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# SABBATICAL VERSES.

BY

JOSEPH JOHN GURNEY.

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“ Whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by him :” COL. iii, 17.

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

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*The following essays in verse have been composed during a period of much affliction, and have helped to soothe some of my solitary hours of sorrow. In the prospect of leaving my native land, in order to pay a visit, in the capacity of a minister of the gospel, to some parts of America, I venture to present them to the christian public of this country, as a farewell token of affectionate respect and regard.*

*London, 5th month, 24th, 1837.*





## THE GLORY OF CHRIST

13

### The First Creation.

“By whom also he made the worlds:” HEB. i. 2.

BLEST be thy name, thou uncreated Word,  
With God before all worlds, thyself the Lord,  
By whom all nature into being sprang,  
While heaven applauded and the angels sang.  
Bright stars of morning hailed thee in their lays,  
The sons of God proclaimed their Master's praise,  
Themselves once fashioned by thy plastic hand,  
To thee they live, they move at thy command.

B

Well might they joy, when the celestial dove  
O'er shoreless oceans waved her wing of love,  
Gently incumbent, and through realms of night  
Ancient and wild, was poured the new-born light.  
Bright efflux from the unfathomed source of day,  
And of the eternal co-eternal ray,  
Thine was the glory of that hallowed hour ;  
From God, from thee, its radiance ; thine the power  
That bade the seas recede, the land arise,  
Opened the fountains, spread the watery skies,  
Gave to the air its substance and extent,  
Built and adorned the azure firmament.

Another day is come ; earth claims her bowers,  
Her vest of verdure, and her wreath of flowers.  
Sprung from no seed the budding wonders grow,  
The pines wave freely o'er the mountain's brow,  
Perfect at once the oaks dispense their shade,  
At once the lily and the rose array'd  
In all their beauty shine ; the primrose pale,  
Jasmine and hyacinth, perfume the vale ;

Cassia and myrrh their wasted odours pour,  
The purpling vines each rifted rock explore ;  
A thousand fruits with early blush appear,  
The promise of that bright primeval year.  
Their seeds are in them ; sweets untasted now  
To men, in every age, shall bend the bough.

Again the evening came, the morn was given,  
Especial boons devolved on earth from heaven ;  
For ere that destined day, the glorious sun  
Was not, or hid from earth his course had run ;  
No silver horn or perfect orb serene,  
No wandering gems, in heaven's dark vault were seen :  
But now the vast arrangement fitly made,  
The morn shall rise, the eve bestow her shade,  
Months, seasons, years, proceed by natural cause,  
While heaven's bright signs obey His changeless laws,  
Who made them all ; henceforth the greater light,  
Shall blaze by day ; the lesser rule the night.  
Thus didst Thou build and thus adorn a home  
For sentient creatures, countless tribes that roam

O'er earth's wide surface, all alike by Thee  
Endued with life's mysterious energy,  
And conscious joy.—Some animate the seas,  
Now dive below, now leap to inhale the breeze,  
Armed with their silvery scales, retreat, advance,  
Crop the soft weed, and urge the mazy dance;  
While the smooth whales, disporting, lash the deep,  
And bid her fountains boil, or calmly sleep  
Like islands on her breast.—Some poised in air  
Flap the light wing and distant flight prepare,  
Or mount aloft, and to the sun unfold  
Their feathered pride of purple, green, and gold;  
Or less adorned for sight, a social throng,  
Charm the glad ear, and fill the groves with song.

Some track a humbler path and move unseen  
In earth's dark soils, or hid in thickets green,  
Their fleshy ringlets formed for easy play,  
Contracting and dilating, wind their way.  
With arching neck, fork'd tongue, and eye of flame,  
Some slowly glide, or coil their circling frame.

Some frolic wild, and bound along the plain,  
Or leap the rocks their wintry peak to gain ;  
Or on high bough the grateful kernel find,  
Impetuous spring, and chatter to the wind,  
Or couch and ruminatè on all the glade,  
Or haunt the den, and penetrate the shade :  
Or to the pine-top lift a graceful form,  
Or rove the wilderness, and breathe the storm.

Slow moves Behemoth o'er the trembling ground ;  
Of massive bars his framework, girt around  
With sinewy folds prodigious ; easy toil !  
With share of ivory he ploughs the soil,  
Uproots his bulbous feast, intent to ply  
The lithe proboscis—while his lucid eye  
Beams with intelligence. The age must come  
When Asia's potentates and conquering Rome,  
Shall yoke his sons to the triumphal car,  
Train them to arts of peace, to strift of war ;  
O'er the broad living flank, uprear the tower,  
And safely from its height their javelins shower,

Untutored now—ere known the haunts of men,  
He wanders wild o'er forest, glade, and glen ;  
With draughts delicious cools his burning blood,  
And weens to dry the springs of Jordan's sacred flood.

The hand that formed this wondrous living scene  
Must guide it still—no other hand between—  
Must prompt the purpose, and direct the will,  
Inspire unseen the philosophic skill,  
Conduct the instinctive arts, impel, controul,  
Move in each moving part, and speed the whole.

Led by the gentle impulse of the breast,  
Untaught, untrained, each warbler builds her nest,  
At the right season, when the spring is green,  
Of right materials, though by her unseen  
Till now she needs them ; of the ancient form  
By which her sires were sheltered from the storm.  
What reason prompts the swallow's arduous flight  
Ere winter's frown prolongs the dreary night,  
Bids her to southern shores in haste repair,  
Directs her passage through the boundless air ?

What sense forewarns ere warmer climates burn  
And marks the moment for her safe return ?

    Profound geometer ! who taught the bee  
To mimic science, and to rival thee ;  
With even hexagons to fill the plane,  
Thus ample room with utmost strength to gain ;  
Nor fill the plane alone ; through all the mass  
No waste of substance, and no loss of space ;  
Each cell descending in the angle true  
That great Maclaurin by his fluxions knew ?  
What proud inventive faculties impart,  
From age to age unchanged, the spider's art ?  
Around her home the magic circles run,  
Each thread of thousands wonderfully spun.  
The viewless gossamer man's skill exceeds,  
No teaching asks, no rule of science needs ;  
Her nets ethereal every bush adorn  
Dressed in the peerless dewdrops of the morn.  
What laws of order human wisdom vaunts  
Can match the civic polity of ants ?

Commodious cities, and well guarded lands,  
Of willing labourers th' united bands ;  
The equal tending of ten thousand young,  
The silent touch for man's vociferous tongue.

The appointed customs of each busy kind  
Involve the working of thy master mind.  
Fountain of science, spring of all that's wise,  
Thy moving power their energy supplies,  
The power that formed each creature's living frame  
With fitness nice to some peculiar aim.  
One general type the glorious scheme pervades,  
While special forms, and ever varying grades,  
Connect, adorn, diversify the plan,  
From the low reptile, up to complex man.  
Wisdom of God—high Partner of his throne,  
The Father's pleasure—with the Father one,  
From Thee of beauty flow the varied streams,  
With marks of Thee exuberant nature teems,  
Thy influence spreads above, around, below,  
The best philosophy is Thee to know.



As shapes and letters graven on the seal,  
Adorn its substance, and its end reveal,  
The melting wax a well known sign receives,  
The eye beholds it and the mind believes ;  
God's image thou and character express,  
In Thee he wills to quicken, form, and bless ;  
To worlds of life the sacred type is given,  
And nature's glory corresponds with heaven.

But chiefly *man*, now risen from the dust,  
Of graceful carriage and proportions just,  
Fresh as the morn, and as the day-star bright,  
His visage beaming with celestial light,  
Of lofty look and awful form erect,  
Destined to guide, to govern, to protect,  
With lamp of reason, furnished from above,  
And filled with wisdom, holiness, and love,  
His frame the dwelling of a soul that soars  
To heaven's high courts, and communes and adores—  
Man who alone the life eternal shares,  
Reflects thy beauty, and God's likeness bears.

Alas, how soon, when Satan wins his way  
That form shall fade—that likeness shall decay!  
Now all is perfect, all in Thee is blest,  
And speeds its gentle course, the day of rest.

## THE GLORY OF CHRIST

13

### The New Creation.

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“ If any man be in Christ, it is a new creation : old things are passed away ; behold, all things are become new : ” 2 COR. v, 17.

CLAD with no verdure, by no waters fed,  
Behold on every side a desert spread !  
No fruit, no food for man, the sands produce,  
Nor plant is there but of a poisonous juice,  
Or armed with thorns ; beneath each stunted brake,  
Or fatal scorpion, or envenomed snake,  
Unheeded lurks ; all life is deadly there,  
And the wild waste is pregnant with despair.

Woe to the traveller who dares essay  
To happier climes that drear and trackless way ;

His courage lost, exhausted all his stores—  
The farthest east or west his eye explores,  
Unknown, impassable, the plains extend,  
Hope withers, whersoc'er his footsteps bend ;  
When suddenly, beneath the lurid beam,  
Far, far ahead, the welcome waters gleam ;  
For so he weens ; intent his thirst to slake,  
And bathe with rapture in the lovely lake,  
He presses onward with unnatural strength,  
And paces swift the desert's weary length ;  
But flits the soft deception from his view ;  
The burning, barren, sands alone are true ;  
Struck to the heart, he breathes a hopeless sigh,  
Then nerveless sinks, to suffer and to die.

Such change the curse had wrought ; but who shall

scan

That deadlier wilderness, the heart of man ?  
Barren of all that's good—of strife and sin  
Productive always, spreads the waste within.

There Satan lurks in various guise conceal'd,  
The soul his victim, and the world his field;  
Instils his poisons with consummate skill,  
Perverts the judgment and depraves the will,  
Inspires disease with dank, pestiferous, breath,  
Distorts the passions, then consigns to death.  
His was the suasion, his the murderous lie,  
'Partake the fruit—thou shalt not surely die.'  
The dark deceit assumed fair reason's show,  
Presage to millions of eternal woe.  
Hence too our evils here; the hope forlorn  
That sinks into despair; the festering thorn  
That rankles in the breast; the bitter tear  
Of helpless poverty, and pallid fear  
Of death to come, and pain that mocks controul,  
Anguish of body, agony of soul,  
And brother's hand imbrued in kindred blood,  
And scowling want, and war's ensanguined flood,  
Sickness and plague in all their proteus forms,  
And ocean's rage, and faction's ruder storms;

Lust, malice, fraud, and envy's evil eye,  
Rapine for gold, and curse of slavery.

Though pomp and pleasure many a bait prepare,  
And fame her radiance shed, and beauty glare,  
And worldly wisdom with proverbial pride  
And quaint conceits, her native darkness hide,  
And curious learning spread her ample store,  
And philosophic ken the skies explore,  
And poesy in waves of magic roll,  
And patriot eloquence inflame the soul,  
And bravery assert the laurel crown,  
And love impassioned call mankind her own—  
All without grace, but imitate the gleam  
Of the false lake—they are not what they seem ;  
The flippant vision sparkles in the sun,  
Then fades in death, and leaves the world undone.

Yes, that fair form “now risen from the dust,  
Of graceful carriage and proportions just,”  
That “visage beaming with celestial light,”  
“Fresh as the morn and as the day-star bright,”

Beneath the curse, must soon to dust return,  
The senseless tenant of some silent urn.  
The worm must feed upon that glowing cheek,  
That tongue of eloquence must cease to speak,  
That eye forget its beam—no art can save  
Those manly features from their destined grave.  
But the dark future in her hidden womb,  
Holds deeper secrets—far below the tomb  
A prison frowns; a mansion of despair,  
The deathless worm, the flames unquench'd are there!  
Severed from God, the soul without resource,  
Helpless and hopeless, speeds her downward course;  
And while the mortal wreck unheeding lies,  
Hers is the sterner death that never dies.  
Rise then, Immanuel, victor o'er the strife,  
Proclaim thine own free boon of light and life!  
By thee the streams of reconciling love  
For ever flowing from the fount above,  
Ordered of God, obedient to his plan  
Of perfect holiness, descend to man.

Hail, word of promise, graciously bestowed  
Ere man was driven from his blest abode,  
Promise of joy—‘The woman’s seed shall tread,  
Though bruised his heel, upon the serpent’s head ;  
Shall level with the dust his rebel brow,  
Then bid him sink to boundless gulphs below ;  
Shall raise our fallen race to loftier height  
Than ere was compassed by thought’s eagle flight,  
To happiness and virtue freely given,  
To God, to glory, to the throne of heaven.’

Lo, blood is stealing o’er the grassy plain :—  
Pride of the flock, by faithful Abel slain ;  
Slain in obedience to His high behest,  
Who gives, then claims, the firstling and the best.  
Strange sacrifice, by reason unexplained !  
Why should those virtuous hands with gore be stain’d ?  
No flesh permitted yet to human need—  
The flame alone must on the victim feed ;  
Flame from the skies descending, radiant sign  
Of heaven’s accord and pardoning love divine.



By faith, not reason, was the offering made ;  
And now that lambent light dispels the shade ;  
The fire celestial bursting into view,  
Consumes the type, and proves the promise true.  
Foreknown of God, before all worlds decreed,  
In time to come, for all mankind must bleed,  
A sinless Lamb—the woman's holy seed.

Meanwhile the promise with the age extends  
Each rolling period some new feature lends,  
To mark its character with various line,  
Unfold its beauty, and its shape define ;  
Just as some germ in nature's fruitful field,  
Pregnant with forms well folded, well conceal'd,  
Shoots and increases with revolving days,  
And part by part, the destined plant displays,  
Uplifts a stem obedient to the shower,  
Then pours a hundred leaves, then blooms a flower.

From Abraham the promised Seed shall spring,  
From Judah's tribe the world accept her king,

From Jesse's root and David's royal line,  
Shall rise, with gentle force, that Branch divine.  
By heaven's own power a virgin shall conceive,  
And Bethlehem's shade the newborn Prince receive ;  
Not till yon temple on Moriah's height,  
Have sunk in flames—a second sprung to sight ;  
Nor till the sceptre of proud Judah's sway  
With all his laws, be trembling in decay ;  
The seventieth week that hallowed birth shall see,  
From Israel's hope renewed, and Persia's kind decree.

Like yon pale star that ushers in the day,  
A royal herald shall prepare his way,  
Proclaim his coming with the Spirit's voice,  
And bid the wilderness in hope rejoice.  
Expected, then, upon the earth shall stand  
The saints' Redeemer, and with mercy's hand—  
Like Moses—yet with power to no man given,  
Shall save and regulate the flock of heaven ;  
Shall bid stout hearts to noble deeds be strung,  
And gently lead the weak, and fold the young

To his warm breast, that in those halcyon days  
Babes may rejoice, and sucklings sing his praise.  
Then like the hart, the lame with joy shall bound,  
The deaf be gladdened with the gospel sound,  
The blind with opened eye behold his face,  
Gaze on his glory, and admire his grace,  
While o'er the desert living waters roll,  
To quench the anxious thirsting of the soul.  
He, girt with faithfulness, and clad with zeal,  
Shall truth celestial to the meek reveal,  
Shall teach the simple and sincere to climb,  
To Zion's gate by virtue's path sublime—  
Himself their pattern, comrade, captain, friend—  
And crown with joy and praise their journey's end.

The mighty God by nature and by name,  
The Lord our righteousness—the true I am—  
He yet shall suffer in our mortal frame!  
From the dry soil the humble plant must grow,  
No wreath of comeliness adorn his brow;

Where shall our glad report attract belief?  
Lowly his form—his visage marred with grief;  
Rejected, scorned, whom no man dares to know—  
Sorrow his friend—his fellowship with woe!  
For us, for us, he bears the chastening rod,  
His are the stripes, and ours is peace with God;  
The silent sufferer to the slaughter led—  
Our sins inflict his wounds, our crime is on his head!

Behold, the slain one shall prolong his day,  
The worm and Hades must resign their prey—  
Like ocean's vista with the moon-beam bright,  
Blazes his "path of life" with heavenly light.  
He lives! he reigns! heaven's gates receive their king,  
"The Captor captive led," applauding angels sing.

While prophecy, unfolding age by age,  
And ever germinant, adorned the page,  
God's ritual law, with pencil nicely true,  
The curious shadows of the future drew.  
Was it to signify the past alone,  
'The paschal victim knew no broken bone.

Food of all Israel, and stained with gore  
The lintel and the posts of every door ?  
Of old where'er that sacred blood was sprent,  
No plague could taint, no deadly shaft be sent ;  
Now, for the soul that bears a lovelier stain,  
Death drops his sting, and Satan's darts are vain.

Once every year a sacred day was kept,  
When Israel for her sins repentant wept,  
And purified afresh, in linen vest,  
Humble but clean, her solemn priest was dress'd.  
Doffed were his gorgeous robes and jewell'd crown,  
The bullock now must for himself atone,  
The goat for all the people ; calm he stands  
Within the veil, the censer in his hands ;  
And while the perfume pours a balmy flood,  
Bedews, seven times, the mercy-seat with blood.  
But now the alternate goat with fillets bound,  
To meet his coming treads the holy ground,  
Allotted to escape, and with him bear  
The sins of Israel into desert air,

Sins, which the priest before the Lord must spread,  
Then lay the burden on his spotless head.  
Away he springs, unconscious and alone,  
And hides his mystic load in lands unknown.  
The guilt he carries can no more return—  
Meanwhile, without the gate, the slaughtered victims  
burn !

The priest in humble garb, and holiest place,  
Conversing with Jehovah face to face—  
The dying beasts that pour the crimson tide—  
The scape-goat o'er the desert wandering wide—  
Pictures of truth with various art combined,  
Their end and substance in *one* Saviour, find.

Saviour, incarnate, glorified, enthroned,  
Whose precious blood for all our race atoned,  
Well versed in death, familiar with the grave—  
A man to sympathise, and God to save—  
Thy prospect spreads interminably bright,  
Thy boundless retrospect is filled with light ;

Unnumbered, infinite, have sped thy years,  
Ere Seraphs sang, or rolled the starry spheres ;  
Centre in thee, past, present, and to come,  
The Father's bosom thy eternal home.

Time saw its fulness, and the Saviour came,  
That messenger divine of hidden name,  
With whom, of yore, was Jacob's covenant made,  
Whom Abraham saw, and trusted, and obeyed ;  
Living Redeemer of the orphan'd sire,  
Who spake to Moses from the bush on fire,  
Before whose feet the awe-struck Joshua bowed,  
Who led all Israel in the flame and cloud ;  
Whose praise the seraphs chaunted as they flew  
When burst his glory on Isaiah's view,  
Ambassador at once, and Lord of heaven—  
When Mary's child was born, the Son of God was given.  
Now is the vast prophetic knot untied,  
The ancient vision cleared and verified ;  
The types and promises to facts apply,  
Each figure finds its own reality—

All meet in Jesus, all in him combine,  
Ten thousand rays in one grand focus join!

Death to the sinful soul the law demands,  
And calls for vengeance at God's holy hands,  
But grace prevails and free remission gives,  
The Saviour died, the ransomed sinner lives.  
No human learning could that problem solve,  
Justice and peace around the cross revolve;  
Faith winged with prayer draws mercy from above,  
And sternest truth amalgamates with love.  
In every age by this appointed way,  
Some souls, redeemed, have sprung to endless day,  
Their faith proportioned to the light bestowed,  
Their end was glory, for they lived to God.  
But who shall speak the solemn soft repose,  
Which on his Saviour's breast the christian knows?  
On Christ the burden of his sins is laid,  
On Christ, in reverent trust, his heart is stayed;  
Contrite yet firm, the alarm of war recedes,  
The Saviour's righteousness alone he pleads;



That plea victorious over Satan's wiles,  
His frown he fears not, for Immanuel smiles ;  
Opened for him is Zion's sacred flood,  
His conscience rests—his soul is cleansed with blood ;  
Let troubles multiply, let pains increase—  
His inward treasure is the pearl of peace.

But mark the unbending rule—no peace within,  
While man's frail bosom is the sport of sin ;  
By passion tost, as miry billows roar,  
And spread pollution, when they lash the shore.  
The deep, deceitful, restless, heart of man,  
Must yield obedience to the gospel plan,  
Renounce its pride, commence a nobler strife,  
Rise from the dust, and struggle into life.

Accepted be the boon of light divine  
That our redeeming God has given to shine  
In every human breast, else wholly dark ;  
Though often weak, yet pure the vital spark ;  
Call it not "conscience"—conscience is the eye  
That spark illumines, or the soul must die ;

The moral truth attracts the mental sight,  
The medium that reveals its form is *light*.  
And God is *light*—from God the source of day,  
Through Him who died and lives, the Truth, the Way,  
Changeless from age to age, proceeds the ray,  
The same in Britain, India, Athens, Rome,  
Man's heart and conscience its appointed home.  
Thus Gentiles who no heavenly code possessed  
On stony tablet, to the law confest  
As read within, though faintly and in part,  
And showed its precepts graven on the heart.  
Like men once dead, but wakened from the tomb,  
Some gifted spirits burst the general gloom,  
In calm retreats, by classic reasoners trod,  
Gave form to virtue, and discoursed of God.  
Yet Grecia's sages but the twilight knew,  
No noonday radiance blazed before their view,  
Around e'en Plato's brows a vail was hung,  
Error with truth distilling from his tongue.

Then hail God's holy page, the gospel hail !  
Unfurl the canvass, spread the swelling sail ;  
Fly forth ye words of truth from shore to shore,  
For heaven's own Sun is risen to set no more !

Gems beyond price the folded book conceals,  
And only Jesus can unloose its seals.  
Lion of Judah, Prince of all the tribes  
That worship God, as heaven itself prescribes,  
Pour thy bright beams, thy Spirit deign to give,  
And teach mankind to understand and live ;  
Anoint the slumbering eye, the stubborn ear,  
Melt the proud heart, inspire the godly fear,  
Convince of sin, and then disclose the tide  
Of blood and water, from thy pierced side,  
That flows for ever ; cleanse thy church within ;  
Sprinkle the nations from their guilt and sin.  
Thou art the one baptizer ; thine the wave  
In which alone the leprous soul can lave ;  
As Naaman erst in Jordan's sacred stream  
Seven times immersed, his cure might fitly deem

A new existence, and himself a child,  
Now soft and pure—once hardened and defiled.  
What though an entrance on the joys of heaven  
Through the one sacrifice be freely given  
To all believers, none indeed believe  
But the regenerate—none but they receive  
The guerdon kept by Jesus for his own.  
Who bear the cross on earth, in heaven shall wear the  
crown.

Bless'd Spirit, like the wind that viewless blows,  
Whence coming, whither fleeing, no man knows,  
Yet armed of heaven to break with giant stroke  
The towering cedar and the spreading oak ;  
Or mildly breathing as a summer breeze,  
Felt to refresh, perceptible to please—  
Spirit of truth—move onward as the wind,  
Break, humble, cleanse, and vivify mankind.

Beneath that sovereign touch, that vital breath,  
The soul emerges from the realms of death,

Escapes her prison—flings her chain away,  
Claims a new life, and rises into day.  
Have ye not marked the verdant pastures gleam  
In diamonds dressed beneath the orient beam,  
Sparkles on every grassy blade a gem,  
On every blossom rests a diadem ;  
So bright, so lovely, is the child of grace,  
In youth, just entered on the christian race ;  
Ardent but tender, pliable yet true,  
Beaming with love, and fresh with heavenly dew.  
What though as years roll on, and shift the scene,  
A calmer, cooler, mood may supervene,  
Yet spreads the root in the deep soil below,  
And riper fruits on firmer branches grow ;  
Well tempered charity, substantial peace,  
Wisdom and fortitude, with years increase ;  
Patience to suffer, meekness to forbear,  
With nice discernment of each hidden snare ;  
The watchful eye ; the ever deepening sense  
Of man's defect, and God's omnipotence ;

The chastened heart, oft prostrate in the dust,  
The stedfast walking, the unbending trust,  
And hope well settled on the joys above,  
The calm reflection of a Saviour's love—  
To perfect day, the just man's path shall shine,  
Thou Holy Comforter, its light is THINE.

Now breathe the spices, now the zephyr blows,  
Spreads the green carpet, God's broad river flows,  
Bursts forth the myrtle, shoots the box, the pine,  
Scents all the grove the twisted eglantine,  
The jasmine pours her stars, with roses crowned  
Sweet Sharon smiles, where once the desert frowned.  
No more impends the death-forboding gloom,  
While sweeps o'er boundless sands the hot simoom,  
Nor wounds the thorn, nor scorpion darts her sting  
Pregnant with death; but round their odours fling,  
Fresh with soft showers, the blossoms of the spring.

Hark, matchless melody! the bridegroom's voice  
Steals o'er the gale and bids his spouse rejoice;

“Awake, my fair one, winter reigns no more,  
The storms are past, the hurricane is o’er,  
Rise from thy couch and tread the dewy lawn,  
The turtle’s note salutes the opening dawn  
All resonant with song, the groves, the bowers,  
And lavish nature fills her lap with flowers.  
To please each sense their early sweets combine,  
The fig just ripening, and the fragrant vine ;  
Ten thousand charms shall bless this hallowed day,  
Arise my love—my fair one, come away.”

Hail new creation ! sovereign work of grace !  
In Paradise shall man regain his place—  
A fruitful field in ancient Eden’s stead  
With pure religion, o’er the world shall spread ;  
Break forth with praise ye mountains, sing ye plains,  
Applaud ye waving woods, for Jesus reigns.  
Yet death still lingers here ; then hail the love,  
That won for man a Paradise above !  
Around the throne, the purchased myriads stand  
Of every kindred, and from every land ;

O'er angel forms celestial garments flow  
Baptized in blood, yet whiter than the snow ;  
The church triumphant claims her Saviour's breast,  
In perfect victory, is PERFECT REST.



## THE CHRISTIAN'S RACE.

“ Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith :” HEB. xii, 1, c.

WHERE classic Elis spreads its level plain,  
Breathless they run a withering crown to gain ;  
No weight impedes them in their rapid flight,  
Their loins are girded, and their vest is light,  
While circling multitudes inflame his soul,  
The victor bounds impetuous to the goal ;  
There, with spread arms, the noble Umpire stands,  
Grace on his lips, the laurel in his hands ;  
The painful struggle once himself had borne,  
The frame exhausted, and the hope forlorn ;

Yet great his victory ; and now serene,  
He pours his golden gifts, and rules the scene.

Speed on believer ! urge thy sacred course,  
Though faint thy nerve, exhaustless thy resource ;  
Defy the stormy blast, the burning sun,  
When weak yet strong, when halt prepared to run ;  
Refreshed by streams which meet no mortal eye,  
Sustained by hidden manna from the sky,  
In simple faith, pursue thy swift career,  
Unchecked by indolence, untamed by fear.  
But O ! beware lest some dear idol, prest  
With strong emotion to thy anxious breast,  
Some favourite passion, some besetting sin,  
Some fond ambition that still lurks within,  
Like golden wedge or leaden weight, be found,  
To bid thy footsteps linger o'er the ground ;—  
Discard, dismiss them all, and free as air,  
To yon pearl gates with ardent hope repair.

Enlivening accents from the apostle's lyre,  
With comfort fraught, and winged with heavenly fire !

But mine the rankling thorn, the wound, the smart,  
The dreary darkness of the lonesome heart,  
The oppressive power of Satan's cumbering wing,  
His foul suggestions and his torturing sting ;  
How can I rise triumphant to behold  
Those gates of pearl, those streets of glass and gold,  
Those purest gems which once on earth were known,  
But now are sparkling in the Saviour's crown ?  
I wrestle not with flesh and blood alone,  
High powers of wickedness inspire the groan,  
The rulers of yon black impending sky,  
Buffet my soul, and bid me curse and die !

Come ! cease thy mourning, stay thy wild lament,  
For thee sweet messengers of joy are sent ;  
Unseen—but yet beholding—round thee stand  
Angelic witnesses, a glorious band,  
Assist thy progress through this vale of woe,  
And tell of climes where tears no longer flow.

Vast was the host proud Syria sent of old,  
To drag Elisha from the embattled hold ;

Alarmed his servant eyed the advancing force,  
The thousand chariots, the unnumbered horse ;  
But friends, from heaven, surrounded,—more were they  
Than all the fœmen of that dread array ;  
And soon unfolding to his wondering view,  
They proved the prophet safe, the promise true.  
Such bright allies against infernal power,  
Camp round the christian in each dangerous hour,  
Pity his conflicts, wipe his useless tears,  
Polish his armour, and dispel his fears.  
Thou child of grace ! for thee a golden tie  
Binds heaven to earth in tenderest sympathy ;  
When to his God one weeping sinner turns,  
Joy in the hearts of myriad angels burns,  
And for salvation's heirs—no gulph between—  
The myriad angels minister unseen.

Nor those pure powers alone who never fell,  
But saints redeemed from sin, and death, and hell,  
Whose stains were purged in Zion's sacred flood,  
Free-born, yet purchased with a Saviour's blood.

Two such were sent on Christ himself to wait,  
Partake his counsels, and assist his state,  
When Hermon's dewy top, or Carmel's height,  
Beheld the Lord, and beam'd with borrowed light.  
Ye ransomed souls, from various land and clime,  
Gathered to glory in your Saviour's time ;  
One faith, one practice, led you to the skies,  
One blood redeemed you, and one song employs !  
Patriarchs and prophets storied in the page  
Which charms and teaches through each passing age,  
The truly great of men, in whom were joined,  
The childlike credence, and the master mind ;  
The simple too yet wise, of every name,  
The watchful, humble, followers of the Lamb ;  
Some dear companions of our happier days,  
Whose modest virtue was their highest praise,  
Though well adorned they were with sight and sense  
And learning's store, and bright intelligence—  
Do they not see thee, mourner, call thee friend,  
Pray God to speed thee to thy journey's end ?

Hail Christian fellowship ! thy comforts prove  
Our faith divine, our God a God of love ;  
Unlike the unions of this changing world,  
Dear for a day— and then to ruin hurl'd—  
Thy band with cords of heavenly strength entwined,  
And yet so soft, so tender, so refined,  
Displays Jehovah's wisdom ; He ordains  
Its gentle force to mitigate our pains.  
One mind pervades the children of the Lord,  
Who draw their wisdom from his written word,  
Renounce the elements of human strife,  
Deeply imbibe the message fraught with life,  
Repent their folly, weep their sin and thrall,  
And rest in Jesus as their all in all.  
One mind—because one Holy Spirit theirs,  
Their light, their strength, the answer to their prayers,  
Their friend to guide them, by no doubtful ray,  
Through all the labyrinths of this darksome day,  
Their cleanser, searcher, soother kindly given,  
The power that seals them as the sons of heaven.

Joined to the head, where the sensorium lies,  
They learn to feel, to love, to sympathize ;  
A mystic body, knit in living bonds—  
One member grieves—each distant nerve responds.  
Yet, while a common life pervades the whole,  
Distinctive features mark each single soul,  
And soul with soul combines, by special ties,  
Peculiar love, and choice affinities.  
As changing form with diverse colour blends,  
God gains his vast variety of ends ;  
Ten thousand forms of fitness spring to view,  
And Zion blooms in beauty ever new.  
Nor is it likeness only that inspires  
The excelling warmth of friendship's heaven-born fires ;  
Far different qualities in union meet,  
That each the other may assist, complete.  
Thus sound discretion, clothed in gentlest love,  
Constrains the rash to admire and then approve ;  
Thus zeal superfluous yields to just controul,  
'Thus weakness leans upon the hardier soul.

I sing of friendship—I have lost a friend,  
Whose faithfulness and truth could never bend ;  
Hers was the cultur'd and the lucid mind,  
The generous heart, the conduct ever kind,  
The temper sensitive yet always mild,  
The frank simplicity of nature's child—  
Nature unspoiled by fashion or by pride,  
And yet subdued by grace, and sanctified ;  
The cheerfulness, devoid of base alloy,  
That bade her speed her even course with joy,  
Yet left full scope, thro' her revolving years,  
For love's fond grief, and pity's softest tears ;  
The abstinence from self—a humble view  
Of all she said, and did, and thought, and knew ;  
The elder's judgment in the youthful frame,  
And love to God and man, a deathless flame.

Ere childhood yet its playful course had run,  
Day's beam from heaven upon her spirit shone,  
Taught her 'twas strength and happiness to pray,  
Led her young footsteps to the narrow way,



And while pure pleasure seemed her cup to fill,  
Gave her to know, the truth is lovelier still.  
Her early covenant not vainly made,  
Like some fair flower, she blossom'd in the shade,  
Till with advancing years affliction came,  
And wan disease oppress'd her slender frame.  
Anxious we watched her, while through many a day,  
In calm repose, on Jesu's breast she lay ;  
Her virtues grew in sorrow's lingering hour,  
Her faith was deepen'd by the Saviour's power,—  
She rose, replenished with abundant grace,  
For larger duties, in a wider space.  
Blest was our union ; all that life endears  
Brightened the current of those rapid years,  
Brightened and swelled—around, her bounty flowed,  
Her soul, enlarging, with fresh fervour glowed ;  
Her views of truth extending more and more,  
As scripture, daily studied, spread its store,  
'T was hers each rougher wave of life to smooth,  
To advise and comfort, elevate and soothe.

Fondly we hoped, when with no faltering voice,  
She bade her friends in Jesus Christ rejoice,  
Fondly we hoped her gifts with years would grow,  
To enlarge, improve, the struggling church below ;  
But God ordained a higher walk of love,  
In boundless regions, with the blest above ;  
The summons came, the accepted hour was given,  
Her sainted spirit smiled, and sprang to heaven.

Sweet to commune with those whose race is run !  
The church in heaven, on earth, in Christ is one ;  
We feel their charity the grave survive,  
Their pure affection cannot cease to live,  
Till that blest moment when at Jesu's feet,  
In heaven's high courts, his people all shall meet,  
For ever joined to the seraphic throng,  
In perfect love, and one harmonious song.

Such then our comrades, such the timely aid  
That helps to wing our footsteps through the shade  
Of life's short course ; but lo ! superior far,  
To every creature, beams the morning star,

Leads and attracts us o'er the toilsome way,  
The glorious herald of eternal day.

Jesus! the Lord and Umpire of the race,  
In thee thy friends ten thousand beauties trace;  
Image of God, to thee my heart appeals,  
The Father's attributes thy face reveals;  
Glory, and grace, and truth that cannot move,  
Unbending holiness, unfathom'd love,  
Omniscient wisdom too, and matchless skill  
To form the soul, and regulate the will;  
Thyself once plunged in sorrow's deepest wave,  
Thou know'st to sympathize, thou know'st to save:  
In thee God's power with human pity blends,  
From thee our faith begins, in thee it ends!

## THE CHILD OF THE LORD.

How bless'd is the child of the Lord,  
When taught of the Father to run,  
When led by the light of his word,  
And cheer'd by the beams of his sun.

He listens with fear and delight,  
To hear what the master shall say ;  
He sleeps on his bosom all night,  
And walks in his love all the day.

Though terrors may compass him round,  
And wildly the tempest may blow ;  
He fears not ; the rock he has found,  
That rock he will never forego.

'T is true that his pilgrimage here  
Is chequer'd with sorrows and fears ;  
'T is true that the cross he must bear,  
And weep in this valley of tears :

But patience, submission, and love,  
Can sweeten the bitterest hours ;  
And hope, from the heaven above,  
Still shines, when the hurricane lowers.

Temptation, 't is true, will assail,  
And trial without and within ;  
And deeply his soul must bewail  
For inward corruption and sin.

But the rags he once counted his own,  
Are consumed in celestial flame,  
And a mantle is over him thrown,  
Wash'd white in the blood of the Lamb.

## ON SILENT WORSHIP.

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LET deepest silence all around  
Its peaceful shelter spread;  
So shall that living word abound,  
The word that wakes the dead.

How sweet to wait upon the Lord  
In stillness and in prayer!  
What though no preacher speak the word,  
A minister is there.

A minister of wondrous skill  
True graces to impart;  
He teaches all the Father's will,  
And preaches to the heart.

He dissipates the coward's fears,  
And bids the coldest glow ;  
He speaks ; and lo ! the softest tears  
Of deep contrition flow.

He knows to bend the heart of steel,  
He bows the loftiest soul ;  
O'er all we think and all we feel,  
How matchless his controul !

And ah ! how precious is his love,  
In tenderest touches given :  
It whispers of the bliss above,  
And stays the soul on heaven.

From mind to mind, in streams of joy,  
The holy influence spreads ;  
'Tis peace, 't is praise, without alloy,  
For God that influence sheds.

'T was thus, where God himself is known  
To shine without a cloud,  
The angel myriads round his throne,  
In solemn silence bowed.

And all were still and silent long,  
Nor dared one note to raise,  
Till burst the vast extatic song,  
And heaven was fill'd with praise.



## THE PAVILION.

“ For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion :” Ps. xxvii, 5.

PAVILIONS and palaces rise o'er the land,  
And noble and wealthy are they that command  
    The pleasure and pomp of the world ;  
Delicious their viands and glowing their wine,  
And gorgeous and dazzling the emblems that shine  
    On the banner by monarchs unfurled.

But vain is their honour, and brief is their day,  
And the presage of night overhangs its display,  
    They riot to wither and die ;  
No charm can enliven the house of the dead,  
Their banquet is past, and the cold worm is fed,  
    Where princes and potentates lie.

The glory that here to the worldling is given,  
Like meteors that gleam in the dark vault of heaven,  
    Is lost in a moment to sight ;  
The sheen of the jewels, the glare of the crown,  
When the angel of death mows the lofty one down,  
    Are quenched in the shadows of night.

There is a pavilion the world cannot see,  
Of heavenly structure, appointed for thee,  
    Thou child of affliction and fears ;  
Dismayed as thou art at the sight of thy sin,  
'T is thine a compassionate Saviour to win,  
    Who wept, and can pity thy tears.

Though the troubler of Israel come in like a flood,  
Thy pardon is sealed with Immanuel's blood,  
    Immanuel calls thee his own ;  
He quiets the storm of the penitent breast,  
And under his shadow permits thee to rest,  
    Till he waft thee away to his throne.

How soft is that shadow, how sure its defence,  
How transcendent its joys o'er the pleasures of sense,  
    Like the joys of the angels above!  
His table with spiritual dainties is spread,  
The wine of the kingdom, the heavenly bread,  
    And his banner is INFINITE LOVE.

## MARTHA AND MARY.

ACTIVE, intent, with friendly ardour fraught,  
Each nerve responding to some busy thought,  
    The faithful Martha strives ;  
In sooth no wonder that for such a guest,  
She deems it duteous to provide the best,  
    For in his life she lives.

Yes in her gentle friend, her lowly Lord,  
She views, with simple faith, the incarnate Word,  
    In whom are all our springs ;  
Beneath that faded form, that eye of grief,  
The piercing vision of her soul's belief,  
    Descries the King of kings.

As Abraham erst his visitants to greet,  
And then to choose and dress the daintiest meat,  
    With eager footsteps ran :  
Upon the mystic three, he joyed to wait,  
While Abraham's Lord himself conversed and ate,  
    Or seemed to eat, with man.

Not vain her labour, yet a better part  
Another chose, who had as warm a heart,  
    And faith as clear and strong ;  
Close at his feet, and level with the dust,  
Adoring Mary sat, in humble trust,  
    And looked and listened long.

The plaint that of the work she missed her share,  
Nor helped to ply the busy housewife's care,  
    Was heard, but heard in vain ;  
The one thing needful was her happier choice,  
To learn of Jesus and in Him rejoice,  
    And that she must retain.

Saviour of men, Immanuel, hear our cry,

Give us for Thee to live, in Thee to die,

O calm the anxious breast ;

However in thy cause we toil or roam,

Still at thy feet provide a peaceful home,

Where we may wait and rest.

## CHRIST THE BRIDEGROOM.

PSALM XLV.

MY thoughts a glorious theme indite,  
And ready is my pen to write,  
    Thou fairest of the fair ;  
And swifter still my tongue to raise,  
To thee an orison of praise,  
    For grace beyond compare.

Then gird thee round with belt and sword,  
Ride on, ride on, thou mighty Lord,  
    Thy majesty display ;  
Well shall thy red right-hand express  
Thy zeal for truth and righteousness—  
    Then prosper on thy way !

Winged by thy power, conviction's dart  
Shall strike through many a rebel heart,  
    Nor pierce all hearts in vain ;  
While every foeman prostrate lies,  
A favoured few shall fall to rise,  
    And die to live again.

O God, above the starry spheres,  
Thy throne is set for endless years ;  
    Pure justice bears thy sword ;  
Virtue and truth engage thy love ;  
Sin draws thy vengeance from above,  
    Rejected and abhorr'd.

Therefore hath God upon thy head  
*Thy* God—the oil of gladness shed,  
    Without compare or measure ;  
From ivory halls with spices stored,  
Perfumes o'er all thy garments poured,  
    Are redolent of pleasure.



The Tyrian maids with gifts attend,  
Before Thee royal virgins bend

    In jewelled drapery sheen ;  
And graceful on thine arm reclines,  
In purest gold from Ophir's mines,  
    Thy partner and thy queen.

O Lady, bow the listening ear,  
My counsel condescend to hear—

    The people once thy own,  
Thy father's house, forget to love,  
So shall the king thy charms approve,  
    Ah ! worship him alone !

Daughter of kings—upon her vest  
See nature's fairest forms exprest

    With golden tissue wove ;  
All glorious is the Bride within,  
By God's free grace redeemed from sin,  
    And heavenly is her love.

Fair princess, in thy father's place  
Shall spring to life a godly race,  
    And rule from shore to shore ;  
Victorious in their Saviour's name,  
With thee they share a deathless fame,  
    And live for evermore !



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