve the method how 'tis done.
Well, then, of old the Grecian Sage advis'd,
To know thyſelf: ſee how 'tis exercis'd.
An object firſt of all appears in view,
Preſent or future, either falſe or true;
Preſented by the ſenſes, ears, or eyes,
Or elſe perhaps from fickle fancy riſe.
This does unto the underſtanding come,
Who gives it audience in the judgment room;

Sees

Sees its credentials, and demands its name,
Enquires (or ſhould enquire) from whence it came;
What is the buſineſs which it doth pretend,
Brings it an embaſſy from foe or friend?
Or is't a private matter of its own,
To be conſider'd by itſelf alone?
What doth it offer? Any thing of weight?
Or elſe a trifle, worthy no debate.
In fine, 'tis here determin'd good or bad,
Hurtful or profitable to be had.
The Underſtanding, having us'd his ſkill
In paſſing judgment, ſends it to the Will;
And there 'tis either choſen or rejected,
As by the Underſtanding is directed.
Th' Affections then the buſineſs purſue,
Each in their ſtation, as the Will bids do.
If it be good, 'tis then by Love embrac'd;
And if enjoy'd, how pleaſant is the taſte!
If abſent, then how doth intenſe Deſire
Endeavour to obtain what we admire!
Fear of miſcarrying alſo acts its part,
And raiſes ſtrange commotions in the heart.
Nor do the outward members ſtay behind,
But yield their ready ſervice to the mind;
Exert their utmoſt ſtrength, arms, legs and tongue,
Speak, write, and fight, and for its ſervice run.

TRANSLATIONS.

The Fight of Mezentius, aſſiſting Turnus againſt Æneas, and his revenging himſelf on his late Subjects, who expelled him Etruria, and engaged for Æneas out of hatred to him.

Tranſlated from the TENTH BOOK of VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

At jovis interea monitis Mezentius ardens, &c. *Ver.* 689.

URG'D on by mighty Jove, a valiant knight,
The fierce Mezentius, firſt renew'd the fight;
Who marching boldly on, reſolv'd t'invade
The Trojans boaſting camp with brandiſh'd blade:
Th' Etrurian troops advance with laviſh rage,
And thirſty arms with him (a war alone) t'engage.
As a high rock, which the vaſt ocean ſtaves,
Expos'd to furious winds and ſtubborn waves,
Whoſe firm foundation ſtands ſecure, defies
The threat'ning forces of the ſea and ſkies;
So, 'midſt his foes, unmov'd, Mezentius ſtood,
While round him roll'd a ſtream of hoſtile blood,
That from the wounds of welt'ring Hebrus flow'd;
Which on the ſlippery ground he lately threw,
With Latagus and coward Palmus too:
He hurl'd a ſtone at Latagus, his head,
Which whiſtl'd through the air and cruſh'd him dead;

Palmus,

Palmus, the war unable to ſuſtain,
But hamſtring'd lay extended on the plain:
His cuiras Lauſus took, and arm'd his breaſt,
And on his helmet fixt the conquer'd's creſt.
Evas and Mimas next he did engage,
Mimas that equal'd Paris in his age,
Born of Theano in th' ill-omen'd night,
That Priam's queen ſhew'd Paris to the light;
Paris within the city bury'd lies,
But Mimas on the coaſt of Laurens dies.
As an incenſed, ſturdy boar that ſtood
For many years the monarch of the wood,
Shelter'd by pines, and fed in marſhy grounds,
When chac'd around the hills by eager hounds,
Hamper'd with nets, and wildly in amaze,
He briſtles up, the hunters ſtand and gaze,
Nor dare they near approach the ſtubborn beaſt
But caſt aloof their javelins at his breaſt;
So bold Mezentius ſtood, none durſt advance,
Or ſtand the fury of his murd'ring lance;
Not one of all the ſtouteſt Trojan lords
Would challenge cloſer combat with their ſwords;
But ſtand afar, and ſpend in vain their ſpears,
And with loud noiſe and outcries fill his ears.
While he undaunted ſtands amidſt the field,
And bears whole woods of launces on his ſhield.
Coritian Acron was the next that came,
Acron, a lovely knight of worthy fame,

Who

Who left his hymeneal rites undone,
And 'midſt the troops in wedding garments ſhone;
As a fierce lion, when by hunger preſt,
Ranges the coaſt, and ſcouts upon the waſte,
Bounds round the hills, and round him caſts his eyes,
If he by chance a well-grown ſtag eſpies,
Or a young fawn, that trembling runs for fear,
Then gaping horribly with briſtled hair,
He tears his bowels out with envious paws,
And with black blood beſmears his impious jaws.
So Acron, bold Mezentius ſaw from far,
And thro' thick foes he ruſh'd into the war;
Reſolv'd with his own hand the youth to ſlay,
Unhappy Acron fell, and wounded lay
On the moiſt ground, and bled his life away.
Orodes next he met, who fled his fight,
The hero ſcorn'd to kill him while in flight,
But wheel'd about to give him equal fight;
Strait man to man he join'd, and blade to blade,
Beſt ſkill'd in open force, not ambuſcade;
Orodes, though of ſize prodigious tall,
Outdone by greater ſtrength was forc'd to fall;
Wearied and faint with wounds, he ſtagg'ring reel'd,
And leaning on his ſpear, fell in the field:
The noiſy camp with joyful pæans rung,
And loud applauſes from the ſhouting throng;
But as he gaſping lay along the plain,
"Boaſt not too much, ſaid he, that I am ſlain;

"I die

" I die not unreveng'd, for the ſame fate,
" And the ſame field for your deſtruction wait."
On him Mezentius ſmil'd, with frowning eye,
" Jove judge of me, but thou poor wretch ſhalt die."
This ſaid, he drew the dart forth from his wound,
Whence blood and life ebb'd out upon the ground;
A heavy ſleep obſcur'd the parting light,
And ſeal'd his eyes up in eternal night.

AITHΣ.

The TWELFTH IDYLLIUM of THEOCRITUS.

'TIS now three days ſince you and I were here,
'Twas long, methought, to ſtay from one ſo dear;
For thoſe whom ſtricteſt bonds of love engage,
Think ev'ry hour a day, and every day an age;
As the warm Spring cold Winter does excel,
As apples damſons both in taſte and ſmell;
As ewes are far more ſhaggy than their lambs,
So they more tender than their teeming dams;
As virgins are to married dames preferr'd,
And nimble hinds outſtrip the duller herd;
So much your ſight rejoic'd me when I mourn'd
Your long, long abſence till you now return'd:
Soon as I ſaw thoſe eyes, and lovely face,
I ran to meet thee with a kind embrace;

Juſt

Juſt as a trav'ller to ſome ſhade retires,
To ſhun the heat of Phœbus' ſcorching fires.
Would kinder Heav'n but ſpread a mutual flame
Thro' either heart, and ſtill encreaſe the ſame;
Then ages yet to come ſhould us adore,
And ſing the love we to each other bore,
Thus ſhould they tell—Two heretofore there were,
Whom mutual love engag'd, a happy pair:
Eſpinlus one, Aïtes t'other's name,
For love recorded in the books of fame:
Theſe ſure were ſome of thoſe that liv'd of old,
When goodly Saturn rul'd the age of gold.
Grant, mighty gods, that ſome kind ghoſt may come
And tell us on the banks of bleſt Elyſium.
Your love's the theme of every tuneful tongue,
Admir'd by all, but chiefly by the young;
Wiſhes are vain to alter Heav'n's decrees,
Jove can deny or anſwer which he pleaſe:
I'll give the praiſe which to your beauty's due,
Tho' you ſeem falſe, yet I'll believe you true;
When you offend, you recompence the ſame,
Double requittance takes from you the blame;
Hence for awhile my willing feet I move,
Being doubly bleſt with pleaſure and your love.

Happy ye Megarenſians may you be,
From troubles, cares, and all unquiet free,

Succeſs

Succeſs attend you when you plough the ſeas,
Becauſe you honour'd lovely Diocles;
And gave the ſacred lover worthy praiſe:
Around whoſe tomb, when time brings on the day,
The crouded youth in wanton dances play,
Contending with a kiſs to bear the prize away.
And he whoſe pointed kiſs is ſweeteſt found,
Homeward returns with a freſh garland crown'd.
Happy that boy, but greater is his bliſs,
That tries and judgeth every wanton kiſs:
He muſt be ſurely like young Ganymede,
Whoſe lips had proving virtue, as 'tis ſaid,
Like Lydian ſtones found upon Timolus' ſhore,
Which tries the baſer from the purer oar.

HORACE, BOOK IV. ODE VII.

To L. Manlius Torquatus.

NOW Winter ſnows are gone, Spring takes its place,
Grace paints the fields, and leaves the branches grace;
The ſtubborn earth, that ſcorn'd the dull-edg'd plough,
Frozen, congeal'd, and cover'd o'er with ſnow,

Is

Is thaw'd and ſoften'd by the heighten'd ſun,
And murmuring riv'lets in their channels run;
The nymphs and naked graces dance around,
And nimbly trip it o'er the graſſy ground;
The minutes and the hours of every day
That ſwiftly roll and ſwiftly fly away,
With the declining year, forbid that we
Should ever hope for immortality,
The cold's allay'd by Zephyr's warmer blaſt;
The Spring and Summer come, but quickly waſte,
Next Autumn peeps, but wears away in haſte,
And brings the lazy Winter at its heels;
The ſeaſons roll on Time's immortal wheels.
The wained moon renews her orb again,
But can't reverſe the years of dying men;
When ghaſtly death appears to open view,
Then we muſt bid the world and all adieu,
And ne'er return again, alas! but go
Down to the melancholy ſhades below,
And view the ghoſts of generous heroes there,
Where Tullus, Ancus, and Æneas are.
When fate has ſpun our lives, down then we muſt,
And all our limbs ſhall moulder into duſt.
Uſe well the time that you have here to ſtay,
Perhaps the gods wont lend another day;
What liberally you give, while you are here,
Shall fly the hands of a young ſpendthrift heir.

When dead and unto Minos' bar you come,
And wait and dread to hear your fatal doom:
Your eloquence and high deſcent are vain,
Your piety cannot reſtore to life again.
The chaſte Hyppolitus muſt yield to death,
His virtues couldn't buy a moment's breath:
Perithous, by ſtronger fate o'ercome,
Couldn't reſiſt the irrevocable doom;
No more, alas! no more can Theſeus break
The adamantine chains that bar the Stygian lake.

On the Return of King WILLIAM.

In Imitation of HORACE, BOOK IV. Ode II.

Pindarum quiquis ſtudet æmulari, &c.

TO equal Cowley whoſoe'er aſpires,
(Cowley a name of wide renown)
In vain his hopes, ſucceſsleſs his deſires,
Icarus like, he'll tumble headlong down.
Cowley that rages like ſwift ſtreams that flow
Down from a lofty mountain's brow;
Which ſwoln by ſhow'rs, diſdain their narrow bounds,
O'erflow their banks and drown their neighbouring grounds.

Whether he tunes his lyre
To amorous notes and Cupid's ſofter fire;
Or bids his louder ſtrings
" Sound mighty men, and mighty things,
" Then, then the Britiſh Swan takes wing
" And ſoars beyond a common flight.
" Then he in loftier ſtrains doth ſing
" Of ſome immortal heroes might."

As you have ſeen the painful Bee, that roves
About the woods, the flow'ry banks, and groves,
To gather fragrant thyme;
So, unambitious I,
With much laborious induſtry,
Perhaps may hammer out a grateful rhyme.
But let ſome greater poet ſing
The honours of the Britiſh King,
When he ſhall lead the captive French along
To Weſtminſter, attended with a noble throng.

The bounteous gods could ne'er beſtow,
A greater gift on men,
No, tho' the golden age return again,
And ſtreams of milk and wine in ev'ry channel flow.
Sing of the joyful merry day,
The city ſport, and public play,
At England's mighty Monarch's ſafe return,

As

As welcome as the long'd-for ſun,
When bluſt'ring ſtorms are paſt and gone;
Then ſhall my humble Muſe attend the joyful quire,
And in the ſacred chorus join,
If they can hear ſo mean a thing as mine,
I'll tune the ſtrings, and ſtrike the warbling lyre.

Happy ſun, and happy day,
That firſt diſcry'd great William from afar,
Returning from the terrors of the war,
And ſafely landed from the threat'ning ſea;
And as you move along the crowded ſtreet,
A thouſand voices ſhall your preſence greet:
Triumphant Io's ſhall from ev'ry tongue reſound,
'Till ev'ry ſtone has learn'd to echo triumphs around.
Then grateful flames ſhall from the altars riſe,
And bear our thanks to the propitious ſkies.

To his Muſe MELPOMENE.

HORACE, BOOK III. Ode XXX.

Exegi monumentum ære perennius, &c.

I'VE rais'd a monument which ſhall endure
Longer than ſolid braſs, and more ſecure;
Whoſe ſtately ſtructure vies
With Egypt's coſtly vanities,

And all their tow'ring tops, that ſcorn the under ſkies:
So firm, that no tempeſtuous ſea,
Nor angry wind, nor threat'ning ſhow'r,
Nor can the iron jaws of greedy Time devour;
No, nor the boundleſs round of vaſt eternity.

I will not wholly die,
In ſpite of Fate, the copy of my mind,
My better part, ſhall live behind;
Live and be honour'd by poſterity.
My prime ſhall ſtill increaſe, and never end
While ſacred prieſts the capital aſcend,
And ſilent maids the rev'rend Sire attend:
My name through all Apulia ſhall be known,
Where roaring Aufidus runs headlong down;
There ſhall they tell what wond'rous fire
Did erſt their countrymen inſpire,
And every breaſt with raptures fill,
While they relate how his harmonious ſkill
Could make Æolian ſongs dance on the Roman lyre.
But thou, my Muſe, take thy deſerved praiſe,
And crown thy head with conſecrated bays.

The THIRD SATYR of JUVENAL.

Quamvis digreſſu veteris confuſus amici, &c.

THOUGH griev'd at heart to loſe a faithful friend,
Yet ſtill I muſt his better choice commend;
Becauſe at Cuma he intends to live,
And one more townſman to the Sybil give:
Cuma, the entrance down to Baiæ's gate,
A pleaſant ſhore, a ſweet abſtracted ſeat:
The Iſland Prochyta I much prefer
To Rome, and all the famous buildings there;
What mis'ries there ſo ſingular have been?
But are at Rome perpetually ſeen.
Still there are fires, ſtill houſes tott'ring down,
Still thouſand dangers which beſet the town.
If you in Summer chance to walk the ſtreet,
Beſure you will ſome bawling poet meet,
To tire your patience with his tedious wit.
But while Umbritius' goods were pack'd, he waits
At the old Bridge, without Capena's gates;
There, where great Numa met his nightly love,
And fixt her ſtatue in the ſacred grove,
Cloſe by the Jewiſh Temple, near the wood,
Where Muſes are expell'd, and Hebrews beg their food:

So I, together with my deareſt friend,
Into Egerias gentle vale deſcend ;
Where in ſweet converſe underneath a ſhade,
By Nature's hand luxuriantly made,
Umbritius thus began, " Old friend, ſays he,
" No room in town for honeſt men you ſee,
" Nor juſt rewards for careful induſtry.
" My little means by ſlow degrees decay,
" And ſlip unſeen in ſpite of care away ;
" Wherefore to Cuma I'm reſolv'd to go,
" Before my aged limbs begin to bow ;
" Before the diſmal time, when age and pains
" Contract my nerves, and chill my bloodleſs veins.
" Let them live here who craſty are and wiſe,
" To forge out virtue from the dregs of vice :
" Baſe ſordid rogues, by various methods knaves,
" Thoſe that can carry corpſes to their graves,
" And be content to ſell themſelves for ſlaves :
" Theſe heretofore were ſharply us'd to watch,
" And follow, thronging, to a cudgel match.
" Theſe once the noted pipers of the town,
" But now they wear an honourable gown ;
" Now they can hire a fight of every ſlave,
" And as the vulgar pleaſe, or kill, or ſave :
" Now for awhile they're lifted up, and then
" In little time they're ſunk as low again.

" Theſe

" Theſe are the things that oft', as Fortune pleaſe,
" She kicks, and flings from low to high degrees.
" What ſhould I do at Rome? my ſoul's too plain
" To hear and learn the town's diſſembling ſtrain:
" I cannot uſe the fawning courtier's art,
" To praiſe the thing I reprobate at heart:
" The motions of the ſtars I never knew,
" Nor can I read in Heav'n what ſhall enſue;
" I never ſearch'd a frog, or knew the way
" To tell the heir his father's burying day.
" May others know what fops are newly grown,
" And read the billet-doux of all the town;
" He never plays the thief with whom I come,
" And that's the reaſon why I keep at home,
" Like crazy limbs to bodies uſeleſs grown.
" Who's now-a-days belov'd, unleſs he be
" Conſcious of ſome unheard-of villany;
" Whoſe itching thoughts ev'n burn to be reveal'd,
" Eager to tell what muſt be ſtill conceal'd;
" He thinks him not oblig'd t'ye in the leaſt,
" That truſts ſome honeſt ſecret to your breaſt;
" Verres be ſure will love that fellow ſtill,
" That can accuſe the raſcal when he will.
" Tho' this be juſt the road, I muſt confeſs,
" To great preferments, city happineſs,
" Yet ſtill I hope you don't ſo much eſteem
" The yellow ſands of wealthy Tagus' ſtream,

" Nor chuſe the gold that rolls within the deep,
" Before a ſettled mind and peaceful ſleep :
" Now you ſhall hear (for Time requires my haſte)
" What ſort of perſons ſuit our gentry beſt.
" I cannot, oh ! I cannot bear to ſee
" Rome thus debas'd with Græcian villany ;
" Not Greeks alone but Syrians too are come,
" And fixt their habitation here at Rome ;
" They bring their language, manners, pipes, and
" lutes,
" Their painted trumpery and proſtitutes.
" Now the old plowmen wear their ſupper gown,
" And the whole city's ſo luxurious grown,
" That Romulus would ſcarce his nation own :
" How thick from ev'ry ſhore they flock to Rome,
" Some from Ionia, from Ægea ſome :
" They're ſharp and witty, thriving in the trade
" Of flattery, from ſervants maſters made.
" But tell me what you think of him that can
" Be ev'ry thing in nought, poet, cunning man,
" Grammarian, mountebank, or rhetorician,
" Soothſayer, limner, conjuror, phyſician :
" A famiſh'd Greek will ſtrive again,
" To get a living, be it e'er ſo mean.
" Can I with ſuch e'er be content to live,
" To whoſe red gowns I muſt obedience give :
" Shall I not be preferr'd before his Grace,
" Muſt t' others worſhip take the chiefeſt place ;

" Poor drudging ſlaves, that once were hither
" brought
" In the ſame ſhip, with figs and lemons fraught;
" And if't be ſo, what privilege is there,
" To feed on olives, draw Italian air.

" But to omit how ſkill'd ſome people be
" In the ſoft art of fawning flattery;
" How cunning, how expert, and ſeeming wiſe,
" With all the tricks of ſpecious artifice:
" They praiſe the learning of this blockhead heir,
" If moſt deform'd they'll make the monkey fair;
" See they a man that's ſlender, weak, and tall,
" They admire his ſtrength, his arms, his limbs,
" and all;
" They much admire the ſhrillneſs of his voice,
" Tho' hens and ſcreechowls make a better noiſe;
" We citizens ('tis true) may do the ſame,
" They're ſtill believ'd, but we come off with ſhame;
" One gen'ral farce the nation is, for when
" You only ſmile, they laugh and roar amain;
" If you but look diſpleas'd, ah! then, they ſigh,
" And, nothing griev'd, they'll feign or force a cry:
" Say you 'tis cold, they civ'ly freeze almoſt;
" Say but 'tis warm, egad, they're like to roaſt:
" We're not alike, they're better ſkill'd than I,
" Who night and day can turn to flattery:

If

" If you but belch, they're ready then to ſay,
" Bleſs you, good Sir, how well you ſneez'd to-day;
" Chance you to turn your bowl but upſide down,
" Strait they admire, and praiſe th' auſpicious ſound.

" Beſides, there's nothing ſacred now, nor free
" From pamper'd luſt, and furious lechery;
" The baſhful virgin, nor the married wife,
" Nor the young heir that led an honeſt life,
" Before he knew the vices of the town,
" But ſince debauch'd, and lewd, and vicious grown.
" The rigid ſtoic, that ſo much pretends
" To gravity, kills ſcholars and his friends;
" No place for Romans here where Diph'lus rules,
" And Erimanthus ſtrife, engend'ring fools,
" The flatt'ries of theſe fawning knaves will force
" My credulous friends to kick me out of doors;
" Maſters forget their ſervants labour here,
" And clients loſs is more than any where.

" Produce a witneſs holy and as pure
" As Numa was, or he that kept ſecure
" The great Palladium from the greedy fire,
" Ah! is he rich? the prowling knaves enquire,
" Whether he be a landed man or no,
" And what he can upon his heir beſtow.
" And then, how many ſervants does he keep,
" How many herds, how many flocks of ſheep?

" What

" What doles are given from his ſumptuous hall ?
" His manners then are queſtion'd laſt of all ;
" Juſt ſo much credit has he and no more ;
" Here, if you ſwear by all the gods above,
" They think you value not the bolts of Jove :
" Here are your merry ſparks, that caſt their joke
" At ev'ry man who wears a thread-bare cloak ;
" He's the fair ſcoff of all the wits in town,
" That wears old ſhoes or patches in his gown ;
" Unhappy poverty's the greateſt curſe,
" Where ev'ry virtue yields the place to purſe.
" If you but ſit upon his knighthood's chair,
" Strait ſays the maſter of the theatre,
" Riſe, ill-bred clown, for ſhame, what make
" you here ?
" A crier's brat comes next, genteel and neat,
" And midſt your gallant fencers takes his ſeat ;
" All this to Otho's vanity we owe,
" Otho, who firſt diſtinguiſh'd Romans ſo.
" But who's here made a ſon-in-law of late
" That can't make jointers of a good eſtate ?
" The times are ſuch, that now 'tis very rare
" To ſee a poor man made a rich man's heir ;
" When ſhall one hear old Romans ſpeak a word,
" Among rich ſerious fools at council board ;
" 'Tis vain for him to aim at dignity,
" Whoſe virtue's clog'd by galling poverty.

" Nor

" Nor is this all the poor man's loſs alone,
" For food is ſcarcely, hardly earn'd in town.

" Go to the lofty theatre, and there
" Actors and people in like habits are,
" Here's ſtill enough be ſure, and ſomething more,
" While one borrows of another's ſtore.
" Shall I at Rome uneaſy live alone,
" Where without money nothing's to be done?
" What will you give to ſtay an hour and wait
" To bid my lord good-morrow at his gate;
" Here we poor clients never muſt deny,
" But ſtill his lordſhip's darling wants ſupply.

" Thoſe that i'th' country live ne'er fear at all,
" The dang'rous cracks when ſhatter'd houſes fall;
" But we that live in town have cauſe to fear
" The ſlender beams that mighty houſes bear;
" For here the landlord patches ev'ry chink,
" And bids us ſleep ſecure at danger's brink:
" Dearly I love to live where I may be
" From fires, and fears, and city noiſes free;
" But here you know, my friend, one cannot ſtir
" But ſtraight we ſee our neighbour's houſe on fire;
" Then comes the mob, and all the rabble rout,
" To ſave or ſteal his goods and put it out;
" But thoſe that live about five ſtories high,
" Rais'd in the garret near the vaulted ſky,

" Ne'er

" Ne'er ſmell the riſing ſmoke, but ſleep, nor know
" What ravage makes the waſteful flame below.

" The antient Codrus I remember well,
" Poor bard, that erſt did in this city dwell:
" His goods, I'll tell you, was a little bed,
" Six earthen plates adorn'd the cupboard's head,
" His earthen cup an earthen cover wore,
" Which ſtatues of the ſelf-ſame marble bore;
" He had a cheſt, made ſixty years ago,
" (In old Quirinus's time for ought I know,)
" Wherein his own immortal verſes laid,
" On which the plund'ring mice for hunger prey'd:
" Codrus had nothing, every body ſaid,
" And yet he loſt the nothing that he had;
" In this ſad caſe he begg'd from door to door,
" Yet none was mindful of th' afflicted poor.
" But if the fire ſeize on ſome rich man's houſe,
" Be ſure he gains by what he ſeems to looſe;
" The Prætor then his ſeſſions does delay,
" And gives out, nothing's done at court to-day;
" Then we lament the city and his fate,
" And curſe the wicked fire, but 'tis too late;
" His friends commiſerate his loſs, and then
" They ſend materials for his houſe again;
" Some give him pictures, marble ſtatues made
" By thoſe that were ingenious at the trade;
" The others, deſks, that plate and jewels hold,
" Books, images, and weighty bags of gold,

Another

" Another rich old fellow proves as kind;
" That folks ſuſpect the landlord had deſign'd
" To fire his houſe, that ſo he might have more,
" By gifts and briefs, than ere he had before.
" But if you'll take adviſe, my friend, and fly
" The play-houſe and your drinking company,
" With all the vices of the town, and go
" To Fabrateria, or to Fruſino,
" Or Sora's little village, there you know,
" Houſes are bought for half the caſh that here
" You hire a naſty hole for ſeven year;
" And there you have a well, that needs no rope,
" Windlaſs, nor crane to draw the water up;
" There may you lead a pleaſant country life,
" From city noiſes free, and city ſtrife;
" There, with your little herby garden bleſt,
" You may at any time invite to feaſt
" A hearty welcome Philoſophic:
" 'Twould be worth while to leave the noiſy
" town,
" Had one but half an acre of one's own.
" At Rome your ſick men die for want of reſt,
" Fevers and agues half the town infeſt:
" Dear ſlumber here for money's bought alone,
" For inns and taverns will afford you none:
" This is the ſpring from whence diſeaſes flow:
" The rattling of the coaches to and fro,
" Join'd

" Join'd with the noiſe that bawling drivers keep,
" Enough to wake Sir Druſus from his ſleep:
" Suppoſe a rich man's call'd to court, the throng
" Quickly give way to let him march along:
" If you in earneſt buſineſs paſs the ſtreet,
" And tides of gazing, wond'ring wretches meet,
" So thick they throng, that if you mean to go,
" You muſt needs thruſt and force your paſſage
" through;
" Strange with what ſmoke they celebrate a feaſt,
" Each brings his kitchen, tho' a hundred gueſt;
" Strong Corbulo ne'er bore ſo many things,
" As one poor ſervant for his maſter brings;
" He fans the fire too, as he runs in haſte,
" And ſtraight, perchance, he meets a mighty maſt,
" Borne upon carriages, that ſwings on high,
" And threatens ruin if he dare come nigh:
" Both head and ſhoulders, body, legs and all,
" Are cruſh'd to pieces by the mighty fall,
" The other ſervants are employ'd at home,
" And wonder what's the matter he don't come;
" But he, poor new-made ghoſt, now ſits upon
" The muddy banks of gloomy Acheron,
" Where he grim Charon views, and is afraid
" Leſt he ſtay there until the boatman's paid;
" Which will be long enough, indeed, for he
" Hath not enough to give old Charon's fee.

" Conſider

" Conſider other dangers of the town,
" Where broken ſhards and cracked pots fall
" down,
" From lofty houſes, built ſo very high,
" They threat deſtruction to the paſſers by;
" Enough to fill them with a conſtant fright,
" Whoſe earneſt buſineſs calls them out at night;
" Here you'll be counted one that takes no care,
" What ſhall betide your family and heir,
" If you go out before you make your will,
" So many dang'rous fates attend you ſtill:
" Wherefore you ought to pray, that they'd be
" kind,
" And be content to leave the pot behind:
" But if they do, you've cauſe enough to bleſs
" Your ſmiling ſtars for your deſir'd ſucceſs,
" And thank the gods, if you can ſafely p—ſs.
" The drunken ſots ſo quarrelſome are grown,
" They ſleep not till they have ſome miſchief done:
" They toſs their limbs on their uneaſy bed,
" Juſt like Achilles when his friends were dead;
" But wicked as they are, yet they take care
" Of him, whoſe gown beſpeaks the ſenator;
" Whoſe brazen lamps, and link-boys, in a throng,
" And a large troop of ſervants guard along;
" But me, the rogues deſpiſe, who walk at night,
" By moon-ſhine, or a ſlender taper's light.

" But

" But you ſhall hear the entrance of a brawl,
" If ſo we may a wretched ſcuffle call,
" Where he gives blows, and I receive 'em all;
" One ſtops my way, and ſtrait he bids me ſtand,
" 'Tis folly here to diſobey command;
" In ſuch a caſe as this what would you do,
" When he compels that's ſtronger far than you?
" Then ſays the braggart, Well, Sir, whence d'ye come?
" From what baſe ſupper are you ſtagg'ring home?
" What cobler was't that din'd with you to-day,
" What, raſcal, have you nothing now to ſay?
" Speak, or I'll kick you, Sir, without delay.
" But if you ſpeak, or ſilently go off,
" 'Tis all a caſe, he'll give you blows enough;
" Nor is this all the damage ſhall enſue,
" Perhaps the rogue will bind you over too;
" And all the liberty a poor man has,
" In this his ſad and lamentable caſe,
" Is this, that being beat, to beg and pray,
" That with one tooth he'll let him go away;
" But more than this a citizen may fear,
" For crafty thieves are very common here;
" When all the ſhops are lock'd, and doors are ſhut,
" Then is the time theſe pilf'rers come out;
" Your purſe, they cry, 'tis vain to ſpeak a word,
" When the bold rebels hold a naked ſword:

" Here from the Gallinarian wood they come,
" As if they had prepar'd a feaſt at Rome;
" Irons took up for chains in every place,
" That we may fear, leſt country tools be ſcarce.
" Happy the days that our forefathers ſpent,
" When Rome with one ſmall priſon was content."
Had I but time, I would more reaſons ſhow,
But time is wanting, for the ſun grows low;
So friend, farewel, and when you're weary grown,
Of all the toils and vices of the town;
When willing to divert your labouring mind
At your Aquinus, prithee, be ſo kind,
As then to ſend for me, I'll haſten down,
And help you laſh the vices of the town.

HORACE, BOOK II. ODE XIV.

Ad POSTUMUM.

Eheu! fugaces, Poſtume, Poſtume, &c.

ALAS, my friend! what ſhall we ſay?
Time ſteals inſenſibly away,
Nor piety, nor gold, can bribe a moment's ſtay;
Wrinkled old age is very near,
And Death will ſoon in all its ghaſtly forms appear:
Nor can you ere procure delay,
No, tho' you burn whole hecatombs a day,
And ſolemn vows to griſly Pluto pay;
Th' inexorable king, that ſtops his ears
At mortals dying prayers,
And ſtands unmov'd by ſad complaining tears;
He who Geryon's treble bulk contains,
And Tityus' carcaſe too, that lies
Vaſtly extended on his duſky plains,
Surrounded by the ſtream that ſurly Charon plies;
The ſtream, o'er which we all muſt go,
Kings and humble peaſants too.

In vain we are from bloody battles free,
And all the dangers of the ſea,

In vain autumnal blaſts we fear,
The dull and dangerous ſeaſon of the year:
For 't wont be long ere we muſt go
Down to the melancholy ſhades below,
And black Cocytus muddy waters view,
With all the infernal crew;
There ſhall we ſee the Danaids weary toil,
And Siſyphus himſelf bemoan,
Damn'd to th' eternal rolling ſtone,
Which urg'd and labour'd up the hill, does quick recoil.

Your houſe, and land, and loving wife,
The dear and fading joys of life,
Muſt all be left behind:
Your goodly ranks of trees muſt be reſign'd,
None but the mournful cypreſs ſhall you have,
To follow its dead maſter to the grave.

Then ſhall your ſpendthrift heir
Waſte what you've got by pains and care,
The jolly ſpark will ſet the barrels free,
From iron clamps, from lock and key,
And drink the good old wine,
Drink till the drunken pavement ſhine,
With as rich juice as ever ſacred prieſt
Drunk at his holy father's conſecrated feaſt.

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE XI.

To LEUCONOE.

Tu ne quæſieris (ſcire nefas) quem mihi, quem tibi, &c.

GIVE o'er, Leuconoë, give o'er,
And ſearch the book of fate no more;
'Tis not, alas, for you to know,
How fate has order'd all below;
How, when, or where, the gods deſign
To end thy merry life or mine:
Study no ſtar-clerk's calculations,
Lilly, nor none of his relations.
But learn to bear without regret
The common lot of human ſtate;
Whether Jove gives another year,
Or whether not, you needn't care;
Come pierce the caſk, and draw the wine,
The ſprightly liquor of the vine,
Quick fill a bumper, drink it off,
The time we have is ſhort enough;
Hang all your hopes of long delay,
The wheels of time admit no ſtay,
But ever haſtily roll on,
Even while we ſpeak an age is gone;

Enjoy the preſent ſmiling hour,
Truſt not the next, for that's in fortune's pow'r.

HORACE, BOOK II. ODE XI.

To Q. HIRPINUS.

Quid bellicoſus Cantaber, & Scythes, &c.

BE not too careful, honeſt friend, to know,
What the plotting Scythians do;
Let 'em fall by the ears, let 'em ſcuffle and jar,
I'd ne'er be diſturb'd with their quarrelſome war.
I'd ne'er be afraid, my good fellow, for why?
You've enough to live merry withal till you die.

The thread of life is ſoft and thinly wrought;
And wears away, and flies as ſwift as thought:
Your youthful vigour, ſmooth and gay,
Flies ſwift and vaniſhes away,
And comely beauty will not, cannot ſtay.
Deform'd old age comes next, and frights
Laſcivious love away,
Diſturb'd with weary, watchful nights,
And rack'd with pains by day.
The flow'rs are fragrant, but they fade in time,
Thoſe ſhort-liv'd things are quickly paſt their prime.

The

The bluſhing moon ſhines not for ever bright,
But in a moment wains her feeble light.

Seek then no more to know your doom,
Nor weary out your mind with things to come;
Never fear, I adviſe you, nor trouble your head,
Nor be you concern'd how 'twill be when you're dead.
Quick, quick let us go,
To the grove, where plane-trees grow;
Let us ſeek for a delicate ſhade,
By the pine and his loving neighbours made;
There, there will we fill and prepare,
Flowers and ſweeteſt perfumes for our hair;
Why ſtay we at all, let us drink while we may,
Our life is as brief as a ſhort winter's day;
Hang thoughts of to-morrow, awhile we'll be merry,
And drown all our cares with Falernum and Sherry.

MOSCHUS. IDYLLIUM V.

Τὰν ἁλα τὰν γλαυκὰν ὅταν, &c.

WHEN all the sea lies calm, and winds asleep,
And gentle breezes whisper through the deep,
My mind that was before still wont to fear,
Is highly pleas'd, and I would fain be there:
Verses I slight, my muse delights no more,
The pleasant ocean draws my thoughts from shore,
But when the bellowing tempest roars and raves,
And boist'rous winds beat up the troubled waves,
I turn my eyes again to earth and trees,
I curse the storms and fly the treacherous seas,
The earth seems faithful, strait the woods I love,
Where the tall pines by breathing Zephyrs move,
And whistle when a tempest rages through the grove.
Unhappy, sure, say I, the fisher lives,
That nothing has but what the ocean gives,
Whose ship is all his home, and in the sea
He labours hard to catch his finny prey;
I love to rest beneath a plane-tree's shade,
By artful nature for retirement made;
Where I may hear a riv'let creep along,
And whisper as it falls a murm'ring song:

Thus

Thus ſmoothly glide my days of reſt,
Nor one rough wave diſturbs my breaſt.

HORACE, BOOK III. ODE XVII.

To ÆLIUS LAMIAS.

ÆLIUS, that from the race of Lamus came,
(Lamus recorded in the books of fame)
From whence, they ſay, that Lamias was thy name.
Sprung from the line (if regiſters agree)
Of him that widely rul'd by land and ſea,
And built the Formian walls in Italy.
Where gentle Lyris in ſmooth winding glides,
Enriching It'ly with its fruitful tides.
To-morrow, friend, I'll tell you from the Eaſt,
A diſmal tempeſt will deſcend in haſte,
And whirl the leaves, and rob the trembling woods,
And ſcatter ſea-weeds o'er the boyſt'rous floods;
If the old crow, that ſtill preſages rain,
Has not deceiv'd and croak'd to-day in vain:
Therefore take my advice, now while you may,
Provide againſt to-morrow's ſtormy day;
Make a large fire to drive away the cold,
Prepare Cæcubian wine of two years old;

Then

Then let a roaſting pig adorn the feaſt,
And all your ſervants from their labour reſt.

OVID'S METAM. BOOK XI. VER. 592.

Somni Regia.

Eſt prope Cimerios longo ſpelunca receſſu.

NEAR the Cimerian hills there ſtands a cave;
Free from the noiſe of every troubl'd wave,
And every wind that revels on the deep,
There in a dark retreat's the houſe of ſleep:
There Phœbus never darts a chearing ray,
But glimm'ring ſhades compoſe the feeble day.
Thence vapours are exhal'd in riſing clouds,
Which foggy darkneſs hides in ſable ſhrowds;
No watchful bird there ſummon ghoſts away,
Nor calls the drowſy morn to bring the day.
The gaggling geeſe no ſtartling noiſes make,
Nor careful dogs the peaceful ſilence break;
Wild beaſts all ceaſe to howl, the bows of trees
Are never wav'd by Zephyr's gentle breeze;
No ſcoldings there, nor human noiſes come,
But all's wrapt up in ſilence, all is dumb:
Yet Lethe there creeps lazily along
From hollow rocks, and tunes a lulling ſong;

Whoſe

Whoſe ſtreams on purling pebbles murmurs keep,
Inviting all to reſt and gentle ſleep:
Before the cave oblivious poppies grow,
And many other ſlumbering herbs below,
From which moiſt night collects benumbing juice,
That ſofteſt ſlumbers o'er the earth infuſe;
No gate throughout the cave emits a noiſe,
Nor is there heard the yawling porter's voice.
Yet midſt the cave there ſtands a lofty bed,
That's wond'rous ſoft, with ſable cov'rings ſpread;
On which the lazy god's ſtill wont to lie,
While round his head a thouſand viſions fly.

The laſt Chorus of the Third Act of SENECA'S HERCULES OETEUS.

Verum eſt quod cecinit ſacer, &c.

'TIS true what ſacred Orpheus ſang, when he
Beneath the banks of Thracian Rhodope,
Sat and bewail'd his ſad calamities,
And ſtruck his gentle harp in mournful elegies.
'Tis true that nothing bears eternal date,
By th' reſiſtleſs laws of powerful Fate.
At his ſoft ſtrains ſwift torrents ſtopt their courſe,
And murmuring waters loſt their wonted force;
And whilſt the other rivers thus delay'd,
Biſtonian Gete wand'ring Hebrus ſtay'd;
The ſilent woods and ſacred groves came there,
And with them brought the min'ſtrels of the air;
Or if a ſtragling bird ſhould wand'ring fly,
To him he falls to hear the harmony;
Mount Otho's cleft, its hollow rocks around,
And ſwallow'd all the raging Centaurs down:
Near the wide hill riv'lets of melted ſnow,
Forgot its rambling roads and ceas'd to flow;

The

The wanton Dryads did to him retire,
And wild beaſts came to hear the tuneful lyre,
The herds ſat near the lions, void of fear,
Nor were the flocks afraid of any bear;
Here ſnakes and all their pois'nous brood were kind,
For tho' they came, they left their ſtings behind.
He dar'd to viſit all the ghoſts beneath,
Hell, and the inmoſt flinty ſeats of death;
Striking his harp, he charm'd with ſoft delight,
Pluto and all the ghaſtly hags of night,
With horrid Proſerpine, nor did he fear
The lake by which the bleſt celeſtials ſware;
The lazy wheel forbore its curſive round,
And Tytius birds left off to hear the ſound;
Hither came Charon's boat, without an oar,
To hear thoſe tunes which ne'er were heard before;
Then Tantal's waters ceas'd to roll along,
He loſt his thirſt, amaz'd to hear the ſong.
When Orpheus left thoſe gloomy ſeats below,
Sweet'ning his way, as he did gently go,
With ſongs, ſweet ſongs play'd on his tuneful lyre,
Which made the rolling-ſtone ſtand and admire:
All dangers now being paſt, the fatal Three,
Supply'd the threads of his Eurydice;
But while they both together trav'ling were,
Unmindful and unable to forbear,

Diſtruſting Fate, Orpheus look'd back, and ſtay'd
To take one view of the unhappy maid;
Here all his ſongs, and all his pains were loſt,
His love was gone, and all his hopes were croſs'd;
One greedy look made void his penſive care,
Thus periſh'd the twice loſt unhappy fair:
Then he through woods and darkſome ſhades did rove,
And ſought to ſolace his uneaſy love,
With mournful ſongs, thus ſung he, thus he ſaid,
That laws among the gods themſelves were made:
The greedy Fates reſpect no man, and why?
—That all that's ever born is born to die.

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE V.

To PYRRHA.

Quis multâ gracilis te puer in roſâ, &c.

WHAT youth with liquid odours on his head,
And roſes for his bed,
Alike by artful hands and nature made,
Does wanton Pyrrha thus embrace,
In ſuch a ſecret place,
Beneath a myrtle ſhade?

For

For whom falſe nymph doſt thou prepare,
With ſingle neatneſs to perfume and braid thy hair?

How oft' ſhall he
Bewail thy perjury,
And curſe thy perjur'd gods, that are ſo falſe to thee.
He that as yet hath never try'd
A harlot's flattery,
Shall wonder at th' inconſtant tide,
That's ſometimes high and ſometimes low,
A quiet ebb, or a tempeſtuous flow.

He that enjoys thee now,
Finds thou art kind, and thinks thee ever ſo;
Alas! he does not know,
That faithleſs thou
Can break as ſoon as make a vow.
Unhappy ſure are they
To whom a painted proſtitute ſeems fair and gay.
But now I'll thank the gods, as ſailors do,
That ſacrifice the garment that they wore,
To the kind God that brought 'em ſafe to ſhore,
For I've eſcap'd your flatt'rries and you.

The SIXTH EPIGRAM of THEOCRITUS.

Of the Shepherd that mourned for the Loſs of his Kid.

UNHAPPY Thirſis, ſilly ſwain,
Still you lament and weep in vain,
In vain you cry and make your moan,
Little Ciſſey's dead and gone;
Poor kid he wanders all alone.

Through the gloomy ſhades below,
Where frightful ghoſts glide to and fro;
There you waſte yourſelf in ſighs,
And drain the ſluices of your eyes:
Twould be, alas! in vain to mourn,
For Ciſſey never will return:
A rav'nous wolf, with griping paws,
Tore him with his crooked claws,
And champ'd him in his bloody jaws:
But now the dogs begin to ſcowl,
Set up their hollow throats and howl,
But what of that? 'tis ſtill in vain,
To think to fetch him back again;
For ſure the wolf was too unkind,
He left, no, not a bit behind.

On

On Lady SUNDERLAND.

FAIR nymph aſcend to beauty's throne,
And rule that radiant world alone;
Let fav'rites take thy lower ſphere,
Not monarchs are thy rivals here.

The court of beauty, built ſublime,
Defies all pow'r, but Heaven and Time;
Envy that clouds the hero's ſky,
Aims but in vain her flight ſo high.

Not Blenheim's field, or Iſter's flood,
Nor ſtandards dy'd in Gallic blood,
Torn from the foe, add nobler grace
To Churchill's houſe, than Spencer's face.

The warlike thunder of his arms
Is leſs commanding than her charms;
His light'nings ſtrike with leſs ſurprize,
Than ſudden glances from her eyes.

His captives feel their limbs confin'd
In iron—ſhe enſlaves the mind;

We follow with a pleaſing pain,
And bleſs the conqueror and the chain.

The Muſe, that dares in numbers do,
What paint and pencils never knew,
Faints at her preſence, in deſpair,
And owns th' inimitable Fair.

ITER VITÆ.

WOULD you thro' life's tempeſtuous ſcene
An eaſy journey take;
In ev'ry ſtage of life ſerene,
Theſe maxims ne'er forſake.

Your ſpring of life to Heav'n devote,
Religion does contain
The beſt, the ſureſt antidote,
'Gainſt every care and pain.

Let Virtue bright, immortal maid,
Be your unerring guide;
Purſue her cloſe, by Reaſon's aid,
And never quit her ſide.

Through

Thro' life be this reſolve purſu'd,
What e'er your lot ſhall be,
To act with perfect rectitude,
And keep a conſcience free.

You'll find, that conſcious innocence
Such pure delights ſupplies,
As from the richeſt joys of ſenſe
Were never known to riſe.

Hope not your happineſs to find
Abroad; but homeward bend,
And always let your peace of mind
Upon yourſelf depend.

Paſſion and Fancy, Hope and Fear,
Muſt never paint the ſcene;
But move within bright Reaſon's ſphere,
And keep the golden mean.

Ne'er for a future idle wiſh,
Neglect the preſent hour;
But learn to taſte the deſtin'd bliſs,
'Tis all that's in your power.

Pleaſures, approv'd by Reaſon's voice,
With moderation uſe;
And in the preſent good rejoice,
But don't thoſe gifts abuſe.

Hope not for wild romantic bliſs,
Nor wiſh a loftier ſtate ;
The firſt is Folly's paradiſe,
The laſt, a war with Fate.

Ne'er vainly raiſe of future joy
Your expectations high ;
The future like the paſt will cloy,
And in poſſeſſion die,

And Diſappointment, ugly fiend,
Will be your daily gueſt,
With racking pains your boſom rend,
And ruin all your reſt.

Nor let the fear of future ill
Your preſent joys deſtroy ;
Why ſhou'd the woes you ne'er may feel,
With pain your breaſt annoy ?

But ſince while on the ſtage of life,
Fortune oft' ſhifts the ſcene ;
Since ev'ry ſtate with pain is rife,
And woes will intervene,

Arm well with fortitude the mind :
And ſhou'd diſtreſſes riſe,
Think, they're by Providence deſign'd
For ends both good and wiſe.

If ſmiling Fortune ſhou'd appear,
And plenteous gifts beſtow,
Of Pride, of hateful Pride beware,
Nor ſwell with Fortune's flow.

Joy in your neighbour's happineſs,
Drive Envy from your mind,
Humanely ſuccour pale Diſtreſs;
Benevolently kind.

Thus arm'd, when cares and griefs ariſe,
(For riſe in life they will)
Be truly calm with tearleſs eyes,
You'll meet the approaching ill.

With ſteady mind, and equal ſoul,
You'll view the changing ſcene;
On ſoft content the hours ſhall roll,
And all be peace within.

And when the dangerous journey's paſt,
And Night's dark ſhades ariſe;
You'll fearleſs lay you down to reſt,
And wake in Paradiſe.

Reges Regnum non Capit duos.

Immitis fratres cur ſtraverit enſe Phrates ?
Impius auſus erat cur jugulare patrem ?
Cur Cyri mortem proavus præceperit atram ?
Triſtia cur geſſit prœlia Cyrus avo ?
Contra Pompeium cur Cæſaris ira timendi
Arſit ? Quid lites inter utrumque tulit ?
Æſonidem frater cur Colchida miſit iniquus,
Æſonidi ſperans inde parare necem ?
Ut nemo cenſor, nemo æmulus eſſet, & arma
Sumat ob imperium, miſta potente dolo.
Proh levis ambitio ! Dominandi dira libido !
Quot genuit lites ? Quanta pericla parat ?
Heu ! qualem rabiem menti indidit inſatiandæ
Regalis nimium vanus honoris amor ?
Quot gladios acuit ? cecinit quot claſſica bella ?
Quot terras fœdat cœde, cruore virûm ?
Non alienigenos ſolum ; non compatriotas
Solum, aut vicinos pellit ad arma viros ;
Aſt in coghatos, & fratres ſævit in ipſos,
Queis unum regnum fata dedere ptrais ;
Non hi concordes regnum moderentur ; at unus
Imperio alterius cæde potitus erit.
Ambitio rumpit pia fœdera ſanguine juncta ;
Et violat certa fœdera juncta fide :

Ambitio

Ambitio in patrem gnatorum ſpicula torquet;
In proprios natos tela parentis agit:
Struxit avo inſidias veſana libido nepotis;
Hic tutum tuto ſeque nepote negat:
Non regni ſocium conjux ſinet eſſe maritum;
Permittet ſociam neve maritus eam.
Si duo concordent reges, (mirabile viſu)
Inter eos vulgus prælia dira ciet.
Non ſervus Dominis, nec ſponſis ulla duobus,
Serviat; & binis natio nulla viris.
Princeps majori cedit; ſic Luna coruſco
Phœbo: ſic Cæſar vicit, ut ipſe venit.
Regna cadunt, ſurgit dum lis de Jure ſupremo:
Bello civili Roma ſuperba perit.
Si duo laxentur venti, laniabitur orbis:
Æquora bina ſimul pernicioſa forent.
Non Phœnix adhibet ſocium; duo corda nec unum
Corpus habet; capiat neve corona duos.

Quod alium ſilere vis, primus ſile.

NON datur e nihilo prorſus rumoris origo,
E parvis quamvis maxima falſa facit.
Quod tacuiſſe velis vicinos, ipſe taceto;
Quicquid tu narras, hos tacuiſſe putes?
Hoc tibi colloquium Juvenis cum præpote Fama
Monſtrat. (Ju.) pauca tibi, fama, licetne loqui?

(Fa.) Libenter. (Ju.) teneo ſecretum mente repoſtum,
Quod vulgus nollem noſcere turpe quidem;
Aſt aperire velim fido mea pectora amico
Anne licet tutô. (Fa.) quod tacuiſſe voles
Vicinos, taceas primus, nec dixeris unquam,
Ne mentem, prodant propria verba tuam.
(Ju.) Si ſocio ſolo trado ſecreta, forent ne
Tuta ſatis, pennas dant mihi verba tua.
Sed tu rere fores clauſus fiduq; ſodulem
Quis ſciet, (Fa.) aſt aures fama ego mille gero
Totq; oculos totque ora (Ju.) levo ſi pectora forſan
Narrando ſylvis quod mea corda terit.
(Fa.) Enarrent ſylvæ, vocem reſonabit & echo;
Ergo quod famam vis tacuiſſe, tace.

Quidquid Superi Voluere, peractum eſt.

IO triumphe, duces cantabimus, Iö triumphe;
Cum ſylvis montes Iö trumphe ſonant:
Vicimus; hoſtili rubuerunt ſanguine Campi;
Da palmas; omnes Iö triumphe canant.
Propitios adeo ſuperos venerabimur, aras
Implemus donis; victima noſtra cadit.
En fumant aræ: procul hinc, procul eſte profani
Spernentes magni numina ſacra Jovis.

Eſtis

Eſtis an ignari, quod non ſine numine divûm
Præcipuo, poſſent munera tanta dari ?
Creditis attonitos, niſi Jupiter intonuiſſet,
Hoſtes : pro nobis dî quoque bella gerunt.
Sic priami regnum ſuperi voluere perire ;
Hinc fit, ut in Cineres Troja redacta fiet.
Non Macedo tanto fuerit dignatus honore,
Ni fuerint cæptis proſpera fata ſuis.
Jupiter Æacidæ proſtravit & Hectora telo ;
Divitias, vitam datque adimitque Deus.
Quæ fieri vix poſſe putes, fecere ſupernas
Qui ſedes habitant, ſingulaquæ que regunt.
Æneæ Latium nunquam tetigere carinæ,
Tutetur nàves ni Deus ipſe ſuas.
Tardet quis curſum ponti vel ſolis equorum ?
Nam Phœbus ſolus fræna Phlegontis habet.
Quis fortis pluviam poſſit tardare cadentem ?
Ningit ; ſi poteris, ſtulte ; morare viam.
Ne querere, O pauper ; dives benedicito divis.
In terris factum eſt quod voluere dii.

Gloria quantalibet quid erit, ſi gloria tantum eſt.

AH miſeri vates ! vates, ah rebus egeni !
Quos ærumna gravis, quos mala mille premunt.
Exiguâ facitis ſublimia carmina cella,
Æquantes docti grande maronis opus :

Scribitis

Scribitis Atridas, Priamum, Crudumq; Thyeſtem ;
Scribitis & Trojæ Triſtia bella ſacræ ;
Præmia nec veſtro redduntur digna labore ;
Qui delectantur carmine, dona negant :
Scribitis & Sylvas, Amaryllida dulce ſonantes ;
At contempta jacent carmina veſtra viris :
Grande lyræ ſonant ; plectro reſonatis amores,
Exprimit & calamus nil mediocre gravis :
Carmina laudat eques tantum, miratur avarus,
Mirantur calamum, plectra, lyraſque ſtylum ;
Non habet & Varro vati quod mittere poſſit ;
At quas Criſpinus poſſit, habebit, opes.
Carmina dum repetas, attentas erigit aures ;
Varro ſi peteres præmia, ſurdus erit :
Vix dextram extendit, vix lævam munera dando,
Qui plaudit linguâ, plaudit utraque manu ;
Carmina recitas ſi præſtantiſſima pauper,
Quis tibi Mæcenas ? quis Proculeius erit ?
Sunt cupidi Proceres, non vatem pulpita paſcant ;
Si verſu franges marmora, dona petas ;
Clamavi ter, grande ſophos, ait unus ; & alter,
Crumenâ Ægroto ; laus ſatiare nequit ?
Octo, decem comites poſt te miſique togatos,
Hi te laudarunt ; gloria nonne ſatis ?
Ah Duri & Cupidi ! non veſtit gloria corpus,
Nec valeat triſtem pellere fama famem ;
Non venter vento, non alvus alatur honore ;
Gloria ſeu humus, ſeu levis aura fugit.

Omne

Omne regit nummus ; non laude, at vivitur auro ;
Siquis Mæcenas eſſet, Homerus ero.
Sordida ſed veſtis, varie quoque ſciſſa lacerna,
Calceus & valis ruptus uterque patet.
Res anguſta domi eſt, & de lodice paranda,
Anxius eſt vates nocte dieque ſtudens.
Eſurit, iratum dum carmine pingit achi
Et pro lucerna Pignorat ille togam
Immitis Varro ! potius miſerande poeta !
Et Varro inimitis, tuque poeta miſer.

Verſio ex Coulero.

DETUR ut invidiæ ſors libera dente malignæ,
Oro, ludibrio ſed non obnoxia vulgi.
Herculeis partum geſtis averſor honorem,
Expeto quem virtus, qualem bona facta parabunt.
Me malo ignotum quam propter iniqua notatum ;
Fama aperit tumulos, triſtique reſurgit ab urnâ.
Non multos vellem mihi fœdere jungere, ſolum
Hos volo, qui mentem pulcris virtutibus ornant.
Libri tranſmittant (non ulla negotia) lucem ;
Tranſigat & noctem ſomnus quaſi mortis imago ;
Sit caſa pro tecto, regis mihi gratior aula,
Haud nimium vilis, nimio aut decorata paratû ;
Hortus naturâ non artibus eſſet amictus,
Qui me lætitiis donet, ſolamen & addat,

Invideat

Invideat campo cui Horatius ipſe ſabino:
Sic currens fragilis duplicarem tempora vitæ
Bis curſum, peragit rectè, quicunque cucurrit.
His ego lætitiis ludiſque potitus inemptis,
Singula nox lucem cum clauderet, eloquar audax,
Cras meus oſtendat radiantia lumina Titan
Seu condat curſus hodiernos, ipſe peregi.

Regis Gulielmi Iter in Hiberniam. Compoſed 1690.

OH dolor! exululent montes, valleſque gemiſcant;
Nubibus atratis lachrymarum decidat imber;
Lugeat omne nemus, ſonitum ſcopulique lugubrem
Emittant, mæſtus reſpondeat æther, Hibernam
Cuncta fleant gentem; proh triſtis Hibernia! quantas
Vidiſti ſtrages, caſus perpeſſa cruentos?
Tune ferax gens illa böum fæcunda, virumque?
Tu ſegetum? muris & multo milite pollens?
Ah miſera, antiqua eſt, ubi gloria? Papicolarum
Cum furor obſedit, rabies te Gallica preſſit,
Sanguine te implevit, te denudavit honore.
Gens equidem infælix variis agitata periclis
Jampridem ſatiata malis, ſatiata dolore
Nunc hilara ſenſus animumque recollige laſſum
Exue pullatas veſtes, ſepone querelas,
Nam finem ſpero finem ſperamus adeſſe
Triſtitiæ; lacrymis oculos attolle rubentes,

Princeps

Princeps ecce venit, venit ecce Britannicus Atlas
Atlas ipſe ſpei noſtræ, tua triſtia fata
Reſpiciens ſuſcepit iter, comitante frequenti
Agmine primatum ſtipante ſatellite multo
Exivit portis regalia limina linquens
Londinique ſolum——Validis haſtilia dextris
Hinc turmæ armaticæ cuſtodes corporis illinc
Aptarunt lateri gladios phaleraſque faballis
Inde movent bijuges, fulvo curruſque metallo
Ornati, egregia pictoris & arte nitente
Sed veluti decoris reliqui decus aſtitit ipſum
Conducens bona cauſa ducem; pietatis amica
Mens, ob divinum fervens quoque zelus honorem.

Quis enim virtutem amplectitur ipſam, Premia ſi tollas.

PRATA per Aonidum greſſus dum forte ferebam
Tempore quo ſiccam Sirius ardet humum,
Sub quercu reſidens captabam frigus opacâ,
Juxta amnem gelidæ bene fluentis aquæ;
Cum miſer audiri ſuſpiria, neſcius unde,
Et ſenſi planctus neſcius unde graves;
Nec mora; ſollicitas eheu penetraverit aures
Virginis infauſtæ mæſta querela meas.
Ille ſonus diſpar; nunc murmure muſſitat alto,
Interdum queſtus tollit in aſtra ſuos,

Triſtia nunc medias voces ſingulta reſorbent,
Nunc quiddam ingeminans flebile lingua refert,
Sic tala ; O ſilices ! O duri pondera ferri,
O montes, montes ! nem—nemora alta ! feræ !
Plangite ; pullatis incedite veſtibus aſtra,
Fle-ne-te vos ſcopuli, voſque ulutate feræ.

VIRTUS SPRETA JACET.

Illa ego quœ in terris ſaturno rege morabar
Culta ego ſemideis & redamata viris,
Nunc heu infandum, jaceo contempta, dolorem !
Faſtidita nimis, de decorata nimis,
Exulo nuda vagor ; me, me laribuſque fociſque &
Urbilus expulſom Theſpia rura tenent ;
Sedibus ejicior nec me bonus excipit ullus,
(In terris, dubito num bonus ullus agit)
Non a plebe petor, nec limina divitis intro,
Nec me caula brevis, nec capit aula potens,
Ni ſceptris ſuccincta latus, ſuccincta trophæis,
Ni veniam vanâ laudes & honore tumens.
Ni mea terreſtris cæleſtia tempora cingat
Gloria, ni adſtringant laurea ſerta caput :
Ni nummos dat læva manus, ni dextra coronas
Geſtet, & in gremio nomina magna feram.
Ni vehar ingenti currens ſuper oraL iburno,
Limine ſummoveor, limine pulſa procul.
Cum meus eoüm nativus & inſilus aurum
Prælucet ſplendor purus & arte carens,

Cum

Vix tamen excipiar niſi veſte refulſero piotâ,
Ni mea diffundat præmia larga manus;
Agricolæ, auditis teneri balatibris hædi
Cauſidici faciles ut patuere feres,
Sic ego præ portis aſto juvenique lenique
Introitum prælent munera ſola mihi;
Jamque minus petitur virtus quam fama, ſuperbes
Inceſſit famæ tanta Cupido viros.
Cæſar victurum cupiens per ſecula nomen
Quam vertus contempta jacet.
Hæc ubi dicta dedit, ſtupui, & vox faucibus hæſit
Paulatim ſenſus recreo deinde meos;
Incertus propius ne accedem, ſive reverta
Hæſito; ſic variis meus mihi tracta modis
Veram reſpiciens demum cauſam eſſe dolorem
Nec potuiſſe malum me relevare ſuum,
Inde domum redii mæſtus doluique querelas
Virgineas; mores & renovare meos
In melius ſtudui, famam contemnere diſcem
Virtutem & propter ſemet amare ſequi.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

Farncombe Hon
Croydon
Jan 1912

C. hc