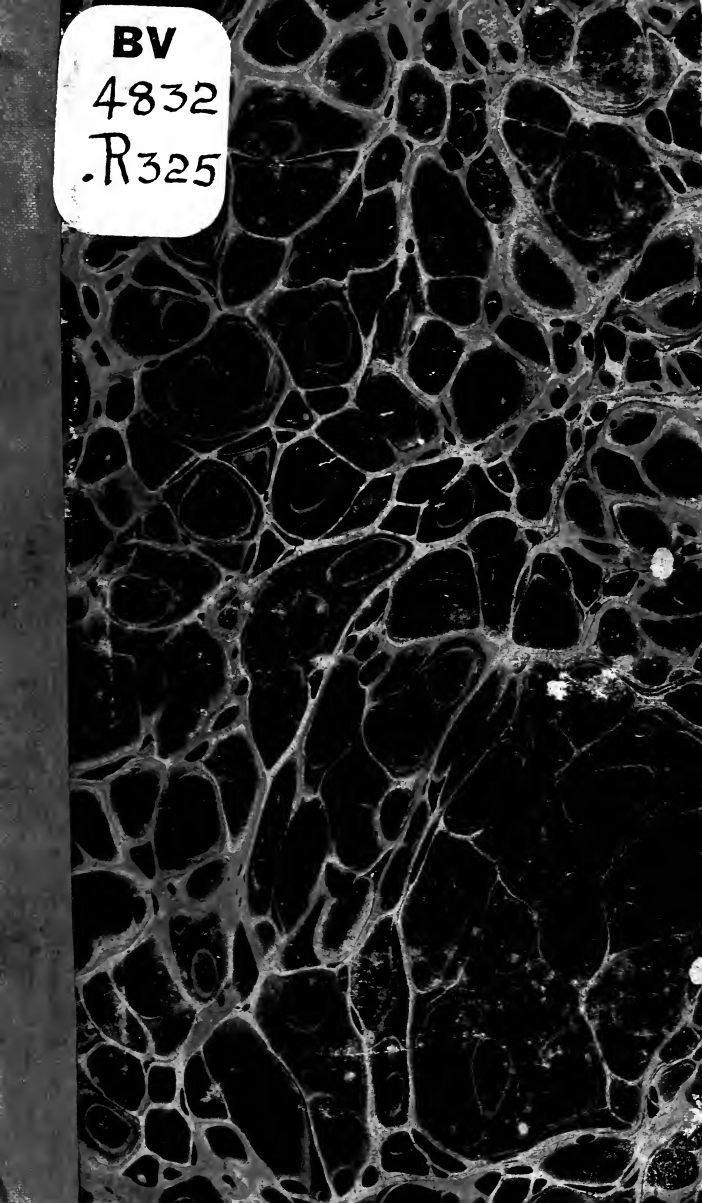


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A

REAL TREASURE

91

FOR THE

PIOUS MIND.

~~~~~  
Compiled by a Lady.  
~~~~~

FROM THE COLLECTIONS AND WRITINGS

*Of the Countess of Huntingdon, Mrs. Rowe,
Miss Harvey, Dr. Watts, Mr. Perin,
Mr. Smith, and others.*

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A REAL  
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*Desires of the Soul.*

**WHAT** wantest thou, my soul! with what excellency wouldst thou clothe thyself? what objects wouldst thou pitch upon? Is it beauty? The righteous shall shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of heaven, and the wise as the brightness of the firmament for ever and ever. Is it riches? Wealth and riches are in the house of God; every one in his family shall have a rich, a glorious, an incorruptible and eternal inheritance among the saints. What is it then? Is it honour? What honour like to this, to be a friend and a favourite of God, and a spouse of Christ? To have a crown of righteousness, of life, and of glory? Yet more, a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory set upon thy head. Yet again, is it pleasure? The just shall enter into their master's joy, and there are rivers of pleasure at his right hand for evermore. In a word, what wouldst thou have, O my flesh? A confluence of all the glorious things both in heaven and on earth? Why, godliness hath the promise of this

life, and of that which is to come. If heaven and the righteousness thereof, be the thing thou dost seek ; both heaven and earth, with the excellencies thereof, is that which thou shalt find.

Nothing in this world I want,  
 No treasure here beneath ;  
 Only for thee, Lord, I pant,  
 For thee alone I breathe :  
 Wipe away my nature's sin,  
 Thy image to my breast restore ;  
 Thou alone canst make me clean,  
 And bid me sin no more.  
 Thou invitest me to come  
 To share thy people's rest ;  
 Poor in spirit I presume  
 To press unto the feast :  
 Saving faith to me impart,  
 And clothe me with thy righteousness :  
 In the fountain dip my heart,  
 And sign my glad release.  
 Fill me with thy perfect love,  
 And answer each complaint ;  
 Unbelieving thoughts remove,  
 And banish all my wants.  
 Lord, enable me by grace  
 My ev'ry weight to lay aside ;  
 Patiently to run my race,  
 Till thou dost take thy bride.

---

*Christian's Choice.*

I am frail, and the world is fading ; but my soul is immortal, and God is eternal. If I pitch

upon the creatures, they may take wings like an eagle that flieth towards heaven, or my soul may take its way with the rich fool, and go to hell; but if I chuse God for my portion, then mercy and goodness shall follow me whilst I live, and glory and eternity shall crown me when I die. I will therefore now leave that which I shall soon lose, that so I may embrace that which I shall always enjoy.

One there is above all others,  
 Who deserves the name of friend;  
 His is love beyond a brother's,  
 Costly, free, and knows no end:  
 They who once his kindness prove,  
 Find it everlasting love.

Which of all our friends, to save us,  
 Could or would have shed his blood?  
 But our Jesus died to have us,  
 Reconcil'd by him to God:  
 This was boundless love indeed,  
 Jesus is a friend in need.

When he liv'd on earth abased,  
 Friend of sinners was his name;  
 Now, above all glory raised,  
 He rejoices in the same:  
 Still he calls them brethren, friends,  
 And to all their wants attends.

---

*Spiritual Joys and Sorrows.*

As there is a sad mirth, so there is a joyful mourning: Look upon the voluptuous man, how-

ever laughter may appear in his face, yet sadness ever centres in his heart ; his carnal delights are not only vain, but vexing ; like music, they play him into a melancholy fit : Whilst the banquet lasts, the sensualist sings ; but when the reckoning comes, his spirit sinks, his burning candle presently goes out in a stinking snuff, his shining sun instantly sets in the watery cloud. Somolon gives us the sum of it thus : Even in laughter the heart is sorrowful, and the end of that mirth is heaviness. But now come to the penitential person, as his tears are the joy of angels, so they are the joy of his heart, and the solace of his soul ; the salter his tears, the sweeter his comforts ; the deeper his sighs, the fuller his joy ; the beams of consolation always shine into this house of mourning, so that his soul is in travail with a Barnabas, and his labours bring forth the fruits of peace ; insomuch that I may truly say, to mourn for sin, is to weep for joy. These pure and pleasant streams of consolation (which are the worldling's wonders) which flow and run in those chrystal rivers of eternal pleasure, at God's right hand, come from a weeping spring. Why then is the mouth of wickedness opened against the way of holiness ? As if grace was the calvary to entomb joys ; and impiety the womb to bring forth felicity ; but if experience may be heard, my soul hath felt both, and I find such damps of spirit in the worldly pleasures, and such refreshings of soul in the depth of godly sorrow, that I shall esteem one drop of such spiritual joy, more than an ocean of their mirth,

And let this feeble body fail,  
 And let it faint or die;  
 My soul shall quit the mournful vale  
 And soar to worlds on high :  
 Shall join the disembodied saints,  
 And find its long sought rest,  
 (That only rest for which it pants)  
 On the Redeemer's breast.  
 In hope of that immortal crown,  
 I now the cross sustain ;  
 And gladly wander up and down,  
 And smile at toil and pain.  
 I travel my appointed years,  
 Till my deliv'rer come,  
 And wipe away his servant's tears,  
 And take his exile home.  
 O what has Jesus bought for me !  
 Before my ravish'd eyes,  
 Rivers of life divine, I see,  
 And trees of Paradise :  
 I see a world of spirits bright,  
 Who taste the pleasures there ;  
 They all are rob'd in radiant white,  
 And conquering palms they bear.  
 Lord what are all my sufferings here  
 If thou but mak'st me meet,  
 With that enraptur'd host t'appear,  
 And worship at thy feet.  
 Give joy or grief, give ease or pain ;  
 Take life and friends away ;  
 But let me find them all again,  
 In that eternal day.

*Estate of a Man at Death.*

As the tree falleth, so it lieth ; and where death strikes down, there God lays out, either for mercy or misery ; so that I may compare it to the red sea ; if I go in an Israelite, my landing shall be in glory, and my rejoicing in triumph, to see all my enemies dead upon the sea shore ; but if I go in an Egyptian, if I am on this side of the cloud, on this side the covenant, and yet go in hardened among the troops of Pharoah, justice shall return in its full strength, and an inundation of judgment shall overflow my soul forever. Or else I may compare it to the sleep of the ten virgins, of whom it is said, they slumbered and slept, we shall all fall into this sleep. Now if I lie down with the wise, I shall go in with the bridegroom ; but if I sleep with the foolish, without oil in my lamp, without grace in my soul, I have closed the gates of mercy upon my soul forever. I see then this life is the time wherein I must go forth to meet the Lord ; this is the hour wherein I must do my work, and the day wherein I must be judged according to my works. I know not how soon I may fall into this sleep ; therefore, Lord, grant that I may live every day in thy sight, as I desire to appear the last day in thy presence.

Still out of the deepest abyss  
Of trouble I mournfully cry ;

And pine to recover my peace,  
And see my Redeemer and die.

I cannot, I cannot forbear  
These passionate longings for home ;  
O ! when will my spirit be there ?  
O ! when will the messenger come ?

Thy nature I long to put on,  
Thy image on earth to regain ;  
And then in the grave to lie down  
This burden of body and pain.

O ! Jesus in pity draw near,  
And lull me to sleep on thy breast ;  
Appear to my rescue, appear,  
And gather me into thy rest.

To take a poor fugitive in,  
The arms of thy mercy display,  
And give me to rest from all sin,  
And bear me triumphant away.

Away from this world of distress,  
Away to the mansions above ;  
The heaven of seeing thy face—  
The heaven of feeling thy love.

---

*The Soul's Communion.*

The nearer the moon draweth into conjunction with the sun, the brighter it shines towards the heavens, and the obscurer it shews towards the earth ; so the nearer the soul draws into commun-

ion with Jesus Christ, the comelier it is in the eye of the spouse, and the blacker it appears in the sight of the world. He that is a precious christian to the Lord, is a precise puritan to the world; he that is glorious to a heavenly saint, is odious to an earthly spirit; but it is a sign thou art an Egyptian, when that cloud which is a light to an Israelite, is darkness to thee. It is a sign thou movest in a terrestrial orb, when thou seest no lustre in such celestial lights; for my part if I shine to God, I care not how I show to the world.

Sweet as a shepherd's tuneful reed,  
 From Sion's mount I heard the sound;  
 Gay spring the flowrets of the mead,  
 And gladdened nature smil'd around,  
 The voice of peace salutes mine ear;  
 Christ's lovely voice perfumes the air.

Peace, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan,  
 Hath taught these rocks the note of woe;  
 Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,  
 And let thy tears forget to flow.  
 Behold the precious balm is found,  
 Which lulls thy pain, which heals thy wound.

Come, freely come, by sin oppressed,  
 Unburthen here the weighty load,  
 Here find thy refuge, and thy rest,  
 Safe on the bosom of thy God.  
 Thy God's thy Saviour's glorious word!  
 That sheaths th' avenger's glitt'ring sword.



As spring the winter, day the night,  
 Peace sorrow's gloom shall chase away ;  
 And smiling joy, a seraph bright,  
 Shall tend thy steps and near thee stay,  
 Whilst glory waves th' immortal crown,  
 And waits to claim thee for her own,

---

*A Christian's support under affliction.*

It was proudly said by Cæsar, (crossing unknown the sea, being in a little bark, in a tempestuous storm, when they were ready to be swallowed up by the waves, perceiving the courage of the pilot to fail,) Fear not, for thou carriest Cæsar. How truly may a gracious spirit say in the midst of all afflictions, and tribulations, Fear nothing, O my soul, thou carriest Jesus Christ ! What, though the windows of heaven be opened for a storm, or the fountains of the deep broken up for a flood, afflictions from above, troubles from below ; yet God who sits in heaven will not cast away his Son, Christ who lives in me will not let me sink ; the swelling waves, I know, are but to set me nearer heaven, and the deeps are but to make me awake my master. Prize thy Christ ; they shall not drown thee ; therefore they cannot daunt me ; for while I sail with Christ, I am sure to land with Christ.

1. Let me thou sov'reign Lord of all,  
 Low at thy footstool humbly fall ;

And while I feel affliction's rod,  
Be still and know that thou art God.

2. When, or wherever thou shalt smite,  
I'll own thee kind, I'll own thee right ;  
And underneath the heaviest load,  
Be still and know that thou art God.

3. Dost thou my earthly comforts stay,  
And take beloved ones away ;  
Yet will my soul revere the rod,  
Be still, and know that thou art God.

4. Then be my trials great or small,  
There's sure a needs-be for them all ;  
Thus, then, thy dealings I'll applaud,  
Be still, and know that thou art God.

5. Let me not murmur, nor repine,  
Under these trying strokes of thine ;  
But, while I walk the mournful road,  
Be still, and know that thou art God.

6. Still let this truth support my mind,  
Thou canst not err nor be unkind ;  
And thus may I improve the rod,  
Be still, and know that thou art God.

7. Thy love thou'lt make in heaven appear  
In all I've borne and suffer'd here ;  
Let me till brought to that abode,  
Be still, and know that thou art God.

8. There, when my happy soul shall rise  
 To joys and Jesus in the skies :  
 I shall, as ransom'd by his blood,  
 Forever sing, thou art my God.
- 

*God's presence makes all conditions comfortable.*

Where the king is, there is the court; and where the presence of God is, there is heaven. Art thou in prison with St. Paul and Silas, if God is with thee thou wilt sing thy hallelujahs. Art thou at the stake with blessed martyrs, as the beams of the sun put out the fire, so the beams of God's countenance put out the flames, and turn their troubles into comforts; so that 'tis but winking, and thou art in heaven. Therefore that soul which enjoys the Lord, though it may want the sun or moon to shine in creature comforts, worldly delights to solace it; yet it needs them not, for the glory of God doth enlighten it, and the lamb is the light thereof; God himself irradiates it with the brightness of his beauty, and Christ himself fills it with joy unspeakable, and full of glory. This God brings his heaven with him, and that man who enjoys God, carries heaven about him; so that here is happiness. Cast him into the dungeon, into a furnace, where you please, yet he is still in heaven. Therefore, for my part, Lord give me thyself, and then dale how thou pleasest with me.

1. Through all the world below,  
 God we see all around ;  
 Search hills and vallies through,  
 There he's found ;  
     'The growing of the corn,  
     The lily and the thorn,  
     The pleasant and forlorn,  
 All declare, God is there ;  
     In meadows drest in green,  
     There he's seen.
  
2. See springing waters rise,  
 Fountains flow, rivers run,  
 The mist beclouds the sky,  
 Hides the sun ;  
     Then down the rain doth pour,  
     The ocean it doth roar,  
     And beat upon the shore,  
 All to praise, in their lays,  
     A God that ne'er declines,  
     His designs.
  
3. The sun with all his rays,  
 Speaks of God as he flies ;  
 The comet with her blaze,  
 God, she cries ;  
     The shining of the stars,  
     The moon, when it appears,  
     His dreadful name declares,  
 As they fly through the sky,  
     While shades of silent sound,  
     Join the round

4. Then let my station be,  
 Here in life, where I see  
 The sacred one in three,  
 All agree,  
 In all the works he's made,  
 The forest and the glade ;  
 Nor let me be afraid,  
 Though I dwell in a hill,  
 Since nature's works declare,  
 God is there.
5. When God did Moses shew,  
 Glories more than Peru,  
 His face alone withdrew  
 From his view.  
 Mount Sinai is the place  
 Where God did shew his grace,  
 While Moses sang his praise,  
 See him rise through the skies,  
 And view old Canaan's ground  
 All around.
6. Elijah's servant hears  
 From the hill, and declares,  
 A little cloud appears,  
 Dry your tears ;  
 Our Lord transfigur'd is,  
 With the two saints of his,  
 As say the witnesses,  
 See him shine all divine,  
 While Olive's mount is blest  
 With the rest.

7. Not India full of gold,  
 With the wonders we are told,  
 Nor seraphs strong and bold,  
 Can unfold,  
 The mountain Calvary,  
 Where Christ our Lord did die ;  
 Hark, hear the God-man cry,  
 Mountains quake, heavens shake,  
 Whilst God, their author's ghost,  
 Left the coast.
8. And now on Calvary,  
 We may stand here and spy,  
 Beyond this lower sky,  
 Far on high,  
 Mount Sion's spicy hill,  
 Where saints and angels dwell,  
 And hear them sing and tell  
 Of their Lord with accord :  
 And join in Moses' song,  
 Heart and tongue.
9. Since hills are honour'd thus,  
 By our Lord in his course,  
 Let them not be by us,  
 Call'd accurst :  
 Forbid it, mighty King,  
 But rather let us sing,  
 'Till hills and vallies ring,  
 Echo fly through the sky,  
 And heaven hear the sound  
 From the ground.

*Importunate requests for the return of God to the soul.*

Thou great and glorious, thou invisible and universal Being, art thou no nearer to be approached! or do I search thee amiss? Is there a corner of the creation unvisited by thee? or any place exempt from thy presence? I trace thy footsteps through heaven and earth, but I cannot overtake thee.

Why do I seek thee if thou art not here?  
Or find thee not if thou art ev'ry where?

Tell me, O my God, and my all; tell me where thou art to be found; for there is the place of my rest. What imaginable good can supply thy absence? Deprived of thee, all the world could offer would be like a jest to a dying man, and provoke my aversion and disdain. 'Tis a God that I seek.

O for a closer walk with God,  
A calm and heavenly frame;  
A light to shine upon the road,  
Which leads me to the Lamb.

Where is the blessedness I knew,  
When first I saw the Lord?  
Where is the soul-refreshing view  
Of Jesus and his word?

What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd;  
How sweet their memory still!

But now I find an aching void,  
Which God alone can fill.

Return, O Holy Dove, return,  
Sweet messenger of rest;  
I hate the sins which made thee mourn,  
And drove thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,  
Whate'er that idol be,  
Help me to tear it from thy throne,  
And worship only thee.

So shall my walk be close with God,  
Calm and serene my frame;  
And light divine mark out the road  
Which leads me to the Lamb.

Jesus, my Lord, my life, my light,  
O come with blissful ray;  
Break radiant through the shades of night,  
And chase these clouds away.

Then shall my soul with rapture trace  
The tokens of thy love,  
But the full glories of thy face,  
Are only known above.

---

*Death Vanquished.*

The Israelites must first pass over Jordan, before they land in Canaan; but no sooner did the



feet of the priests who bore the ark of the covenant, rest in the water, than the proud waves saw it and fled, and the swelling stream was driven back, and laid in heaps to let them pass over safe and well ; so every child of God is like an Israelite in the wilderness of this world, travelling to the land of promise ; death is that Jordan which runs between this wilderness and our Canaan ; it is that swelling stream which overflows the banks of every mortal creature ; it is that last river which must be passed over ; but this is the happiness of a child of God, that Jesus Christ our high priest, who bears the everlasting covenant upon his shoulders, hath already dipt his feet into the brim of this water, insomuch that the streams of bitterness are diverted, the sting of death plucked out, and the water of the salt sea is dried up ; the power of the curse is cut off, so that death is but a sure step to glory. Why then am I afraid to die ? The channel is dry, I see the footsteps of my Saviour at the bottom, and heaven and happiness on the other side ; so that the waters shall not go over my soul ; they may go over my sins, they may go over my miseries, they may go over my troubles ; but my soul shall go over to its rest. Lord, therefore fit and sanctify me for my removal, and then I cannot be too soon with thee.

Death cannot make my soul afraid,  
 If God be with me there ;  
 Soft is the passage through the shade,  
 And all the prospect fair.

Jesus, the vision of thy face  
 Hath overpowering charms ;  
 Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,  
 If Christ be in my arms.

There everlasting spring abides,  
 And never with'ring flowers :  
 Death like a narrow stream divides  
 That heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,  
 Stand drest in living green ;  
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
 While Jordan roll'd between.

O could I make my fears remove,  
 These gloomy fears which rise ;  
 And see the Canaan which I love,  
 With unobscured eyes :

Clasp'd in my heavenly Father's arms,  
 I would forget to breathe,  
 And lose my life amidst the charms  
 Of so divine a death.

---

*The use of Riches.*

That good which is in riches, lieth altogether  
 in their use ; like the woman's box of ointment,  
 if it be not broken and poured out for the sweet

refreshment of **Jesus Christ** in his distressed members, they lose their worth ; therefore the covetous man may truly write upon his rusting heaps, **These are good for nothing.** Chrysostom tells us, that he is not rich who lays up much ; but he who lays out much ; for it is all one not to have, and not to use. I will therefore be the richer by a charitable laying out, while the worldling shall be the poorer, by his covetous hoarding up.

1. Tho' troubles assail, and dangers affright ;  
Tho' friends should all fail, and foes all unite,  
Yet one thing secures us whatever betide,  
The promise ensures us the **Lord** will provide.
2. The birds, without barns or store-house are fed ;  
Like them let us learn to trust for our bread :  
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,  
So long as 'tis written the **Lord** will provide.
3. We all may like ships with tempests be tost  
On perilous deeps but need not be lost,  
Tho' Satan enrages the wind and the tide,  
Yet scripture engages the **Lord** will provide.
4. Thy call we obey, like Abram of old ;  
We know not the way, but faith makes us bold ;  
Altho' we are strangers, we have a sure guide,  
And trust in all dangers the **Lord** will provide.
5. When Satan appears to stop up our path,  
And fills us with fears, we triumph by faith :

He cannot take from us, tho' oft he has tried,  
The heart cheering promise, the Lord will provide.

6. He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain ;  
The good that we seek, we ne'er shall obtain ;  
But when such suggestions our graces have tried,  
This answers all questions, the Lord will provide.
7. No strength of our own, nor goodness we claim ;  
Our trust is all thrown upon Jesus's name ;  
In this our strong tower for safety we hide ;  
The Lord is our power, the Lord will provide.
8. When life sinks apace, and death is in view,  
The word of his grace shall comfort us thro' ;  
Not fearing nor doubting with Christ on our side  
We hope to die shouting, the Lord will provide.

---

*The absence of God on earth.*

What is hell, what is damnation, but an exclusion from thy presence? 'Tis the want of that which gives the regions of darkness all their horror. What is heaven, what are the satisfactions of angels, but the views of thy glory? What but thy smiles and complacence are the springs of their immortal transports?

Without the light of thy countenance, what privilege is my being? What canst thou thyself

give me to countervail the infinite loss? Could the riches, the empty glories, and insipid pleasures of the world recompence me for it? Ah! no; not all the variety of the creation could satisfy me while I am deprived of thee. Let the ambitious, the licentious, and covetous, share these trifles among themselves; they are no amusements for my dejected thoughts.

There was a time (but ah! that happy time is past, those blissful moments gone) when, with a modest assurance, I could call thee "my father, my almighty friend, my defence, my hope, and my exceeding great reward." But these glorious advantages are lost, those ravishing prospects withdrawn, and to my trembling soul thou dost no more appear but as a consuming fire, an inaccessible majesty, my severe judge, my omnipotent adversary; and who shall deliver me out of thy hands? where shall I find a shelter from thy wrath! what shades can cover me from thy all-seeing eye?

One glance from thee, one piercing ray,  
 Would kindle darkness into day:  
 The veil of night is no disguise,  
 Nor screen from thy all-searching eyes:  
 Thro' midnight shades thou find'st thy way  
 As in the blazing noon of day.

"But will the Lord cast off forever? Will he be favorable no more? Has God indeed forgotten to be gracious? Will he shut out my prayer for

ever, and must I never behold my Maker? Must I never meet those smiles which fill the heavenly inhabitants with unutterable joy; those smiles which enlighten the celestial region, and make everlasting day above? In vain then have these wretched eyes beheld the light; in vain am I endued with reasonable faculties and immortal principles: Alas! what will they prove but everlasting curses, if I must never see the face of God?

Is it a dream, or do I hear  
 The voice which so delights my ear:  
 Lo! he o'er hills his steps extends,  
 And bounding from the cliffs, descends;  
 Now like a roe outstrips the wind,  
 And leaves the panting hart behind.

“I have waited for thee as they who wait for the morning,” and thy returns are more welcome than the springing day-light after the horrors of a melancholy night; more welcome than ease to the sick, than water to the thirsty, or rest to the weary traveller. How undone was I without thee? In vain, while thou wert absent, the world has tried to entertain me; all it could offer was like jests to a dying man, or like recreations to the damned. On thy favour alone my tranquility depends; deprived of that, I should fight for happiness in the midst of a paradise: “thy loving kindness better than life.” And if a taste of thy love be thus transporting, what extacies shall I

know when I drink my fill of the streams of bliss  
which flow from thy right hand forever.

But when—

When shall this happy day of vision be ?

When shall I make a near approach to thee ?

Be lost in love, and wrapt in ecstasy.

Oh ! When shall I behold thee all serene,

Without this envious cloudy veil between ?

'Tis true the sacred elements\* impart

Thy virtual presence to my faithful heart ;

But to my sense still unreveal'd thou art.

This, tho' a great, is an imperfect bliss,

To see a shadow for the God I wish ;

My soul a more exalted pitch would fly,

And view thee in the heights of majesty.

---

*Longing for the coming of Christ.*

Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly ; oh ! come,  
lest my expectations faint, lest I grow weary, and  
murmur at thy long delay. I am tired with these  
vanities, and the world grows every day more  
unentertaining and insipid ; it has now lost its  
charms, and finds my heart insensible to all its  
allurements. With coldness and contempt, I view  
these transitory glories : inspired with nobler  
prospects, and vaster expectations, by faith I see  
the promised land, and every day brings me near-

\* *The Lord's Supper.*

er the possession of my heavenly inheritance.—  
**When I shall see God and live, and face to face  
 behold my triumphant Redeemer.**

**And in his favor find immortal light ;  
 Ye hours, and days, cut short your tedious flight ;  
 Ye months, and years (if such allotted be  
 In this detested, barren world, for me)  
 With hasty revolutions roll along ;  
 I languish with impatience to be gone.**

**I have nothing here to linger for ; my hopes,  
 my rest, my treasure, and my joys, are all above ;  
 my soul faints for the courts of the Lord in a dry  
 and thirsty land, where there is no refreshment.**

**How long “ shall I dwell in Meshech, and so-  
 journ in the tents of Kedar ? ” When will the  
 wearisome journey of life be finished ? When  
 shall I reach my everlasting home, and arrive at  
 my celestial country ? My heart, my wishes are  
 already there ; I have no engagements to delay  
 my farewell, nothing to detain me here ; but wan-  
 der an unacquainted pilgrim, a stranger and des-  
 olate, far from my native regions.**

**My friends are gone before, and are now tri-  
 umphing in the skies secure of conquest, possessed  
 of the rewards of victory. They survey the field  
 of battle, and look back with pleasure on the dis-  
 tant danger : death and hell, forever vanquished,  
 leave them in the possession of endless tranquili-  
 ty and joy ; while I, beset with a thousand snares,  
 and tired with continued toil, unsteadily maintain**



the field, till active faith steps in, assures me of conquest, and shews me the immortal crown.— 'Tis faith tells me that "light is sown for the upright in heart;" it assures me that "my Redeemer lives, and that he shall stand at the last day on earth. And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God; whom I see for myself, and not another; and these eyes shall behold, though my reins be consumed with me. Amen, even so come, Lord Jesus." This must be the language of my soul till thou dost appear, and these my impatient breathings after thee. 'Till I see thy salvation, my heart and my flesh will pine for the living God.

"Grant me, O Lord, to fulfil as an hireling, my day;" shorten the space, and let it be full of action. 'Tis of small importance how few there are of these little circles of days and hours, so they are but well filled up with devotion, and with all proper duty.

Come thou long expected Jesus,  
 Born to set thy people free;  
 From our fears and sins release us,  
 Let us find our rest in Thee!  
 Israel's strength and consolation,  
 Hope of all the earth Thou art;  
 Dear desire of every nation,  
 Joy of every longing heart.

Born thy people to deliver;  
 Born a child, and yet a King;

Born to reign in us forever,  
 Now thy gracious kingdom bring !  
 By thy own eternal Spirit ;  
 Rule in all our hearts alone ;  
 By thy all-sufficient merit,  
 Raise us to thy glorious throne !

---

*Assurance of Salvation in Christ Jesus.*

I have put my treasures, my immortal part, into thy hands, O my dear Redeemer ; and “ shall the prey be taken from the mighty ? ” Shall a soul consecrated to Thee, fall a sacrifice to hell ?

Blessed God, am I not thine ? And shall the temple of thy spirit be profaned, and the lips that have so often ascribed dominion, and glory, and majesty to Thee, be defiled with infernal blasphemy, and the execrations of the damned ? Shall the sparks of divine love be extinguished, and immortal enmity succeed ? And shall I, who was once blessed with thy favor, become the object of thy wrath and indignation ? Shall all the mighty things thou hast done for my soul be forgotten ? Shall all my vows, and thy own secret engagements be cancelled ? 'Tis all impossible ; for “ thou art not as a man, that thou shouldst lie ; nor as the son of man, that thou shouldst repent. ”

Thou art engaged by thine own tremendous name for my security : my God, and my father's God : from generation to generation, thou hast

been our dwelling place. I was devoted to thee in baptism by the solemn vows of my religious parents: my infant hands were early lifted up to thee, and I soon learned to know and acknowledge the God of my fathers. I have actually subscribed with my hand to the Lord, and am thine by the most voluntary and deliberate obligations. The portion of Jacob is my joyful choice, nor need I fear losing it while thy word is established as the heavens.

Fear not, sayest thou, poor trembling soul, for I am thy Redeemer, and thy mighty Saviour, the hope of Israel, and in my name shall all the nations of the earth be blessed: "I am gracious and merciful, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth." These are the titles by which I have revealed myself to men. I came the expected Messiah, the star of Jacob, and the Glory of the Gentiles; I came from the fulness of ineffable glory, in the form of man, to redeem the race of Adam; I am willing and able to save, "and whosoever comes to me I will in no wise cast away." Fear not, I had kind designs towards thee from eternity; and by these visible signs of my body and blood I seal my love to thy soul; take here the pledge of heaven, the assurance of everlasting happiness.

Gentle Jesus, lovely Lamb,  
Thine and only thine, I am:  
Take my body, spirit, soul,  
Only thou possess the whole.

Thou my one thing needful be,  
 Let me ever cleave to Thee ;  
 Let me chuse the better part,  
 Let me give Thee all my heart.

Fairer than the sons of men,  
 Do not let me turn again,  
 Leave the fountain-head of bliss,  
 Stoop to creature happiness !

Whom have I on earth below ?  
 Only Thee I'd wish to know :  
 Whom have I in heav'n but Thee ?  
 Thou art all in all to me.

All my treasure is above,  
 All my riches is thy love :  
 Who the worth of love can tell ?  
 Infinite ! unsearchable ?

Nothing else may I require ;  
 Let me Thee alone desire :  
 Pleas'd with what thy love provides :  
 Wean'd from all the world besides.

---

*On future expectations.*

BY A LADY.

There is a sweet enthusiastic melancholy that sometimes steals upon the soul—even thought itself is for a while suspended, and every scene in

nature seems to wear an image of the mind. How delightful are the sensations at such a time: though felt, they cannot be described; it is a kind of anticipation of those pleasures we are taught to expect hereafter; the soul seems entirely abstracted from every earthly idea, wrapped up in the contemplation of future happiness. Ask yourself in one of these moments, what there is in this world worth a thought; and you will answer, nothing; its sublunary pleasure is but a dream, and vanishes like a shadow. This should convince us more than any thing, that there is a future state. Our souls are formed to taste higher delights, more refined sensations than any thing in this life can excite; and something from within tells us we shall one day enjoy them; else why these ideas; why these expectations; of what use would be those noble sentiments, with which the mind is sometimes impressed; if we were only to act an insignificant part for a few years in this life, and then sink into nothing? No, there must be a future state, and that immortal? " 'Tis Heaven itself that points out an hereafter, and intimates eternity to man."

---

*The American Hero.*

A SAPPIC ODE.

1. Why should vain mortals tremble at the sight of  
Death and destruction in the field of battle,

Where blood and carnage clothe the ground  
in crimson,  
Sounding in death groans ?

2. Death will invade us by the means appointed,

And we must all bow to the king of terrors ;  
Nor am I anxious, if I am prepared,  
What shape he comes in.

3. Infinite goodness teaches us submission ;  
Bids us be quiet under all his dealings :  
Never repining, but forever praising  
God our Creator.

4. Well may we praise him—all his ways are  
perfect ;  
Though a resplendence, infinitely glowing,  
Dazzles in glory on the sight of mortals  
Struck blind by lustre.

5. Good is Jehovah in bestowing sun-shine,  
Nor less his goodness in the storm and  
thunder ;  
Mercies and judgments both proceed from  
kindness ;  
Infinite kindness.

6. O then exult, that God forever reigneth  
Clouds, which around him hinder our perception,  
Bind us the stronger to exalt his name, and  
Shout louder praises !

7. Then to the wisdom of my Lord and Master,  
 I will commit all that I have or wish for ;  
 Sweetly as babes sleep will I give my life up  
 When call'd to yield it.
8. Now, Mars, I dare thee, clad in smoky pillars,  
 Bursting from bomb-shells, roaring from the  
 cannon,  
 Rattling in grape shot, like a storm of hail-  
 stones,  
 Torturing æther !
9. Up the bleak heavens let the spreading flames  
 rise,  
 Breaking like *Ætna* thro' the smoky col-  
 umns,  
 Low'ring like *Egypt* o'er the falling city,  
 Wantonly burnt down.
10. While all their hearts quick palpitate for  
 havoc,  
 Let slip your blood-hounds, nam'd the Brit-  
 ish lions,  
 Dauntless as death stares ; nimble as the  
 whirlwind ;  
 Dreadful as demons !
11. Let oceans waft on all your floating castles ;  
 Fraught with destruction, horrible to nature ;  
 Then with your sails fill'd by a storm of ven-  
 geance,  
 Bear down to battle !

12. From the dire cavern made by ghostly miners,  
 Let the explosion, dreadful as volcanoes,  
 Heave the broad town with all its wealth and  
 people,  
 Quick to destruction.

13. Still shall the banners of the King of heaven  
 Never advance where I'm afraid to follow :  
 While that precedes me, with an open bosom,  
 War, I defy thee.

14. Fame and dear freedom lure me on to battle  
 While a fell despot, grimmer than a death's  
 head,  
 Stings me with serpents, fiercer than Medu-  
 sa's  
 To the encounter.

15. Life for my country, and the cause of free-  
 dom,  
 Is but a trifle for a worm to part with ;  
 And if preserved in so great a contest,  
 Life is redoubled.

---

*The Death of Christ.*

1. He dies, the friend of sinners dies !  
 Lo, Salem's daughters weep around ;  
 A solemn darkness veils the sky,  
 A sudden trembling shakes the ground,



Come, saints, and drop a tear or two  
 For him who groan'd beneath your load ;  
 He shed a thousand drops for you,  
 A thousand drops of richer blood.

2. Here's love and grief beyond degree,  
 The Lord of glory dies for man ;  
 But, lo, what sudden joys we see ;  
 Jesus the dead revives again :  
 The rising God forsakes the tomb,  
 (The tomb in vain forbids his rise)  
 Cherubic legions guard him home,  
 And shout him welcome to the skies.
  
3. Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell  
 How high your great Deliverer reigns  
 Sing how he spoil'd the host of hell,  
 And led the monster, death, in chains ;  
 Say, live forever, wond'rous king,  
 Born to redeem, and strong to save ;  
 Then ask the monster, where's thy sting,  
 And where's thy victory, boasting grave ?

---

### JOB.

*O that I were as in months past !* Chap. xxix.

1. Sweet was the time when first I felt  
 The Saviour's pardoning blood  
 Applied, to cleanse my soul from guilt  
 And bring me home to God.
  
2. Soon as the morn the light reveal'd,  
 His praises tun'd my tongue ;

And when the evening shades prevail'd  
His love was all my song.

3. In vain the tempter spread his wiles,  
The world no more could charm ;  
I liv'd upon my Saviour's smiles,  
And lean'd upon his arm.
4. In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,  
And saw his glory shine :  
And when I read his holy word,  
I call'd each promise mine.
5. Then to his saints I often spoke,  
Of what his love had done ;  
But now my heart is almost broke,  
For all my joys are gone.
6. Now when the evening shade prevails,  
My soul in darkness mourns :  
And when the morn the light reveals,  
No light to me returns.
7. My prayers are now a chattering noise,  
For Jesus hides his face ;  
I read, the promise meets my eyes,  
But will not reach my case.
8. Now Satan threatens to prevail,  
And make my soul his prey ;  
Yet, Lord thy mercies cannot fail,  
O come without delay.

---

*The Change.*

1. Saviour shine and cheer my soul,  
Bid my dying hopes revive ;

Make my wounded spirits whole,

Far away the tempter drive :

Speak the word and set me free,

Let me live alone to thee.

2. Shall I sigh and pray in vain ?

Wilt thou still disdain to hear ?

Wilt thou not return again ?

Must I yield to black despair ?

Thou hast taught me how to pray,

Canst thou turn thy face away ?

3. Once I thought my mountain strong,

Firmly fix'd, no more to move ;

Then thy grace was all my song,

Then my soul was filled with love :

These were happy golden days,

Sweetly spent in prayer and praise.

4. When my friends have said " Beware,

Soon or late you'll find a change ;"

I could see no cause for fear,

Vain their caution seem'd and strange ;

Not a cloud obscur'd my sky,

Could I think a tempest nigh ?

5. Little then myself I knew,

Little thought of Satan's power :

Now I find their words were true,

Now I feel the stormy hour !

Sorrow's clouds obscures my sky,

Sadness now succeeds my joy.

6. Satan asks, and mocks my woe,

" Boaster, where is now your God ?"

Silence, Lord, this cruel foe,

Let him know I'm bought with blood :

Tell him, since I know thy name,

Thou in Love art still the same.

## THE HIDING PLACE.

*Composed by a British Officer.*

1. HAIL sovereign love that first began  
The scheme to rescue fallen man ;  
Hail matchless free eternal grace  
Which gave my soul a hiding place.
2. Against the God who rules the sky,  
I fought with hands uplifted high :  
Despis'd the mansions of his grace,  
Too proud to seek a hiding place.
3. Enwrapt in dark Egyptian night,  
And fond of darkness more than light ;  
Madly I ran the sinful race,  
Secure without a hiding place.
4. But lo ! the eternal council ran,  
Almighty love arrest the man ;  
I felt the arrows of distress,  
And found I had no hiding place.
5. Vindictive Justice stood in view,  
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew ;  
But Justice cried, with frowning face,  
This mountain is no hiding place.
6. But lo ! a heavenly voice I heard,  
And Mercy's angel soon appear'd ;  
She led me on a pleasing pace,  
To Jesus as my hiding place.
7. Should storms of sevenfold thunder roll,  
And shake this globe from pole to pole,

No thunder-bolts should daunt my face,  
For Jesus is my hiding place.

8. On him Almighty vengeance fell,  
Which must have crush'd a worm to hell,  
He bore it for his chosen race,  
And thus became my hiding place.
8. A few more rolling suns at most  
Will land me on fair Canaan's coast,  
Where I shall find the songs of grace,  
And see my glorious hiding place.

---

*This do in remembrance of me.*

**GLORY** to my dear Saviour, that seeks no greater return for all his labour of love, than a thankful remembrance of it at his table. Oh, should I grudge to give such a small return to him that suffered the pain of death and hell for me! Had he bid me sacrifice my first born, and give all that I have to the poor, or go a pilgrimage to the Holy Land to visit his sepulchre, or go to the top of Mount Calvary, where the cross stood, as a token of thankfulness for his love, could I have refused it? But he put me to no such task. Lord thou bidst me not go to a bloody scaffold to remember thee, but to a well covered table to do it. Thou bidst me not go there to bleed or burn for thee, but to eat and drink; not the bread of affliction, or the water of adversity, but bread that strengthens the heart, and wine that cheers the drooping spirit, bread and wine thou hast sanctified and blessed for me. Surely, O dear Saviour,

I owe my life to thee, nay a thousand lives if I had them ; but it is not my life, but my memory and thoughts thou art calling for ; it is not to die for thee, but to remember thee. Didst thou drink the cup of wrath on the cross for me, and shall I not drink a cup of blessing at the table for thee, nay for myself, and my eternal salvation ?

Let me go then to his holy table, with faith, love and thankfulness, to remember Christ and his dying love ; as he commanded me. And while I remember him, let me also receive and embrace him as my bleeding High Priest, in the arms of my faith, and at the same time throw my guilty soul into his wounded arms, for saving me from wrath. Let me go and remember the wounding and piercings of my Redeemer, with a pierced and wounded heart for those cursed sins, which nailed and killed the Prince of Life. Let me henceforth be the death of sin, which was the death of my dear Saviour. Oh, shall I suffer sin any longer in me, that would not suffer my Redeemer to live in this world ?

1. JESUS once for sinners slain,  
From the dead was rais'd again ;  
And in heaven is now sat down,  
With his Father on his throne.
2. There he reigns a king supreme,  
We shall also reign with him ;  
Feeble souls be not dismay'd,  
Trust in his Almighty aid.
3. He hath made an end of sin  
And his blood hath wash'd us clean ;

Fear not, he is ever near,  
Now, e'en now he's with us here.

4. Thus assembling, we by faith,  
Till he come shew forth his death,  
Of his body, bread's the sign,  
And we drink his blood in wine.
5. Bread thus broken aptly shows  
How his body God did bruise ;  
When the grape's rich blood we see,  
Lord we then remember thee.
6. Saints on earth, and saints above,  
Celebrate his dying love,  
And let every ransom'd soul,  
Sound his praise from pole to pole.

---

*The glory of God in his works of creation, providence, and redemption.*

My being immediately flows from thee, and should I not praise my omnipotent Maker? I received the last breath I drew from thee, thou dost sustain my life this very moment, and the next depends entirely on thy pleasure. 'Tis the dignity of my nature to know, and my happiness to praise and adore my great Original. But oh! thou Supreme of all things, how art thou to be extolled by mortal man! "I say to corruption, thou art my father, and to the worms ye are my brethren.— My days are as a hand's-breadth, and my life is nothing before thee: but thou art mine, and thy years never fail. From everlasting to everlasting thou art God!" the incomprehensible, the immu-

table Divinity. The language of paradise, and the strains of celestial eloquence, fall short of thy perfections ; the first-born sons of light lose themselves in blissful astonishment in search of thy excellencies ; even they, with silent ecstasy, adore thee, while thou art veiled with ineffable splendor.

The bright the blest Divinity is known,  
And comprehended by himself alone.

Who can conceive the extent of that power, which out of nothing brought materials for a rising world, and from gloomy chaos bid the harmonious universe appear !

Confusion hear'd the voice, and wild uproar  
Stood rul'd ; stood vast Infinity confin'd.

At thy word the pillars of the sky were fram'd and its beauteous arches raised ; thy breath kindled the stars, adorned the moon with silver rays, and gave the sun its flaming splendor. Thou didst prepare for the waters their capacious bed, and by thy power set bounds to the raging billows : by thee the vallies were cloathed in their flowery pride, and the mountains crowned with groves. In all the wonderful effects of nature we adore and confess thy power ; thou utterest thy voice in thunder, and dost scatter lightning abroad, thou ridest on the wings of the wind, the mountains smoke, and the forests tremble at thy approach, the summer and winter, the shady night, and the bright revolutions of the day are thine.

These are thy glorious works, parent of good ;  
Almighty thine this universal frame ;

Thus wond'rous they ; thyself how wond'rous then !



But O what must thy essential majesty and beauty be, if thou art thus illustrious in thy works ! If the discoveries of thy power and wisdom are thus delightful, how transporting are the manifestations of thy goodness ! From thee every thing that lives receives its breath, and by thee are all upheld in life. Thy providence reaches the least insect ; for thou art good, and thy care extends to all thy works. Thou feedest the ravens, and dost provide for the young lions their prey : Thou causest the rain to descend, and makest thy sun to rise on the evil and unthankful : for thou art good and thy mercy endureth forever.

As the creator and preserver of men, thou art gloriously manifest ; but, oh ! how much more gloriously art thou revealed, as reconciling ungrateful enemies to thyself by the blood of thy eternal Son ! Here thy beneficence displays its brightest splendor ; here thou dost fully discover thy most magnificent titles, the **LORD**, the **LORD GOD**, merciful and gracious, long suffering and abundant in goodness. “How unsearchable are thy ways, and thy paths past finding !” Infinite depths of love never to be expressed by human language ! And yet, should man be silent, the stones themselves would speak, and the mute creation find a voice to upbraid his ungrateful folly.

1. **THAT** was a wonder working word,  
Which could the vast creation raise !  
Angels attendant on their Lord,  
Admir'd the plan and sung his praise.

2. From what a dark and shapeless mass,  
All nature sprang at his command !  
Let there be light and light there was,  
And sun and stars and sea and land.
3. With equal speed the earth and seas,  
Their mighty Maker's voice obey'd ;  
He spake, and strait the plants and trees,  
And birds and beasts, and man were made.
4. But man, the Lord and crown of all,  
By sin his honor soon defac'd ;  
His heart (how altered since the fall !)  
Is dark, deform'd, and void, and waste.
5. The new creation of the soul,  
Does now no less his power display ;  
Than when he form'd the mighty whole,  
And kindled darkness into day.
6. Tho' self destroy'd, O Lord, we are,  
Yet let us feel what thou canst do ;  
Thy word the ruin can repair,  
And all our hearts create anew.

---

*The Storm.*

**BUT** what means that murmur ? Alas, a storm is coming on ;—God is bringing the winds out of his treasures ;—they rise higher still ; the trees feel their influence ; they shake, they bow their lofty heads : how their leaves and branches are scattered ! 'tis well if their crackling stumps escape an overthrow. **But I** expect a more awful appearance on the ocean.—Surprising ! more so than any scene that ever struck my alarmed eye.

See how the surges rise ! what mountainous billows swell and roll ! what hideous caverns gape ! Sheets of water are separated and carried to a distance ! How do the waves lash yonder rocks ! How widely do they spread upon the more level strand ! What will become of those little vessels which I saw a little while ago sailing so smoothly upon that sea of glass ? amazing if they can live amidst so vast a confusion ! How will they climb those precipices ? how will they emerge, when buried in those watery graves ? See one poor bark, as it were, hangs upon the broken wave.

O how much is to be learned by a storm ! It is God that raised the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves of the sea ; they mount up to heaven, they go down to the depths. How awful are the exhibitions of the Almighty ! What wonders of judgment and mercy his word produces ! The stormy winds fulfil his word. O how dreadful to fall into the hands of God, with whom is such terrible majesty ! Sinners may think lightly of his wrath, and dismiss the thought with an apprehension that they shall be wise enough to escape, or hardy enough to ride out the raging blast : But, O that they did but see with clearness, and consider with that seriousness, which the matter calls for ! Dost thou, indolent, insolent sinner, imagine thou canst contend with God, or cope with Omnipotence ? Try thy power in some smaller matters ; stop the sun in its rapid progress ; bring back the seasons and invert them ; bid the flowers spring up in winter, or drive the severities of frost and

snow upon the harvest ; or do but command these winds to cease, which rage with such impetuous fury. If thou canst not preserve thy body from dropping into the grave, and render it immortal, how canst thou keep thy soul from sinking into hell ? Does many a hardy mariner who before seemed neither to fear God, or regard man, tremble like a leaf when shaken by the wind, and is he even at his wit's end in this tumult of the ocean ? what then will the sinner do, when God shall call forth all his wrath ? and how will the now obdurate miscreant be able to stand when the whole storm of vengeance shall be sent against him, and beat on him with a fury and power which eye never saw and heart never felt ? He may now like Leviathan, laugh at the shaking of the spear, and the sword may be to him as rotten wood, when brandished in the threatenings of the Almighty ; but when these threatenings come to be executed, and the spear enters into his very heart, and pierces his very marrow, whither, O whither will he fly, or, how will he endure.

But, blessed be God, there is a covert from such storms, sweet character of the blessed Redeemer ! if none can abide the day of God's wrath, when the cedars of Lebanon are torn from their roots, and the rocks are thrown down before him, hide me, O hide me ; with uplifted hands, a melted heart, and flowing eyes, I intreat thee hide me in the hollow of thy hand, in thy suffering and bleeding heart. Do the birds of the air, and the beasts of the field from an instinct of na-

ture, foresee the approaching shower, and make haste to the retreat? let my hopes waft me on wings of faith to thy blessed self, who callest thyself a hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest.

1. THO' the morn may be serene,  
 No threat'ning clouds be seen;  
 Who can undertake to say  
 'Twill be pleasant all the day?  
 Tempests suddenly may rise;  
 Darkness overspread the skies!  
 Lightnings flash, and thunders roar,  
 Ere a short liv'd day be o'er.
2. Often thus the child of grace,  
 Enters on his Christian race;  
 Guilt and fear have overborne,  
 'Tis with him a summer's morn;  
 While his new-felt joys abound,  
 All things seem to smile around;  
 And he hopes it will be fair,  
 All the day, and all the year.
3. Should we warn him of a change,  
 He would think the caution strange;  
 He no change nor trouble fears,  
 Till the gath'ring storm appears,  
 Till dark clouds his sun conceal,  
 Till temptation's power he feel;  
 Then he trembles, and looks pale,  
 All his hopes and courage fail.
4. But the wonder working Lord,  
 Soothes the tempest by his word!

Stills the thunder, stops the rain,  
 And his sun breaks forth again ;  
 Soon the cloud again returns,  
 Now he joys now he mourns ;  
 Oft his sky is overcast,  
 Ere the day of life be past.

5. Try'd believers too can say,  
 In the course of one short day,  
 Tho' the morning has been so fair,  
 Prov'd a golden hour of prayer ;  
 Sin and Satan, long ere night,  
 Have their comforts put to flight ;  
 Ah ! what heart felt peace and joy  
 Unexpected storms destroy.

6. Dearest Saviour, call us soon  
 To thine high eternal noon ;  
 Never there shall tempests rise  
 To conceal thee from our eyes :  
 Satan shall no more deceive,  
 We no more thy Spirit grieve ;  
 But through countless, endless days,  
 Sound, to golden harps, thy praise.

---

### THAT ROCK WAS CHRIST.

1. WHEN Israel's tribe were parch'd with thirst,  
 Forth from the rock the waters burst ;  
 And all their future journey through,  
 Yielded them drink and gospel too.
2. In Moses' rod a type they saw :  
 Of his severe and fiery law,  
 The smitten rock prefigured him,  
 From whose pierc'd side all blessings stream.

3. But ah ! the types were all too faint,  
His sorrows or his worth to paint :  
Slight was the stroke of Moses' rod,  
But he endur'd the wrath of God.
4. Their outward rock could feel no pain,  
But our's was wounded torn and slain ;  
The rock gave but a wat'ry flood,  
But Jesus pour'd forth streams of blood.
5. The earth is like a wilderness,  
A land of drought and sore distress ;  
Without one stream from pole to pole,  
To satisfy a thirsty soul.
6. But let the Saviour's praise resound,  
In him refreshing streams are found,  
Which pardon, strength, and comfort give,  
And thirsty sinners drink and live.

---

### MARTHA AND MARY.

1. MARTHA her love and joy express'd,  
By care to entertain her guest ;  
While Mary sat to hear her Lord,  
And could not bear to lose a word.
2. The principle in both the same,  
Produc'd in each a diff'rent aim ;  
The one to fear the Lord was led,  
The other waited to be fed.
3. But Mary chose the better part,  
Her Saviour's words refresh'd her heart ;  
While busy Martha angry grew,  
And lost her time and temper too.

4. With warmth she to her sister spoke,  
But brought upon herself rebuke :  
“ One thing is needful, and but one,  
Why do thy thoughts on many run ?”
5. How oft are we like Martha vex'd,  
Encumber'd, hurried, and perplex'd ?  
While trifles so engross our thought,  
The one thing needful is forgot.
6. Lord, teach us this one thing to choose,  
Which they who gain need never lose ;  
Sufficient in itself alone.  
And needful, were the world our own.
7. Let grov'ling hearts the world admire,  
Thy love is all that I require !  
Gladly I may the rest resign,  
If the one needful thing be mine.

---

*An Elegy on Sophronia, who died with the Small-Pox, 1711.*

BY DR. WARTS.

*Sophron is introduced speaking.*

FORBEAR, my friends, forbear, and ask no more,  
Where all my cheerful airs are fled :  
Why will ye make me talk my torments o'er ?  
My joy, my life, my comfort's dead.

Deep from my soul, mark how the sobs arise,  
Hear the long groans that waste my breath,  
And read the mighty sorrow in my eyes,  
Lovely Sophronia sleeps in death.

Unkind disease, to veil that rosy face  
With tumors of a mortal pale ;



White mortal purples, with their dismal grace,  
And double horrors spot the vail.

Uncomely vail, and most unkind disease !  
Is this Sophronia, once the fair ?  
Are these the features that were born to please ?  
And beauty spread her ensign there ?

I was all love, and she was all delight,  
Let me run back to seasons past ;  
Ah ! flowery days when first she charm'd my sight !  
But roses will not always last.

Yet still Sophronia pleas'd. Nor time nor care  
Could take her youthful bloom away :  
Virtue has charms which nothing can impair ;  
Beauty like her's could ne'er decay.

Grace is a sacred plant of heavenly birth ;  
The seed, descending from above,  
Roots in a soil refin'd, grows high on earth,  
And blooms with life, and joy, and love.

Such was Sophronia's soul. Celestial dew,  
And angel's food, were her repast :  
Devotion was her work, and thence she drew  
Delights which strangers never taste.

Not the gay splendours of a flatt'ring court ;  
Could tempt her to appear and shine :  
Her solemn airs forbid the world's resort ;  
But I was blest, and she was mine.

Safe on her welfare all my pleasures hung,  
Her smiles could all my pains control ;  
Her soul was made of softness, and her tongue  
Was soft and gentle as her soul.

She was my guide, my friend, my earthly all ;  
 Love grew with every waning moon ;  
 Had heaven a length of years delay'd its call,  
 Still I had thought it call'd too soon.

But peace, my sorrows, nor with murmuring voice  
 Dare to accuse heaven's high decree :  
 She was first ripe for everlasting joys ;  
 Sophron, she waits above for thee.

—

*A common occurrence moralized.*

AS Theophron, one evening was sitting solitarily by the fire, which was sunk low, and glimmering in ashes, he mused on the sorrows that surrounded human nature, and beset the spirits that dwell in flesh. By chance he cast his eyes on a worm which was lodged on the safer end of a short fire brand : It seemed very uneasy at its warm station, writhing and stretching itself every way for relief. He watched the creeping creature in all its motions. "I saw it (said he, when he told this incident to Phiemus) reach forward and there it met the living coal ; backward, and on each side, and then it touched the burning embers. Still starting from the present torment, it retreated and shrunk away from every place where it had just before sought a refuge, and still met with new disquietude and pain.

"At last I observed (said he) that having turned on all sides in vain, it lifted its head upward, and raised its length as high as possible in the air, where it found nothing to annoy it ; but the chief part of the body still lay prone on the wood ; its lower or worsen half hung heavy on the aspiring

animal, and forbid its ascent. How happy would the worm have been, could it then have put on wings and become a flying insect!

“Such (says he) is the case of every holy soul on earth; it is out of its proper element like the worm lodged among hot embers. The uneasy spirit is sometimes ready to stretch its powers, its desires and wishes on every side, to find rest and happiness among sensible good; but these things instead of satisfying its noble appetites, rather give some new pain, variety of vexation, and everlasting disappointment. The soul finding every experiment vain, retires and shrinks backward from all mortal objects, and being touched with divine influence, it raises itself up towards heaven to seek its God; but the flesh, the body, the meaner or worsen half of the man, hangs heavy, and drags it down again, that it cannot ascend thither where rest and ease are only to be found.

“What should such a soul do now, but pant and long hourly for a flight to the upper world, and breathe after the moment of its release?—What would be more joyful to such a spirit, than the divine and almighty summons to depart from flesh? O blessed voice from heaven, that shall say to it, “Come up hither;” and in the same instant shall break off all its fetters, give it wings of an angel, and inspire it with double zeal to ascend!”

---

### *Death and Judgment.*

1. YE virgin souls arise,  
With all the dead awake;  
Unto salvation wise,  
Oil in your vessels take;

Upstarting at the midnight cry,  
Behold your heav'nly Bridegroom nigh.

2. He comes, he comes to call,  
The nations to his bar,  
And takes to glory all,  
Who meet for glory are :  
Make ready for your free reward ;  
Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.
3. Go meet him in the sky,  
Your everlasting friend ;  
Your head to glorify,  
With all his saints ascend :  
Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace,  
To see, without a veil, his face.
4. Then let us wait to hear,  
The trumpet's welcome sound ;  
To see the Lord appear,  
Watching may we be found !  
With that bless'd wedding robe endu'd,  
The blood and righteousness of God.

---

*The wearisome Weeks of Sickness.*

BY DR. WATTS.

THUS pass my days away. The cheerful sun  
Rolls round and gilds the world with lightsome beams,  
Alas in vain to me ; cut off alike  
From the bless'd labours, and the joys of life :  
While my sad minutes in their tiresome train  
Serve but to number out my heavy sorrows,  
By night I count the clock ; perhaps eleven,  
Or twelve, or one ; then with a wishful sigh

Call on the lingering hours. Come two, come five :  
When will the day-light come ? Make haste ye mornings.

Ye evening shadows haste ; wear out these days,  
These tedious rounds of sickness, and conclude  
The weary week forever.—

Then the sweet day of sacred rest returns  
Sweet day of rest, devote to God and Heaven  
And heavenly business, purposes divine.  
Angelic work ; but not to me returns  
Rest with the day : Ten thousand hurrying thoughts  
Bear me away tumultuous far from heaven,  
And heavenly work. In vain I heave and toil,  
And wrestle with my inward foes in vain.  
O'erpower'd and vanquish'd still : They drag me down  
From things celestial, and confine my sense  
To present maladies. Unhappy state,  
Where the poor spirit is subdu'd t' endure  
Unholy idleness; a painful absence  
From God and heaven, and angels' blessed work,  
And bound to bear the agonies and woes  
That sickly flesh and shattered nerves impose.  
How long, O Lord, how long !

---

*A Hymn of Praise for Recovery.*

HAPPY the man, that the slow circling moons  
And long revolving seasons measure out  
The tiresome pains of nature ! Present woes  
Have their sweet period. Ease and cheerful health  
With slow approach (so Providence ordains)  
Revisits their forsaken mansions here,  
And days of useful life diffuse their dawns  
O'er the dark cottage of my weary soul.  
My vital powers resume their vigour now,

My spirit feels her freedom, shakes her wings,  
 Exults and 'xpatiates o'er a thousand scenes,  
 Surveys the world, and with full strength of tho't  
 Grasps her ideas: while impatient zeal  
 Awakes my tongue to praise. What mortal voice  
 Or mortal hand can render to my God  
 The tribute due! What altars shall I raise?  
 What grand inscriptions to proclaim his mercy  
 In living lines! Where shall I find a victim  
 Meet to be offered to his sovereign love,  
 And solemnize the worship and the joy.  
 Search well, my soul, thro' all the dark recesses  
 Of nature and self love, the plies, the folds,  
 And hollow winding caverns of the heart,  
 Where flattery hides our sins; search out the foes  
 Of thy Almighty Friend; what lawless passions,  
 What vain desires, what vicious turns of tho't  
 Lurk there unheeded: bring them out to view,  
 And sacrifice the rebels to his honor.  
 Well he deserves this worship at thy hands,  
 Who pardons thy past follies, who restores  
 Thy mould'ring fabric, and withholds thy life  
 From the near borders of a gaping grave.  
 Almighty power I love thee, blissful name,  
 My healer God; and my inmost heart  
 Love and adore forever; O 'tis good  
 To wait submissive at thy holy throne,  
 To leave petitions at thy feet, and bear  
 Thy frowns and silence with a patient soul.  
 Thy hand of mercy is not short to save,  
 Nor is the ear of heavenly pity deaf,  
 To mortal cries. It notic'd all my groans,  
 And sighs and long complaints, with wise delay  
 Tho' painful to the sufferer, and thy hand  
 In proper moment brought desir'd relief.

Rise from my couch, ye late enfeebled limbs,  
 Prove your new strength, and shew th' effected skill  
 Of your diviue physician; bear away  
 This tottering body to his sacred threshold :  
 There laden with his honors, let me bow  
 Before his feet : let me pronounce his grace,  
 Pronounce salvation through his dying Son,  
 And teach this sinful world the Saviour's name,  
 Then rise, my hymning soul, on holy notes  
 Toward his holy throne ; awake, my choicest songs,  
 Run echoing round the roof, and while you pay  
 The solemn vows of my distressful hours,  
 A thousand friendly lips shall aid the praise.  
 Jesus, great advocate, whose pitying eye  
 Saw my long anguish, and with melting heart  
 And powerful intercessions spread'st my woes  
 With all my groans before the Father-God,  
 Bear up my praises now ; thy holy incense  
 Shall hallow all my sacrifice of joy.  
 And bring these accents grateful to his ear.  
 My heart and life, my lips and every power  
 Snatch'd from the grasp of death I here devote  
 By thy bless'd hands an offering to his name.

---

*The Vision of Mirza.*

On the fifth day of the moon, which, according  
 to the custom of my forefathers, I always keep ho-  
 ly, after having washed myself, and offered my  
 morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of  
 Bagdat, in order to pass the rest of the day in  
 meditation and prayer. As I was here airing my-  
 self on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a pro-  
 found contemplation on the vanity of human life ;  
 and passing from one thought to another, surely

said I, man is but a shadow, and life a dream.—  
 Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes towards a summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a little musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him, he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceeding sweet, and wrought a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from any thing I had ever heard: they put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in Paradise, to wear out the impressions of the last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

I had often been told that the rock before me was the haunt of a genius; and that several had been entertained with that music, who had passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him, like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and by the waving of his hand directed me to approach the place where he sat.— I drew near with that reverence which is due to superior natures, and as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarized him to my imagination, and



at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, "Mirza," said he "I have heard thee in thy soliloquies : follow me."

He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it, "Cast thy eyes eastward (said he) and tell me what thou seest." "I see (said I) a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it." "The valley thou seest, (said he) is the vale of misery, and the tide of water thou seest is part of the tide of eternity." What is the reason, said I, that the tide rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again looses itself in a thick mist at the other? What thou seest, said he, is that portion of eternity which is called time measured out by the sun, and reaches from the beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine now, said he, this sea that is bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it? I see a bridge said I, standing in the midst of the tide. The bridge thou seest, said he, is human life; consider it attentively. Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of threescore and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which added to those which were entire, made up the number about an hundred. As I was counting the arches, the genius told me the bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches; but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it; but tell

me further said he what thou discoverest on it? I see multitudes of people passing over, it said I, and a black cloud hanging on each end of it.—As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the people dropping thro' the bridge, into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and I saw innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon, but they fell through into the tide, and immediately disappeared. These hidden pit-falls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke thro' the cloud than many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire. There were indeed some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at every thing that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up to heaven in a thoughtful posture, and in the midst of supplication stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes and danced before them; but often when they thought themselves within reach

of them, their footing failed them, and down they sank. In this confusion of objects I observed some with scimitars in their hands, others with urinals, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on the trapdoors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped, had they not been thus forced upon them.

The genius seeing me indulge myself in this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it. Take thine eye off the bridge, said he, and tell if thou seest any thing thou dost not comprehend. Upon looking up, What mean, said I, those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and among many other feathered creatures, several little winged boys, that perch upon the middle arches in great numbers. These, said the genius, are envy, avarice, superstition, despair, love, with the like cares and passions, that infest human life.

I here fetched a deep sigh; Alas! said I, man was made in vain! how is he given away to misery and mortality! tortured in life, and swallowed up in death! The genius being moved with compassion towards me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. Look no more, said he, on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity; But cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it. I directed my sight

as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) I saw the valley opening at the farther end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it in two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half thereof, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it: but the other appeared to me a vast ocean, planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or reclining on beds of flowers; and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle that I might fly away to those happy seats; but the genius told me there was no passage to them, except through the gates of death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. The islands, said he, that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands of the sea shore; there are myriads of islands behind those which you here discoverest, reaching farther than thine eye, or even the imagination can extend itself. These are

the mansions of good men after death, who according to the degrees and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasure of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them; every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirza, habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable, that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him. I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on those happy islands. At length, said I, shew me now I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant. The genius making me no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found he had left me: I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating; but instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow valley of Bagdat, with oxen, sheep, and camels, grazing upon the sides of it.

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*The Vision of Amanda.*

Methought I was walking through a delightful field from whence on a rising hill I beheld a stately edifice. My curiosity led me to make up towards it. I found it surrounded with gardens

and orchards, richly decked by nature and art. A most agreeable lady was standing at the door, who very courteously invited me in to set down and rest me: being tired with the hill I accepted her kind offer.—Entering the house, I surveyed the magnificent apartments, and my eyes were dazzled with the rich furniture that adorned every room. The lady led me into a spacious parlour, where was a very comely gentleman, with several little beauties around him, the living pictures in miniature of the father and mother. I was entertained there with a liberality suitable to the appearance they made, and with that courteous affability, which is the genuine effect of true gentility and good breeding. Whilst with pleasure I surveyed their happy circumstances, which appeared to have no want of any thing to complete their felicity, I said within myself; Surely these are extraordinary persons, and this flow of prosperity must be the bountiful reward of Providence, for some eminent instance of virtue and piety. But when I had taken my leave, and was returning, I met one, of whom I enquired the gentleman's character who was owner of yonder seat; which, to my no small surprise; I found to be very vicious.—His plentiful estate was gotten by oppression and fraud, his beautiful children were the living monuments of his shame, and the lady who made so splendid an appearance, and to whom he discovered so much seeming tenderness, was so far from being mistress of the seat, that she was only kept there as under a tyrant, to be a slave to his base

lusts, he consulted her satisfaction no farther than as the pleasure in her countenance heightens her charms, and thereby renders her the more agreeable to him in the gratification of his brutish appetites and passions ; and she, continued my informer, puts a constant force upon herself to appear gay and cheerful, lest her keeper should turn her out, abandoned to shame and misery. To preserve her from the latter of which (after the loss of a good fortune) was she prevailed on to comply with the lot she shares. As soon as I parted with my company, I could contain no longer, but burst out into this exclamation : Wherefore, Prosperity, is it that thou daily loadest the vicious with thy benefits and givest them all that heart can wish !— Whence comes it to pass, that such a wretch as this shall spend his days in ease, and his nights in pleasure, whilst thou turnest away in disdain from the pious man, leaving him to groan under all the hardships of the most adverse state ! O say, why is it that thou art partial to the wicked ? I had no sooner ceased speaking in this manner, than looking forward, I saw Prosperity standing before me arrayed in her most georgeous attire. The gay and glittering appearance must have raised delight in my breast, had it not been damped by the anger that appeared on her brow when she thus addressed me. Forbear tasking me with partiality in my proceedings ; for were it in my inclination, it is not in my power, being only the servant of Providence, whose orders I never, in one single instance, run counter to. Art thou, said I, in a

heat, the servant of Providence ? a just, holy, wise, and powerful Providence ! And will it suffer thee thus to caress the impious, and slight and condemn the good ! How can these things be ! Prosperity disappeared without making any reply ; but immediately a resplendent light shone around me, and I heard a majestic voice calling thus to me from above, O thou blind mortal, dost thou dare to call in question my proceedings, because thou canst not see the wisdom and equity of them ? It would be just in me to punish thee severely for thy rashness, but for once I will overlook thy ignorance, and so far condescend to thy weakness as to give thee some view of the reasons of my conduct. Wherefore lift up thine eyes, and behold what I shall discover to thee. I did so, and found my sight strengthened to penetrate the thick clouds, beyond which I saw Providence seated on a lofty throne, and by him stood Prosperity and Adversity, with their various attendants, waiting his orders. A person of a very amiable countenance stood at my right hand, who told me he was commissioned to resolve my doubts, and reveal somewhat of the mysteries of Providence to me. I straight observed Adversity ordered with her attendant, Pain, to such a place. I looked after them, and saw them enter the house of a person very remarkable for piety, and attack him in a most violent manner. Alas ! said I to my instructor, whence comes it to pass that so good a man as this should be so severely handled ! He is, replied he, a very eminent Christian, a man greatly beloved



of his God. But how contrary soever this may seem to your carnal reason, it is therefore that he is thus afflicted; he has, as the best here have, much sin still remaining in him, and much wanting to complete his perfection in grace and holiness: and God, who is alone the proper judge of the most likely means to bring about his own wise and kind designs, sees this the fittest method to root out sin, and strengthen and invigorate his graces. This affliction shall be to him a furnace, not to consume him, but his lusts, and to refine and brighten his graces, that they may shine with greater lustre. I then looked up again, and saw Adversity, with two of her attendants, Poverty and Sickness, sent to another place. They soon attacked a person, who from an affluent fortune was reduced to penury and want, and from a strong and vigorous state of health, was thrown upon a sick bed. Pray, said I, what is the character of this person, that is thus doubly attacked, and with such violence? He is, replied my instructor, one that devoted himself to God in the days of his youth, and appeared very zealous and active in the ways of religion, at his first setting out. But a long series of prosperity, with which he has been favored, has had the but too common effect of ensnaring and captivating his thoughts and affections to the things of time and sense. As riches increased, he has set his heart inordinately upon them, and in a great measure withdrawn his dependance upon God for the continuation of those bounties of Providence, grown careless and secure, saying

with David, My mountain stands strong ; I shall never be moved. Poverty is therefore sent to waste his substance, that the idol being removed, he may be no longer tempted to adore it, and that he may by his own experience, be convinced of the uncertainty of sublunary good. A long continued state of health has abated his sense of the value of the mercy, and he has seemed to slight it as a common favour. Sickness is therefore sent to teach him the worth of health, by the want of it ; to shock this seeming strong building, that he may see its foundation is in the dust, and that it is a moth crushed in the hand of God. In a word, these painful strokes shall be the means of rousing him out of that spiritual lethargy wherein he has so long lain, and cause him to remember whence he is fallen, excite him to repent, and do his first works ; and when these most valuable ends are answered, God will turn his captivity, and remarkably display his power and love in his deliverance. Again I looked up, and heard Adversity called to receive a new commission, to attack a person who appeared in sight. Pray, said I, to what person are these formidable spectres going ? (for their appearance shocked me more than all the others.) He is, said my teacher, a very serious good man, one that has for many years been universally esteemed among those who are true friends to religion and virtue, both for his wisdom and piety ; but this general regard paid to him has too much elevated his mind, and he has hereby been puffed up with self applause ; not duly

considering that whatever endowments he possesses, whether of nature or of grace, are all received from God, and therefore all the glory should be ascribed to the donor. Reproach is now sent to humble him, to hide pride from his eyes, to make him fully sensible that the interest that any have in man's esteem is a blessing which descends from the same hand that dispenses those qualifications that have a tendency to raise it. Soon after I lifted up my eyes again, and saw Adversity with her attendants, **Sickness** and **Death**, receiving their orders to seize the child of a certain person. Now, says my instructor, this is a sincere Christian, and the stroke to be inflicted is perhaps the sorest of a temporal nature that could befall him. He is to be stript of an only child, and a very promising one, in whom the fond parent might justly please himself with the prospect of much comfort and satisfaction; and like **Jacob**, his life seems to be bound up in the lad's life. But **Providence**, in much wisdom and goodness, orders his removal; in kindness both to parent and child; the lad being by the grace of **God** prepared for a better state, is in great love removed from all the snares and trials that would surround him in his riper age: a more than common share of which must have fallen to his lot had he continued in this world. The parent will be hereby convinced of, and humbled for the evil he has been guilty of in setting his heart and affections too much on this so desirable a creature, enjoyment which he sees now to be but a fading, dying flower. And the supports and

comforts he shall receive under this heavy trial will stop the mouth of complaints, and force him to confess that God is alone the proper object of our warmest affection, since there is enough in him to make the Christian happy in the loss of the dearest earthly comforts. These, (continued my teacher) are some of the seeming paradoxes in Providence, which thou, blind mortal, couldst not discover by the dim light of reason; there are others which I am not permitted to reveal to thee; some of which thou wilt never see unravelled whilst thou art clothed with mortality. Let what thou hast seen and heard suffice to assure thee, that God's thoughts are not like to thine, but as far above them in wisdom, as the heavens are above the earth. Hence it is, that the wicked so often abound with this world's good, who have all their heaven here: whilst the pious man is, by the sharps attacks of Adversity, during the short term of his existence here, training up for a state of endless, unalloyed happiness. I thanked my instructor, begged pardon for my rashness, and promised that I would no more arraign Divine Providence at the bar of my weak and shallow reason; and abashed and confounded at my ignorance and presumption, awoke from my dream.

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*Good Friday.*

1. 'Tis done! the atoning work is done!  
     Jesus, the world's Redeemer, dies!  
 All nature feels the important groan,  
     Loud echoing through the earth and skies.

The earth doth to her centre quake,  
And heaven as hell's deep gloom is black !

2. The temple's veil is rent in twain  
While Jesus meekly bows his head ;  
The rocks resent his mortal pain,  
The yawning graves give up their dead ;  
The bodies of the saints arise,  
Reviving as their Saviour dies.
3. And shall not we his death partake,  
In sympathetic anguish groan ?  
O Saviour ! let thy passions shake  
Our earth, and rend our hearts of stone !  
To second life our souls restore,  
And wake us that we sleep no more.

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*The Pilgrim.*

1. Jesus, at thy command,  
I launch into the deep ;  
And leave my native land,  
Where sin lulls all asleep :  
For Thee I fain would all resign,  
And sail to heaven with thee and thine.
2. What tho' the seas are broad,  
What tho' the waves are strong,  
What tho' tempestuous winds  
Distress me all along ;  
Yet what are seas or stormy wind,  
Compar'd to Christ, the sinner's friend.
3. Christ is my Pilot wise,  
My compass is his word :  
My soul each storm defies,  
While I have such a Lord ;

I trust his faithfulness and power,  
To save me in the dying hour.

4. Though rocks and quicksands deep  
Through all my passage lie ;  
Yet Christ shall safely keep  
And guide me with his eye.

How can I sink with such a prop,  
That bears the world and all things up.

5. By faith I see the land,  
The heaven of endless rest ;  
My soul, thy wings expand,  
And fly to Jesus' breast.

Oh may I reach the heavenly shore,  
Where winds and seas distress no more.

6. When e'er becalm'd I lie,  
And all my storms subside,  
Then to my succour fly,  
And keep me near thy side ;

For more the treach'rous calm I dread,  
Than tempests bursting o'er my head.

7. Come, heavenly wind, and blow  
A prosperous gale of grace,  
To waft from all below

To heaven my destin'd place :  
Then in full sail my port I'll find,  
And leave the world and sin behind.

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*Religion.*

**THE** light of nature, duly attended to, will evidently lead us into belief of a Supreme Being, infinitely holy, powerful, just and good, the creator and preserver of all things, the friend and judge of mankind.

It is therefore our duty as well as highest interest often, at stated times, and by decent and solemn acts, to contemplate and adore the great original of our existence, the parent of beauty, and of all good; to express our veneration and love by an awful and devout recognition of his perfections; and to evidence our gratitude, by celebrating his goodness, and thankfully acknowledging all his benefits. It is likewise our duty, by proper exercises of sorrow and humiliation, to confess our ingratitude and folly, to signify our dependence upon God, and our confidence in his goodness, by imploring his blessing and gracious concurrence in assisting the weakness, and curing the corruption of our nature.—And, finally, to testify our sense of his authority and our faith in his government, by devoting ourselves to his disposal. This is that internal piety or the worship of the mind which unassisted reason dictates, and all the great and wise men of the heathen world recommended and practised. It may be proper, however to remark, these duties are not therefore obligatory, because the Deity needs not or can be profited by them: but as they are apparently decent and moral, suitable to the relations we sustain of our creator, benefactor, law-giver, and judge, expressive of our state and obligation, and improving to our tempers, by making us more rational, social, and consequently more happy. And as God is the parent and head of the social system, as he has formed us for a social state, as by one we find the best security against the ills of life,

and in the other enjoy its greatest comforts, and as by means of both, our nature attains its highest improvement and perfection: and moreover, as there are public blessings and crimes in which we all share in some degree, and public wants and dangers to which all are exposed; it is therefore evident, that the various and solemn offices of public religion are duties of indispensable moral obligation, among the best cements of society, the firmest prop of government, and the fairest ornament of both.

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*Extract of a letter from his excellency General Washington, addressed to the people of the United States, on his resignation of the Presidency.*

**OF** all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, **Religion and Morality** are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism, who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens. The mere politician, equally with the pious man ought to respect and to cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connections, with private and public felicity. Let it simply be asked, where it is the security of property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation desert the oaths, which are the instrument of investigation in courts of justice? And let us with caution indulge the supposition, that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may



be conceded to the influence of refined education or minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect, that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principles.

'Tis substantially true, that virtue or morality is a necessary spring of popular government. The rule indeed extends with more or less force to every species of the government. Who that is a sincere friend to it, can look with indifference upon attempts to shake the foundation of the fabric ?

Promote then, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened.

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*Peace of Conscience and Prayer for Health.*

YET gracious God, amidst the storms of nature,  
Thine eyes behold a sweet and sacred calm  
Reign thro' the realms of conscience : All within  
Lies peaceful, all compos'd. 'Tis wond'rous grace  
Keeps off thy terrors from this humble bosom,  
Tho' stain'd with sins and follies, yet serene  
In penitential peace and cheerful hope,  
Sprinkled and guarded with atoning blood.  
Thy vital smile amidst this desolation,  
Like heavenly sun-beams hid behind the clouds,  
Breaks out in happy moments, with bright radiance  
Cleaving the gloom ; the fair celestial light  
Softens and gilds the horrors of the storm,  
And richest cordials to the heart conveys.

O glorious solace of immense distress,  
 A conscience and a God ! A friend at home,  
 And better friend on high ! This is my rock  
 Of firm support, my shield of sure defence  
 Against infernal arrows. Rise, my soul,  
 Put on thy courage : Here's thy living spring  
 Of joys divinely sweet, and ever new,  
*A peaceful conscience, and a smiling heaven.*

My God permit a creeping worm to say,  
*Thy spirit knows I love thee.* Worthless wretch,  
 To dare to love a God ! But grace requires,  
 And grace accepts. Thou seest my laboring soul :  
 Weak as my zeal is, yet my zeal is true ;  
 It bears the trying furnace. Love divine  
 Constrains me ; I am thine. Incarnate love  
 Has seiz'd, and holds me in Almighty arms :  
 Here's my salvation, my eternal hope,  
 Amidst the wreck of world and dying nature,  
*I am the Lord's, and he forever mine.*

O thou all-powerful word, at whose first call  
 Nature rose ; this earth, these shining heavens,  
 These stars in all their ranks came forth and said,  
*We are thy servants :* Didst thou not create  
 My frame, my breath, my being, and bestow  
 A mind immortal on a feeble creature,  
 Who faints before thy face ? Did not thy pity  
 Dress thee in flesh to die, that I might live,  
 And with thy blood redeem this captive soul  
 From guilt and death ? O thrice adored name,  
 My King, my Saviour, my Emmanuel, say,  
 Have not the eye-lids mark'd my painful toil,  
 The wild confusions of my shatter'd powers,  
 And broken fluttering thoughts ; Hast thou not seen

Each restless atom that with vexing influence  
 Works thro' the mass of man? Each noxious juice;  
 Each ferment that infest the vital humours,  
 That heaves the veins with huge disquietude,  
 And spreads the tumult wide? Do they not lie  
 Beneath thy view, and all within thy reach?  
 Yes, all at thy command, and must obey  
 Thy sovereign touch: Thy touch is health and life,  
 And harmony to nature's jarring strings.

When shall my midnight sighs and morning moans  
 Rise thro' the heights of heaven and reach thy ear  
 Propitious? See, my spirit's feeble powers  
 Exhal'd and breathing upward to thy throne,  
 Like early incense climbing through the sky  
 From the warm altar. When shall grace and peace  
 Descend with blessings, like an evening shower  
 On the parch'd desert, and renew my bloom?  
 Or must thy creature breathe his soul away  
 In fruitless groans and die?  
 Come, blest Physician, come attend the moan  
 Of a poor suffering wretch, a plaintive worm,  
 Crush'd in the dust and helpless. O descend,  
 Array'd in power and love, and bid me rise.  
 Incarnate goodness, send thy influence down  
 To these low regions of mortality,  
 Where thou hast dwelt, and clad in fleshly weeds  
 Learnt sympathetic sorrows; send and heal  
 My long and sore distress. Ten thousand praises  
 Attend thee: David's harp is ready strung  
 For the Messiah's name: A winged flight  
 Of songs harmonious and new honours wait  
 The steps of winged mercy.

*Few Happy Matches.*

1. SAY, mighty Love, aod teach my song,  
To whom the sweetest joys belong,  
And who the happy pairs,  
Whose willing hearts and joining hands,  
Find blessings twisted with their bands,  
To soften all their cares.
2. Not the wild herd of nymphs and swains,  
That thoughtless fly into the chains,  
As custom leads the way ;  
If there be bliss without design,  
Ivies and oaks may grow and twine  
And be as blest as they.
3. Not sordid souls of earthly mould,  
Who drawn by kindred chains of gold,  
To dull embraces move :  
So two rich mountains of Peru  
May rush to wealthy marriage too,  
And make a world of love.
4. Not the mad tribe that hell inspires  
With wanton flames : those raging fires  
The purer bliss destroy :  
On Ætna's top let furies wed,  
And sheets of lightning dress the bed  
T' improve the burning joy.
5. Not the dull pairs, whose marble forms  
None of the melting passion warms,  
Can mingle hearts and hands :  
Logs of green wood, that quench the coals,  
Are married just like stolic souls,  
With osiers for their bands.

6. Not minds of melancholy strains,  
 Still silent, or that still complain,  
 Can the dear bondage bless ;  
 As well may heavenly concert spring  
 From two old lutes with ne'er a string,  
 Or none beside the base.
7. Nor can the soft enchantments hold,  
 Two jarring souls of angry mould ;  
 The rugged and the keen ;  
 Sampson's young foxes might as well  
 In bands of cheerful wedlock dwell,  
 With fire-brands tied between.
8. Nor let the cruel fetters bind  
 A gentle to a savage mind,  
 For love abhors the sight ;  
 Loose the fierce tiger from the deer,  
 For native rage and native fear  
 Rise and forbid delight.
9. Two kindred souls alone must meet ;  
 'Tis friendship makes the bondage sweet ;  
 And feeds their mutual loves :  
 Bright Venus on her rolling throne  
 Is drawn by gentle birds alone,  
 And Cupid yokes the doves.

---

*A sight of Heaven in sickness.*

1. Oft have I sat in secret sighs  
 To feel my flesh decay ;  
 Then groan'd aloud with frighted eyes,  
 To view the tott'ring clay.
2. But I forbid my sorrows now,  
 Nor dares the flesh complain :

- Diseases bring their profits too,  
The joy o'ercomes the pain.
3. My cheerful soul now all the day  
Sits waiting here and sings :  
Looks through the ruin of her clay,  
And practises her wings.
4. Faith almost changes into sight,  
While from afar she spies  
Her fair inheritance in light,  
Above created skies.
5. Had but the prison walls been strong,  
And firm without a flaw,  
In darkness she had dwelt too long,  
And less of glory saw.
6. But now the everlasting hills  
Through ev'ry chink appear,  
And something of the joy she feels  
Whilst she's a pris'ner here.
7. The shines of heaven rush sweetly in  
At all the gaping flaws ;  
Visions of endless bliss are seen,  
And native air she draws.
8. O may their walls stand tott'ring still,  
The breaches never close,  
If I must here in darkness dwell,  
And all this glory lose.
9. Or rather let this flesh decay,  
The ruins wider grow,  
Till glad to see th' enlarged way,  
I stretch my pinions through.

---

*Earth and Heaven.*

1. HAST thou not seen, impatient boy,  
Hast thou not read that solemn truth,

That grey experience writes for giddy youth  
On ev'ry mortal joy :

*Pleasure must be dash'd with pain.*

And yet with heedless haste,

The thirsty boy repeats the taste,

Nor hearkens to despair, but tries the bowl again.

The hills of pleasure never run sincere :

(Earth has no unpolluted spring :)

From the curst soil some dang'rous taint they bear :

So roses grow on thorns, and honey wears a sting.

2. In vain we seek a heaven below the sky ;

The world has false but flattering charms ;

Its distant charms shew big in our esteem,

But lessen still as they draw near the eye.

In our embrace the visions die ;

And when we grasp the airy forms,

We lose the pleasing dream.

3. Earth, with her scenes of gay delight,

Is but a landscape rudely drawn,

With glaring colors and false light ;

Distance commends it to the sight,

For fools to gaze upon ;

But, bring the nauseous daubing nigh,

Coarse and confus'd the hideous figures lie,

Dissolve the pleasure, and offend the eye.

4. Look up, my soul ! pant tow'rd th' eternal hill,

Those heavens are fairer than they seem ;

There pleasures all sincere glide on in chrystal rills :

There not a dreg of guilt defiles,

Nor grief disturbs the stream.

That Canaan knows no noxious thing,

Nor cursed soil, nor tainted spring,

Nor roses grow on thorns, nor honey wears a sting.

*The day of Judgment.*

## AN ODE.

1. When the fierce north wind with his airy forces  
Rears up the Baltic to a foaming fury ;  
And the red lightning, with a storm of hail, comes  
Rushing amain down :
2. How the poor sailors stand amaz'd and tremble !  
While the hoarse thunder like a bloody trumpet  
Roars a loud onset to the gaping waters,  
Quick to devour them.
3. Such shall the noise be, and the wild disorder,  
(if things eternal may be like these earthly)  
Such the dire terror, when the great archangel  
Shakes the Creation ;
4. Tears the strong pillars of the vault of heaven,  
Breaks up old marble the repose of princes :  
See the graves open and the bones arising,  
Flames all around 'em.
5. Hark, the shrill outcries of the guilty wretches !  
Lively bright horror and amazing anguish,  
Stare through their eye lids, while the living  
worm lies Gnawing within them.
6. Thoughts, like old vultures, prey upon their heart-  
strings,  
And the smart twinges, when their eyes beholds the  
Lofty judge frowning, and a flood of vengeance  
Rolling afore them.
7. Hopeless immortals ! how they scream and shiver,  
While devils push them to the pit wide yawning,  
Hideous and gloomy, to receive them headlong  
Down to the centre
8. Stop here, my fancy ; (all away ye horrid  
Doleful ideas) come, arise to Jesus !



How he sits God like ! and the saints around him  
Thron'd, yet adoring !

9. O may I sit there when he comes triumphant,  
Dooming the nations ! then ascend to glory,  
While our hosannas, all along the passage,  
Shout the Redeemer !

---

*The Incomprehensible.*

1. FAR in the heavens my God retires,  
My God the mark of my desires,  
And hides his lovely face,  
When he descends within my view,  
He charms my reason to pursue,  
But leaves it tir'd and fainting in th' unequal chace.
2. Or, if I reach unusual heights,  
Till near his presence brought,  
There floods of glory check my sight,  
Cramp the bold pinions of my wit,  
And all untune my thought ;  
Plung'd in a sea of light I roll,  
Where wisdom, justice, mercy shines ;  
Infinite rays, in crossing lines,  
Beat quick confusion on my sight, and overwhelm my  
soul.
3. Come to my aid, ye fellow minds,  
And help me reach the throne ;  
What single strength in vain designs,  
United force hath done :  
Thus worms may join, and grasp the poles,  
Thus atoms fill the seas ;  
But the whole race of creature souls,  
Stretch'd to their last extent of thought, plunge  
And are lost in thee.

4. Great God, behold, my reason lies  
 Adoring, yet my love would rise  
 On pinions not her own,  
 Faith shall direct her humble flight,  
 Through all the trackless seas of light,  
 To thee, the eternal Fair, the infinite unknown !

---

*The Soul's resemblance of Christ.*

**THE** closer association that we have here with Christ, the nearer assimilation we shall have to Christ. Moses did but talk with God, and how did his face shine with a beam of God ! You may quickly know a soul that doth converse, and is familiar, with Jesus Christ ; you shall see it shining forth with the glories of Christ ; as wisdom makes the face to shine, so Jesus Christ makes the soul to shine ; so that he who judiciously looks upon him can divine that the soul hath met with, and seen the Lord. I see by the reflection of the beams of righteousness, he has been long viewing the Son of righteousness ; he carries the very image and the very beauties of Christ about him : he looks like Christ and speaks like Christ ; he walks and lives like Christ ; he resembles and knows he comes from Christ. The soul which is always beholding the glory of the Lord, shall be changed into his image from glory to glory. If that soul be so glorious that beholds God darkly, reflectively, as in a glass and enjoys God at a distance, how glorious shall that soul be, that shall see him clearly and distinctly, face to face, and enjoy his immediate communion with Jesus Christ : We shall

be like him indeed, when we shall see him as he is; our bodies shall be like his: our glory shall be like his; our eternity shall be like his; who is the God of beauty, excellency, and sweetness, concord, happiness, and eternity. O Lord, let me have such clear visions and sweet fruits of thee, that I may not only hereafter be happy, but may likewise now be holy.

---

*Sincere Praise.*

1. ALMIGHTY Maker, God!  
How wond'rous is thy name!  
Thy glories how diffus'd abroad  
Through the creation's frame.
2. Nature in every dress  
Her humble homage pays,  
And finds a thousand ways t' express  
Thine undissembled praise.
3. In native white and red  
The rose and lilly stand,  
And, free from pride, their beauties spread,  
To shew thy skillful hand.
4. The lark mounts up the sky,  
With unambitious song,  
And bears her Maker's praise on high  
Upon her artless tongue.
5. My soul would rise and sing  
To her Creator too,  
Fain would my tongue adore my King,  
And pay the worship due.
6. But pride, that lofty sin,  
Spoils all that I perform:  
Curs'd pride, that creeps securely in,  
And swells a haughty worm.

7. Thy glories I abate,  
 Or praise thee with design;  
 Some of thy favors I forget,  
 Or think the merit mine.
8. The very songs I frame  
 Are faithless to thy cause,  
 And steal the honors of thy name  
 To build their own applause.
9. Create my soul anew,  
 Else all my worship's vain;  
 This wretched heart will ne'er be true,  
 Until 'tis form'd again.
10. Descend, celestial fire,  
 And seize me from above,  
 Melt me in flames of pure desire,  
 And sacrifice to love.
11. Let joy and worship spend  
 The remnant of our days,  
 And to my God, my soul ascend,  
 In sweet perfumes of praise.

---

*Improve the talents God gives you to his service and glory. Luke xix. 13.*

**REMEMBER** you are not made for yourselves only, but for the society and benefit of others, therefore employ your gifts, substances, and whatever God has bestowed, for the good of others; teach the ignorant, relieve the poor, strengthen the weak, comfort those that are cast down, tell them your experiences, commend Christ as a choice master and lovely Saviour, and invite them to come, taste and see that he is good; pity those who are strangers to him, and pray for them. Be

useful to others while you live, which will make your memory savoury when you come to die; many, alas are so unprofitable in their lives, that they leave no friends to lament their death; but public spirited and useful persons are much lamented.— Let every one in their stations be active, and occupy their talent for God. Be assured, the more you do for God in this world, the more God will do for you in the world to come. If the saints were capable of grief in heaven, it would be their doing so little good for God on earth

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*The miserable end of prosperous wickedness.*

**JORDAN**, that famous river, no doubt runs through many a pleasant meadow, by many a shady grove and flowery bank, and yet at last empties itself into a dead sea; and not only so, but those fresh chrystal streams that made those famous brooks, lose both name and worth, are turned into the dead sea themselves. Just so it is with a wicked man, here he walks through the meadows of worldly pleasures and rest, under the shades of earthly comforts and sports, and wallows himself among the flowers of worldly delights, but at last runs himself out into a dead lake, and is cast into hell among the numbers of those who forget God.

---

*Christ's Ascension.*

1. HAIL the day that sees him rise,  
Ravish'd from our wishful eyes;

Christ awhile to mortals given,  
 Re-ascends his native heaven :  
 There the pompous triumph waits ;  
 " Lift up your heads eternal gates  
 " Wide unfold the radiant scene,  
 " Take the King of glory in !

2. Him tho' highest heaven receives ;  
 Still he loves the earth he leaves ;  
 Though returning from his throne,  
 Still he calls the world his own ;  
 Still for us he intercedes,  
 Prevalent his death he pleads ;  
 Next himself prepares our place,  
 Harbinger of human race.
3. Master (may we ever say)  
 Taken from our head to-day ;  
 See thy faithful servant, see,  
 Ever gazing up to thee !  
 Grant tho' parted from thy sight,  
 High above yon azure height.—  
 Grant our hearts may thither rise,  
 Foll'wing thee beyond the skies.
4. Ever upward let us move,  
 Wafted on the wings of love,  
 Looking when our Lord shall come,  
 Longing, gasping, after home ;  
 There we shall with thee remain,  
 Partners of thine endless reign,  
 There thy face unclouded see ;  
 Find our heaven of heavens in thee.

*The Spirit's Farewell to the body after a long sickness.*

1. How am I held a prisoner now,  
Far from my God ! This mortal chain  
Binds me to sorrow ; all below  
Is short-lived ease, or tiresome pain.
2. When shall that won'drous hour appear,  
Which frees me from this dark abode,  
To live at large in regions. where  
Nor cloud nor veil shall hide my God?
3. Farewell this flesh, these ears, these eyes,  
These snares and fetters of the mind ;  
My God, nor let this frame arise,  
Till every dust be well refin'd.
4. Jesus, who mak'st our natures whole  
Mould me a body like thy own :  
Then shall it better serve my soul  
In works of praise and worlds unknown.

---

*The departing moment ; or, absent from the body.*

1. ABSENT from flesh ! O blissful thought !  
What unknown joy this moment brings !  
Freed from the mischiefs sin has wrought,  
From pains and tears, and all their springs.
2. Absent from flesh ! Illustrious day !  
Surprising scene ! triumphant stroke,  
That rends the prison of my clay,  
And I can feel my fetters broke.
3. Absent from flesh, then rise my soul,  
Where feet nor wings could ever climb,

Beyond the heavens where planets roll,  
Measuring the cares and joys of time.

4. I go where God and glory shine :  
His presence makes eternal day :  
My all that's mortal I resign,  
For Uriel waits and points the way.

---

*Entrance into Paradise ; or, present with the  
Lord.*

1. And is this Heaven ? and am I there ?  
How short the road ! how swift the flight !  
I am all life, all eye, all ear ;  
Jesus is here—my soul's delight.
2. Is this the heavenly friend who hung  
In blood and anguish on the tree,  
Whom Paul proclaim'd, whom David sung,  
Who died for them, who died for me ?
3. How fair thou offspring of my God !  
Thou first-born image of his face !  
Thy death procur'd this blest abode,  
Thy vital beams adorn the place.
4. Lo, he presents me at the throne  
All spotless—there the godhead reigns  
Sublime and peaceful through the Son :  
Awake, my voice, in heavenly strains.

---

*The Sight of God in Heaven.*

1. CREATOR God, eternal light,  
Fountain of good, tremendous power,  
Ocean of wonders, blissful sight !  
Beauty and love unknown before !



2. Thy grace, thy nature all unknown  
 In yon dark region whence I came ;  
 Where languid glimpses from thy throne,  
 And feeble whispers teach thy name.
3. I'm in a world where all is new ;  
 Myself, my God : O blest amaze :  
 Not my blest hopes nor wishes knew  
 To form a shadow of this grace.
4. Fix'd on my God, my heart, adore ;  
 My restless thoughts, forbear to rove,  
 My meaner passions stir no more,  
 But all my powers be joy and love.
- 

*Let every man abide in the same calling wherein  
 he was called, 1 Cor. vii. 20.*

**MOST** of the employments of life are, in their own nature lawful ; and all those that are so, may be made a substantial part of our duty to God, if we engage in them only so far, and for such ends as are suitable to beings that are to live above the world. This is the only measure of our application to any worldly business ; it must have no more of our hands, our hearts, or our time, than is consistent with an hearty, daily, careful preparation of ourselves for another life. For since all true Christians have renounced this world to prepare themselves, by daily devotion and universal holiness, for an eternal state of quite another nature, they must look upon worldly employments

as upon worldly wants and bodily infirmities ; things not to be desired, only to be endured and suffered, till death and the resurrection has carried us to an eternal state of real happiness. A person's being called into the kingdom of grace, is not designed to make void the duties that arise from his peculiar calling or situation in life, but to enforce the practice of them in such a way as may be most to the glory of God. He, therefore, that does not consider the things of this life as of little moment, or even nothing, in comparison of the things that are eternal, cannot be said either to feel or believe the greatest truths of Christianity.

Lord save me from my calling's snare,  
 From fraud and from the love of gain ;  
 My hand be fill'd with worldly care,  
 But all my heart with thee remain.

---

*And the loftiness of man shall be bowed down ; and the haughtiness of men shall be made low ; and the Lord alone shall be exalted in that day. Isa. ii. 17.*

“ **PRIDE** was not made for man ” says the son of Sirach ; “ and the proud of heart are an abomination to the Lord : ” And yet what more common than pride and self righteousness among the fallen children of Adam ? So deeply are they engrafted in our corrupt natures, that nothing short of Almighty Grace can root them up.

It is the great design and effect of the blessed gospel, wherever it is applied to the heart by the Spirit of God, to mortify this cursed temper. In that day the haughtiness of man, his self-will, that he set up in opposition to the will of God shall be brought down; and his self-righteousness by which he thought to recommend himself to the favour of God, shall be made low; and Christ, and his righteousness alone shall be exalted.

Hath this precious promise ever been fulfilled in thy experience, O my soul? Is the will of God thy rule? Is the righteousness of Christ thy hope? And is the language of thy heart and life, Let God in all things be exalted in me, and by me, through Christ Jesus? Without this, O my soul, thy profession is vain, thy faith is also vain, and thou art yet in thy sins.

Lord, lay my legal spirit low,  
 And ev'ry lofty look subdue;  
 Bid all my heart to Jesus bow,  
 Exalt, and love, and trust him too.

---

*I know also, my God, that thou triest the heart, and hast pleasure in uprightness. 1. Chronicles, xxix. 7. He is a buckler to them that walk uprightly. Prov. ii. 17. The Lord looks on the heart. 1. Sam. xvi. 7.*

As God searches the heart and tries the reins, he cannot be deceived by outward form; we ought

not therefore to deceive ourselves in this particular. It is no certain proof of a real conversion to God, if we only reform the grosser sins of our former lives, much less if we only abstain from such things as by nature we are not so much inclined to indulge : but if our hearts are so renewed by the grace of the holy Spirit, as to be firmly and habitually opposed to our most beloved lust, we have a good evidence of a real conversion. For these inward capital enemies, the Lord and all his upright followers attack most, before all the rest. If we would give over that which is dearest to us, we must first know and believe that Christ is both able and willing to help us, and has lovingly engaged his word, that none shall seek his face in vain. Let us keep this thought ever in our minds, and it will stir up faith, and encourage diligence in seeking after salvation.

Mistaken souls ! that dream of heaven,  
 And make their empty boast  
 Of inward joys and sins forgiven,  
 While they are slaves to lust.

Vain are our fancies, airy flights,  
 If faith be cold and dead ;  
 None but a living power unites  
 To Christ the living Head.

'Tis faith that changes all the heart ;  
 'Tis faith that works by love ;  
 That bids all sinful joys depart,  
 And lifts the thoughts above.

Faith must obey her father's will,  
 As well as trust his grace ;

A pard'ning God is jealous still,  
For his own holiness.

---

*Lest any of you be hardened through the deceitfulness of sin. Heb. iii. 13.*

**DO**TH sin present itself, turn away from it with loathing and prayer. Give it not a look, lest it ensnare thee. If thou committest sin, and diest without repentance, thy soul is lost, and thy redemption ceaseth forever; or if thou committest sin and dost repent, yet expect chidings of God's face, and breakings of bones, as David felt for his cost. Oh what bitter pangs! what painful throes! what shadows of death! what terrors of hell may seize upon thee, before thou canst make thy peace, or settle thine assurance! Wilt thou give way to sin, because it is delightful, or because it is pardonable? Who loves poison because it is sweet? or who drinks poison because he may have an antidote? seeing it will work to his trouble, if it work not out of his life! I have a precious soul, shall I lose it for a lust? I have a gracious God, shall I venture him for a sin? No, Lord, give me grace to resist sin, give me victory over it; let me always reject that, for the indulgence of which I am sure to lose my peace, and endanger the loss of my immortal soul.

A tender conscience give me, Lord,  
And put my feet within;  
That I may tremble at thy word,  
And 'scape the snares of sin.

*The Lord of All.*

COME children, hail the Prince of Peace,  
 Obey the Saviour's call;  
 Come seek his face, and taste his grace,  
 And crown him Lord of all.

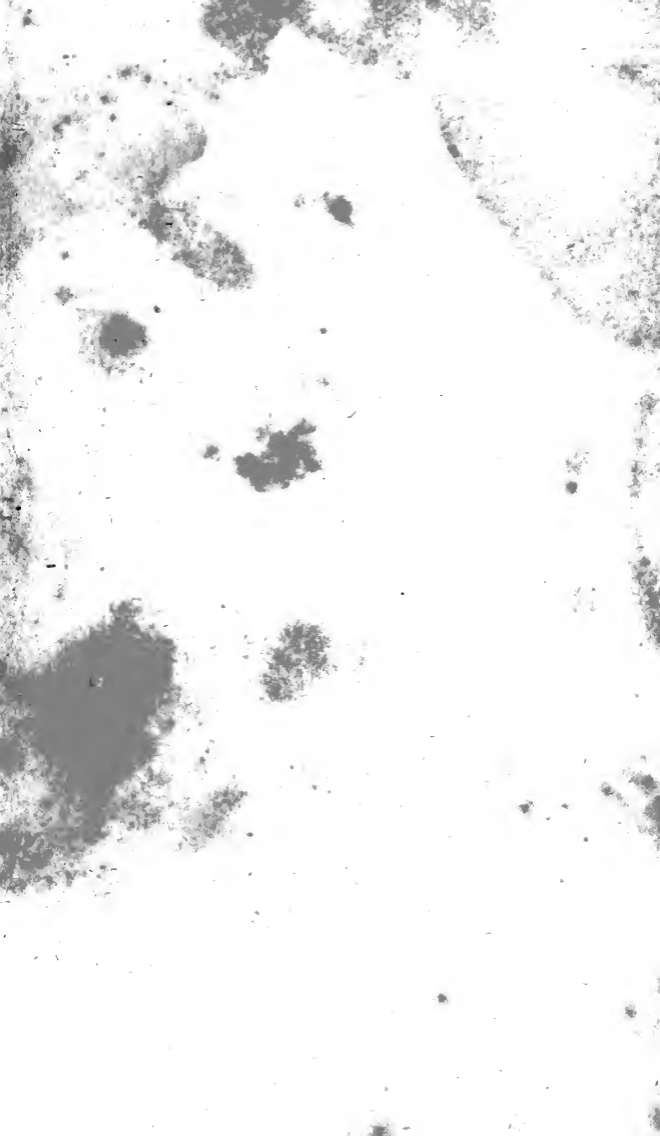
Ye Lambs of Christ, your tribute bring,  
 Ye children, great and small,  
 Hosannas sing to Christ your King,  
 O! crown him Lord of all.

This Jesus will your sins forgive,  
 For you he drank the gall,  
 For you he died, that you might live,  
 To crown him Lord of all.

Let every little girl and boy,  
 Who dwell upon this ball,  
 Their tongues employ with songs of joy,  
 And crown him Lord of all.

Ye Angels round his throne unite,  
 While we before him fall;  
 Ye saints assist with all your might,  
 To crown him Lord of all.

Let all these children, Lord, be thine,  
 When sav'd from Satan's thrall;  
 Then we shall meet, at Jesus' feet,  
 To crown him Lord of all.













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