

OCCASIONAL VERSES,

MORAL AND SACRED.

PUBLISHED FOR THE

INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT

OF THE

Candidly SERIOUS and RELIGIOUS.

*By Edward Perronet
Canterbury*

Son of Rev. Vincent Perronet

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^{A, N D}
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M.DCC.LXXXV.

I begged this book from
Mr. Clark, Canterbury, for the
Library of the British Museum.
For particulars of Mr. Perceval
see his letter to "A Companion
to Goddard's Selection of Hymns,"

E R R A T A.

Page 35,	line 14,	for "view,"	read "you."
63,	— 6,	— "odours,"	— "ardors."
65,	— 25,	— "luced,"	— "lucid."
75,	— 7,	dele the word	"then."
79,	— 17,	after "foul,"	insert "in."
132,	— 4,	for "Is,"	— read "'Tis."
133,	— 19,	— "know,"	— "known."
151,	— 1,	— "accurse,"	— "accuse."
166,	— 5,	— "refoate,"	— "roseate."

After line 8, page 199, insert the following :

"That crown be thine, by thee its honours worn,"

published by me, which contains
a biography of many hymn
writers, and a history of dis-
tinct hymns.

This book contains—

"All hail the name of Jesus
which was confessed by a Perceval
though attributed to various persons
John Goddard.

Dec. 12, 1851.



T O T H E

R E A D E R.

THE following miscellaneous productions were not *originally* intended for public view; as they are but the unpremeditated effusions of mere private amusement, and only occasionally shewn, by way of personal respect, to a handful of the friends of the Author; who, having entrusted a copy of these, and many others, to a particular acquaintance, has been at length persuaded to admit of their being made public.

THIS, he is sensible, has the appearance of a still pretence; however, *stale* as it is, it is an absolute truth; and, tho' not of the importance with those contained in the book, is nevertheless as unfeignedly real.

The Author has nothing further to add, than his sincere wishes, that they may be of the service he is sensible is intended by the Editor; who himself, he hopes, has no meaner view, than to render some individual both wiser and better.



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OCCASIONAL



OCCASIONAL VERSES, &c.

A D O R A T I O N.

LET praise to *Thee*, all sov'reign Pow'r, arise,
Who fix'd the mountains, and who form'd the skies!
Who o'er thy works extend'st a *Father's* care;
Whose kind protection all thy works declare.
From the glad climes, where Morn, in radiance drest,
Starts forth refulgent—to the furthest west,
On *Thee* alone the *whole* dependant lies,
And thy rich boon all nature's want supplies.

Hail! *Thou* great *Author* of the extended *whole*!
Revolving seasons bless *Thee* as they roll;
The rising sun points out thy pathless way,
And smiling moons thy midnight paths betray;
The spangling stars in Heaven's ethereal frame,
Shine to thy praise, and sparkle into flame!

By *Thee*, Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter, rise;
Thou giv'st the smiling, *Thou* the frowning skies:
At thy command the soft'ning showers distil,
Till genial rays the teeming furrows fill;

Thy fostering suns o'er all the globe extend,
And, blest by *Thee*, the verdant spires ascend!

See next the product of returning spring :
With joy the woods, with joy the vallies ring !
Alternate each resound His praise aloud ;
And dumb creation shouts the incumbent God !

Thy parent bounty swells the *golden ear*,
And bids the *harvest* crown the fruitful year :
The fruitful year repays the labourer's pain,
The peasant's comfort, and the master's gain.

The winter hoard supplies the winnowing floor,
The beast with fodder, and with bread the poor.
Each from thy hand his destin'd boon receives,
Feeds at thy board, and on thy bounty lives !

Thus all thy works conspicuous worship raise,
And Nature's *whole* proclaims her *Maker's* praise ;
Tells out His acts, and spreads His fame abroad—
Creation's *Fountain!* and the creature's GOD !

ON THE NATIVITY.

Thoughts on 1 Tim. iii. 16.

WAS HE then born, whom all creation owns
Her parent head, and fountain of her being ?
And was HE made, who was Himself, of all
That can be made, the maker and sole heir !
By whom, and for, all beings that have been,
Or are, or shall, must or exist or die ?

And

And was HE seen, who, in the only place
Where spirits see, could not be visible,
But as he pleas'd to cover or unveil ?

And did HE walk, whose Deity had rode
On cherub's wings, that swift out fly the light ?

Did HE too labour as an hir'd man
Who wrought for bread, whose hands without fatigue
Created worlds, and sported with the toil ?

And did HE sue for water to allay
His own desire, when weariness and thirst
Compell'd the Fountain, whence all springs are fill'd,
And filling flow, to ask an humble draught
From hands that ought to've wash'd his feet with tears ?

And did HE pray, to whom all prayer is made,
And praying agonize, as if in fear,
Or fearful doubt, his suit should be denied ?

And was HE scourg'd, whose hands with lenient
cords

Had lash'd the conscience of his base revilers ?
And naked nail'd, whose arm had cloath'd the skies
With bright enamel, and the earth with green,
To Calvary's cross ? O draw the nail ! yet not !
For on it hangs the hope of worlds unborn !
And thine who read'st, if reading thou can'st see.
But, hark ! HE's gone ! and with him all that can ;
Man's loss or gain, eternal as complete !

All Nature sighs ! Hell heard the expiring groan,
And central shudders at the dreadful echo !
But Heaven exults ! and so do thou, my soul,
For whom the whole, here register'd, was done !

ON THE CRUCIFIXION.

WHO hath believed the REPORT? Isa. liii. 1.

I.

CALM as the midnight is my soul,
When underneath the **BLOODY TREE**;
'Tis there my thoughts sublimely roll,
Revolving on that **MYSTERY**!

II.

There I behold, lift up on high,
The mark of unrelenting scorn;
The **GOD** whose wisdom form'd the sky,
The man of griefs—forsook, forlorn.

III.

The man, at whom the **FATHER** cries,
“Awake, O sword! and vengeance take
“On **HIM**, who now devoted lies
“A surety for the sinners sake!

IV.

“Spare not his body, nor his soul;
“On him the whole demand shall lie:
“Himself has undertook the whole,
“And he the whole shall satisfy.

V.

“HE only shall the **WINE-PRESS** tread,
“The dregs of my displeasure taste:
“On **HIM**, and on his guiltless head,
“The weight of my revenge shall rest.”

VI.

Is this then HE that comes from far,
 From EDOM with his garments dy'd ?
 Is this the bright, the morning STAR,
 Eclips'd, as mourning for his bride ?

VII.

Is this the Father's only Son,
 The image of himself unseen ;
 The fulness of the THREE in ONE,
 In likeness of the sons of men ?

VIII.

In whom I view th' incarnate GOD,
 An ISAAC on the altar slain ;
 No angel there to stay that rod,
 Or bid, " Re-sheath the sword again."

IX.

There, then, I see the Prince of Peace,
 Lord of the living and the dead,
 Pour from his wounded sides recess
 The last rich drop he has to shed.

X.

'Tis there I see each legal type,
 Dreadful unfolded to my view,
 The PASCAL LAMB for slaughter ripe,
 The great burnt-offering burnt anew.

XI.

There too, with them who stood around
 His cross, with tearful eyes, I see
 Fresh mysteries streaming from that wound,
 That, as it streams, atones for me !

XII.

There, with the mother of her Lord,
 Whose soul the sword of anguish pierc'd,
 I seem to share the sad record,
 And weep, with her, the scene rehears'd.

XIII.

There I behold the mighty sun
 In darkness plunge his visual rays ;
 And there the pale and shiv'ring moon,
 For sorrow seems to veil her face.

XIV.

All Nature feels the direful shock,
 As Nature's self abhorr'd their deeds ;
 While Jewish hearts, more hard than rock,
 Revile the Sufferer as he bleeds.

XV.

'Tis there I see what sin deserves,
 'Tis there I see what sin has done,
 When on that cross mine eye observes
 The Father's co-eternal SON !

XVI.

There I bewail, with downcast eyes,
 My own ingratitude and shame ;
 How much I need, yet little prize,
 The merits of the bleeding LAMB !

XVII.

'Tis there, in types of blood, I read,
 What Justice might have done to me ;
 Transferr'd from my offending head,
 And nail'd with Jesus to the tree.

XVIII.

'Tis there, between two thieves, I view
 The only innocent and just ;
 The GOD of all, who all things knew,
 Humbled with FELONS to the dust.

XIX.

'Tis there, with wonder, I behold,
 What Patriarchs once could scarce conceive ;
 Nor Prophets, tho' themselves foretold,
 For wonder, easily believe.

XX.

There I behold th' angelic throng
 Bending o'er Heaven's eternal steep ;
 While Seraphs, struck, suspend their song,
 And high Archangels seem to weep !

XXI.

There GABRIEL, foremost of the choir,
 Hangs o'er his harp with melting eye,
 To see the GOD that did inspire
 That harp with life, ACCURSED die !

XXII.

Nor seems ev'n Hell without its share ;
 Seiz'd with distractions wild amaze,
 Their eyelids flash more horrid glare,
 As scorch'd with flames of fiercer blaze.

XXIII.

Their loss bewail'd with shriller cries,
 Their fall a fate no tongue can tell ;
 But sunk as judgment seems to rise,
 They deeper sink to deeper Hell !

XXIV.

XXIV.

The foul ARCH-FIEND, with BRUISED head,
 Now shudders for his future doom ;
 While SIN and DEATH united dread
 The approaching triumph of the Tomb*.

XXV.

All this, and more, methinks I see,
 By FAITH'S strong realizing eye ;
 My curse all cancel'd on that tree
 On which the TREE OF LIFE did die !

XXVI.

“ But when (I ask) did this begin ?
 “ Who first such thoughts of love could dare ?
 “ With art divine condemn the sin,
 “ And yet the sinner kindly spare ?”

XXVII.

I ask'd, and, as I listen'd, heard
 This gracious answer to my plea :
 “ Ere yet creation's self appear'd,
 “ Or aught but DEITY could be :

XXVIII.

“ Ere the bright orb that lights the day,
 “ Or that fair lamp that gilds the night ;
 “ Ere shone the stars, whose cluster'd ray
 “ Adorns the firmament with light :

XXIX.

“ High as the FOUNT from whence it flow'd,
 “ Deep as the source from whence it sprung ;
 “ Ere seraph forms extatic glow'd,
 “ Or morning stars their mattins sung,

* *The Resurrection.*

XXX.

XXX.

“ This mystery of LOVE began
 “ Its source in HIS eternal mind,
 “ Who GOD with GOD, as man with man,
 “ Then sware to rescue lost mankind.

XXXI.

“ In that great moment all was fix'd;
 ‘ I come (he cries) to do thy will :
 ‘ Be judgment but with mercy mix'd,
 ‘ And I her vengeance will fulfil.

XXXII.

‘ I will the sinner's curse sustain,
 ‘ I will the debt of justice pay ;
 ‘ The LAW's long injur'd rights regain,
 ‘ And bear the injurer's guilt away !’

XXXIII.

“ His word th' incarnate surety kept ;
 “ And, well prepar'd to feel the smart,
 “ Thy surety has discharg'd the debt,
 “ And snatch'd its dagger from thy heart :

XXXIV.

“ Took on himself the load of sin,
 “ Content to bear IMPUTED guilt,
 “ He still remain'd untaint within,
 “ And spotless as the blood he spilt.

XXXV.

“ Be then His acts thy wonder's joy,
 “ Thy life the witness of His love ;
 “ Its sweet descant thy sweet employ,
 “ Till sown in death it blooms above.

XXXVI.

XXXVI.

“ Where long as Heav’n itself shall live,
 “ Long as the GOD that died for thee ;
 “ So long His love shall life survive,
 “ And Saints revolve the MYSTERY !”

ON THE RESURRECTION.

I.

ALL hail the power of JESU’S name !
 Let Angels prostrate fall ;
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 To crown Him LORD of All.

II.

Let high-born Seraphs tune the lyre,
 And, as they tune it, fall
 Before His face who tunes their choir,
 And crown Him LORD of All.

III.

Crown Him, ye morning stars of light,
 Who fix’d this floating ball ;
 Now hail the strength of ISRAEL’S might,
 And crown Him LORD of All.

IV.

Crown him, ye martyrs of your GOD,
 Who from His ALTAR call ;
 Extol the stem of JESSE’S rod,
 And crown Him LORD of All.

V.

Ye seed of ISRAEL's chosen race,
 Ye ransom'd of the fall,
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
 And crown Him LORD of All.

VI.

Hail Him, ye heirs of DAVID's line,
 Whom David LORD did call;
 The GOD incarnate, man DIVINE;
 And crown Him LORD of All.

VII.

SINNERS! whose love can ne'er forget
 The WORMWOOD and the GALL,
 Go—spread your trophies at His feet,
 And crown Him LORD of All.

VIII.

Let every tribe, and every tongue,
 That bound creation's call,
 Now shout in universal song,
 The CROWNED LORD OF ALL!

THE LORD IS KING.

Pfalm xcvi 10.

I.

HAIL, holy, holy, holy LORD!
 Let Pow'rs immortal sing;
 Adore the co-eternal WORD,
 And shout, THE LORD IS KING!

II.

II.

To THEE all Angels cry aloud,
 Thy name hofannas ring ;
 Around thy throne their myriads crowd,
 And shout, THE LORD IS KING !

III.

Hail Him, they cry, ye sons of light,
 Of joy the eternal spring ;
 Praise Him who form'd you by his might,
 And shout, THE LORD IS KING !

IV.

Low at His feet, ye Seraphs, fall ;
 His praise, ye Cherubs, sing :
 Shout, all ye Heav'ns, on whom we call,
 O shout, THE LORD IS KING !

V.

Hail Him, ye faints, whose love for you
 Hath drawn the monster's sting :
 O render to the LORD His due,
 And shout, THE LORD IS KING !

VI.

Let SALEM's sons their pow'rs employ,
 And strike the chorded string ;
 While choral bands, with bursts of joy,
 High shout, THE LORD IS KING !

VII.

Cry out and shout, fair ZION's land !
 Ye priests, your offerings bring :
 Watchmen ! that on her ramparts stand,
 And shout, THE LORD IS KING !

VIII.

Rise from the dust, ye Heirs of Grace,
 And, with expanded wing,
 Ascend to Him who fills all space,
 And shout, THE LORD IS KING !

IX.

Let worlds above, and worlds below,
 In songs united sing ;
 And, while eternal ages flow,
 Loud shout, THE LORD IS KING !

THE MASTER'S YOKE—THE
 SCHOLAR'S LESSON.

Learn of me. Matt. xi. 29.

I.

O Grant me, Lord, that sweet content,
 That sweetens every state ;
 Which no internal fears can rent,
 Nor outward foes abate.

II.

THOU wilt keep him in perfect peace,
 (Thy word the truth hath said)
 Who, cloth'd with thy great righteousness,
 Thy arm his strength has made.

C

III.

III.

Grant me then, LORD, a contrite heart,
 A meek and quiet breast ;
 Thy own unspotted mind impart,
 Thy own unshaken rest.

IV.

That REST for humble souls prepar'd,
 The bosom of thy love ;
 Where PATIENCE finds her full reward,
 When perfected above.

V.

Give me then grace this rest to seek,
 And, as I seek, to find ;
 My heart all pure, my soul all meek,
 The copy of thy mind.

VI.

So shall I know thy utmost power,
 Thy utmost glory prove ;
 And in eternity adore
 The matchless gift of LOVE !

THE WAY-FARING MAN.

A PARODY.

I.

THE wand'ring pilgrim treads his road,
 In search of Happiness and God !
 Undaunt he ventures on his way,
 Tho' tost by night as tir'd by day :
 In hopes, when every toil is o'er,
 To land upon the eternal shore.

II.

When tempests howl and storms arise,
 That shake the turrets of the skies;
 When waves as mountain billows foam,
 His faith still *eyes* the promis'd home;
 In hopes, when every toil is o'er,
 To land upon the eternal shore.

III.

When round the altar's sacred mount,
 His joys their former griefs recount,
 His tried companions join the throng,
 And shout the universal song:
 " O may we, when those toils are o'er,
 " All safely tread the eternal shore.

THE GOLDFINCH.

A PARODY.

I.

WHILE o'er the mountain's top I climb,
 Nor wait the slow return of time;
 As longing more for SALEM's springs,
 Than all the pageantry of kings;
 Forgive me that I thirst to see
 The mystic depths of CALVARY.

II.

O let me join the angelic throng,
 That o'er the *Cross* suspend their song ;
 And look, with tearful eyes, to view
 The man that once on earth they knew,
 Now bleeding on the accursed tree,
 And muse the depths of CALVARY.

III.

Till warm'd my heart with mystic flame,
 I long to share the glorious shame ;
 And, as I feel the sacred fire,
 Myself a sacrifice expire :
 From thence remount to Heav'n, and see
 The eternal depths of CALVARY !

THE COMPLAINT.

I.

SEQUESTER'D from the world of noise,
 And absent as from GOD,
 The chasten'd sufferer hears His voice,
 And greets the sacred rod :
 With ceaseless sighs his sin he moans,
 While Mercy echoes to his groans.

II.

Just like a base, unthankful child,
 The father's graceless heir,
 When conquer'd by correction mild,
 And trembling to draw near,
 The prodigal scarce lifts his eye,
 But heaves the deep reflective sigh.

III.

So thus the prodigal of grace,
 Late wander'd from his home,
 When forc'd to see a Father's face,
 Who meekly bids him "COME,"
 With twice ten thousand nameless pangs,
 O'er the returning stray he hangs.

IV.

And thus the bowels of that Breast
 That once for sinners bled,
 Are still with equal love imprest,
 And still extends its aid:
 The only friend that sinners have
 To plead their cause—or them to save!

T H E T E M P E S T.

I.

IN storms and tempest still I dare
 The danger of ten thousand waves;
 And cast my all upon His care,
 Whose arm ten thousand deaths outbraves.

II.

With JESUS o'er the deep I sail,
 Tost to and fro with every wind;
 The stormy blast or shiv'ring gale,
 If so I may the haven find.

III.

But, ah ! the thousand fears I feel,
 The thousand dangers yet unpaſt :
 The rocks o'er which I have to reel,
 Ere makes my ſoul the Port at laſt.

IV.

But O, my God ! if thou art near,
 Or preſent in the ſhip with me ;
 What has ev'n unbelief to fear ?
 When loſt—I'm only loſt with Thee !

THE CONFLICT, OR CONQUEST
 OVER THE CONQUEROR.

Gen. xxxii. 24.

I.

I WOULD, if wiſhing would but do,
 Be all thou bid'ſt me *be* :
 Yet what but ſhades do I purſue,
 Till fight diſcovers THEE ?

II.

Till with my arms of faith I can
 Command the riſing ſcale ;
 And wreſtling both with GOD and *man*,
 O'er GOD and *man* prevail.

III.

Till, JACOB like, I hold Thee fast;
 Nor let the Wrestler go;
 But wrestling till the night is past,
 Myself the Conqueror know.

IV.

O might I then with JACOB meet,
 With JACOB wrestle on,
 Till falls the Conqueror at my feet,
 And owns Himself OUTDONE!

AN ALPHABETIC PRAYER.

ALL wise! all good! all glorious Lord of all!
 Before whose throne th' angelic armies fall,
 Creation's sons thy majesty adore,
 Declare thy greatness and confess thy pow'r.
 Each day preserv'd—each day thy creatures own
 Fresh mercies granted, and fresh favours shewn.
 Grant then for each—what best for all must prove,
 Heav'n here on earth, and then thy heav'n above.
 In all thou dost, thy hand in all be seen,
 Justice and truth, while mercy shines between.
 Kept from all harm—as from all foul offence,
 Lust's dark defile—and pride's ambitious sense,
 Make every heart the temple for its God;
 Nor leave a thought that can provoke his rod.

Of all thy gifts—thy holiness bestow,
 Purer than light, and whiter than the *snow*.
 Quicken our souls—till, purified our mind,
 Reason shall bend—submissive as refin'd!
 Soft spicy gales from EDOM'S groves shall spring,
 The stream shall murmur, and the turtle sing;
 Vain thoughts shall die—while thoughts of GOD shall
 rise,
 Unmoor our hearts, and waft us to the skies;
 With martyr'd saints we'll croud the ethereal coast,
 Xerxes out-number, and defy his host;
 Yon sacred spires announce the pilgrims home;
 ZION'S fair mount—and GOD'S eternal DOME!

T H E S E C O N D P S A L M.

I.

WHY rage the heathen with their mad design?
 The nations why so foolishly combine?
 Their work of nothing and themselves undone:
 Earth's haughty monarchs have united rose,
 Princes confederate their arms oppose
 Against the LORD (of hosts) and his anointed SON!

II.

“ Let us,” say they, “ their bands in funder break,
 “ Their yoke discharge from off our servile neck,
 “ Nor slavish wear the ever-galling chain:”
 But HE that sitteth far above all height
 Hath seen their malice, and their fell despite,
 And laughs to scorn their impotence profane.

III.

Then shall He speak in thunder's awful sound,
 With fore displeasure compass them around,
 And with (unheard) amaze their startled conscience
 fill :

“ Spite of their aim invidious to defeat
 “ My great designs—behold my hand shall set
 “ My fav’rite King upon my Holy Hill !”

IV.

There will I preach the law, whereof the Lord
 Of old hath spoke—there will I seal the word,
 “ Thou art my Son, this day will I beget
 “ Mine image in thee—therefore to thy hands
 “ I give all nations, and earths utmost lands,
 “ And there thy throne and thy dominion set :

V.

“ There shalt thou reign, and, ruling as a GOD,
 “ Shall bruise in pieces with an iron rod
 “ Thy foes and mine—who would not own thy
 “ sway :

“ Be wise, ye kings—ye monarchs, hear and learn,
 “ Ye partial judges—behold you I warn,
 “ Against the vengeance of that judgment day !”

VI.

“ Go kiss the Son ! lest by delay you grieve,
 “ Or scorn’d provoke—and force His love to leave.
 “ Your souls to perish in the gulph of death :
 “ Since, if His wrath be but a moment stirr’d,
 “ Blest are the men, who, trusting on His word,
 “ Embrace the hand whose potence gave them
 “ breath !”

THE SOUND AND ODOUR.

Altered from HERBERT.

I.

HOW sweetly doth "my MASTER" sound to me,
 More sweet than harp or harper's melody :
 And to my taste more sweet than amber smell,
 Of ARAB'S spices—or what seers tell
 Of SHARON'S rose—save that my MASTER'S He,
 Who only can with SHARON'S rose agree.

II.

With these by day I hold him sweet converse,
 And thro' the night my sleeping dreams rehearse :
 Or wakeful muse—while murmurs every thought,
 Till by communion into vision brought,
 His form I view—His matchless features trace,
 And think I see the GODHEAD in His face.

III.

My fluttering heart awaits His blissful smile,
 To bless my labours, and accept my toil ;
 For labour's rest and toil for Him is ease,
 When HIM alone, and not myself, I please :
 Thus pleas'd we're both — each plight our mutual
 word,
 He calls me " *Servant*"—as I call Him, " LORD."

IV.

Yet ah ! how short the service I can pay
 Of His high worth ! But this I'll do—I'll say,
 ' MASTER, I'm thine—and what more can I be ;
 ' If aught's beyond—this must depend on Thee :
 ' To this I stand—do thou but say, " well done,"
 ' And then we finish where we first begun ! "

THOUGHTS ON HEBREWS XII.

I.

A WAKE, my soul—arise !
 And run the heavenly race :
 Look up to Him who holds the prize,
 And offers thee the grace.

II.

The rich reward of love,
 By faith held forth to view ;
 The crown that martyrs wear above,
 And now held forth to view.

III.

Say not, " Who will bestow,
 " Or who the gift secure ? "
 Go after your FORERUNNER, go,
 And find the promise *sure*.

IV.

IV.

Shake off the carnal dust,
 That clogs your ling'ring speed ;
 Nor longer in your *idols* trust,
 The living or the dead :

V.

Each fordid, low desire,
 Each heart-corroding care,
 Each *sin* that would thy death conspire,
 And chain thee to despair.

VI.

Start from the *goal* of earth,
 And, fill'd with humble zeal,
 Aspiring to thy second birth,
 Its sacred influence feel.

VII.

Borne on the wings of faith,
 Thro' suffering, grief, or pain :
 In patience tread the martyr'd path,
 Till hope the prize shall gain.

VIII.

Till HE, who once of old
 Himself the race did run,
 JESUS, the full reward unfold,
 And snatch thee to His throne †

THOUGHTS ON JOB, XIX. 25.

I.

“ **I** KNOW that my Redeemer lives,”
 He lives who died for *me* ;
 And when His voice the dead revives,
 I shall His glory see.

II.

I shall before His presence stand,
 And, 'ray'd in robes divine,
 Be found a star at His right hand,
 And as a star shall shine.

III.

I shall in righteousness behold
 The beauties of His face ;
 And, with the cloud of saints of old,
 Adore His sov'reign grace.

IV.

I shall, tho' worms this flesh consume,
 To purer mansions rise ;
 And, mounting from the narrow tomb,
 Explore the unbounded skies.

V.

I shall of *Him* who died for me
 Be made a *Priest* and *King* ;
 And then, thro' all eternity,
 The King of Glory sing !

O N G O O D F R I D A Y.

DIES HE that lives!--does then the IMMORTAL die?
 Can Reason hear, nor ask the reason why?
 Does HE expire like frail mortality,
 Whose breath is LIFE—His days ETERNITY?
 He does—but why?—look, infidel, within;
 Offended justice, and uncancel'd sin,
 Each now no more—the debt eternal paid,
 And full redemption—full atonement made.
 “*Father, forgive*”—Forgive,” the SPIRIT cries:
 “ ’Twas man that sin’d; but ’tis thy *Son* that dies!”

O N T H E F A L L E N A N G E L S.

WONDER! forbear—nor curious seek to pry
How forms create, so holy and so high,
 Could thus offend—and in that presence dare
 Announce their treason, and its rights aver!
 Enough, they fell—and fell thro’ pride, deplore,
 What lost by them, is lost to find no more.
 Thy marvel this—that man rebell’d the same,
 Should that obtain, so dread denied to them!
 Who took his nature—HE his curse endur’d,
 From ruin rescu’d, and his peace procur’d.
 But why such grace—or why such favour giv’n,
 Is best referr’d, as best resolv’d in HEAV’N.

O N - S L E E P.

EMBLEM of death ! as is its couch the *Grave*,
 Doom'd to contain the *Coward* and the *Brave* ;
 Where sleep reclin'd, the *guilty* and the *pure*,
 Alike intomb'd—*sequester'd* and *secure* ;
 Reserv'd alike in that dread hour to wake,
 Destin'd to stand—and each their *destine* take.
 Peace to the *last*—while judgment marks the *first*,
 Ere yet arraign'd—accursing; and accurst.
 Rais'd from their bed, to wrap in sleep no more,
 Reviv'd they gaze, and *horribly* adore.
 Oh, fatal sleep ! that thus awak'd to woe,
 No longer ease—no longer rest shall know !
 'E'en *here* a foretaste of that keener *steel*,
 That *fools* have mock'd—and dying *fools* must feel.

THE POWER OF DIVINE VENGEANCE,

A SACRED SONNET.

I.

WHEN God for sin shall death demand,
 Who can before His judgment stand !
 The proud shall bend—the mighty fall,
 Before the Lord, the Judge of all.

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U.

II.

JUSTICE can make the *Heav'ns* afraid,
 And brightest Cherubs hide their head,
 From Him who sits upon the throne,
 For He is pure, and He alone.

III.

Compar'd with whom, all beings made
 Are but the shadows of a shade:
 Nought have but what He deigns to give,
 In whom they move, by whom they live.

IV.

How then shall mortals bear the sight
 Of such a God, and such a height!
 The sons of Adam—all unclean,
 In guilt conceiv'd, and born in sin.

V.

Yet ev'n of these, there yet shall stand
 Before His throne, and on each hand,
 A royal race, by Him redeem'd,
 Whom God approv'd, tho' men blasphem'd.

VI.

O might my lot with theirs be cast,
 Who, found in Him, shall stand at last
 Bold in His sight, by fear unaw'd,
 And face the purity of God*.

* 1 *John*, iii. 2.

A P R A Y E R F O R M E R C Y,

Or Thoughts on Psalm cxix. 94.

I.

I F *I am thine*, wilt not thou save,
And hide me from my foe ;
Vouchsafe the blessing that I crave,
And, as I ask—bestow.

II.

If *I am thine*, wilt thou not hear,
And grant me this request,
That I at least thy name may fear,
Tho' joy forsake my breast.

III.

If *I am thine*, thou canst but save,
For then *thyself* art mine :
If not—thou canst *adopt* a slave,
And make him heir with thine.

IV.

Thou canst with perfect ease perform
Whate'er thy pleasure will ;
A sinner to a saint transform,
Tho' found a sinner still.

V.

Such power to thee, my God, belongs,
And to thy name alone ;
And such the triumph of their songs,
Whom Mercy makes her own.

VI.

If then thy love this grace will shew,
 This gift on me confer,
 I shall find rest where'er I go,
 And Heav'n be always near.

VII.

I shall with *Israel's* flock be found,
 That lost, but ransom'd race ;
 And shout, thro' one eternal round,
 The love that saves by grace !

T H O U G H T S O N J O B, I. 21

I.

NAKED into the world I came,
 And naked I return ;
 My covering nothing but my shame,
 My nakedness I mourn.

II.

Stript of the image of my GOD,
 Unfit for angel-eyes,
 I wander here a naked clod,
 Tho' form'd to scale the skies.

III.

My first *progenitor*, by sin
 Corrupted as defil'd,
 Has deep entail'd his guilty stain
 On each apostate child.

IV.

For this, of every comfort shorne,
 For this, himself he lost ;
 While we, his wretched offspring, mourn
 The price our ruin cost.

V.

But O, thou second *Adam*, come,
 And clothe my naked soul ;
 Reverse the sentence of my doom,
 And make my nature whole !

IV.

Thine image on my heart impress,
 Thy righteousness divine ;
 That, walking in thy glorious dress,
 I may in glory shine !

C H R I S T E X A L T E D.

I.

I AM HE that *was* and *is* ;
 I am HE that's yet to come :
 I am HE that ever lives,
 Dead, but risen from the tomb !
 I am HE whom SERAPHS OWN,
 And before my footsteps fall ;
 High on an eternal throne,
 LORD ! and ruler over all !

II.

THOU art HE ! who all things made,
 And to whom all things shall bow ;
 Nature's fountain, and her HEAD,
 Everlasting LORD art thou !
 Everlasting priest and king,
 Head o'er all of GOD to men :
 GOD and man—o'er all we sing,
 God and man with thee we reign !

THE SINNER'S JOY.

I AM *he* for whom HE died,
 HE whom highest heav'ns adore ;
 GOD ! the Saviour crucified,
 GOD ! the blest for evermore.
 GOD ! the blest, the great I am !
 LORD of all the worlds above :
 Sing, ye faints, the Saviour's name,
 Sing, ye faints, the Saviour's love !

THE SPIRITUAL PATIENT.

I.

COME—O come, thou good Physician,
 Healer of the wounded soul ;
 See my sad and sore condition,
 View me, LORD, and speak me *whole*.

II.

Stricken—smitten—wounded—bruised,
 All disease thro' every part;
 Long I have thy help refused,
 Long denied thy healing art.

III.

But at length convinc'd—confounded,
 Now thy healing art I crave;
 And believe my hope well grounded,
 Thou wilt not refuse to save.

IV.

Envy, wrath, and low resentment,
 Never can have place in thee:
 LOVE thou art—if mix'd with judgment,
 And they both shall plead for ME.

A HYMN ON ISAIAH, LXV. 19.

I.

GOD of Jacob, bend thine ear,
 Thou that hearest—hear the pray'r;
 Thou whom here we seek again,
 Wilt thou let us "*seek in vain?*"

II.

O thou, *Israel's* strength and head!
 Hast thou not to JACOB said,
 "Call upon me yet again,
 "For thou shalt not *seek in vain?*"

III.

III.

LORD! we hold THEE to thy word,
 Plead the promise on record;
 Trust thine honour to maintain,
 That we shall not *seek in vain*.

IV.

Only let thy love incline
 All our hearts to pray with thine;
 Then, however mean *our strain*,
 We can never *seek in vain* :

V.

But shall in due time receive
 All thy truth hath sworn to give;
 And, while endless years remain,
 Know we did not *seek in vain*.

THOUGHTS ON CANTICLES, V.

I.

INTO my garden, lo! I come,
 To taste the spikenard's rich perfume,
 The *spices* of my grace:
 Into my garden will I come,
 To take my love, my fair-one home,
 And seal the last embrace.

II.

Into my garden am I come,
 To breathe the *lily's* soft perfume,
 That scents the sacred grove ;
 To bless the vale of heav'nly flowers,
 Where keeps the spouse her happiest hours,
 And waits her last remove.

III.

“ I COME ”—the bridegroom gently cries :
 “ O COME, ” the gentle bride replies,
 “ And smooth the rugged road :
 “ He comes ! His chariot-wheels I hear !
 “ He comes ! and shall my spirit bear
 “ TO HIS UNSEEN abode ! ”

THE SINNER'S RESOLUTION.

I.

LET the world ask what they will,
 And let Heav'n their wish fulfil ;
 This be that for which I cry,
 Save me, *Jesus*, or I die.

II.

“ Dost thou ask—what shall I give ? ”
 LORD ! I ask that I may live ;
 And thro' all my life may cry,
 Save me, *Jesus*, or I die.

III.

III.

“ Speak again, what wouldst thou have ;
 “ Thinkest thou that I can save ? ”
 Yes, my *God*—I do, and cry,
 Save me, *Jesus*, or I die.

IV.

Nor do think—the thing I ask,
 Is for thee too great a task ;
 Thou, whose wisdom built the sky,
 Sure *can save me from to die.*

V.

Nothing, *Lord*, is hard to thee,
 Nor impossible to *me* :
 If thou wilt but hear the cry,
 Save me, *Jesus*, or I die.

VI.

Here, then, would I make my moan,
 Till I shake the eternal throne ;
 Till I hear my God reply,
 “ Go in peace—thou shalt not die ! ”

THE SURE PETITION.

I.

O THAT I might for asking have,
 What well I know my soul would save ;
 'Twould then be seen, beyond a doubt,
 Whether I would be sav'd or not.

II.

I could not, surely, be so base,
As to reject so rich a grace,
That bids me only ask and have
What well I know my soul would save.

III.

Come then, my GOD, the offer make;
I ask thee, Father, for His sake,
Who died for this, that I might have
What well I know my soul would save.

IV.

Repentance, faith, and pard'ning love,
The hope assur'd of heav'n above;
All thou can'st give, or I can have,
That, well I know, my soul would save.

V.

This then I ask, and now believe,
In asking that I shall receive;
And rise with Him—who left the grave,
With full resolve my soul to save.

CEASING FROM SELF.

I.

I W O U ' D be all that I am not,
And every thing I ought;
My soul without a single spot,
And pure in every thought.

E

II.

II.

I wou'd be patient, gentle, mild,
 In every wish resign'd ;
 The model of a little child,
 To every good inclin'd.

III.

I wou'd be prudent, kind, and meek,
 In love each wound receive ;
 When smitten, turn the other cheek,
 And then the foe forgive.

IV.

I wou'd in pain, in grief, and loss,
 Be thankfully content ;
 Look up to Him who bore his cross,
 And on to *Calvary* went.

V.

I wou'd be all I ought to be ;
 Thro' grace it shall be done :
 My God, I would be all like Thee,
 And that is all in ONE !

THE EXILE'S COMPLAINT.

I.

AH, woe is me ! constrain'd to dwell
 In *Mesech's* dark abode ;
 With *Kedar's* tents, like *Moloch's* cell,
 Remote from Israel's God.

II.

No more the Charmer's voice I hear,
 Nor Zion's temple see ;
 No more her songs delight my ear,
 With sacred melody.

III.

How long, my God, how long shall I
 Be banish'd thus from home ?
 O hear thy exile's mournful cry,
 And, at my crying, come.

THE SINNER'S WISH.

I.

I WOULD, THOU know'st how fain I would
 Be all thou bidst me be :
 And so would I—if so I could,
 Be what thou art to me.

II.

Holy, benign, sincere, and just,
 In every work and word ;
 Put all my confidence and trust
 In thee, my gracious LORD.

III.

But I, alas ! am all impure,
 Unrighteous, and unclean ;
 My will perverse, my heart obdure,
 My every action *sin*.

IV.

Nor *can* I be but what I am,
 Till thou my soul renew :
 Increas'd my guilt and guilty shame,
 With every day, I view.

V.

Since day by day my sins increase,
 And every day my state,
 I fear—ere yet my moments cease,
 But aggravates its fate.

VI.

But O, my God ! and must I then
 For better worse become ?
 But ah ! withhold the dread AMEN,
 And revoke its doom !

CONSCIENCE DISSATISFIED

Altered from HERBERT.

I.

PEACE, Conscience, peace—no longer frown
 Nor turn my *glory* into *grief* ;
 Since JESUS views me as His own,
 Why should'st thou envy my relief ?
 Or music's charms sound harsh to thee,
 When music's Charmer sings in me ?

II.

No more I'll heed thy peevish cry,
 My ears far sweeter sounds employ ;
 My voice shall join their harmony,
 Whose songs attune extatic joy :
 And if thou dost thy *ghost* intrude,
 I have what shall that *ghost* exclude.

III.

This then I give thee now to know,
 That what I mean is JESUS' blood,
 That thro' my pilgrimage below,
 Shall cleanse and fit me for my God ;
 Nor leave thee power my soul to tear
 With terror's rod, or guilt's despair.

IV.

And if thou still remain morose,
 Besides what is already done,
 I'll nail thy malice to the cross,
 And leave thee to expire alone ;
 That bloody cross on which HE died,
 Who for us BOTH was crucified.

V.

Cease then; thou clamorous ingrate,
 Thy graceless murmurings give o'er ;
 There, look into that book of fate,
 And see thy crimes exist no more :
 O, then, unite thy voice with mine,
 Peace, Conscience, peace ! for Christ is THINE !

THE PRAYER OF JABESH,

Paraphrased. 1 Chron. iv. 9, 10.

MORE honour'd HE than all his father's house,
 Belov'd of GOD, and lovely as His spouse :
 Behold him stand, and as he stands, exclaim,
 " GOD of my strength—my worship, and my flame,
 By whom I live—by whom, alive, I move,
 Whose law I reverence, and whose word I love.
 Tho' born to sorrow, as conceiv'd in sin,
 Now shall my hope a better life begin ;

THIS then my prayer—my prayer to thee ascend ;
 My father's FATHER—and his children's friend !

" Come then, thy blessing on thy servant pour,
 Earth's needful rains, and herb-refreshing show'r,
 Enlarge my borders as the promis'd land,
 While num'rous flocks in countless order stand ;
 My labours prosper, and my substance blefs,
 With smiling joy, and bounty's large increase :
 Let ISRAEL's strength my every want supply,
 Blefs me thro' life, and save me as I die.

But, above all, thy mercy's pow'r display,
 And keep from evil—thro' this evil day ;

Let no vain thought, no vile ambitious aim,
 Defile my conscience, or disgrace thy name ;

But, sav'd from all, do thou my soul defend,
 Thro' life my father—and in death my friend."

Thus JABESH pray'd—while ISRAEL's GOD replied

" Thy prayer is granted—nor one wish denied ! "

THOUGHTS ON REVELATIONS, IV. 1.

I.

“ C O M E hither up,”—methinks I hear.
 My well-beloved say,
 “ Thou nothing hast from me to fear,
 “ Rise then, make haste away.”

II.

My Saviour, if the voice that calls
 Is sure and only thine,
 Whate'er would hinder or befalls,
 Thy will be done, not mine.

III.

But O, assure me 'tis thy voice,
 Repeat it, Lord, again :
 'Tis thine, I know it by the joys
 That gladdens every vein.

IV.

Speak on, dear Lord, I thee intreat ;
 And what doth JESUS say ?
 Once more he doth the call repeat,
 “ Arise, and come away.”

V.

I come, my God ; what is thy will ?
 I join thy spirit's prayer.
 “ Meet me this day on Zion's Hill.”
 My God, I'll meet thee there.

CONFIDENCE OF HOPE.

Hebrews iv. 16.

I.

H E L P me thou, whose help alone
 Can perform the thing I want ;
 Help me thou, to whom I groan,
 Lest before thy feet I faint..

II.

Help me thou, whose faithful word
 Is the rock to which I flee ;
 Waiting till thy love afford,
 What thy word has promis'd me..

III.

Or at least what I believe
 Is for me as well as all ;
 Who, made willing to receive ;
 Never cease for help to call..

IV.

Look then, Saviour, and expect,
 As thou hast the promise made,
 That, tho' seeming to reject,
 We remember who has said,

V.

“ He that asketh shall receive ;
 “ What ye ask ye shall obtain :
 “ 'Tis my Father's will to give,
 “ And ye shall not ask in vain,”

VI.

Be it then as thou hast said ;

All we ask to *us* be giv'n :

Here on earth our daily bread,

And in death the bread of Heav'n !

THOUGHTS ON MATT. VIII. 2.

I.

SAVIOUR—if thou wilt, thou can'st

Make me all I fain wou'd be ;

And, if what thou can'st thou wilt,

I shall soon the promise see.

II.

Nought in nature can prevent

What thy love resolves to do :

Love as strong as permanent,

Soon can make all old things new.

III.

Only then let love have leave

To compleat the work of grace ;

I shall then thy joy receive,

And shall stand before thy face.

IV.

I, the most unfit to live,

Shall be then made fit to die :

I, who now can scarce believe,

Then on wings of faith shall fly !

A THOUGHT ON MARK, X. 51.

I.

“ **W**HAT *will* I, Lord, that thou should'st do?
 What art thou willing should'st be done?
 Because whate'er thou hast in view,
 The power is in thyself alone.

II.

But if I must to this reply,
 And so must needs an answer make ;
 Then, while before thy feet I lie,
 Now save me for thy mercy's sake.

III.

Save me from all I yet remain,
 From all I have, and all I am :
 My fallen nature's sinful stain,
 From guile, hyprocrisy, and shame.

IV.

Save me from final unbelief,
 From heart-impurity and pride ;
 From the dire pangs of endless grief,
 And every curse on earth beside.

V.

This then's the answer that I give,
 O let it not my Lord offend ;
 If 'tis thy will that I should live,
 Answer, and shew thyself my friend.

VI.

friend to me, as unto those
 Whom, tho' thy murderers, thou didst love ;
 That, number'd thus among thy 'foes,
 I may with them thy friendship prove.

THOUGHT ON MALACHI, III. 2.

W H E N wrath divine unsheathes the sword,
 With men or nations to contend ;
 Who can abide thy coming, LORD,
 Or who thy scrutiny withstand ?
 The man that loves, and only *he* ;
 And may that man of love be me !

THOUGHT ON JEREMIAH, XVIII. 7.

I.

W H E N Justice draws her *penal* sword,
 The two-edg'd faulchion of the Word,
 Or points the glittering dart ;
 When is the moment of address,
 The dread *uncertainty* of grace,
 To kill or save the heart ?

II.

But, oh ! how hard 'tis not to fear,
 That what so dreadful doth appear,
 And *shocks* the trembling soul,
 Hath not another end in view,
 And comes in vengeance to pursue
 The *sinner* to his *goal* !

THE TRUE TIME-SERVER,

Either in Religion, or out of it.

WHATE'ER we praise, be sure you yield it due
 . And what we censure, you must censure too
 What we deny, you must deny with us,
 Or we assert, you must assert it *thus* :
 Must say, unsay, first swear it, then abjure,
 And thus *damnation*, and its gold, insure !

THE PRAYER OF FAITH.

WHO would the image of his LORD retrieve,
 Partake His nature, and His mind receive,
 Must ask in faith, not doubting or afraid
 To plead the promise that Himself hath made :
 Yet patient wait, till grace his *will* subdue,
 The fire his dross, the spirit his heart renew :

Dea

Dead to his own, as in the world's esteem,
 He fits the cross, as that now fitteth him ;
 Where, stretch'd at length, he shall a conqueror die,
 Entomb with Him, and then remount the sky !

W E A P O N S O F W R A T H .

WIND, rain, and hail, with lightning's livid glare,
 The thunder's cannon, or the comet's *flare* ;
 Plague, earthquake, famine, pestilence, or blood,
 The flying locust, or o'erwhelming flood :
 All these, and more, when more demands the rod,
 Compose the scourge, that vindicates its God !

A D V I C E .

From Horace, B. I. Od. 11.

SE E K not, dear friend, whate'er thy lot below,
 By magic arts thy length of life to know ;
 Far wiser he, who, satisfied with fate,
 To Heaven resigns the period of its date.
 Who fix'd the shore a girdle to the sea,
 Has fix'd time's limits to mankind and *thee* :
 Watch then the hours, for as we speak they fly,
 Happy to live, but happier still to *die*.

ON LITERARY OBSCURITY,

From OVID.

HOW many a *gem*, unseen by human eyes,
 Entomb'd in earth a sparkling embryo lies :
 How many a *rose*, neglected as the gem,
 Scatters its sweets, and rots upon its stem.
 So many a mind, that might a meteor shone,
 Had or its genius or its friend been known ;
 Whose want of aid from some *maternal* hand,
 Still haunts the shade, or quits its native land !

T O A F R I E N D.

WITH faith content, tho' far from home,
 In hope of brighter joys to come,
 Let every thought thy heart improve,
 Like Sharon's rose, and Zion's dove.
 In meek-ey'd peace and pure desire,
 As days increase, or years expire,
 Make, every moment of your life,
 Some noble stretch in virtue's strife.
 Heav'n then shall crown your earliest days,
 Reward your toil, and spread its bays ;
 Unite your heart in sacred bands,
 Binding each blessing on your hands.
 So shall your life a model be
 Of artless, meek serenity ;
 Like *Noah's* dove that sought his breast,
 Eternity's vast ark—your rest!

ON FAITH AND HOPE.

CELESTIAL twins! alike from Heav'n bestow'd,
 Their fountain's mirror, and the arm of God.
 Each for its end, by Wisdom's plan design'd,
 To save from guilt, or purge the unhallow'd mind:
 Let latent both—till love, divine effect,
 Perfuse her odours, and inspire the act!

ON GRATITUDE.

HAIL heavenly guest! thou balm of life, all hail!
 Thou cure of grief, and every *mental* ail!
 Thyself the hand that sickly hearts restores,
 Whom *Envy* hates, and, as she flees, adores:
 Thou too the health of each recover'd mind,
 From envy loosen'd, and from pride refin'd.
 Thou all-content—whate'er thyself denied,
 Heav'n be pleas'd, and *God* be glorified.
 Thou that with eyes of *placency* can see
 A foe's escape, or friend's prosperity:
 Thyself no interest, and thy hand no share,
 Give what thy love for candour loves to bear.
 Thou humble form, that feel'st thy own desert,
 And oft lament'st the *callous* of thy heart:
 How wail'st thy want of piety to GOD,
 And forc'd submission to his chast'ning rod.

Yet not despond'st, because thou doubtest not
 The righteous portion of thy measur'd lot:
 A lot design'd thy fortitude to prove,
 And then reward thy gratitude of love.

O N T H E
 W O N D E R S O F E L E C T R I C I T Y

*And other Branches of Natural and Experimental
 Philosophy.*

H A I L, sacred art! sure guide to nature's laws
 Whose each effect but proves the primal cause
 That great *Supreme*, whose all-commanding skill
 Bespoke all being, and directs its will:
 Himself a centre that no limit knows,
 And whence creation, as its fountain, flows;
 Whose lightnings here in miniature are seen,
 While crackling bursts of thunder snap between.
 Here shocks electric shake the vital frame,
 And cool conductors trail the electric flame;
 The wond'ring crowd in dread expectation stand,
 And join their shrieks, ere well they join their hand.
 Their distance nothing, and their numbers nought,
 More keen than arrows, and more swift than thought
 From link to link, from pole to pole they fly,
 And ere its twinkling meet each gazer's eye.

Tremendous

Tremendous sign of that tremendous Power,
 Whose eyes are lightning, and his arm a tower;
 His word a sword, that at a stroke can part
 The joints and marrow of the human heart;
 Unveils the bottom of the mental deep,
 Where midnight thoughts in midnight stupor sleep;
 And shews mankind, what else had ne'er been known,
 That human *wit* and human *pride* are *one*.
 But cease the Muse, lest virtue's cheeks should burn,
 And back to science and its source return.
 See then *His* hand by each just balance known,
 And its vast force from mighty *levers* shewn,
 While pliant *pullies*, in dependent state,
 With truth divide the labour and its weight.
 The pond'rous magnet, of majestic code,
 Attracts its object, and supports the load;
 Opposing poles, opposing poles repel,
 And each with each strives mutual to excel.
 Where restless meteors their long vigils keep,
 And roving comets in their orbits sleep;
 Or, left at large; velocity immense!
 Elliptic fly, and range the vast expanse!
 Where polar suns as polar stars appear,
 And optic art pervades each hemisphere;
 In lucid prisms the solar rays divide,
 Baffle the eye, and mock the tulip's pride.
 Where nature rous'd, her secret pow'r unfolds,
 While peerless Pitt * her secret pow'rs controls,

* *A famous itinerant Electrician.*

Lessens the shock, or bids its terrors cease,
Unwinds the screw, and all we hear is—peace.

Go on, great bard, and shake the electric rod,
Till fools grow wise, and Atheists own a God!

EX TEMPORE THOUGHTS ON
DISCONTENT.

G O! thou base, ungrateful fiend!
Who nor know'st nor hast a friend;
For ever rash, for ever rude,
Mirror of ingratitude!
Cause of *sin*, and source of strife,
Bane of health, and curse of life;
Author of domestic jars,
Mischief, murders, feuds, and wars;
- Hating all that's great or good,
Discontent thy daily food,
Never dwells a moment's rest,
In the suburbs of thy breast;
Ever pain'd at wisdom's plan,
Like displeas'd at GOD and man;
Self-sufficient, mean, and weak,
Prone to slander as to speak;
Full of malice, full of spleen,
Poisonous as an asp, and keen;

No more at leisure than at ease,
 And whom nor Heaven nor earth can please;
 Within whose breast is hourly felt
 All the pangs of envious guilt,
 Guilt that, conscious of its *rod*,
 Presents its lashings at its *God*;
 Purs'd with all that *sense* can feel,
 Bitter antepast of hell!
 Turn thee, fiend, from all thou art,
 Rent the ravings of thy heart,
 In the bosom of thy God,
 Curse the crime, and kiss the rod;
 Cry aloud, and vocal tell
 That thy least desert is hell;
 That to hell, and to its woe,
 All thou art deserves to go:
 Then shall *He*, who made thee, save
 Not thy body from the grave;
 But thy life's immortal breath
 From the jaws of endless death;
 Where they endless death lament,
 Who lie down in DISCONTENT!

THE REAL AND ONLY CAUSE, OCCASION, AND
MOTIVE OF QUARRELLING, DISPUTATION,
AND RESENTMENT, IN ALL MATTERS OF
CONTROVERSY, WHETHER CIVIL, POLITICAL,
OR RELIGIOUS; TRACED FROM THEIR FIRST
SIMPLE AND EFFICIENT SOURCE.

From whence come wars? James iii. 1.

FROM vain conceits, that wilful blunders make,
From pride that gives, what no man's pride
will take;

Offence, affronts, in each a thousand airs;
That sometimes costs more than a *life* repairs:
Female ambition to be *always* right,
As thine the sun to be alone *our* light:
The childish fear of contradiction's thought,
That points an error, or that hits a blot;
The coxcomb's boast of *finding* something *new*,
Instead of following what's the *present*, true;
The self-preferring victory to truth,
And swear that bad, that is at worst uncouth;
As if true wisdom had not eyes to see
That TRUTH itself's the greatest victory.

Instead of this, our interest or applause,
Is thought of far more moment than the laws

Of nature's frame, or all her spheres contain,
 The SUN's vast orbit, or its regent's reign.
 All this is nothing, when 'compar'd to HIM,
 Whose *all* depends on some *new-fangled whim*.
 "Not credit *me!* what, contradict *my* word!
 And give the lie to a two-legged lord!
 'Tis not the thing, nor is it to be borne;
 Sir! I resent it, and demand return:
 My honour's hurt, and that is more to ME
 Than if whole worlds were smother'd in the sea!"
 So then, you find, if nothing else withstood,
 Those men of words would soon demand your blood.
 PRIDE knows no bounds, when once its zeal is
 fir'd,
 and stamp'd religion, becomes hell inspir'd:
 or then come priests, inquisitors, and lords,
 The holy *falces*, and the sacred swords;
 While, step by step, as magic quits her cell,
 you pack from *Carfax**, and thenceforth to *hell!*
 Now see the *harmless* hero of debate,
 The *little* Cesar of his learned state,
 strutting, amidst the letter'd group he stands,
 and, as he reasons, full assent demands;
 or thinks it strange that rationals should doubt,
 if he's the man that found the secret out;
 at least 'discover'd, in that mystery,
 What the first finder had not eyes to see;

* *A prison in Oxon, where the martyrs were kept.*

And thus improv'd, commands your tongues to raise
 A thund'ring tribute to his matchless praise.
 Such *things* are men! nor is the fault confin'd
 To names or sects—it seizes all mankind:
 Kings, thieves, and saints, philosophers and fools,
 Who dance the rostrum, or who damn the schools,
 Learn'd or unlearn'd, in this they all unite,
 Whoever's wrong; himself is in the right;
 And each his reasons, as he has his rod,
 To scourge who spurn, or bold dispute his nod;
 Dares say, "Tis not, because it *cannot* be,"
 While *pride* will have *impossibility*!

Thus then it is, and so has ever been,
 Since man, the master, grew the *slave* of sin:
 The fault is old, so early it begun,
 And will keep on until the setting sun
 Rise on new worlds, and a new glory shine
 Around the creature, as at first, divine.

Then, seen alike, we shall one judgment form,
 One lamp shall light us, and one ardor warm;
 Or where dissent, if then dissent can be,
 We shall at least in this one point agree,
 That build who list, with stubble or with stone,
 One truth there is, that swallows all in one,
 A *Truth* eternal as the eternal Sire,
 His own resemblance, and His Nature's fire,
 That self-existent like Himself is found,
 His Being's glory, in eternal round:
 That fill'd with Him, fills all beneath, above,
 "That GOD is truth; and that that truth is *Love*!"

THOUGHTS ON LUKE, XVIII. 8.

WHO then believes one single word that's said,
Or tries his heart, while it informs his head?

But all's admired, and all advanc'd is true,

All gospel *here*, however *stale* or *new* :

You can't mistake—with *us* you *must* be right,

Your guides are *grey-beards*, and your leaders *light*.

Thus preachers dote, till they themselves believe,

Not more afraid to err, than to deceive :

So every *Pope*, and every prater's heard,

But *where's* the threat'ning for lukewarmness fear'd?

Where found the care lest grace should not improve,

Or who bewails his want or loss of love?

Where the contrition for transgression past,

Or that repentance that exults at last?

Where found that FAITH, that only can remove

The mountain-load, whose flowing sorrows prove

Their genuine source—and, by effectual grace,

Relieve the conscience, and its glooms efface?

This Faith the victory that the world o'ercomes,

And yet no glory to itself assumes;

Treads sin and death beneath its conquering feet,

Yet owns all *Mercy* from the Mercy-seat?

Again—*where* found the meek and lowly mind,

To strangers courteous as the fallen kind?

In one short word, where is the MASTER seen,

That best of patterns, as the best of men?

Thro'

Thro' whose whole life, to the last bleeding wound,
No spot was visual, and no wrinkle found.

Go then, ye worms! ye painted pageants hear,
And feeling, live the GOD ye boast to fear:
For know, 'tis not whose boldness calls Him "LORD,"
Struts in His name, or arrogates His word;
But he who trembles at His holy law,
Whom Mercy pities, as she holds in awe;
Who *really* fav'd, beyond all form is borne,
Mark'd by His hand, and fit for His return!

R E L I G I O N,

A C Y P H E R.

I.

LOOK round the globe, and looking see,
How few have been, or being be,
That seek their *real* good:
By passion bound, or slaves to sin,
Tho' gay without, oft wreck'd within,
As satyrs of the wood.

II.

The gifts of nature, wealth, or time,
In riper age, or manlier prime,
Absorpt in pleasure's lore;
From childhood's infancy to *youth*,
To falsehood prone, averse to truth,
The *Circean* cup runs o'er.

III.

Save where hard Hunger's meagre fare,
 Necessity's corroding care,
 Compels to labour's gain;
 The whole employment and intent,
 Is one invention to prevent
 The heart from thinking pain.

IV.

Hence various means and modes employ'd,
 To please what is so often cloy'd
 By pleasure's *sad* return;
 The longings of th' immortal mind,
 To thirst for higher joys design'd,
 And will for ever burn.

V.

Hence Luxury's wild extravagance,
 That spares nor labour nor expence
 To *scale* the feeling breast;
 Prevent the heart from solemn thought,
 Lest, by its want, to thinking brought,
 It seek a better rest.

VI.

Nay e'en *Religion's* moral veil,
 Is but the painting of a shell,
 From whence the substance flown;
 Or formal *statue*, sculptur'd fine,
 Made by the artist's hand to shine
 An hypocrite of *stone*.

VII.

SUCH is the state, and such the case,
 Of myriads of the immortal race,
 All sons of high renown ;
 Deceiving, and alike deceiv'd,
 They live as of all sense bereav'd,
 Then die to live undone.

VIII.

But this not all—there's still a worse,
 A forer, and a sadder curse,
 That's in religion found ;
 Where e'en its votaries are seen,
 God and the world to split between,
 Unhallow'd as unfound.

IX.

Its priests and preachers, proud or vain,
 Read for reward, then *spell* for gain,
 The harvest of an *hour* :
 The *Gospel*, mangled or conceal'd,
 Or little more than half reveal'd,
 Conveys as little pow'r.

X.

The hearers dead, or half asleep,
 Do but a drowsy vigil keep,
 E'en at the noon of day ;
 Feel much the same of *grace* or *sin*,
 Then nod their salutation, grin,
 And thus conclude the *play*.

XI.

But, oh! thou jealous GOD, and true,
 Thou know'st this must, and *shall* not do;
 Thy thunders speak thy wrath:
 Arise then, for thy glory's sake,
 Into thy hands the matter take,
 And break the *enfetter'd* sloth.

XII.

Arise then, and by thy pow'r divine,
 Command the light once more to shine,
 And every cloud dispel;
 O'er all the earth thy spirit pour,
 Till earth shall feel the glorious show'r,
 And Heav'n the wonder tell!

THE FRIENDLESS SEARCH.

I.

O Could I find some bosom friend,
 To whom I might reveal
 My bosom secrets, and depend
 Their friendship would conceal!

II.

One whose kind counsel and advice
 I safely could believe;
 And who, in turn, however wise,
 My counsel would receive.

III.

Instead of this, tho' far or near,
 As banish'd and unknown,
 No one would drop the friendly tear,
 Or sigh the alternate groan.

IV.

Back I should come, as forth I went,
 Uneasy and dismay'd;
 With cause sufficient to repent
 My folly thus betray'd.

V.

Few wou'd so much as hear my plaints,
 Much less my plaints retrieve;
 And, tho' I should make known my wants,
 My endless tale believe.

VI.

“Go hence,” they'd say—“don't trouble us;
 “We've troubles of our own:
 “Besides, you make too great a fuss,
 “So prithee, man, begone.”

VII.

This would be all that I should get;
 And yet what can I do?
 There ne'er was partridge in a net,
 That wou'd not gladly go.

VIII.

Thus reason'd I, like Reasoning's fool,
 And murmur'd without end;
 Till Wisdom blest me with a rule,
 To find and chuse a *friend*.

IX.

“ What, have you never heard,” says she,
 (And awful knit her brow)

“ Of such a place as *Calvary*,
 “ And what is doing *now* ?

X.

“ You cannot sure, so ignorant be,

“ Whatever else you are ;

“ And therefore, for the future, see

“ You make this thing your care.”

XI.

Thus Wisdom spake, while I remain'd

A spectre cast in *stone* ;

As conscious what her words maintain'd,

Eternal Truth would own.

XII.

Why then, I cried, my treach'rous heart,

Hast thou deceiv'd me thus ?

How could'st thou know, and not impart

The secret of the Cross ?

XIII.

What love or pain, what joy or grief,

Like His was ever found ?

And His rich blood in full relief,

A balsam for each wound.

XIV.

And what His love, His friendship is,

And what this *is*, His pow'r ;

Unchang'd as that eternal bliss,

Where *gods* eternal soar.

XV.

His friendship then my soul shall seek,
 Amidst the frowns of men;
 Nor shall the smile of mortal cheek
 Allure my heart again.

XVI.

My heart, betroth'd to Him alone,
 For Him alone shall beat;
 And when oppression bids me groan,
 I'll groan as at His feet.

XVII.

In sore temptation's passive hour,
 When hosts of fiends draw nigh,
 And threaten greedy to devour
 The souls that cannot fly;

XVIII.

I then will look to *Zion's* hill,
 And let the Saviour know,
 How great the danger that I feel,
 How fierce the threat'ning foe.

XIX.

In all my troubles, short or long,
 I will on Him depend,
 Who only is my strength and song,
 My Saviour, and my friend.

XX.

He will in time translate my soul,
 And fix my last abode,
 Where endless years as endless roll,
 The eternity of GOD!

THOUGHTS ON GENESIS, III. 19.

HASTING each day still faster to the tomb,
 My parent dust fast seeks its parent womb.
 Of *dust* composed, to dust I now return,
 While the dark grave expects me in its urn:
 But fit to inhabit that tremendous cell,
 Where men with worms, and worms with monarchs
 dwell,
 Why need I fear to lay this body down,
 Or tread the courts where death erects his throne?
 Why need I fear the regions of the dead?
 The deepest grave is but the softest bed.
 Nor worms, nor death, the King of Terror's fright,
 Nor the dark shades of subterraneous night,
 Or need dismay, or can that mind alarm,
 That Mercy shelters with her friendly arm.
 A spirit, conscious of its peace within,
 Preserv'd from horror, as preserv'd from *sin*;
 A soul whom, and in whose spotless breast,
 Its Saviour's mind and image are express;
 Whose heart devoted, and whose life of grace,
 Aims but to run and win the eternal *bays*:
 Like theirs be mine—I then shall vie with them,
 Win the same prize, and wear their **DIADEM!**

AN ALPHABETICAL ACROSTIC

A LPHA! the first! and with the first the last!
 Before the former, and beyond the past;
 Creation's fountain, and the creature's end,
 Destruction's terror, but creation's friend;
 Eternal Father *, as eternal Son!
 First and the last, the last and first in ONE!
 Great in thy strength, the glory of thy might;
 Holy thy name, and holiness thy light.
 In Thee I stand, in Thee all creatures move,
 Jehovah! Lord! eternal God of Love!
 King of thy saints, and glory of their hope,
 Life of their peace, their portion, and their prop.
 Made by thy power, let all thy power embrace,
 Nor less admire thy justice than thy *grace*.
 O THOU, who art in all thy works the same,
 Pure in thy will, as mighty in thy fame,
 Quick is thy word, and sharper far than *steel*,
 Reading the conscience till its heart-strings feel.
 Stern in thy wrath, the sinner hates thy light,
 Turns from his *God*, and seeks relief from night.
 Vain man, to think Omniscience cannot see,
 Unless by day-light, when it shines on *Thee*.
 Woe then to *him*, whose hand from Heav'n would hide
 XERXES two millions, or a *Xerxes'* pride.
 Ye sons of earth, ye *particles* of men,
 ZIMRI shall curse you, till you curse your *sin*!

* *Isa.* ix. 6.

ON DEPENDENCE, AS A
SITUATION.

AH! cruel state! where hope is rack'd with fear,
That seals our bondage, as it prompts our care.
While fancy, dreaming of some better fate,
Beguiles the labour of the *present* state,
The fluctuant mind, by various passions tost,
Now rides aloft, and now immerg'd, is lost:
Yet after all our reason to complain,
We hug the fraud that justifies the pain;
And *Hope* refresh'd, like *wheels* fresh oil'd, pursues
Her daily task, and daily vows renews.

Thus, day by day, like mendicants in trade,
We dance attendance on some promise made;
With pleasing pain the prospect we survey,
And servile homage for the prospect pay;
Which, tho' a shade, is eagerly pursu'd,
While Fancy dotes, and calls the phantom "*Good.*"
Thus we go on, till disappointments come,
And teach us wisdom, as they read our doom.
When miss'd the object that our wishes sought,
At least the comfort that our fancy caught,
Our spirits sicken, as the prospect dies;
Yet grown thus poorer, we are grown more wise,
And, taught a lesson that the *folly* cures,
We henceforth seek a substance that endures.

ON VIEWING A BACK-GAMMON BOARD.

“ *A quæ discimus, id docet.*”

VET.

“ From what we learn, by that we're taught.”

WHAT some to *sordid* ends abuse,
 Or others to less hurtful use,
 And only cheat themselves at play,
 By killing time and life away ;
 Let us, as in a *mirror*, see
 Man's life, and its variety ;
 Where various CHECKS of mingled die,
 Each in their rank alternate lie.
 Each man a CHECK that fills his place,
 And helps to form the mottled race ;
 Each CHECK a lot by Heav'n assign'd,
 As fittest for its proper mind :
 The type of Providence and fate,
 That mark and modify each state,
 And with its spots of BLACK and WHITE,
 Distinguishing (like day and night)
 Our partial griefs, alloy'd with joy,
 Or comforts that those griefs alloy,
 All wisely plann'd and mix'd for good,
 If such by mortals 'twere but view'd,

Who partial see and thankless moan,
 Another's *grief* is not their own;
 E'er thinking, tho' their feet be sore,
 Another's *shoe* would pinch them more;
 And so complain, as all but they
 Were *chequer'd* for a fairer day:
 Whereas, could blindness but believe,
 Blindness itself would then perceive,
 And, with due gratitude, confess,
 Who had the least, might still have *less*;
 Who had it not, or was denied,
 Was not from ignorance or pride,
 But from a principle as far
 From human ken, as that bright star *,
 That gilds the orbit of the night,
 From the reach of human flight;
 The great sun that lights the day,
 From being form'd for infants' *play*.
 Ewe'er, let this be as it will,
 Wisdom itself is wisdom still;
 And this is evermore her rule,
 To fools she is herself a fool,
 And acts, as far as in her lies,
 Quite the reverse that they think *wise*;
 Confounding, as confounded those
 Who dare to list themselves her foes;
 From whom she glories to conceal
 That they affirm she can't reveal,

* *The planet Venus.*

And only to the wise makes known,
That *she* and *Rectitude* are one.

Stay then, *Impatience*, and attend,
Your doubtings all shall have an end ;
And ye, who could not find the cause,
Nor trace the genius of her laws,
Nor with your *compasses* mete out
What could be meant beyond a doubt,
Shall, to your strange amazement, see
How contradictions could agree ;
At least, that what did thus appear,
Is full as *consonant* as clear :

When all she's done, and and all she's said,
And all that has this uproar made,
Shall at the last resplendent shine,
'Transparent as the light divine ;
The mingling shadows flee away,
And darkness yield—to cloudless day ;
Distrust and dubitance be o'er,
And *chequer'd* scenes perplex no more ;
But perfect day or perfect night,
Be one eternal BLACK OR WHITE.

THE LAW OF LIBERTY.

James i.

I.

WHO'S he that's bound, and yet is *free*,
 And who, tho' free, is bound?
 Where is the man of liberty,
 Or where is freedom found?

II.

is found—and there 'tis found alone,
 Where Wisdom holds the sway;
 And where, as seated on a throne,
 Her dictates we obey.

III.

While slaves to Vice the chains of sin
 In every corner wear;
 Rest without, nor peace within,
 From passion or despair.

IV.

While Virtue's friends, the friends of Heaven,
 With all their various pain,
 And that to whom its *love* is given,
 With *them* its joys remain!

TRANSLATION OF TWO LATIN LINES IN
WITT'S COMMONWEALTH.

“ **I**F niggard nature beauty has denied,
“ Be want of beauty by its *wit* supplied.”
So tho’ thy *form* or *birth* were both disgrac’d,
Yet not thy *name* or virtues are debas’d,

WHAT IS CONSCIENCE?

THE mildest *balsam*, or the sharpest *steel*,
That wounds can wish, or the unwounded feel
The softest *pillow*, or the sharpest *rod*,
The balm of blessings, or the scourge of GOD!

INDIFFERENCE OF DEATH, AS TO TIME

SECUR’D the goal, what profits it to know
How late we tarry, or how soon we go?
Time, heap’d on time, but multiplies our pain,
And prompts the loaded sufferer to complain.
With days our griefs, with years our sins return,
Fresh springs of sorrow, and fresh cause to mourn

seek not then fond thy period to extend,
 but view thy calling, and secure its end;
 speed on for life, or rather speed to die;
 life is old age, and death its infancy:
 that blunts the sense, while this the soul unsheaths;
 that, born anew, a new existence breathes.
 cleans'd from the dregs of Time's impurer springs,
 she looks with scorn on kingdoms and on kings;
 shaking her plumes, she spreads a nobler flight,
 and wings at large th' unbounded realms of light;
 soars as she flies, till gain'd her prime abode,
 she smiles with angels, and enthrones with God!

A MEDITATION ON MARTYRDOM.

AS bleeding victims, on the altar plac'd,
 With scandal honour'd, as with chains disgrac'd;
 Their hands with cords, their feet with fetters bound,
 While taunting foes their mockeries resound;
 See, with slow haste, the indignant *Martyrs* come,
 To face their tortures, as defied their doom.
 With joy they view the yet unkindled fire,
 Then grasp the *stake*, and in its flames expire;
 Mount the bright car, the chariot of their Friend,
 And, like the *Prophet*, on its wings ascend.

A R E F L E C T I O N.

HOW deep thy judgments ! and thy pathless way
 No foot can follow, as no eye surveys.
 Yet dark as deep, as infinitely right,
 Thy counsels wisdom, and thy shadows light.
 This Seraphs know, and, knowing it, adore,
 Own all is wise, and scrutinize no more ;
 Leave all, besides their wonder's lost applause,
 To Wisdom's depths, and Heav'n's unerring laws!

THE WANDERING SHEEP RESTORED.

“ **G**LORY be to God on high !”
 Angels sing, and men reply ;
 The long lost sheep is found.
 It stray'd abroad, ran far from God,
 But now, restor'd by *Jesu's* blood,
 Feeds on Emanuel's ground.

There, in rich pastures led,
 With CARMEL's flock is fed :
 Drinks there the living stream,
 That, in prophetic dream,
 Once o'erflow'd prophetic souls ;
 And now, from the eternal rock,
 In endless torrents rolls !

A THOUGHT ON THE NEW YEAR, 1785.

WELCOME new time ! and kind farewell the
past ;

And welcome all that brings me nearer home :
More welcome still what shall succeed at last,
And glorious raise those ashes from their tomb !

QUID DE MORTUIS ?

“ What say you of the Dead ? ”

“ NOTHING of *evil*,” say the wise ;
Because, until the *body* rise,
It is impossible to tell,
Who in *particular*'s in hell ;
And therefore all that we can do,
Supposing Revelation's true,
Is but to speak in general terms,
As that high oracle affirms :
And that is this, you may depend ;
Whoever lives and dies a friend
To true religion's righteous cause,
Her heavenly madates, rules, and laws,
Is safe secur'd, and high will stand
Before the throne, at HIS right hand,
Whose justice dread will reckless doom
The sinner to the wrath to come.

A THOUGHT ON PSALM, XLVII.

I.

WHO prays or sings with all his heart,
 He sings and prays aright ;
 And shall in glory bear a part,
 With them who walk in white.

II.

He shall the heav'nly chorus join,
 And shout the sacred name
 Of HIM that sits upon the throne,
 And thus adore the Lamb !

A THOUGHT ON MATTHEW, XXV. 21.

“ **W**ELL done ” hast thou ! but how much
 better *He*,
 Who by his deeds has done so well for thee !
 Who quitted joys that angels never knew,
 On swifter wings than angels ever flew :
 Thy being's source is then the cause alone
 Of all that *in* thee, for thee, by thee's done ;
 The primal mover of thy every thought,
 Quench'd in its rise, or to perfection brought :
 To *Him* be, therefore, all the praise divine,
 While all the comfort and the favour's thine !

A THOUGHT ON MATTHEW, XI. 28.

WHO would blest and happy be,
Let the wisher come to *Me*.

I am truth, and I am peace,
I am strength, and righteousness;
I am all he can receive,
If he only can believe:
And if this he would, but can't,
Still I will supply his want.
This then need no difference make,
Since there's something for whose sake;
Tho' not *his*, it may be done:
So I'll save him for my own.

A THOUGHT ON PSALM, LXXVII. 4.

THO' I mayn't sleep, yet I can rise,
And pay my midnight sacrifice
To Him whose condescending love
My meanest offering will approve;
My thanks for all the mercies shewn,
And all the blessings I have known;
His pardon seek for every sin,
My crimes without, my curse within;
My nature's stubbornness confess,
And plead His blood and righteousness:

To

To Him my thoughts attentive turn,
 And, as I contemplate Him, mourn,
 To think that, after all He's done,
 He finds so little of His own:
 And yet, amidst it all, in hope
 To lift my worthless eye-lids up;
 To think, amidst the gloom of night,
 I see a spark of smiling light,
 And hear a voice, that, while it sounds,
 All other melody confounds,
 And, while its music charms my ear,
 Bids my astonish'd heart not *fear*:
 "Fear not (He cries) I'm only come
 "To bright the horrors of this gloom;
 "Thy long lost quiet to restore,
 "And waking rise to sleep no more."

SPIRITUAL GRATITUDE.

I.

HOW vast the love! that with its eye looks
 down,

And, kind as fair, can as it looks pass by
 The crimes that cause e'en Grace to wear a frown,
 And wake the voice whose call would wake the sky.

II.

Such love is thine ! thou source and end of all,
 Whom all shall own, and at whose feet shall bend
 As first bright hosts, while these on *men* shall call,
 To aid their song, and hail their source and end.

III.

For thou, my heart, with all thy want of grace,
 Shalt thou be *last* to join thy hand or voice
 With such a band, whose pride it is to raise
 A sound that swells, and spreads, and fires its joys !

TRANSLATION OF THREE SHORT LINES
 IN LATIN,

From Seneca's Thyestes (a Tragedy.)

HOW hard on him, the thought of dying sits,
 Who, known to all, himself alone forgets.

TRANSLATION FROM THE FRENCH
 of HENAULT's *Paraphrase on the foregoing.*

HAPPY the man whom pure oblivion hides,
 Knowing himself, tho' hid to all besides !
 Death no dread, no injury perceives,
 As guiltless led, this life as guiltless leaves :
 While, oh ! how sad to him, tho' all were known,
 And all things *car'd*, died careless of his own !

DELAY

D E L A Y N O S E C U R I T Y.

WH**O** *feels* must *think*, whatever else be done
 He cannot but some *mischief* strive to shun.
 'Tis not in Nature to avoid remorse;
 When felt one evil, she forebodes a *worse*:
 And worse *that* is, when, for some present gain,
 We snatch a moment to elude a pain,
 That but encreases as its time's deferr'd,
 And, with its vengeance, brings its own reward!

 T H E C H R I S T I A N V O Y A G E, O R T H E
 P I L G R I M ' S S A F E A R R I V A L.

TH**R**O' various storms, by various tracts the
 , steer,
 As tempests drive, or driving tempests veer;
 Yet equal all, to one great haven bound,
 At length arrive, tho' late the haven found:
 Their shatter'd barks the precious cargo land,
 And swell the triumphs of the crouded strand.

“ PLUS LOIN, PLUS SERRÉ; ”

“ The farther, the closer.”

French Motto on a Cage, from whence a Bird had flown with a String tied fast to its Foot: An Emblem likewise of the sympathetic Power of Friendship, where Hearts more than Persons are united.

THE faster I wing, and the farther I fly,
 The tighter the knot, and the firmer the tie;
 Like lovers united, tho' asunder they part,
 The stronger the passion, the closer the heart:
 The distance is nothing, the farther remov'd,
 The more they're unseen, the more each is lov'd.
 I have no way then left my release to obtain,
 But to turn and go back to my prison again.
 To my cage then, the house of my lot, I return;
 And there, if I must for my liberty mourn,
 As well as I can my confinement I'll bear;
 There are thousands each day my captivity share.
 Like those then who hold me I'll patient remain,
 Till death shall discharge, or time soften my chain.

ON RELIGIOUS PROFESSORS EXPOSING
THE FAULTS OF OTHERS.

WHO for *his* crimes a brother shall disown,
Shall, in *their* turn, be pillory'd for their own;
And, having join'd to brand another's name,
Shall want a shelter to conceal their shame;
The faults they publish as an embryo die,
While *theirs* shall glare and dance in every eye:
With every breeze the echoing air shall rend,
"THIS is the man who spared not his friend;
"THIS is the man, who, for another's sin,
"Hath digg'd a pit, and, digging it, fell in!

S I N, W H A T I S I T ?

THE law's transgression, that provokes its rod,
The stain of nature, and insult of *God!*
Mark of its bow, whene'er his arrows fly,
To wound the object of its destiny.
"Curs'd is the man," and cursed shall he be,
Where'er he's found, or wheresoe'er he flee:
Earth shall not hide him, nor shall hell conceal
What Heav'n can witness, and will then reveal.
Go then, thou curs'd, where souls accursed go,
To scorching shades, and scenes of burning woe;
Where joy is torture, and where demons roar,
And hope is banish'd, to return no more!

TRANSLATION OF THE PENITENTIAL SONNET
OF THE FAMOUS MONSIEUR DES BARREAUX,
A CONVERTED PROFLIGATE.

See Spectator, Vol. VII. P. 149.

WHY judgments, great God! are with justice
replete,
and to man to be kind, to thy mercy is sweet:
that so great is the evil thy creature has done,
that to pardon my crimes were affronting thy throne
Yes, O my God! such and so great are my sins,
that to leave thee no pow'r, but in choosing my pains:
thy divine honour opposes itself to my peace,
and e'en thy compassion forbids my release.
O fulfil thy design, since 'tis glorious as wise,
that the tears that I shed, but offend thy pure eyes:
thunder, strike—'tis high time—and for war render
war,
while the cause *why* Thou dost, as I die, I'll adore.
But, I ask, on *what* part can thy thunder light down
that is not all screen'd by the blood of thy son!

WISHING ONLY, THOUGHT MISSPENT.

I.

I Ought to be what I am not,
 And ought to wish it too;
 But wishing only is like thought,
 That does itself *undo*.

II.

With time itself to wish began
 And but with time can end;
 From Angels first it seiz'd on man,
 Till man became a *fiend*.

III.

The former wish'd what they ought not,
 The latter did the same;
 In *both* ambition wish'd the thought,
 And both reduc'd to shame.

IV.

To this perhaps you may reply,
 " They wish'd from good to *ill* ;"
 And, if *revers'd*, the charge will lie,
 " We wish but our own *will* ."

V.

If then I can, I'll wish no more,
 But try what *Grace* can do;
 And see if *that* will end the score
 Of wants and WISHING too!

NO ABSOLUTE SOLITUDE.

ALONE who live, yet live not *quite* alone,
 Nor can, nor may; for *Thought*, at least for *one*,
 Will bold intrude, and, with its *mirror'd* face,
 Will brighten *comforts*, or reflect *disgrace*.

ADVICE TO THE MISER.

I.

GO, you, with all your load of *self*,
 Sufficient to enrich a *score*!
 Yet all absorpt in avarice' *self*,
 Shrink at the *chance* of gaining *more*.

II.

Go, graceless wretch, and pine away,
 Amidst the store that *Fate* has given;
 Lay up against the *rainy* day,
 That shuts your bags and you from heav'n!

III.

When you, no more by avarice stung,
 Shall for the want of aught complain;
 Save for the *drop* to cool your tongue,
 And THIS, observe, you'll ask in vain!

CAUSES AND CONSEQUENCES

WH O plants the *seed* the *fruit* will find,
 Whether it please or plague his mind:
 The seed he sows in time will come,
 To prove his joy, or fix his doom.
 Beware then *what* the seed when sown,
 Till 'tis too late to *wish* it down.

FREE GRACE AT LIBERTY.

I.

GOD gives, yet takes—'tis all His own;
 And as He takes He gives;
 By which He makes His mercy known,
 And praise for both receives.

II.

He *gives* the offer of His grace,
 Or takes the grace away;
 Or worketh in a moment's space
 The wonders of a day.

III.

One day with Him's a thousand years,
 A thousand years as *one*:
 Cease then to tease Him with your tears,
 And let your GOD alone.

IV.

You need not doubt who fear his name,
 His power, or his will ;
 Nor shall that heart be put to shame
 That takes the hint, “ *Be still.*”

OBEDIENCE TO PROVIDENCE IN EVERY
 DISPENSATION.

O *Thou!* whose will doth all thy works command,
 Be Thou my Guardian, and uphold my hand :
 Where'er Thou bid'st, be *that* my chosen way,
 Without reluctance, and without delay :
 Nay, tho' I plead, do thou my plea deny,
 And, kindly rigid, force me to comply.

WARS AND FIGHTINGS! WHENCE COME
 THEY ?

FROM cruel *Pride*, and curs'd *Ambition's* hate,
 From *Envy's* lust, and *Mammon's* fierce debate ;
 From all that's earthly, sensual, and infern,
 Where demons howl, and howling demons burn ;
 From that dark den where Satan shews his shape,
 Whom statesmen worship, and whom tyrants *ape*.
 Judge then who hear, nor wonder such the fruit,
 When hell's the tree, and hell-fire rage the root.

ON PARTING FROM A FRIEND.

AS forcing streams the solid land divide,
 And rising mounds disjoin the yielding tide;
 As the keen wedge, impress'd with pow'ful stroke,
 Rending the bark, divides the stubborn oak:
 So time or fate the dearest ties may part,
 Yet change not nature, tho' they rend the heart,
 That, like the rivers parted from the main,
 Are but disjoin'd to re-unite again.

I N S I N C E R I T Y,

The Bar to Happiness.

I.

WHEN I am ask'd, "*What would you have?*"
 I know not what to chuse:
 I know, indeed, what I *should* crave,
 But that's what I refuse.

II.

"Why, then, if you may ask and *have*
 The thing you *ought* to ask,
 Can it be right to whine or rave,
 As cruel were the *task?*"

III.

Why no, I do not think it is;
 But still, I know not *why*,
 'Tis natural for what we wish
 Both to repine and *cry*.

IV.

“ ’Tis so—and ’tis what Nature *pleads* ;
 But, pray, where’s reason then :
 Or rather where religion’s *creeds*,
 To which *she* says—*Amen !*”

A S O L I L O Q U Y,
Between Me and Myself.

I.

O N C E on a time, when all alone,
 I put this question to my *heart* :
 “ What *single* reason can be shewn,
 “ Why two such friends as we must part ?”

II.

My heart then made me this reply :
 I wonder you should ask of me,
 So native prone to speak a *lye*,
 That truth and I can ne’er agree.

III.

But here’s the reason, I suppose ;
 You’re pleas’d to take me for your foe :
 Whereas, if I might all disclose,
 ’Tis *WILL*’s the greatest of the *two*.

IV.

So that for your complaints of *me*,
 That I am from all good estrang’d ;
 ’Tis then your place, if so it be,
 So see and get my nature *chang’d*.

V.

“ You’re right, my heart,” I cried, “ for once,
 “ I see ’tis not your fault alone ;
 “ ’Tis I and *will* that must renounce
 “ *Ourselves*, and then the work is *done*.”

ON TIME’S UNCERTAINTY.

TIME past is gone, time present is the same,
 And only differ in the sound of *name*.
 Time past, if *near*, is surnam’d, “ *yesterday*,”
 And *present* time will have the same to say.
 What is to-day, to-morrow is no more ;
 And what’s to morrow—but the day before ?
 So change we names—but things we cannot change,
 And Time, like Death, holds on his annual range ;
 And hold he will, till we with Him shall be,
 Drove with the tide, and mix eternity !

OFFENCES THREATENED.

WOE to the MAN ! whose life his living shame
 Stabs his profession, as it blots his fame :
 The dire effect is not his loss alone,
 A thousand more may be involved in *one*.
 How dreadful then, when thousands may bewail
 The fatal *block* o’er which they drove to *hell* !

D A V I D ' S W I S H .

Psalm xvii. 5.

HOLD up my goings in thy righteous way,
 Lest pride beguile me, and my footsteps stray;
 Lest, wand'ring wide, I quit the narrow path,
 Grieve thy spirit, and incur thy wrath;
 Provoke thy mercy to resign her care,
 And give me over to its own despair.

T H E C O N F L I C T .

I.

WHILE *Nature* strives to conquer *Grace*,
 And *Grace* contends with *Sin*,
 O what a contest (as a race)
 These bitter foes between !

II.

Nature resolves, at all events,
 Possession to maintain ;
 While *Grace* the incroaching deed resents,
 Nor will resent in vain.

III.

GRACE pleads, what *Nature cannot do*,
 Her grand primeval claim ;
 When *Satan*, with his brazen hue,
 Pretends and pleads the same.

IV.

By each attack'd, (a bloody field !)
 The Soul distracted stands ;
 Not knowing yet to which to yield,
 She spreads her trembling hands.

V.

Come then, she cries, who best can make
 A lawful claim on me ;
 The strongest side I need's must take,
 I can't *divided* be !

VI.

“ That's mine (Appollyon cries) 'tis true,”
 And to his text he stands ;
 When, swift as thought, *Emanuel* flew,
 And snatch'd her from his hands !

THE QUESTION ANSWERED.

WHAT is the *Sea*? A world of sporting fishes
 And what's “ *the World*? An *o* between
 two dishes.”

And what's a *Dish*, or what's a thousand score,
 But like the *Sea*, when fill'd, will hold no more?
 So *Sea*, *World*, *Dish*, howe'er replete with food,
 Are still all *empty* of the *only* GOOD.

THE H O N E S T M A N.

W H O kindly thinks, and, as he thinks, he
 speaks ;
 and pass'd his word, his promise never breaks :
 clear to discern, as plainly can reprove,
 and if deceiv'd, is but deceiv'd from love.

THE D O U B L E I N F I D E L.

G O YE! who say "*The Resurrection's past,*"
 Or ye who its *reality* deny ;
 beneath this stone, lies one interr'd at last,
 whose dying hopes gave both of you the *lye*.

THE CAUSE AND EFFECT COEVAL.

T H E *Cause* continued, the Effect's the same ;
 Yet 'tis not this, but *that* which is to blame :
 at least *that* most, tho' *this* in time may be
 the same wth *that*, as here we plainly see :
 the Cause your *sin*, the Effect is your *distress*,
 which, tho' you mourn, makes not your sin the *less*.

D I V I N E E F F I C A C Y.

WHAT cannot *Grace!* what cannot *Jesus* do
When with His strength His mighty hands
lays to.

He speaks the *Word*, and what was not *begun*,
Begins to *quicken*—and the work is done:
Mercy descends, the life begins to move,
And all is ended, as *commenc'd*, in LOVE!

R E A L W O R T H, W H A T I S I T?

WHAT dies he worth, whose worth, when
he dies,
Speaks him worth nothing, but what cank'ring lies
In his own hoard? Come, let the answer out.
“He dies worth nothing, and is damn'd to boot.”

A V A R I C E, A H O R S E - L E E C H

“**O**NE hundred first—but sure 'tis not the last
No, here's a *Second*, come to see what's past
And here's a *Third*; and double this once more,
You have the number that you wanted—*Four*.

hat no peace yet! My stars, when will you *fix*?
Come, please your goodness, pray now make it *Six*.”
ere 'tis, you wretch—and now 'tis made up even,
ow you'll tamper for the sacred *Seven*.

I thank you, Sir; but is it perfect weight?

I beg your kindness to complete the *Eight*.

Heav'n bless your fists! O bounteous hands divine!

And could'n't you now, to save me, make up *NINE*?

And *Nine's* the number of the *Muses* too:—

What, you hound, can *Muses* do for *you*!

Well, but my friend, to whom my heart is bound,

cannot you add a *Tenth*, to make it *round*?”

The *Tenth* appears; “By Heav'n!” *AVARO* cried,

THESE are my GODS! and, as He worshipp'd, *DIED*!

U M A N A R T I F I C E.

I.

OF all that Nature ever made,
Or into fair existence brought,
From reptiles to their lordly head,
Endu'd with motion, or its thought;

II.

There's nothing that, for guile or art,
Pretence, deception, or deceit,
Can *Man* exceed—except the *part*
He prides in placing at his feet.

K

III.

III.

Deceiv'd herself by the old *Snake*,
 That by her ear *infus'd* her breast;
 Like him she holds the beaten track,
 Nor follows slow in all the rest.

IV.

O, wretched man! and wretched pair!
 That, once besotted and beguil'd,
 Have deep entangled in the snare
 Their latest and their fairest child.

V.

Tempted by each, they tempt in turn,
 Destruction find, destruction bring;
 And will, as long as meteors burn,
 Or wily serpents keep their sting.

WHO THEN CAN BE SAVED?

HE who *repents*—the man to whom 'tis given
 By Faith to live, and, living, die for Heaven

CAUTION IN COMMENDING BOOKS
OR COMPANY.

WHAT's one man's *poison*, may be to others
meat;

All can't *digest*, tho' all at times may *eat*.
 Some are like *bees*, that poisons turn to *food*;
 And some like *toads*, to poison all that's *good*.

edge for thyself—let no one's creed prescribe;
 That tho' his strength no mischief may imbibe,
 Thy health may injure, and, what's still far worse,
 May taint thy *heart*, and leave thee to accurse
 The fatal moment, when thy folly's *pate*
 Wou'd on another's sleeve the casting die of Fate.

LIBERTY AND BONDAGE.

I.

'TIS not who buys me is my *Lord*;
 Nor who is sold the *slave*:
 But He whose right's to give the word,
 Such the dominion have.

II.

Then I may be, tho' I am *sold*,
 A true-born son and free:
 The bondage is not mine, nor *gold*
 The price of *Liberty*.

III.

What is it then that bondage makes,
 Or what can set me free?
 Whatever hand your fetters breaks,
 And speaks your Jubilee.

IV.

But whose is that, I want to know,
 And what his *secret name*?
 I'll tell you, as you want to go:
 'Tis I—behold the *Lamb*!

CAUSE OF THE GAIN AND LOSS
OF FRIENDS.

ARE riches thine, or does thy wealth encrease,
Then honour's thine, and thousands with thee
peace :

But art thou poor, or are thy riches flown,
Then Friendship flies, and every friend will frown.

TRANSLATION FROM OVID

Metam. Book I.

AT HIS command, the lawns their bosoms spread,
The woods were clothed, and the vallies fed
The swelling hills to cloud-capp'd mountains rise,
Seas kist their shores, and stars salute the skies!

RELIGION OPPOSED TO BIGOTRY

“ **I** Am of *Paul*,” *Sophronia* cries,
“ A man as regular as wife.”

Well, *you* are of an humble mind,
And to *Apollus* seem inclin'd.

“ But I,” says this, “ do him prefer,

“ Whose sword cut off the servant's ear :

“ A be

" A bold Evangelist was he,
 " So Peter is the man for me."
 And now, good sir, which way are you?
 You surely must be some way too.
 Yes, so I am—not him nor PAUL,
 But trust in HIM that sent them all!

C A U S E S,

Moral and Judicial,

Of National Calamities and Commotions.

CONTEMPT of laws, both human and divine;
 Unbounded lust, and Bacchus' drunken shrine;
 Unbridled passion, luxury, and vice,
 That fits for ruin, as it caus'd its rise;
 Hard-hearted Avarice, and Injustice' paw,
 That gripes the guiltless, and defies the law;
 The pomp of pride, the spleen of lawless pow'r,
 Ambition's envy, and its thirst of more;
 Religion's scorn, the hate of all restraint,
 The poor's oppression, and their mock'd complaint:
 These are the crimes that mark destruction's line!
 And, unrepented, *Britain*, will be thine!

O N R E A D I N G

"THE CALL TO BRITAIN,"

A Copy of Verses by Philopatria.

G R E A T is the cause; and so far good the end,
 Kindly to aim a *fractur'd* world to mend:
 But better still, when influenc'd from above,
 We warn with meekness, and reprove from *love*.
 But hard the task; while in the lump we strike,
 To think our own and others crimes alike;
 Since partial view'd, 'tis theirs our zeal condemns,
 And thinks it virtue, when its censure blames;
 Not once reflecting, that the pride of *grace*,
 Stands in Heaven's eye the *foulest* of the race:
 Self-righteous *pride!* that, as it first intrudes,
 Is the first sin that Heav'n itself *excludes!*

ON THE FOUR CARDINAL POINTS OF THE COMPASS,

N. E. S. W.

Which, properly ranged, form the Word NEWS.

W I T H every wind that o'er this planet blows,
 Some tale is rumour'd, or some rumour
 flows:

To these their wish, to these is brought their doom;
 But ill's the *wind* that blows no good to *some*.

Yet,

et, good or ill, there are who *none* refuse,
 s all's alike, so be it sounds like *News*.

From the bleak *North*, see polar storms arise,
 While the sharp *East* arrests the freezing skies ;
 The wat'ry *West* dread sweeps th' Atlantic shore,
 And blends her tears with streams of human gore * ;
 Till the soft *South* inclines the world to peace,
 Wafts her sweet balms, and bids *commotion* cease !

* *Wrote during the American war.*

DISAPPOINTMENT NO MISFORTUNE.

O Thou hard and bitter *pill* !
 Cursed cure of many an ill ;
 Canst thou think it hard in *me*,
 As thou dost, to deal with *thee* ;
 And not only call thee *names*,
 While my Muse thy *malice* blames ;
 But should try to extricate,
 From thy hands the seals of *Fate* ?
 Yet, I own, and must defend,
 Thou hast often stood my friend ;
 Right has been where I was wrong,
 Tho' my heart with vengeance stung :
 For thou often hast preserv'd,
 Even when my feet had swerv'd ;

And

And, by stopping up my way,
 Sav'd me from the Fowler's lay :
 This I own that thou hast been,
 And (tho' rare) has sav'd from *sin* ;
 And from *this* I'd have thee still
 Save me, tho' against my *will* ;
 Till the danger all is o'er,
 And I need thy help more.

“ W H A T I S G O D ? ”

Attempted from the French.

FAR from deciding *what* the great SUPREME !
 Let us adore, with silent awe, the *theme*.
 Mystery immense ! that must all thought excel ;
 And he a God, who what *God* is can tell !

TRANSLATION OF FOUR LINES
 FROM HORACE.

Book II. Satire vii.

In Answer to the Question, “ Who is truly free ? ”

THE man that's wise, whom neither fear of want
 Bondage, or death, can from his duty daunt
 But, self-subdu'd, doth his own passions stem,
 And, self-enjoy'd, the applause of Fools contemn.

ONE'S OWN THOUGHTS.

WHO' nor inclin'd, nor tutur'd to rebel,
 I must confess my fingers itch to tell
 What thoughts I think, what notes my fancy fings,
 When turn'd her eyes on *cannibals* or kings:
 Let this I will, for this I may and durst,
 An oath declare, these last are oft the worst!

NO END OF CRAVING.

Thought from Horace, Book III. Ode xvii. Line 41.

WHO much desire, of course will want still more:
 Heaven grants an *ample*, tho' a scanty store.
 'Tis not then what we want, but what is giv'n;
 And *thanks* for this is what is due to *Heav'n*,

Another Thought from Horace, Book III. Ode xvi.

THE less we ask, contented with our share,
 The larger boon will Heav'n benign confer;
 Till all bestow'd that Heav'n on earth will give,
 We shall, remov'd, that Heav'n itself receive.

Reflection on the foregoing.

WHO only asks for what is Heaven's high will,
 May still persist, and be regarded still :
 Since, after all, be it to monarchs known,
 'Tis not their will, but HIS, that shall be done.

Conclusion.

BUT, oh ! how hard, how arduous is the task,
 Unhelp'd to linger, and unheard to ask !
 'Midst thousand fears and thousand toils unknown,
 To wait the harvest from a seed *just* sown !
 What patient looking, and what dubious hope,
 That now desponds, and now in fear looks up ?
 But this is sure—who spake his word will keep ;
 “ Who sow'd in sorrow, shall in triumph reap.”

ON ONE MR. WALTER MILLER,

A Martyr in Q. Mary's Days.

Written by himself in LATIN.

'TIS not for crimes that I have done,
 Or sins transgress'd against the law,
 That thus my judges tread me down,
 And gripe me with their iron paw.

'Tis for my faith in HIM who liv'd,
 And died that I might live in Heav'n :
 For 'tis by this (that death surviv'd)
 I seek that life His death has giv'n !

TRANSLATION OF SIX LATIN LINES,

*in the Counter Title-Page of an old Sermon, on
 Luke xiii. 5. by ARTHUR DENT.*

WHOE'ER thou art, that read'st or hear'st these
 lines,
 quickly repent thee, and forsake thy sins :
 for if new crimes with former crimes agree,
 when this discourse will a swift witness be.
 Some late have heard, and well content have been,
 to seek repentance, and forsake their sin :
 do then, do thou (as these have done) the same ;
 their peace thy portion, and their joy thy theme !

A THOUGHT ON ROMANS, XIII. 5.

WHO keeps the law, and thus the law fulfils ?
 Not he who hates, and thus, a murderer, kills.
 Ask again, *who* is it keeps the law,
 and in whose keeping Justice sees no flaw ?

'Tis

'Tis he who *loves*, and, on this lovely plan,
 Acts all for GOD, as GOD himself were *man* ;
 Believing, lov'd and found in Him alone,
 Who makes the sinner and the Saviour ONE !

TRUE LIFE, AND REAL DEATH.

WHO's he that's dead? The man that lives in *fit*,
 Born once for all, but never born again.
 But who's alive? The man that lives, tho' *dead*,
 Yet dies while living, like his living Head ;
 In whom all live, that, dying, live to rise
 With His dead Body, that once built the skies !

“WHAT IS LIFE?”

I.

A *Short* sad journey to some future place,
 More fair or foul than that we leave behind:
 Our chariot-wheels the measure of its space
 That mark the *goal*, and swift outfly the wind.

II.

The world an *inn*, where all who travel meet,
 Till night comes on, when death its guests enchains;
 At morn awoke, the *resurrection* greet,
 And hail its joys, or sink beneath its pains.

III.

dited to each their portion or reward,
 To each assign'd the lot their *life* has giv'n :
 On these, the wages of their *sin* conferr'd ;
 On these, the *gift* of Righteousness and *Heav'n*.

THOUGHT ON JEREMIAH, XXIII. 23, 24.

WOULD you by none be known or seen,
 To do an act impure and mean,
 Unkind, unmanly, or unjust,
 A breach of faith, or friendship's trust ;
 A vile expression or a word,
 That would not bear a fair record ;
 A sordid sentiment or thought,
 That fears to be in judgment brought :
 When in your breast this *hint* enrol,
 There's ONE that sees, and marks the *whole* !

EX TEMPORE THOUGHTS.

I.

WHO simply seek the path of life,
 And meekly walk therein,
 Shall miss a multitude of strife,
 That waits *rebellion's* sin.

II.

They shall escape the Fowler's snare,
 And every bait discern :
 Who gave them prudence to beware,
 He shall that prudence warn.

III.

They shall escape the thorns of pride,
 The fiery darts of lust ;
 Nor need the withering leaves to hide
 Its scandal or disgust.

IV.

They shall not dread the scorner's sneer,
 Nor churl's invidious frown :
 The scoff of fools they need not fear,
 Nor make its curse their own.

V.

But safe preserv'd by Him that loves,
 And will His own defend :
 HE who their loving walk approves,
 Will love them to the end.

VI.

Thus shall the man that fears the LORD,
 Thro' all his life be blest ;
 Till stronger hope, at death, afford
 A clearer sight of rest !

A S I M I L E.

AS gleams the dog-star thro' yon cypress grove,
 And, as it shines, now briskly seems to move,
 As glimmering rays dart sparkling from its eye,
 And tempt the gazer to conceive it nigh :
 So thro' the glades of mental darkness gleams
 Some mental light that apes the *Syrian* beams ;
 A light call'd "*Hope*;" but ah! how distant far
 The figur'd object, or the figuring star !

AN EXTEMPORE THOUGHT.

WHILE yet awake, I felt a sudden stroke,
 That, by its force, a cedar might have broke.
 Who's that? I ask'd; and was as quick reprov'd,
 'Twas I that did it, and because I LOV'D !"

D E F I N I T I O N

Of the *False* A R M I N I A N,

Commonly called "*A Free-Willer.*"

HE is one that believes he can do what he *will*,
 Do good when he *likes*, and, if not, can do *ill*;
 Can do all things, or nothing, as suits him to *please*,
 Though the *law* like a horse, or lie down at his ease;

Can have grace when he asks, or as *nobly* refuse,
 And, as seemeth him meet, can *improve* or *abuse*;
 When he likes commit sin, or continue a faint,
 It is no matter which, he can freely repent:
 In short, he can *merit*—to be praised or blam'd,
 And brays of its *pow'r*, to be saved or *damn'd*.

So much for this wight—he's the *king* of the crew,
 And Religion's reproach, if the Gospel be true;
 As assum'd to *himself* what belongeth to *none*,
 Save only to HIM, by whom *all may* be done*.

* *Philip iv. 13.*

D E F I N I T I O N

Of a *Fictitious* CALVINIST,

Commonly called "An Antinomian."

HE is one that maintains an *Election of Grace*,
 And as fondly conceits himself one of the race
 Talks loudly of Faith, but accounteth all *Works*
 As the chains of the law, and the creed of the *Turks*;
 Thinks that none can be sav'd who do not believe *this*
 Nor be *damn'd* if they do, tho' they *practise* amiss;
 Can prate of experience that's none of his own,
 And picks up his *phrases*, as you would a stone;

quite sure of his hand, and so wonders that *Paul* should talk, tho' *elect*, of being lost after all! There then is one more in a different way, both wide of the mark, and of course gone astray: look we then for a *third* that shall honour the text; and if there's a *fourth*, they are found in the next.

Who is the Right CALVINIST, and who is the Right ARMINIAN?

THEY are such as believe what the Scriptures have said,
 and, trusting in JESUS, follow *Him* as their head;
 GODHEAD adore; His atonement and blood
 their discharge from the *Law* and the *Justice* of GOD.
 They believe *all* have sinn'd, and come short of the
 grace
 that's sufficient for all. (tho' it save not) the race.
 They alike do believe, and, believing, do prove
 their faith by a life of obedience and love.
 And tho' they divide, 'tis scarce more than in *name*;
 tho' their CREED differ, their *Faith* is the same.
 Be this then's the case, why should Saints disagree,
 or quarrel with *them*, or they quarrel with *me*?
 We all have one FATHER, one Saviour, and Friend,
 and one SPIRIT thro' life, and one *hope* in its end!

WHATEVER'S WRONG IS RIGHT.

I.

CAN what all know is wrong be *right*,
 And yet not true the inverse?
 Not in the view of *moral* light,
 As now we shall rehearse.

II.

We speak not here of *things* or *men*,
 Their *evil* can't be good;
 No more than pleasure can be pain,
 Or poison wholesome food.

III.

But what we mean refers to HIM,
 And to His sov'reign will,
 Who, in this world's mysterious scheme,
 O'er-rules both good and ill.

IV.

The *last* forbids with awful frown,
 The first, as *right*, commands;
 And calls the effect of each his own,
 As each in order stands.

V.

Yet not the more excus'd are they,
 Who daring thus offend,
 Because, directed each their way,
 They answer each his end.

VI.

This all things must, whate'er they be,
 It cannot but be done,
His purpose, counsel, and decree,
 Whose *all* designs are ONE!

VII.

From whom all came, to *Him* shall all
 In season due return:
 Whate'er we good or evil call,
 To this one End are borne.

VIII.

As waters, parted from the *Sea*,
 In various *currents* flow;
 So all ordain'd by *His* decree,
 Where that decrees shall go.

IX.

However far or wide they spread,
 They wander not, but *where*
 They wander to their fountain-head,
 And all *re-centre there*.

X.

So all things here beneath *His* eye,
 Whose hand all things controls,
 In earth, or heav'n, air or sky,
 His providence upholds.

XI.

All accidents of time or place,
 All good or evil done,
 Religion's scorn, or Sin's disgrace,
 Proceed from hence alone.

XII.

The trials that His servants bear,
 Their poverty, or shame,
 Their various wants, and every care
 That can His notice claim :

XIII.

Their cries, their moans, by Him are heard,
 To HIM their griefs are known ;
 And *they* (like *Him* in that He fear'd)
 Are answer'd in His own.

XIV.

Thus *all* things tend to work for good,
 To them who fear His name ;
 Who love, as they are lov'd of GOD,
 And glory in the LAMB !

XV.

Address we then His sov'reign throne,
 His majesty and might ;
 To His great will resign our own,
 And own, that " All is right ! "

P R I D E O F F A M I L Y .

HEAR ye, who boast your noble birth,
 Ye worms of insolence and *earth* ;
 Ye nothings, who would something be,
 Above poor low *equality* ;
 In pride of wealth who scorn the poor,
 And bar your bosoms as your door :

Yet,

Yet, after all, what are ye more,
 Than were your fathers heretofore ?
 Of woman born, and like the *fly*,
 That, born to-day, to-day must die ;
 Or like a fair and fading flower,
 That buds and blossoms for an hour ;
 Or springing grass, that, lightly sown,
 Is by the mower's scythe cut down.

So subject you, with all your pride,
 (And what your heart can never hide)
 To passion, accidents, and pain,
 Like other worms, and other men ;
 To all the evils life can shew,
 The creature feel, or mortals know ;
 Of hurt without, or wound within,
 The marks of guilt, and signs of sin ;
 From Ignorance dark, to Wisdom blind,
 And with the base as base inclin'd ;
 As full of meanness, craft, and spite,
 As Art can feign, or Spleen indite ;
 A slave to self, and selfish ends,
 To crouch to foes, or tread on friends ;
 And, after all your noble birth,
 The scandal of the worms of earth.

What then, I pray, have you to boast,
 Who give your *honour* for a *toast* ?
 Have you more virtue, pray, than those,
 Who, tho' they're poor, yet primal rose
 From the same fount, whence equal springs
 The num'rous poor, and poorer kings ?

Have

Have you of knowledge such a share,
 That you have really some to spare?
 And such a fund of common sense,
 As, without loss, you could dispense
 A certain quantity to such
 As, like yourselves, have not too much?
 Or are you not as ignorant,
 As those your pride contemns for want?

Has *Pity* place within your breast,
 Your morning's bright, and sweet your rest?
 Or are your slumbers broken by
 The starts of guilt, or *plethora*?

Do kind affections warm your heart,
 Pierc'd with the sympathetic smart?
 Do you another's burden bear,
 His wants redress, his feelings share?
 Can you, without return, relieve,
 With joy rejoice, with sorrow grieve?
 And when the *poor* their cause make known,
 Do you then make that cause your own,
 And, caring little for the great,
 Their cause espouse, their case debate;
 Not minding who your zeal offends,
 To be but number'd with their friends;
 And e'en a *convict* gain your ear,
 That asks your pity, or your pray'r?
 If this you do, and this your plan,
 You are, indeed, of men the man;
 And so far forth, as this will tell,
 Your very wealth for grace may spell:

No canker shall your gold corrode,
 Nor thieves your quiet incommode;
 A mighty host your bed shall guard,
 And He that made, your great reward!
 His eye shall watch, His arm defend,
 And love you as his bosom friend;
 In the last day His plaudit give,
 And bid your joy eternal live!

But if the CONTRAST here be true,
 Of small account what rank, or you;
 How wide your fame, how old your race;
 You're but your own and their disgrace.
 Whether your ancestors were *peers*,
 Who bore the staff, or spread the *sheers*;
 Distinction then will none be made,
 Betwixt the *sceptre* and the *spade*,
 The high, the low, the proud, the poor;
 It all amounts to nothing more,
 Than this—whatever point of time,
 You and your fathers 'gan to climb,
 There *was* a time, if 'tis not *now*,
 When they, or theirs, upheld the *plough*;
 And might have been for you as well,
 Had you with them been ploughing still:
 For know, that kings themselves were born
 All one with them you seem to scorn;
 Whom you opprefs from tyrant hate,
 And crush beneath your *golden weight*.
 Yet these are equal dear to HIM,
 Who made you both, tho' you esteem

Of no account, and only meet
 To stoop or tremble at your feet.
 But stamp no more; on whom you tread
 Is one of the creation's head;
 And, tho' nor gold nor purple wear,
 For aught you know, *Salvation's* Heir:
 A lot conceal'd until that day,
 When such as you are sent away!

THE INFIDEL ARRAIGNED:

Or Thoughts on Job xi. 7.

I.

CAN'ST thou by searching find out GOD,
 Th' Almighty to perfection know?
 What! can'st thou scale His high abode,
 And trace Him in the depth below?

II.

Can'st thou his His nature, or His name,
 That only to Himself are known,
 Explore, and then announce the same,
 As thou with Him alike wert one?

III.

Can'st thou his goings-forth declare,
 And meet HIM in His high return?
 Whose chariot-wheels as lightning are,
 While blazing comets cease to burn.

IV.

Can'st thou elude HIS searching eye,
 That penetrates the shades of night,
 Or chase the darkness of the sky,
 By driving on the car of light?

V.

Can'st thou the thunder's voice outroar,
 Or with thy arm the winds control?
 Hast thou, o'er nature's LORD the power?
 Is she thy slave, or thou her soul?

VI.

Can'st thou the human heart explore,
 Its bias warp, or traits define?
 Or knowest thou its thoughts before
 Its act determine they were *thine*?

VII.

Can'st thou a kingdom bind in chains
 Of bondage or captivity;
 Fix the duration of its pains,
 And then remit the penalty?

VIII.

Know'st thou the height of Mercy's throne,
 Her care how vast, her love how great?
 Can'st thou her rich designs make know,
 Or drive her from the judgment seat?

IX.

Can'st thou the hearts of monarchs change,
 Or tyrants from their purpose move,
 Their acts to ends unthought arrange,
 Or force an enemy to love?

X.

Pray which of these can'st thou perform,
 Thou boaster of created skill?
 Go, reptile, to thy *Lord*—the worm,
 And match with mules thy stubborn will.

XI.

Call thy self "NOTHING" in HIS sight,
 Save only what HIS will shall make:
 Whose eye's the fountain of thy light,
 And who to BE thy being spake.

XII.

Thine ignorance own, thy pride confess,
 That made thee think thyself a *God*;
 As much devoid of strength as grace,
 Fit subject of His anger's rod.

XIII.

Go then, and fall before *His* feet,
 Before whose feet archangels fall;
 There shalt thou find the martyrs' feat,
 And shout, with them, "The LORD of All!"

WHO AND WHAT IS A MAN?

PRITHEE tell me, if you can,
 What 'tis makes a real man?
 Mind, I do not mean an ape,
 Or an *ass* in human shape;

Someb

Something small, or large in size,
 That has got two feet and eyes;
 Like a pigmy that can walk,
 Or can like a giant stalk;
 Like a parrot, learn to speak
 Latin, Hebrew, Welch, or Greek;
 Fetch and carry like a spaniel,
 Or can mimic Father Daniel;
 Chatter, criticise, and prate,
 Of the mysteries of state;
 Or that, running to and fro,
 Learns yet less itself to know;
 Or that *macarons* in dress,
 Powder'd fops of *ladynefs* :
 These indeed may walk upright,
 And appear like men to fight;
 And a thousand actions more,
 Such as brutes have done before.
 But I vow, and vow again,
 None of these are truly *men*;
 Whom, at best, they do but ape,
 In their visage, air, or shape.

Who then, I pray you, is a man,
 One according to your plan?

Answering then to what you ask,
 Now I'll set me to the task.
 He is one whom God and Nature
 Has design'd for his Creator;

And for what he is design'd,
 Seeks to frame his heart and mind :
 Lives not to himself alone,
 Calling nought on earth his own :
 In his understanding clear,
 Whom to love and whom to fear ;
 And, with probity of heart,
 Seeks his knowledge to impart ;
 Hiding not his light within,
 Light that shews him inbred sin.
 Proof that he, while void of grace,
 Was no better than his race :
 But the mercy he has found,
 While it makes his joy resound,
 Thankful for the favour giv'n,
 And assur'd himself of heav'n,
 Fills his mind with holy zeal,
 Calling on a world to feel,
 What a happiness they know,
 Who, forgiv'n here below,
 Taste of joys that spring from love,
 Constitute their Heav'n above :
 Love that, tasted here on earth,
 Constitutes the second birth.
 When renewed and born again,
 We a second time are *men* :
 Nature chang'd doth now begin
 To eschew each darling sin ;
 Pride, Ambition, Rage, or Lust,
 Envy's Spleen, and Mammon's gust ;

Meanness, Malice, Wrath, and Spite,
Deeds of Darknes, and her night:

All, in short, of every evil,
That can form a human devil.

Place of which you now shall find,

To every sort of good inclin'd,

All the Christian's nobler mind;

Form'd upon the Master's plan;

Form'd e'er since the world began:

This, and HE alone, is MAN!

T H E

S K Y - L A R K ' S C O M P L A I N T :

*Or Cruelty to Dumb Creatures, Ingratitude to the
Creator.*

IN that sweet month, the month of May,

When all is soft, serene, and gay;

When Nature, in her vesture green,

Arches the hill, or decks the plain;

When playful lambkins sport around,

And meek-ey'd daisies pink the ground;

When lowing herds (the farmer's pride)

Bellow their wants on ev'ry side;

When brighter suns salute the morn,

And richer tints the skies adorn;

A wakeful Lark forsook her nest,

And thus her gratitude address'd.

(I listen'd as I pass'd along,
 And so interpreted her song :
 Such songs as duteous had become
 The churl that fought the chanter's doom.)

“ By whom I soar, to Him I sing ;
 Who gave me voice, He gave me wing :
 And when my life with these are dead,
 'Tis He will give my nestlings bread.
 His bounteous hand provides us food,
 And fills the mouths of beasts with good.
 To Him I sing, to Him I rise,
 Who built the earth, and form'd the skies.
 By Him e'en I have been supplied,
 Nor ever was my suit denied :
 Meet then to Him I'll raise my song,
 And will, be being short or long ;
 Nor aught prevent my daily rise,
 To pay my daily sacrifice ;
 And when my charge can leave the nest,
 They too shall rise and sing the rest.”

Thus blithe she hail'd the yielding sky,
 As thought nor death nor danger nigh.
 But she mistook, as mortals do,
 And for their blunders often rue ;
 As, Reader, now your heart may hear,
 If so its diction wound your ear.
 A moment then attend the tale,
 And let its documents prevail.

A rustic clown that morn had rose,
 (One of the brute creation's foes)
 Who clumping on his errand went,
 Without reflection or intent :
 But lifting up his *leaden* eyes,
 The mounting songster he espies ;
 And, feeling neither love nor care,
 Stoop'd down and pick'd a pebbled *spar* :
 When fraught with equal joy and spite,
 He aim'd, and hop'd he aim'd aright.
 Strait from his fist the ball he threw,
 And then stood gaping as it flew :
 Not doubting but the *harmless* stone
 Wou'd dash its brains, or break a bone.
 Such is the mercy mortals shew
 To innocence in charge below ;
 And such the gratitude repaid
 The honour done the creature's head :
 As what for pleasure or for use,
 Had neither but from vile abuse.

Howe'er 'tis certainly no worse
 Than man to man, each other's curse ;
 Who, where or strength or refuge fail,
 By fraud or violence prevail ;
 And from revenge, or wanton spite,
 Their will is law, their reason might.
 Such were the notions of the clown,
 And well if such are not our own :
 As small the difference is seen
 Betwixt ourselves and other men.

But

But here digress'd, we now assail
 To end the moral of the tale ;
 The watchful guard o'er brutes to show,
 And how the bird escap'd the blow.

That then which loves its care to hide
 The missile ruin turn'd aside ;
 And (to the rustic's envious grief)
 The songstrefs gave a quick relief :
 Bid her in peace pursue her flight,
 And reach secure her azur'd height.

The bird secur'd, her flight pursu'd,
 And went on warbling to her brood ;
 While yet with gratitude possess'd,
 A livelier strain inspir'd her breast :
 And taking now her highest *spell*,
 She bid the late alarm "farewell."
 So too shall we, when safe we soar
 Beyond the reach of danger's pow'r,
 With equal joy and freedom rise,
 And hail the turret of the skies :
 Look down aloft, and view this sphere
 An atom in the waste of air ;
 As nothing all that mortals see,
 And space a vast immensity !

Such is the view that spirits have,
 Emerg'd from shackles and their grave ;
 At large to range ethereal bounds,
 And leave the stars their little rounds :
 While mortals stare, but not aspire
 To reach their height, or feel its fire.

Thus far remark'd, we now renew
 Our subject, and the bird pursue :
 Who having reach'd her summit's flight,
 Was now descending from its height ;
 Resolving, as she quiver'd down,
 Herself to reason with the clown.
 She did—and hanging o'er her nest,
 In accent mild his ear address'd,
 With such persuasion's simple pow'r,
 As he ne'er heard at church before ;
 Such as few sires their children teach,
 And downy doctors seldom preach.

“ What mean'st (she said) thou graceless bard ;
 Pray now, wou'd you not think it hard,
 If we for once could make the change,
 And you the ambient æther range,
 If I, in human habit dress'd,
 Should wound your life, or break your rest ?
 If I, with human wit endu'd,
 My hands had in thy blood embru'd ?
 Answer thyself, and lick the dust,
 If not both cruel and unjust,
 That I, who only pleasure yield,
 Content with lodging in the field ;
 And, waking at the dawn, arise,
 To hymn my mattins in the skies ;
 To teach thy heart a song of praise,
 And vie with me in stronger lays ;

That I for this should base be slain,
 My skill reveng'd, or put to pain ;
 A simple bird, whose artless quill
 Was made for song, and not to kill ?
 Go, thou ingrate, and learn of *me*,
 Both what to do, and what to be !”

The clown, amaz'd to hear her speak,
 'Gan scratch his ears, and gnaw'd his stick,
 And lumping round from side to side,
 Pull'd down his hat, his chops to hide :
 He neither look'd, nor spoke, nor stirr'd ;
 A *Beast* confounded by a *Bird* !
 But even *these* have something left,
 Whatever priests may have bereft.
 Thus wond'ring at the strange event,
 Where it might end, and what it meant,
 His thoughts within began to turn,
 His heart to heave, his bosom burn ;
 Convinc'd that this unthinking act,
 Was real cruelty in fact ;
 While reason in the bird appeal'd,
 Met something that conviction seal'd ;
 A spark of feeling that remain'd,
 And both his cheeks and conscience stain'd
 With what the modest call “ a blush,”
 But courtiers value not a *rush*.

The bird, who now the change perceiv'd
 Alike from dread as death repriev'd,

Embolden'd farther, now drew near,
And thus address'd his conscious fear :

“ Consider who hath made us twain,
And neither of us made in vain :
Can me to human shape refine,
Or metamorphose thee to mine ;
And might, if suited to His plan,
Made you the bird, and me the man ;
Thy spirit with thyself have died,
And each of mine been glorified.
His hand the same that each provides
With that which nourishes or hides :
The same o'er each His tender care,
To save us from the Fowler's snare ;
That from thy malice saved me,
And from its blood preserved thee ;
To whom thyself must one day give
A strict account, as born to live.
Not like to me, a moment's breath,
And then annihilate with death.
My time is short, tho' sweet my song,
But immortality is long,
I live but just to plume and die,
But thine is vast eternity !
Consider then, how wild as rude
Thy stupid, rash ingratitude !
And fix thy heart on things above,
Where all is song, and all is love :

Things

Things that for me were ne'er design'd,
 In nature cramp'd, in sphere confin'd ;
 Whom Envy's self can't grudge the space,
 I fill in Time or Nature's race.
 Thus, when I'm silent, thou may'st sing,
 And tho' I droop, expand the wing ;
 Soar higher than my pinions *can*,
 To regions only made for Man ;
 As all, who live not to their shame,
 Shall find, at death, were made for them :
 Where winged spirits higher rise,
 To other climes, and other skies ;
 Where endless songs of endless praise,
 Shall celebrate His richest grace,
 Who made me what I'm not alone,
 But you an image of his own ;
 To live, be't long or short of me,
 An heir of His eternity !
 To fall, yet rise—to sink, yet SOAR,
 And be where but Himself before.
 This is thy lot, as that is *mine* ;
 Be joy, content, and wonder thine :
 Accept the counsel friendly giv'n ;
 Be mine the earth, and thine be heav'n."

This said,—the clown conceal'd his face
 A sign of modesty and grace :
 Which done, they each their rout pursu'd ;
 The Lark her nest, and he his road.

AN ANSWER TO THE QUESTION, "WHO WILL
HAVE MOST REASON TO BE THANKFUL IN
HEAVEN?"

I.

CEASE vain Contention's fruitless strife,
Who most shall magnify
The gift of grace; who liv'd its life;
Or living not, yet die.

II.

'Tis Mercy all! and nothing more;
From Mercy's fount above:
The first, the trophies of its pow'r;
The latter, of its love!

III.

In both 'twas love and pow'r divine
That made the difference *here* :
But when they both above shall shine,
What difference will be *there* !

IV.

They each were fav'd by sov'reign Grace,
As sov'reign Grace can tell :
And that which gives them each their place,
Kind fav'd them both from hell !

ON A FRIEND'S ASKING HOW HE MIGHT WALK
WITH GOD IN THE MIDST OF BUSINESS, &c.

He that walketh uprightly, walketh surely. Prov. x.

THIS then the term, invaried as severe :

The conscience tender, as the heart sincere;
The eye as single as the hands are clean,
All care without, and vigilance within :
With step resolv'd, o'er ground untrodden tread,
Pendent on Hope, well balanc'd by its dread ;
That awful sense of an incumbent God,
Whose frowns are thunder, and His wrath its rod ;
From whom no depth, no darkness can conceal,
Or heav'n's high summit, or the depths of hell ;
All naked lie, as on their surface spread,
Tho' hid the heart, or tho' conceal'd the head ;
Who grasps creation, while his piercing ken,
Researches cherubs, as it searches men.
But *what* His thoughts, or *what* His mind unknown
What He commands, or what He wills, undone ;
Let Conscience speak, whose conscious record true
To seraphs dictates what it speaks to you :
To this adhere, her notices attend,
As swift a witness, as sincere a friend.

In private prayer, from public walk recluse,
Learn here its end, its privilege, and use :

Here with herself, as with her God, commune,
 To brace the spirits, and the mind attune;
 As it for all His providence requires,
 As our station asks, or better hope inspires.

Deep in that volume of prophetic light,
 The hand by day, the lesson'd heart by night,
 From thence explor'd, as from ethereal mines,
 That gold out-weighs, and glittering gems outshines;
 The secret wisdom of that God-like plan,
 That angels wonder, when they gaze on man.
 Bread mystery all! who'er the mystery trace,
 With mercy judgment, and with justice grace!
 Who this believe, and as obedient move,
 May often tremble, but they still must love:
 Love devoted, as in worship pure,
 Their path resplendent, and their footing sure.
 Thus ended all their warfare and its toil,
 They shout the conquest, and divide its spoil!

UNWILLINGNESS OF OLD AGE TO DIE.

AN EPITAPH.

I.

HERE sculks, who late, in yon forsaken cot,
 Liv'd to himself, as had been none but he;
 Now he moulders, and had been forgot,
 As more confid'd, if possible could be.

II.

But that when Death, his cruel adverse, came,
 And drew his dart, as eager to let fly,
 He loud exclaim'd, and, calling him by name,
 " Why aim'd at *me*, who am to thee so *nigh* ?

III.

" It can't be long ere this mean house of clay
 Must of itself come scattering to the ground :
 'Twere pity, then, to hasten its decay,
 And ruin that, which is in ruins found.

IV.

" Besides, there are thy terrors might address,
 Far more dispos'd and ready at thy call ;
 Nay, who expect and long for its access,
 Nor wish the shaft on other heads to fall.

V.

" To these then go, and spread the quiver wide,
 Contract their being to the wish'd for span ;
 But do not in *this* breast thy dagger hide,
 Do, Death, go back, and spare a poor old man."

VI.

The foe incens'd, a moment silent stood ;
 When, sternly gazing in the miser's face ;
 " What !" he replied, " was I before the flood,
 And shall I ask thy exit as a *grace* ?

VII.

‘ Too long already has thy thread been spun ;
 I only wish I had been sent before :
 could but then been bid, as now, BE GONE !
 Nor could thy *juniors* well demanded more.

VIII.

‘ And if they had, unless some *better* plea
 Than gifts abus’d, or time mispent were giv’n,
 had them serv’d, as now I shall serve thee,
 And seal’d with *this* the mandature of Heav’n.”

IX.

This said, he grinn’d, and, bent upon the deed,
 (Tho’ three short days had been a century’s birth)
 The reckless archer threw the fatal reed,
 And struck the victim breathless to the earth.

X.

‘ There lie,” he cried, “ a DREAD example fair
 Of age more harden’d by its long increase,
 That they who read, may for their *own* prepare,
 And meet this message with a smile of peace !”

EXTREMES THEIR OWN OPPOSITES,

AN EPIGRAM.

STRANGE as it seems, it needs no proof to tell,
Where hell's a heav'n, there heav'n must needs
be hell.

And this revers'd, the two extremes are even ;
When heav'n's a hell, there hell itself's a heav'n.

A THOUGHT ON EXODUS, XV. 4.

AS Egypt's hosts once dar'd the deep,
And dreadful slept beneath its pow'r ;
So may our sins their vigil keep,
And final sink, to rise no more.

THE PREACHER'S CALLING.

INCESSANT labour, and in this with care ;
As ceaseless watching, and as ceaseless prayer :
That thus dismiss'd, thy soul with *his* increase
May drop her *mantle*, and ascend in peace !

FALSE SENTENCE THE FRUIT OF RASH JUDGMENT.

WHAT may be poor, your thoughts accurse of
wealth ;
and that disease some symptoms show like health.
From hence then learn of rashness to beware,
Consider calmly, and conclude with care ;
Since from *such* marks no judgment can be drawn,
Till rip'ning time with surer symptoms dawn :
Such *special* signs, whose forms cannot deceive,
That truth may trust, and angels safe believe ;
Some such as this—there, smell that fragrant *root*,
The tree's a cedar, and *this* cone its fruit.

AN EXTEMPORE THOUGHT.

WHAT has been, *is* ; what is, shall yet be still ;
What must be, shall be ; and what shall be,
will :
But what these are, or what their vast design,
Not for man to question or define ;
Above this sphere in better hands they lie,
Whose wisdom knows the *wherefore* and the *why* ;
Which

Which man cannot, nor needs it that he should;
 Enough, he's wise, by being wisely *good*;
 And that his goodness doth consist in *this*,
 To adore that wisdom that can't act *amiss*.

THE WEATHER-COCK,

AN EPIGRAM.

HAIL, *versile* emblem of the human mind,
 True to thyself, and model of mankind:
 Thy only virtue is in them a vice;
 This moment *thus*, the next quite otherwise.
 Thine an effect of nature's potent *laws*,
 As theirs self interest, or self-love the *cause*.
 Thy various motions point which way inclin'd,
 The fix'd or varied current of the wind:
 Theirs only prove how fickle are their own,
 How weakly grounded, and how little known.
 First this, then that; then this, then that again;
 Now all a-go, and now a milder strain.
 Such is mankind, creation's restless heir,
 Than wind less certain, and more light than *air*!

WILFUL-IGNORANCE THE
ONLY INVINCIBLE.

AN EPIGRAM.

I.

THIS not who can't, if that they should,
That are the *guilty* blind,
And who, bewilder'd in the wood,
Attempt the clue to find.

II.

These are the objects of our care,
Our pity, not our hate ;
And tho' entangled in the snare,
Deserve a better fate.

III.

But such whom wilful folly blinds,
And blind, as willing *lead* ;
These are the men of graceless minds,
Whom Justice blinds indeed.

THE WAKING DREAMERS,
AN EPIGRAM.

I.

'TIS not who *dream* they're broad awake,
Nor all who sleep that dream,
Their fancies for existence take,
Or think the ocean, cream.

II.

'Tis men awake that talk in sleep,
As strange as it may seem;
The fools, that dare Perdition's steep,
And cry, "'Tis all a dream!"

INFINITE POWER NOT INDEFINITE

Or Omnipotence subservient to its Wisdom.

AN EPIGRAM

AMAZING thought! Omnipotence confin'd
That *all* can do, that wills the eternal mind.
Perfection pure! whose potence cannot do,
Save what is wise, or holy, just, or true.
All then is right, whate'er thy will enacts,
How weak the means, or woful the effects.
Thy paths are deep, thy depths no lines explore;
Let Pride confess it, and complain no more!

POSSIBILITY THE PROOF OF PROPRIETY.

NOR Endor's skill, nor Egypt's juggling art,
Can snakes from *wands*, or youth from age
convert :

Unchangeless both, they both unchang'd remain,
The ancient's glory, or the veteran's stain.

I M P R O M P T U,

On hearing Thunder.

HOW dread the burst! how awful rolls the sound!

From pole to pole, the echoing bolts rebound,

JOVAH's voice, that calls the world His own,

claims His will, and, riding on His throne

state unseen, bids all creation hear,

Men, O isles, and, as you hearken, "fear."

"Fear not," says ATHEISM, "'tis but Nature's
roar,

To frighten fools, and then her jest is o'er;

Nature is nothing, and this nothing all

That children shudders, or can *fools* appal,"

Wretch! you miscreant, and in flames go down,

Where thousands, chain'd, the GOD of thunders own!

DEATH,

D E A T H,

AN EPIGRAM.

THAT thou must die, not Truth itself more true
 Nor less is this, that unprepar'd are *you*,
 Who careless live, altho' to-morrow's sun
 May fix thy fate, as changeless as undone!

AN EXTEMPORE REFLECTION

On the Death of Two Famous Architects.

NO more remember'd, and no longer sought,
 The heads that plann'd, or lab'ring hands that
 wrought:

Their time a moment, and their name a day,
 Like their own works, they flourish'd to decay.
 So moulders all that human art can do,
 Its wit contrive, or vanity pursue:
 E'en Nature's works to their own period tend;
 Begun from nothing, in that nothing end!

AN EXTEMPORE THOUGHT

On "Lord, what is Man?"

A Vaunting bubble, and a pompous shade,
 Time's sportive phantom, for its pastime made:
 Strong in himself, and mighty in his thought,
 He came from nothing, to return to nought,
 If they speak true, who, fearing to believe
 What Truth affirms, would fain those fears deceive;
 Yet find it hard, some secret voice *within*,
 Proving their creed the offspring of its *sin*,
 But this eschew'd, their heart with joy receives
 This glorious truth, that "Man immortal *lives!*"

A THOUGHT ON ETERNITY.

TIME without end, or endless time," we say;
 Eternal night, or everlasting day.
 For *this* or *that*, no more *alternate* found,
 Revolving each their own eternal round.

A N E P I T A P H,

Composed on Waking.

I.

I Who was late what you are *now*,
 And drew the vital air,
 Am here entomb'd beneath this brow,
 A prisoner, and an *Heir*.

II.

“Come you along (said Death) with me,
 I'm come that you may go.”
 “I will not go (I cried) with thee,
 Who nothing hast to shew.”

III.

“Ha'n't I!” said he, and shewed his dart,
 And with that took his aim;
 Levell'd his weapon at my heart,
 To quench its vital flame.

III.

I cried aloud; when *Mercy* came,
 And (ere he stopp'd my breath)
 Gave me, by Faith, a glimpse of HIM,
 Whose dart had conquer'd Death!

“WHAT IS THE GREATEST BLESSING
UPON EARTH?”

PEACE, health, and strength, with Plenty's mean
content,

A heart well MANAG'D, and a life well spent;

A soul devoted, and alive to God,

Kind of His smile, but patient of His rod;

Each day prepar'd to breathe its latest breath,

And most resign'd, as most alive in death.

TRUE PEACE IN THE MIDST OF TROUBLE;

BL OW then, ye winds, a tempest blow;

Your mighty mounds, ye billows roll:

Unite your rage—I can but know

A calm, while JESUS stays my soul.

AN EXTEMPORE ADDRESS TO TIME.

ALWAYS passing, never gone,

Doing what is never done;

Always going, yet not past,

Ever foremost, yet the last.

How is this! pray tell me Time,

If to speak it be no crime?

“Herein then the secret lies,

If you really would be wise:

Use me, and you'll ever find

Time and you are of a mind.”

ON THE ILL-REQUITED LABOUR
OF INGENUITY AND LEARNING.

THUS Genius toils, and with her vigils earns
The dear-bought scraps that wanton Luxury
spurns.

She too, all toil, as never quite at ease,
While Thought can torture, or its hints displease:
Else all *solute*, who want or who deserve,
Who beg their living, or who live to starve.
Not so of old the patrons of the sage,
Joy of the Muse, and idol of its page:
By these reliev'd from Want's terrific fiend,
They spread their wings, and bid their Muse ascend
Affect a strain that might the Gods inspire,
Mount *Pelion's* top, and catch celestial fire.

A SINGLE THOUGHT.

AMIDST the darkness that surrounds,
Amidst the yell of damning sounds,
One thing, I think, I hear and see,
"There's one who liv'd to die for me!"

O N C O N T E N T.

HENCE learn the cause and reason of thy want;
 'Tis causeless care, and graceless discontent.
 But hold thy murmuring, and from envy cease;
 Be but contented, and you must have peace.

O N A W E D D I N G - R I N G.

RAIL, little type of constancy in love!
 Thou simple emblem of the blest above;
 Where nought is seen, and nought inferior known,
 Than that pure love that mingles all in ONE;
 That source of being, whom existence owns,
 Creation's fountain, and the STARS * its sons.
 Nor less a type of that *Eternity*,
 Whose vast duration marks infinity;
 That endless round, that no beginning knew,
 No line can measure, and no eye pursue:
 Whose dark womb huge worlds in embryo lie,
 Where time is lost, and unborn ages die.
 Sweet emblem too of *nuptial* union found,
 Where faithful hearts by faithful hands are bound;
 Where, knit in one, its joys are doubly great,
 While griefs divided, lessen half their weight.

* *Angels.*

Itself a pledge of bonds still more divine,
 When Nature's GOD her new-born sons shall join.

Go then, fair type, and let my friendship be,
 In all consistent, and a type of THEE !

WROTE ON THE KING OF SPADES.

WHO take such tools to dig the soil,
 May labour hard with little toil ;
 And, save in Chance or Fortune's train,
 May labour long for little gain.

But they who search in Wisdom's *mine*,
 For treasures lasting as divine,
 Nor grudge their hope the pains they take,
 Need never fear to lose the *stake*.

The more they dig, the more they find,
 That full contents the longing mind ;
 And, like the ebbing of the main,
 The more they lose, the more they gain.

Wisdom her pregnant riches springs,
 To fill the poor, and beggar kings ;
 A wealth more worth than OPHIR's gold,
 So often bought, but never sold ;
 The pearl of price, the glorious leav'n,
 That barter's earth, and bids for heav'n !

WHAT IS THE WORST EVIL THAT CAN HAPPEN?

SIN, guilt, and hell, the worst of all,
That men or angels can befall :
Compar'd with which, nor grief, nor pain,
Can bear the balance of a grain.
Not that the pangs of guilt and hell,
Are easy to endure or tell :
These are the EFFECT, the direful fruit
Of SIN, the origin and root.
And as the effect of such a source,
Are doubtless bad enough of course,
Hence therefore we may just infer,
Without the logic of the chair,
" If such the fruit, and e'er has been,
" The worst of all the three 'is sin."

A T H O U G H T.

O Might we feel and taste with every breath,
Thy REAL first, and then thy *mystic* death !
That death to sin that marks thy *rising* power,
Thy *ill* rose with *thine*, we live to sin no more.

THE

THE EVANGELIC SOLDIER,

*Or the Military Evangelist.**“Endure thou hardness.”* 1 Tim. ii. 3.

WHO lists must fight, who fights for God
must arm ;

True to his Lord, and in His service warm :

No danger shudder, and no trials shun,

While foes encounter, or suspends the crown.

At all times ready, howe'er quick the word,

To mount the target, or to wield its sword.

Loose from the World, and all its trumpery set,

Its hopes, its smiles, its terrors at our feet ;

With strength renew'd, each hour the battle try,

Till won the last, we more than conquerors die !

A P R A Y E R

For the Itinerant Preachers of the Gospel.

I.

GO Thou with them that go for thee,
And on thine errand run ;

Quick in thy service let them flee,

Till all their work is done.

II.

Then call them from this world, on high,
 To fill those worlds above ;
 Where Seraphs swift as lightnings fly,
 And flame seraphic love.

III.

There may they fresh their strength renew,
 While prostrate at thy throne,
 They gaze with one eternal view,
 The TRIUNE GOD in ONE !

T H E

DESCRIPTION OF A POOR MAN'S GARDEN,

Translated from the Latin of Virg. Mor.

See Gradus ad Parnassum, p. 353.

CLOSE to his cot a rustic garden lay,
 That *reedy* walls preserv'd from lawless prey:
 A small demesne, but blest with every plant
 His taste could relish, or his table want.

T H E R O S E.

A N E M B L E M.

I.

HAIL ! thou lovely, favourite flower !
 Idol of the fragrant bower ;
 Full of pleasure, full of sweets,
 Whom the blushing virgin greets.

II.

Emblem, in thy resolute tints
 Of unfully'd innocence ;
 Sweet adorning of the grove,
 Type of purity and love.

III.

Blooming flower, whose buds unblown
 Harbour extasies unknown ;
 But whose opening foliage bright
 Cheers the smell, and glads the sight.

IV.

Yet, with all thy pleasing charms ;
 Oft thy briar'd leaf alarms ;
 Piercing with its thorny blade
 Who its treasures would invade ;

V.

Teaching ignorance to beware,
 And the rash to touch with care:
 Emblem of the world and time,
 In their ruin and their *prime* :

VI.

Budding, blooming, day by day,
 Till arrives their last decay;
 Till a nobler period come,
 And the Rose of SHARON bloom!

G U I L T,

What is it? and what is it like?

THIS the soul's sense of *ill* itself has done,
 That conscious fear unwilling calls its own:
 'Tis the heart's knowledge of its sad estate,
 With trembling dread of some yet sadder fate:
 'Tis Justice' hand, that shakes the mighty rod
 In redd'ning vengeance, and its angry GOD!
 Now for its like, if likeness can be found
 In all this sphere, or that beyond can bound:
 'TIS DEATH, 'TIS DARKNESS, 'TIS the type of *hell*,
 At sin created, and where Seraphs fell;
 All the soul on this side time need know,
 To curse *existence*, or foretell its woe!

THE

THE BEST GIFT SOONEST GRANTED.

“ **W**HAT wou'd you have, if now you could
 For asking, have whate'er you would?
 A gem, a diadem, or GOLD,
 For which e'en *Heav'n* is bought and sold?
 Say, and perhaps you may, at call,
 Have something that is worth 'em all.”
 Why then, if I may speak my mind,
 And what I wish this moment find,
 'Tis this, I would be sure of *Heav'n*:
 “ There, take this pledge—the blessing's giv'n !”

EX TEMPORE ANSWER

*To an Infidel Objection against both the Power and
 Goodness of God.*

WHAT! think you then, that He who
 things made,
 And spake from *nothing* Nature and her sons,
 Cannot, with the same breath that quickens all,
 The whole reduce, and Nature's self revoke
 To their primeval state, non-entity of being,
 And brightest forms, as lifeless matter, *kill*?
 Cease then to *blame* the INFINITE in POWER,
 Who all things made, continues, and directs;
 Must, as in *one*, be Infinite in All,
 Consistent One, and Infinite compleat.

A THOUGH

A THOUGHT ON 2 TIM. IV. 7.

“ I have fought a good fight.”

SO speak the men whom inspiration fires,
 Whom Love has rescu'd, and its zeal inspires :
 Faithful to death, they leave their task behind,
 And whom they serv'd, to death as faithful find :
 His word a *Hammer*, as His eyes a *FLAME*,
 Their call, their choice, their high employ the same.
 Go ye who spurn, and as ye scorn, REVERE ;
 The sighs your laughter, and your mirth be fear,
 Beware ye, the men your envy would *entice*,
 The sons of thunder to the slaves of vice :
 What thought or not—the truths their ardors tell,
 Are equal fraught with happiness or hell !

IMPOSSIBILITY POSSIBLE,

Or Time gone by recalled.

HOW shall I call the time that's *past*,
 Who cannot stop the present *hour* ?
 Remember how you used the *last*,
 And let no trifles more devour.

He that improves, and that besides
 Who serves the minute as he ought,
 His moments, like returning tides,
 Shall crowd their riches in his thought;
 Unite their strength to guard him home,
 The past, the present, and to *come*!

THOUGHTS ON ISAIAH, XXVI. 20

I.

MIDST wars loud din, and scenes of blood,
 Dread tokens of the wrath of *God*,
 The Christian rests secure:
 From off his knees, or couch, can rise,
 And serve the *GOD* who form'd the skies,
 With hope serene as pure.

II.

Tho' baleful thunders rend the air,
 And the fierce lightning's livid glare
 O'erspread the flaming sky;
 He can, unmov'd, the thunder hear,
 Unmov'd behold the lightning near,
 And all their rage defy.

III.

If such the privilege of those,
 Who have for their Redeemer chose
 The Rock of Israel's race;
 Who would not make their choice the same,
 And, by confiding in his name,
 Ensure eternal peace?

THE COVETOUS COMPARED WITH THE
DROPSICAL.

AS *this* the more he thirsts requires,
The more he drinks, the more desires :
So with the love of gold accurst,
The greater gain, the greater thirst.
Thus each thirsts on to fill their store,
Till each disgorge, to thirst no more.

DESCRIPTION OF BEES.

From Virgil. *Æneid* I. l. 434.

THUS toil the *Bees* beneath the sultry sky,
While o'er each plant with rapid touch they fly ;
Sweets extract from each *virgineal* flower,
And bear its fragrance to their waxen bower :
The liquid balm with chemic art condense,
In each cell its proper store dispense.
Others with care attend the homeward hive,
From their walls the dronal army drive ;
While all unite, collect, or stow their food,
And each employ'd, consult the common good.
Subtle pride, or avaricious claim,
Their union mars, or disappoints its aim :
Like their labours, and alike their plan,
Themselves the lesson and reproach of MAN.

T R U E C O N S T A N C Y,

Compared to an Oak.

FIRM as its base, immortal fix'd below,
 Tho' billows roar, and furious tempests blow,
 Unmov'd *she* smiles, the favourite of the skies;
 Herself a ROCK that ev'ry force defies!

S E L F - L O V E!

The frequent Source of all other.

FROM various ends, in various modes we love,
 As nature, instinct, or affection move,
 As passions, interests, or as whims approve.
 Some love for virtue, some from pure chagrin,
 For beauty many, but the most for gain.
 Some thirst ambitious, an ennobled shame;
 For blood the hero, and the prude for fame.
 Yet all is love, and self the sacred end,
 Or spar'd a foe, or sacrific'd a friend.

W H A T I S L I F E ?

AN EPIGRAM.

A Moment's length, a length of *annual* pains,
 A list of griefs, infirmities, and sins:
 A scene of madness, nonsense, and distress,
 Where *wisdom* dodders, and where wanders peace;
 The sage's blunder, and the fool's amaze,
 Where men turn brutes, and where immortals graze.
 Sacred to sense, their downward palates ply,
 Their souls *terrene*, disown their native sky;
 Like beasts they riot, till like beasts they die. }
 Thus born who *live*, a blind, ignoble race, }
 Shall quit the stage, swift plunging to their place;
 Their nature's scandal, and their own disgrace. }
 Perish'd from earth, their memory shall rot,
 Reproach their laurels, or their name forgot:
 Such their reward, whom wanton fools commend,
 Their life, their *crime*, and wretchedness their end.

H Y P O C R I S Y.

FAWNING, deceitful, turbulent, or meek,
 She darts the blow, or turns the other cheek:
 A double tongue, to prate on either side,
 And double eyes, to watch the double tide:

Move at a blast—whatever wind may blow,
 For this to tarry, or with that to go :
 Can sigh or sob, can leering grin or groan,
 Pinch out your heart, and crack the breaking bone;
 Your faults expose, or flatter every vice ;
 For this too nasty, and for that too nice :
 Can lie, cheat, hide, or twisting like a *snake*,
 Can suck your substance, till your heart-strings break :
 Religion's craft in every form can act,
 And plead the Bible for the vilest fact :
 Make conscience truckle when she would withstand,
 As interest's hope her silence may demand :
 Fair to your face, but turn'd the culprit's back,
 Your *name* is *Demon*, and yourself a *black* :
 The truth affects, yet can the truth deny,
 And credit, forge, or propagate a lie :
 Feigns to lament, and seals it with a groan,
 She deep enjoys the ill she hopes is done.

I N C O N S T A N C Y.

I Can't, I mayn't, I won't, and yet I will ;
 I'll have it all, and yet have nothing still.
 Thus tost, I fix ; and fix'd, I tofs again ;
 A stone in air, a bubble on the main.
 Such is my life, and such 'tis like to be,
 Till snatch'd from idols, or transform'd by THEE.

THE

THE WAGES OF SIN.

WHAT good can Sin expect to see,
Or I, if I a sinner be?

Unless some difference come between
The sinner, and his ruin, *Sin*.
Sin in itself is not an *act*,
It is the sinner makes it fact.

When this is finish'd, both are one ;
The first is *made*, the last *undone*.
'Tis then in this the mischief lies,
And then of course the sinner dies ;
Unless some mightier ward the blow ;
But who that is, I wait to know.

THE DISTAFF.

I.

O What is *life*, at least what's *mine* ?
A brittle thread of flaxen twine,
On time's frail Distaff spun ;
Too slender for the important weight,
Hung on it by the hand of fate,
That breaks ere well begun.

II.

II.

Each day winds off a short'ning length,
 That, as it runs, impairs its strength,
 More feeble than the past :
 A few more turns around the wheel,
 And that which bid it run stands still,
 And I have spun my last.

THE SHORT DECISION.

J E S U S.

“ S TAY, thou peevish, testy Soul !
 Will there nothing please thy will?
 Art thou under no controul ?
 Peace, I say, once more be still !”

S O U L.

How can I be quiet, Lord,
 Or from peevish anguish free ?
 Thou, indeed, hast said the word,
 But can that advantage *me*.
 Thou may'st speak, and speak again ;
 But unless thou speak'st with power,
 I for ever must complain,
 And complaining, murmur more.

J E S U S.

“ Well, if this is all you want,
 And will then contented *be*,
 I do here thy wishes grant ;
 Only come, and follow ME.”

THE INQUIRY ANSWERED.

I.

MUSING as I walk'd alone,
 What to think, or think upon,
 This idea struck my mind :
 Where and what am I a-doing,
 Does it tend to peace or ruin ?
 To inform me be so kind.

II.

“ What ! ” says something like an elf,
 “ Can you not inform yourself ?
 “ Who's oblig'd to answer you ? ”
 Nobody that I can tell ;
 Yet I could but take it well,
 And my gratitude would shew.

III.

But at length I hear a voice,
 That, without *complaint* or noise,
 Answers all I can desire ;
 Tells me, ruin'd as I am,
 And defil'd with ruin's *shame*,
 I shall yet to Heav'n aspire.

IV.

Not in wish and hope alone,
 But shall reach th' eternal throne ;
 And a seat in GLORY find,
 Where no mem'ry shall remain,
 Of my former guilt or pain.
 But a pure ethereal mind.

NO END OF MURMURING.

I.

SUPPOSE, for once, you'd all you want,
 What wou'd you not want next?
 For all the world would be too scant,
 If we believe the *text*.

II.

Nay—but if I had all I want,
 I could not wish for more:
 Only let none my rights supplant,
 Nor rob me of my store.

III.

Why then you'd want, if nothing else,
 A thing you always will,
 While Nature, with her flying sails,
 Keeps turning round the mill.

IV.

To end then all your wants in one,
 And never more complain,
 Go, fetch CONTENT; and when that's done,
 You'll never *want* again.

O N C O N S C I E N C E,

As innocent of Crime.

HA I L, soft companion of each guiltless breast !
 Whose smile is rapture, and thy bosom *rest*.
 No music *charms*, nor joy its triumph brings,
 If thine be silent, or untun'd its strings :
 But these attun'd, our confidence is sure,
 Our sleep refreshing, and our rest secure.

S O M E T O K E N F O R G O O D.

I.

WH O E ' E R thy grace preserves from *sin*,
 Whate'er his heart or he has been,
 Whate'er his follies past,
 May henceforth in thy mercy find,
 How great that goodness, and how kind,
 The LOVE-that saves at last.

II.

LOVE that shall to the end endure,
 Making its own and all things sure,
 That can its care require ;
 While conscious Faith, and humble Hope,
 Shall bear the contrite spirit up,
 Nor quench the least desire.

III.

III.

Come then, my GOD ! if yet thy love,
 In pity, tho' thy frowns reprove,
 Support my tempted soul ;
 And grant me, as my last request,
 To hide my sorrows in that breast,
 Where love absorbs the *whole* !

CAUSES OF SPIRITUAL DECAY

THE *Sin* that does so easily beset ;
Pride that contemns, and thoughts that *Pride*
 beget ;

The want of prudence, and the want of care,
 Neglect of watching, or contempt of prayer ;
 The lordly mind, that cannot bear reproof ;
 Or cloven eye, that mocks the cloven hoof ;
 The unfeeling heart, or Passion's angry sense,
 That stone of stumbling at the least offence :
 The love of idols, or the love of ease,
 Or lusts that wait some appetite to please,
 Some foolish wish, some vain and low desire,
 Or sparks of envy from Ambition's fire ;
 A boast of GOD, that takes his name in vain,
 The hope of interest, or the fear of man ;
 Some secret passion, half refus'd, yet lov'd,
 Some pique encourag'd, or some crime approv'd.

In such a state, in such a frame as this,
 How should we but of God and comfort miss!
 This were no wonder—the surprize lies *here*,
 That GOD should suffer, what no flesh would bear:
 In heart as harden'd, and a soul as dead,
 As yonder mountain that o'erhangs its head.
 But, O my God, have mercy, and forgive,
 Once more revive me, and my soul shall live;
 And then, tho' sifted by the infernal pow'r,
 Shall but be winnow'd, to adorn thy FLOOR!"

CALCULATION WITHOUT NUMBER.

SWIFT fly the years, from East to Western clime,
 While rising suns but shine to shorten time.
 O ye, who read, and measure in a span
 The length of ages in the life of man:
 When this is done, go then your talent try,
 And count the moments of eternity!

CREATION A MYSTERY.

FROM being *nothing*, and a thing of nought,
 I am, of nothing, to *existence* brought:
 But *how* or *why* into this state I came,
 A thinking substance, like a thinking flame,
 I cannot tell; except it be from this,
 That as from nothing every thing that *is*,
 Save that alone, by which whatever lives,
 Its being takes, and every form receives.
 So 'tis to *this*, whatever *that* may be,
 I owe my nature and my entity.
 But then for *those* what 'tis to *that* I owe,
 'Tis that must tell me, or I cannot know:
 And that has told—the sum of which is this,
 “From first to last, I'm not my own, but His!”

ON A DYING CHRISTIAN

taking Leave of his Family and Friends.

STRETCH'D on his couch, FIDELIO meekly
 While smiling Hope sits sparkling in his eyes
 His bounding heart, inflam'd with sacred love,
 Pants for the joy that's only known above;

His short'ning breath with heav'n-born praise inspir'd,
 His soul exults with rapturous visions fir'd;
 His quivering lips announce, but not express,
 The dawning fulness of his happiness.

Thus, like a LAMP that near expiring burns,
 One moment brightens, and then sinks by turns,
 He glows a spark; to catch it then be thine,
 And light a thousand that may longer shine!

THE CHANGE REPENTED.

I.

IF I were you, and you were me,
 As fools have often wish'd to be:
 If you were me, and I was you,
 I wonder what we then should do.

II.

You think, perhaps, you then should see
 What I am not, nor wish to be:
 A something wonderful and strange,
 The better for the wond'rous change:

III.

A something that, perhaps, you've thought,
 Could in a trice t' effect be brought;
 A deal of happiness procur'd,
 That now you think is uninfur'd.

IV.

But come, I'll tell you how 'twou'd be,
 And then I think you'll plainly see:
 Each would repent the other's pain,
 And each would wish the change again.

D A V I D ' S R E Q U E S T.

I.

ONE thing I've asked of the Lord,
 And one I more desire;
 For *three* are promis'd in His Word,
 The whole that I require.

II.

A couch whereon to take my rest,
 And daily bread to eat;
 A God, to whose paternal breast,
 I may my soul commit.

III.

To live to Him, and then to die
 In peace with all I know ;
 In justice, truth, and probity,
 To leave this world below.

IV.

A God that will these wishes grant,
 In tenderneſs relieve ;
 To whom I can unfold my want,
 And will my ſins forgive.

V.

This God, who'er he is, ſhall be
 My glory and my end ;
 And then, thro' all eternity,
 My everlaſting friend !

THERE IS BUT A STEP BETWEEN ME
 AND DEATH."

I.

THAT Step I take thro' all my life,
 However ſhort or long :
 That Step has made me all this ſtrife,
 And now ſhall make my ſong.

II.

It was a Step from Nature's womb
Into the light of day;
And shall, ere long, salute the tomb
That hides me from its ray.

III.

But that which from the world removes
Its pleasures or its gains,
Alike removes from fordid loves
Its miseries and its pains.

IV.

This last and solemn Step by death
This world for ever leaves;
Nor turns again to seek that breath,
That to its God it gives.

V.

Then let me for this Step prepare,
And then as glad remove,
To banquet with the GOD I fear,
And see the God I love!

“NONE OF THESE THINGS MOVE ME.”

Acts xx. 24.

WHAT, neither fear of want nor shame,
 The hope of praise, nor dread of fame;
 The smiling promises of men,
 The lion's roar, or lion's den?
 What, neither pain, nor grief, nor loss,
 The torturing Rack, nor ling'ring Cross;
 The wrath of men, -or rage of fiends,
 The loss of wealth, or loss of friends?
 Do none of *these* thy spirit move,
 Less to confess, or less to love;
 But dauntless, confident, and bold,
 Face eastern suns, or northern cold;
 As all were nothing to that zeal,
 That, lit in heav'n, could challenge hell?
 What, then, can nothing *cool* or tire,
 For safety for himself inspire
 The man, whose heart was all a flame
 To spread the honours of the LAMB?
 Not one of all, nor all in one,
 Could make him shame, or fear to own
 His love to *thee*, or thine to him,
 Thy daily wonder and its theme;
 Who all for him Himself denied,
 Was scorn'd, betray'd, and crucified;

For

For whom all now is counted vain,
 If Him or His thy heart might gain ;
 Can sinners by persuasion win,
 And teach a world the death to *sin* ;
 To sigh, repent, believe, and love,
 And live the life conceal'd above :
 This all his wish, and all his care,
 His constant strife, and constant prayer,
 His office faithful to fulfil,
 Renounc'd his own, his Master's will
 His only hope, his daily joy,
 His glory, triumph, and employ ;
 That finish'd well his race below,
 He might in full assurance go,
 Where He, by whom his labour's own'd,
 And in that day with glory crown'd,
 Holds out His servants last reward,
 To *sup* and banquet with their LORD !

S U D D E N S A L V A T I O N,

AN EPIGRAM.

I Knew you'd fall ; but then I saw you'd rise ;
 And what a mount !—from *Tophet* to the skies !

NOBODY AT HOME,

AN EPIGRAM.

PRAY, who lives here? what nobody within?
 "No one but me," And what's your name,
 pray? "SIN."

Heav'n blefs my eyes! what can't you live-alone?
 Why yes, I've Conscience; he's the only only one:
 And he's enough, if you don't make a stir."
 O! Conscience—you, hallo! "O pray, good Sir;
 Pray do not wake him, for I dread the end;
 He'll turn me off, and I shall lose a friend."

PLAIN TRUTH,

AN EPIGRAM.

I.

WHAT I now say, if it be true,
 Why should I base deny?
 Tho' what I say should be of *you*,
 There, now you may reply.

II.

But chance you nothing have to say,
 You know the thing is *fact*:
 To *shuffle* then in children's play,
 And half avows the act.

III.

III.

“ Why then, what would you have me do ?

“ I can't repair the *rent*.”

I know you can't ; but, if 'tis true,

At least you should repent.

NEVER CONTENTED,

AN EPIGRAM.

I.

THERE is no end to what we want,
Nor what our wants would ask :
For really but to count the sum
Were no such easy task.

II.

And yet how easy to be gain'd,
If once the want were known ?
The one thing needful, when obtain'd,
Would sum up all in One !

A N E P I G R A M.

PRAY what is that you're looking for ?

“ Why something I have lost.”

That I suppose—but have a care,

Your labour's worth the cost.

“ That I must leave ; it is to me,

“ The loss you know is *mine*.”

And so it will, whate'er it be,

The temple, or its shrine.

'Tis not the *losing* then's the thing,

But 'tis the thing that's *lost* :

A beggar's equal to a king,

And each may curse the cost !

THE RETURNING SPRING,

A N E P I G R A M.

WHILE Nature, teeming with its opening flowers,
Adorns the groves, or decks the verdant
bowers ;

While birds and beasts their speechless offerings bring,
And bellow these, and those their mattins sing ;

My frozen breast no vernal change shall fear,

But clouds, and storms, and winter, all the year !

THE

THE FOUR IMPORTANT THINGS,

AN EPIGRAM.

TIME, life, and death, with judgment yet to come
 Demand our notice, as they fix its doom:
 Why then contemn'd, when to complete the cost,
Perdition follows, and then all is lost!

THE RACE OF LIFE,

AN EPIGRAM.

THE old *have* liv'd, and so may live the young
 How *sad* when either have surviv'd too long
 The *youth* invidious aims the *hoary* stake,
 Yet view'd the goal, would willingly draw back:
 "Push on," says Death, "your mandature is past,
 "The *last* in starting, is the first at last!"

EVERY EFFECT CONGENIAL
WITH ITS CAUSE,

AN EPIGRAM.

WHO *sows* would *reap*, and reason that he shou'd,
But why complain the product is not *good*?
Would you have *grapes* from thorny briars spring,
Or balmy figs from off the thistle's sting?
Oh! blame not those, 'tis Nature's beaten road:
But blame the *Reaper* for the seed he sow'd.

TRANSLATION OF AN EPIGRAM IN LATIN,

From Musculus, one of the German Reformers.

PRESS'D with the threats of sorrows ne'er to cease,
Thy Church, O CHRIST! demands the promis'd peace:
Hear thou her prayer, the impending storm dispel,
Avert her fears, and shut the gates of Hell!
So shall she own thy faithfulness to save
The flock thou lov'st, and whom thy Father gave.

R

RE-

R E P R O A C H,

AN EPIGRAM.

LET lying Fame her blasting trumpet blow;
 If I no evil nor occasion know,
 'Tis but a blast to blow me to that shore,
 Where Scandal's breath shall sound her trump no more.

"LIE NOT AGAINST THE TRUTH,"

AN EPIGRAM.

MUST then the *truth* be always spoke,
 And a poor *lie* be never told?
 What may we not, to serve a joke,
 To gain a cause, or save one's gold?

"Why doubtless, if you chuse, you may;
 There's nothing wrong but may be done:
 But how 'twill stand *another* day,
 I'd have your prudence think upon!"

A R E F L E C T I O N.

I.

IF they are blest, and only they,
 Who love and wou'd do all men well ;
 What can we do to them or say,
 Who prove they with to all men ill ?

II.

And that they do not wish all well,
 As *foes*, not friends, to LIBERTY,
 Is plain from this—let such prevail,
 And tyrants all or slaves must be.

III.

For there's no medium in the case,
 If Liberty's allow'd to none ;
 But those who claim the highest place,
 Or mount by murder to a throne.

IV.

Our choice, indeed, may not be hard,
 So far as choice of will may go ;
 Since few would chuse to be debarr'd,
 If choice of what they lik'd wou'd do.

V.

But this not so—not one in *ten*,
 No, nor ten thousand times that sum,
 But must submit to other men,
 Perhaps the offspring of the *scum*.

VI.

And say not—“ This is not my choice.”
 I know 'tis not as well as you :
 'Tis the dread sentence of a voice,
 That cries aloft, “ It must be so.”

VII.

So long as men are what they are,
 So long this sentence must remain :
 Reason and Justice both declare,
 “ Slaves must submit, and tyrants reign.”

VIII.

But when, thus punish'd, they relent,
 That hand adore that wields the rod ;
 Of every sin forsook, repent,
 And thus repenting turn to God :

IX.

Then shall the wrath of Heav'n be turn'd,
 All farther enmity shall cease ;
 The fire that o'er his children mourn'd,
 Shall smiling seal their mutual peace.

A N

EPIGRAM ON EPIGRAMS.

HAIL thou short, but pleasing Verse!
 Simple, keen, polite, and terse;
 Forcing smiles, yet giving pain,
 From thy sly satyric vein:
 Full of compliment or *wit*;
 Who forgive can ne'er forget:
 Dubious sounds that strike the ear,
 And provoke the Cynic-sneer.
 Yet what Cynic dare thee blame,
 While thy name is "EPIGRAM!"

TO THE MEMORY OF THE

REV. MR. VINCENT PERRONET;

Who, after having been Minister of the Parish of Shoreham, in Kent, for the Space of more than Fifty-seven Years, died on Monday, the 9th of May, 1783, in the Ninety-second Year of his Age.

RIPEN'D by years, but more matur'd by grace,
 At once to end his labours with his race,
 The Man of God, as fix'd on Pisgah's top,
 Survey'd the prospect, as he felt its hope;
 With eye reflective view'd the seasons past,
 The world's vast nothing, and its end at last;
 His former labours and his ceaseless pains,
 His toil unwearied, as minute its gains:
 Now deep revolv'd he longs his charge to meet,
 And cast his mission at the Master's feet;
 From earth he springs, while prophets gone before,
 Stretch their wide arms to land him on the shore;
 While smiling hosts the patriarch-guest surround,
 Mount on the car, and bear him from the ground.

The

Thus bright attended, see him soar on high,
 Borne, as on wings, beyond Creation's sky;
 Where, brought in sight of the eternal throne,
 Lighting he falls to Him that sits thereon:
 When lo! a voice, from out the mercy seat,
 Bids strait—"Arise, and stand as on thy feet;
 "I know thy works, thy labour, and thy loss,
 "And lo! the crown that overhangs thy cross—
 "Whose patient arm my weightier cross has borne."
 There, next to seraphs, and perhaps still higher,
 With beams of light, and of distinguish'd fire,
 Shall shine, as glowing with superior flame,
 The prophets mantle, and his diadem:
 And there, the sweeter rapture to impart,
 Who, next his God, lay nearest to his heart,
 Shall she be found—a mother, long no more,
 But earlier call'd from Time's morbidic shore:
 Where too shall stand, if Hope can feel its ground,
 A num'rous offspring, with the patriarch found.
 Amazing love! might but this lot be mine,
 To shine with stars, where stars for ever shine!

A N N E P I T A P H,

Sacred to the Memory of Mrs. C. P.

*Who departed this Life, on February 5, 1763, aged
Seventy-five Years.*

HERE lies interr'd, from every dross refin'd,
Her ashes number'd, and her dust enshrin'd,
A soul, emerg'd from all that once detain'd
Its hands in fetters, and its heart enchain'd;
Whose wearied feet at length their course have run,
Their warfare ended, and their race have won;
Whose end approach'd, the end of all her care,
Her *legal* labours, and her meek despair,
He saw, who lov'd, and call'd His favourite home,
He saw, who loves, and guards the sacred tomb:
Ripe for her rest, but patient of delay,
She heard, "Arise, my fair one, come away."

Thither, where Saints with joy celestial glow,
Soft as the shade, and whiter than the snow,
Silent as night, she glides from Earth's abode,
And waking found her spirit safe with GOD!

*To the MEMORY of Mr. C. P.**Who departed this Life, August 12, 1776, aged 56.*

CAUGHT to the skies from out this vale of woe,
 He soars aloft, to shine where martyrs glow :
 A man of sorrows, and aggriev'd with pain,
 Restor'd thro' death, he joins the martyr'd train :
 Like Abraham's heir, when offer'd by his fire,
 E'en here he saw the consecrated fire,
 Sworn to resign, and in its flames expire. }
 Patient to bear, tho' Nature's will complains,
 Each day new trials, and each night new pains ;
 Resolv'd to fight his passage to a crown,
 Resolv'd he stood, and threw the gauntlet down.
 Thou, who didst his every burden share,
 Nor leave his hope to danger or despair :
 E'en to the last thy utmost word was try'd,
 Till Nature fail'd, and Grace was glorify'd !

*On the DEATH of Miss D. P.**September 19, 1782, aged 56.*

DEAR to his saints, but dearer to their GOD,
 Another faint has left this earthly clod :
 Made ripe thro' sufferings, sanctified by Grace,
 Star she shot, to mingle with their race.
 Reason, be still, let Truth her history tell ;
 In purest realms of purest light to dwell,

Sav'd,

Sav'd by the Love that forms her high abode,
 Perfect in this, on wings of Love she rode
 Elijah's car, that bare Elijah's God !
 Rejoice ye faints, and thou, her hoary *Sire*,
 Replete thyself with Heav'n's prophetic fire.
 O may thy soul a prophet's transit *steal*,
 Nor lingering pains, nor dying anguish feel :
 E'en now HE waits, who bids thy spirit "Come,"
 To light the flame, and bear thy spirit *home* !

To the MEMORY of Mr. J. P. who died October
28, 1767, aged 34 Years.

TURN here thine eyes, thou passing traveller,
 turn ;
 And o'er this hearse, and o'er these ashes mourn.
 Yet not for these, but for yourselves ye weep ;
 Who die in Jesus, are not dead, but sleep :
 With *Him* entomb'd, their peaceful spirits rest,
 Lock'd in His arms, and folded on his breast ;
 Where hidden treasures from their fountain flow,
 Where martyrs banquet, and where seraphs glow ;
 While shines supreme—His faints eternal head,
 Lord of His own, the living or the dead !

This hope be thine—then let thy faith approve,
 Thy heart devoted, and thy life above :
 So, when reviv'd, the dead in Christ shall rise,
 Thou too shalt mount, and fan the immortal skies !

A N A C R O S T I C

On the Word "ACROSTIC."

A DIEU, vain world, and all *thou* art,
 C are's guilt is thine, and mine the *smart* :
 R iches, ambition, honours, joys,
 O nly present in vain their toys.
 S ick is my life, and sick I'd be,
 T ir'd with thy lifeless vanity.
 I f thou once grant me ought, be't *this* ;
 C hrist be my choice, let me be HIS !

A N A C R O S T I C

On Mr. J—— C——.

I DIOT of grace, to make worse idiots wise,
 O pen their ears, and *couch* their hood-wink'd eyes,
 H e comes, a *stammerer* of the gospel song,
 N or human learning, nor the learned's tongue ;
 C hosen and call'd, if call or choice there be,
 A man of wonders, and more wond'rous *he*.
 R are work of Heav'n—ye *sots* his mission hear,
 L ike that dumb brute's, that *twing'd* a prophet's ear.
 T o teach us wisdom, Wisdom sends her fools,
 O ffers her hand, to lead us to her schools,
 N or ever quits her charge, till they first quit her
 rules.

ON THE VELOCITY OF TIME.

AGES and years, with months and moments, fly
 The minor offspring of eternity:
 Of awful import, tho' of trivial name,
 Their nature, end, and origin the same.
 Hear'a's grand bequest, our safety to secure,
 And make its warfare, with its victory, sure:
 Recorded all! a vast unnumber'd store,
 Whose fate is fix'd, and time revolves no more.

A N E P I T A P H.

WHO's this that sleeps beneath this mould'ring
 stone?

"Why can't you read!" To you that ask be't know
 I once, like you, as now you, just like me,
 Thought life a jest, and GOD a novelty:
 But now revers'd, the dead much better know;
 And ye who doubt, where they are gone must go.

A N E P I T A P H,

In Monkish Latin.

HIC jacet mortê securus,
 Qui vixit olini impurus ;
 Sed non impeniter moriens,
 Sperat feliciter oriens.
 Tu, qui hoc dubitas t̄cum,
 Roga resurgere m̄cum.

The Translation.

HER E lies entomb'd secure,
 One who liv'd not so pure ;
 But sorrowing for his sin,
 Hopes *glad* to rise again.
 Pray ye, who doubt his word,
 To rise as well restor'd.

A N E P I T A P H.

L

GO ye, that ask who lodges here,
 Within this narrow tomb :
 There's nothing from the dead to fear,
 Who'll not deny you room.

S

II.

II.

But chance, at present, you don't want
 A lodging with the dead :
 The grave, you think, is rather scant ;
 You chuse a wider bed.

III.

A wider bed perhaps you'll have,
 If you're a rogue of state :
 Only remember what you crave
 Will not decide your fate.

TRANSLATION OF AN EPITAPH

Over some modest Abbot of St. Alban's.

BENEATH this humble turf doth rest,
 One who has paid this debt to sin ;
 And tho' his name be not exprest,
 'Tis wrote the Book of Life within.

Remark.

THEN that's enough ; what man would crave
 A greater privilege to share ?
 E'en Monarchs, tho' they find a grave,
 Their names are seldom written there.

E P I T A P H

On the famous Mr. Matthew Prior.

*Written by himself, on being upbraided with the
Meanness of his Birth.*

NOBLES and Heralds, by your leave!
Here lie the bones of Matthew Prior;
A son of *Adam* and of *Eve*:
Let *Bourbon* or *Nassau* go higher.

Remarks on the foregoing Epitaph.

'TIS true; good Sir; but, by your leave,
With all your witticism's pow'r,
Kiss'd you not once a tyrant's sleeve;
Could *Herod* or his hogs do more?
Boast then no more your noble birth,
Nor quote an origin, your shame;
The vilest knave that leads the earth
Can equal plead, and boast the same.

A N E P I T A P H

On one Mr. Jos. Baylis and his Wife, in Malvern
Church, in Worcestershire.

“ **T**HEY were so truly one, that none could say
 “ Which of them rul’d, or whither did obey
 “ He rul’d because she would obey, and SHE,
 “ In so obeying, rul’d as well as HE.”

The Simile.

THUS, like two *buckets* that attend the well,
 Each take their turn to ease the other’s *spell* :
 The first arriv’d, the next as free descends,
 And mutual thus fulfil their mutual ends.

Or, like a bark that steals across the tide,
 Whose equal turn its equal oars divide ;
 But wanting one, or else the stroke ill crost,
 The vessel sinks, or strands upon the coast.
 But equal plied the strong united oar,
 The toil is sweet, and every bank a *shore* !
 Thus match’d, thus pair’d, thus fitted to its mate
 We may be happy in the married state :
 But if unmatch’d, unfitted, and unpair’d,
 You may be *married*, but you must be *marr’d*!

E P I T A P H

On a Miser.

HERE lies the scorn of infamy,
 A scandal to reproach itself;
 A miser of uncommon dye,
 Whose very blood and bones were pelf.
 And yet he had whereof to boast,
 Altho' he gave no *tythe* nor *tool*:
 He lov'd his God, and, to his cost,
 So serv'd Him, as to lose his *soul*!

A N

O C C A S I O N A L . E P I T A P H .

DENEATH this hearse, of monumental stone,
 Lies all that's mortal of the saint that's gone:
 A man of GOD! whose glory was to prove
 The peaceful PREACHER of all-pow'rful Love!

A N O T H E R.

THY life how frail ! its moments, how they *fleet*
 How short thy time, how long eternity !
 Would'st thou prepare, then muse thy latter end,
 Make heav'n thy object, and its GOD thy friend !
 So shall thy *Hope*, at least, be sure of this,
 To live untainted, and then die in peace.

In MEMORY of Master J. H.

*Who departed this Life, April 7, 1773, aged Eleven
 Years.*

LIKE some fair ROSE, that, in the morning seen
 Hides its pale blush beneath the mantle
 green ;
 But silent smote before the noon day sun,
 At evening fades, ere half its bloom's begun :
 So fell this *flower* ! that here, in dust array'd,
 Reclines its foliage in this sacred shade.
 IMMORTAL flower, whose root, without decay,
 Shall fairer spring, and bloom in endless day !

A N E P I T A P H,

*On Mr. C. M.**Who died in the Year 1762, aged 31 Years.*

HEARKEN, ye young, ye hoary fires attend,
 Hear all who breathe the ashes of a friend :
 To you they speak, on you benign they call,
 Heirs of the tomb, and partners of the fall.
 "Return," they cry, "to earth return again,"
 He bids who made, nor mocks the sons of men ;
 He bids, who form'd thy being at a word,
 Creation's Fountain, and the creature's Lord !
 For whom all nature and its sons were born,
 From whom they issued, and to Him return :
 For life or death, unending as unknown,
 To that ascended, or to ruin gone.
 Can you then hear, or can you thoughtless read,
 This dread alarm, this summons from the dead ?
 Can you unmov'd the general sentence hear,
 For sigh one wish, nor shed one genuine tear ?
 In vain, if so, would worlds entomb'd arise,
 To rouse your fears, or point you to the skies.

To the MEMORY of Mr. W. J.

Who died on August the 28th, aged 24.

“ Young men also die !”

WEAN'D from the world, and weary of delay,
 In haste for that where glows immortal day,
 Like Lot from Sodom, and like Enoch borne,
 Longing, not late, to Canaan's rest I turn;
 In sweet expectance of unending life,
 A pilgrim worn and wearied of his strife:
 Made ripe for glory, and prepar'd for home,
 I restless wait, till JESUS bids me “ COME.”
 E'en now methinks His charming voice I hear,
 Now He invites, and now attracts me near:
 No longer now His will my wish denies,
 I am my Lord's, and He my wish supplies!
 Now then, my soul, lift up thy wishful eyes;
 Gird up thy loins, and, as thou gird'st, arise;
 Stretch both thy wings, and fan the immortal skies.

THE EPITAPH:

HERE rests *his* head, that wants a rest no more;
 His thoughts collected, and his wand'rings o'er:
 Who saw his wish, has seal'd his full release,
 Bid him resign, and then “ depart in peace.”

THE TRUE DYING SWAN,
OR THE REAL CHRISTIAN

*Returning to the Celestial Zion with Songs of
everlasting Deliverance!—Isaiah xxxv. 10.*

I.

'T WAS on the banks of Jordan's tide,
The close of Life's short day,
A dying Saint melodious tried
To chace her cares away.

II.

But though she oft had tun'd her throat,
And oft her cup ran o'er:
Yet now she sang far sweeter note
Than e'er she sang before.

III.

"Farewell (she cried) each idol-lay,
Ye tinsell'd toys adieu;
Ye have no charms to tempt my stay,
And I have none for you.

IV.

Farewell, with these, each worrying pain,
With each corroding care;
Each mortal loss and mortal gain,
Each childish hope or fear.

V.

Farewell, sad Grief and sore Disease,
 The fruit of inbred sin;
 I can no more repent of these,
 When I am enter'd in.

VI.

Farewell all seasons and all times,
 Farewell the change of *this*,
 With all the follies and the crimes
 That fools account their *bliss*!

VII.

Farewell Contention's ceaseless jars,
 Foreign, or home-bred feud;
 The tyrant's or the *bigot's* wars,
 That drench the world with blood.

VIII.

Farewell Ambition's furious strife,
 With Avarice' lust of gain;
 The pride of *dress*, the pride of life,
 Religion's rust and bane.

IX.

Farewell the Tempter's baleful pow'r,
 With every fiery dart;
 And farewell too these clouds that loiter,
 And watch to cloud my heart.

X.

Farewell all sorrow and all shame,
 And thou, O Sting of Death!
 With thine, O Grave! whose dreary name
 Alarms at every breath.

XI.

Farewell thou bright imperial Sun,
 Whose rising gilds the morn ;
 And thou too, fair refulgent Moon,
 Whose beams the night adorn.

XII.

Farewell, ye *constellated* Gems,
 Ye Solar Stars farewell ;
 I go—where uncreated beams
 Your brightest flames excel.

XIII.

Farewell, ye friends, that silent weep,
 And with your tears bedew
 This dying corse—'tis but a *sleep*,
 And then I wake *anew* !

XIV.

With you no more must I converse,
 Nor tread this dreary road ;
 See there the Prophet's flaming *hearse*,
 That bears me to my God !

XV.

Cease then, ye kind companions, cease,
 Nor fond indulge your woe ;
 It is my Father's pleasure this,
 And I with pleasure go.

XVI.

Be you as willing to submit,
 As now ye are to mourn ;
 And ye, ere long, shall hear him greet
 Your rising and return.

XVII.

XVII.

In fine then, Farewell all that's here,
 And all my tongue could tell;
 However lov'd, however dear,
 However good—Farewell!”

XVIII.

Thus Heaven's fair *Swan*, the Christian, sings,
 In sight of joys to come;
 While the Great Angel spreads his wings,
 And wafts his *Cygnets* home!

F I N I S.