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A N

ELEGIAC POEM

In BLANK VERSE,

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ON THE

D E A T H

O F T H E

Rev. Mr. A. M. TOPLADY, A. B.,

Late Vicar of BROAD HEMBURY, DEVON,

By J O H N F E L L O W S, K

AUTHOR OF GRACE TRIUMPHANT, AND THE HISTORY OF
THE BIBLE IN VERSE.

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A N D

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A N

ELEGIAC POEM, &c.

DESCEND ye shining seraphs from on high!
Ye, who with wonder and with praise survey
The great Redeemer's love to fallen man;
Ye, who with ceaseless songs surround the throne
Of filial godhead, basking in the blaze
Of boundless glory; ye, who burn with love
To all the saints; and have, at Christ's command,
Oft join'd in bright assemblage, and came down
From heaven's high summit thro' these lower skies,
To bear his sons triumphant to his throne.
Descend! and in full legion aid the flight
Of a fair saint, who now rejoicing lies
On death's cold verge: who, in his God's embrace,
Smiling resigns his mortal breath, and stands
On love's strong pinions ready to ascend.

Salvation

Salvation to the Lamb who once was slain!
 Dominion, glory, majesty, and praise!
 Unerring wisdom shines, and boundless might
 In all his deeds. By his almighty power
 He hath difarm'd the monster of his sting,
 And tyrant death is now a conquer'd foe.
 Wide as the found of mighty seas, let all
 The heavenly multitudes begin the song,
 Let all the skies with hallelujahs ring:
 And each angelic harp resound his praise.

Thus as AUGUSTUS yielded up his breath
 And smiling sunk into his Saviour's arms,
 His guardian angel sang. Meanwhile a train
 Of mighty cherubs, by heaven's King's command,
 Assembled, wait the signal to descend,
 And bring the saint in triumph thro' the skies.
 Michael, the chief of the angelic hosts,
 With Gabriel, the fast friend of all the heirs
 Of glory, now commanded: The glad chiefs
 Prepare their trophies, and with heavenly pomp
 Worthy the great occasion, swift descend
 Thro' the pure æther. All the shining train
 With strong immortal pinions cleave the skies.

Michael

Michael the prince, before the troop descends,
Exulting thus to friendly Gabriel spake.

M I C H A E L.

Gabriel behold with what extatic joy
Our favour'd train receive the high command
To fetch AUGUSTUS to the climes of bliss!
With eager haste each cherubim proceeds;
Fix'd to the chariot stand the steeds of fire,
Which beat with burning hoofs the founding plain,
And snorting tofs on high their beamy heads
Reluctant to the rein. The fervid wheels
Instinct with spirit, and with love inspir'd
Burn for the course. Each cherub waves his shield,
And claps his wings impatient of delay.

G A B R I E L.

If any thing can add to heavenly bliss,
Or give new relish to the boundless joys
We feel in doing our great Maker's will,
It is the holy pleasure which expands
Our glowing hearts, when from the lower world

We

We bear on high Immanuel's ransom'd sons,
 The chosen objects of his early love:
 But when we bring to his eternal hill
 Those who have labour'd in his righteous cause,
 And have each glorious gospel truth maintain'd
 Against the rage of Sion's numerous foes,
 Our joys are greater: And these earthly stars
 We bear to heavenly heights, and set to shine
 In brighter skies. But see, the signal made
 For our departure! Down the steep of heaven
 As swift as light, ye legions bear away!

M I C H A E L.

Here! this way lies our course! Behold yon star
 Which feebly glimmers thro' the distant void;
 And scarce to angels' sight appears in view.
 This is the sun that fills the lower skies
 With light and heat; and hath successive years
 Pour'd from his burning throne the blazing day
 Which cheers the world where the Redeemer bled,
 A world where horrid guilt, outrageous reigns,
 And black rebellion seeks to storm the skies:
 Where haughty man, the lord of all the globe,
 Presumes

Presumes with daring insolence t'arraign
 The conduct of his Maker; break his law,
 And disbelieve his word. A world where hell's
 Black horrid king in ceaseless tumult reigns,
 Fomenting rage, and cruelty, and war
 In all their horrid forms; and every vice
 So hateful and abhorr'd, that heavenly lips
 Disdain to mention. But for this devote
 To ample vengeance, at th' appointed day
 When she shall burn by heaven's awakened ire,
 And God in thunder vindicate his law.

G A B R I E L.

Yet in this world, such is the sovereign will
 Of heaven's dread Monarch, and his high decree,
 The sons of grace and heirs of glory dwell.
 Here they are kept at distance from his throne,
 And from surrounding evils safe preserv'd
 By powerful grace; and here they undergo
 Such discipline as trains them for the skies.
 On their account it is that vengeance stays,
 And heaven's rich blessings crown this wicked world
 In wide profusion. When the last of all

The ransom'd race hath pass'd the gates of death,
 Almighty vengeance, like a flood, will burst
 From heaven's high throne, and wrap the world in fire.

M I C H A E L.

These are the objects of his choice regard
 Whom the bright natives of the sky adore,
 Who once was dead, but lives and reigns for ever.
 He keeps them in his eye; his power supports
 In every trouble. At the hour of death
 His arms receive them; and his guards he sends
 In shining squadrons; his cherubic guards
 To fetch them to his throne.

G A B R I E L.

This is the cause,
 The joyful cause which wings our present flight.
 Nor is a common faint our precious charge;
 But one whose love and labours well are known
 On heavenly ground. How often have his prayers
 Ardent ascended thro' thick night, and burn'd
 Like grateful incense, which heaven's King receiv'd
 With pleasing smiles which bright'ned all the sky.

M I C H A E L.

MICHAEL.

How oft, amongst the happy sons of light,
 Hath the Redeemer spoke his servant's praise;
 And, smiling, held him up to heavenly view
 As a defender of his righteous cause?
 Mention'd his labours, and his holy zeal
 With approbation: and enjoin'd the throng
 Of listening cherubs to adorn their harps
 With flowery garlands, and prepare new songs
 Against the joyful, the appointed day
 Which brings him to the skies.

GABRIEL.

How oft with joy
 And holy wonder hath the ardent train
 Of warrior angels, when from earth's low plains
 They brought some precious saint to heavenly heights,
 And taught their unfledg'd wings to scale the skies;
 Heard them relate, how from their native night
 And heavy slumber on the brink of hell,
 They were awoke to see their dreadful state,

And sue for mercy, by the mighty power
 Of sovereign grace, which to their hearts apply'd
 Some powerful portion dropping from the lips
 Of that dear servant of the Lord, who now
 Demands the care of our surrounding shields,
 Our swiftest pinions and our sweetest songs.

M I C H A E L.

And with what transport have we often heard,
 As we ascended thro' the trackless void
 With some fair charge, how the Redeemer's love
 Was first display'd to cheer their drooping hearts
 By some sweet words, which heavenly power apply'd,
 Warm from the heart and flowing from the lips
 Of this dear man! How have the faints been warn'd
 Not to erect their building on the sand,
 But on th' Eternal Rock, which all hell's powers
 Can never shake! How have their doubts been clear'd
 By the full blaze of heavenly truth! How were
 Their minds enlighten'd, comforted, upheld
 By his instructions! With what fervent praise
 Have they approach'd the great Redeemer's throne,
 And, safe on heavenly ground, have bless'd the day
 When

When first they sat attentive at his feet
And heard his words!

G A B R I E L.

'Tis true, he was indeed
A burning and a shining light; set up
By heavenly power to lead the ransom'd race
Safe thro' the darkness which o'er shades the land.
The heights of science in his youth he gain'd,
And with a rapid course explor'd th' extent
Of learning's province. Then, by powerful grace,
Call'd out, and to his Saviour's vineyard sent,
His ardent soul, inspir'd with love divine,
Pour'd all her faculties and all her strength
Into the noble work: and all her powers
Burn'd to display a bleeding Saviour's love,
And teach a wondering world Immanuel's praise.

M I C H A E L.

The great Redeemer's glories to reveal,
And make the faints more ready to embrace
A free salvation, 'twas his constant care

To shew the wretched state of native man,
 How from the bitter fountain of the fall,
 In every stream, the dire pollution runs.
 Corrupt and wicked all the rising race
 Of Adam stands. Not one but in his heart
 Dares to withstand his Maker's sovereign will,
 And all his father in his soul rebels.
 For this devote to death each sinner stands
 And heavy vengeance hangs o'er all the race;
 Which none escape but thro' a Saviour's blood.

G A B R I E L.

But with what holy extasy and joy
 Did wondering crouds hang on the precious lips,
 Of the dear saint for whom we now descend;
 While in his powerful, soul-affecting strain
 The great Redeemer in full glory rose!
 How glow'd each heart with joy while he display'd
 His glorious person, his amazing love,
 His great salvation, his victorious deeds,
 And pardon preach'd to sinners thro' his blood.

M I C H A E L.

MICHAEL.

How did the skies with acclamations ring,
 When new ascended souls on heavenly plains
 Beneath the trees of life, were heard relate
 To listening angels, in what powerful strain
 He spake the glories of th' incarnate God;
 And the exalted Lord of life display'd
 In the full blaze of Deity supreme:
 Ador'd, as such, by all the happy throng
 Of faints and angels, while he fills the skies
 With boundless glory.—Hence, ye impious throng!
 Whose darken'd minds and eyes unus'd to light,
 Ach at the glories of the Son of God.
 Ye, whose bold pride presumes such daring heights
 As would degrade the Sovereign of the skies;
 And will not worship at the glorious throne
 Where every bright archangel veils his face,
 And falls with deepest reverence. But, vain man
 Would fain be wise; and in his native filth
 Boldly rush in where angels dare not tread,
 And make a god himself can comprehend!

GABRIEL.

G A B R I E L.

And with what clearness did the pious faint,
 Whose voice on earth will now be heard no more,
 Display the glories and the mighty power
 Of Sovereign Grace! Not by the will of man,
 He plainly shew'd, but the all-conquering might
 Of God the Spirit, is each sinner call'd.
 'Tis his resistless power that first begins,
 Maintains, and thro' each stage he carries on
 The noble work; prevailing o'er the filth
 Of ruin'd nature, 'till it stand complete
 In heavenly glory. All the ransom'd race,
 Safe-guided thro' the wilderness, shall find
 Their Father's house. Not one of all the train
 Shall ever perish. All the powers of hell,
 Tho' all their rage unite against one faint,
 Can never pluck him from his Saviour's arms.
 But sinful man, such is his native pride,
 Would fain be sharer in this noble work;
 Of his own doings a proud structure raise,
 And from its summit boldly mount the skies.
 But heaven, with anger, views the impious toil

OF

Of all such builders; mocks their vain attempts,
 O'erturns their boasted fabrics in his ire,
 " And buries madmen in the heaps they raise."

M I C H A E L.

How great the folly of mistaken man,
 To think his works are worthy to appear
 On heavenly ground! Who hopes to share the praise
 Of his salvation; and with dirty feet
 Would dare pollute the bright transparent stream
 Of love divine; which, from th' eternal throne,
 Flows pure and clear, and in this lower world
 Streams like a fountain thro' a Saviour's blood.
 But will not with the muddy waters mix
 Which rise from nature's fountain.

G A B R I E L.

Whether pride,
 Or stupid folly in mistaken man,
 Most calls for censure, is a puzzling question
 No angel can resolve. How much of each
 They all betray, when they presume to rise
 C Against

Against the glories of a sovereign God,
 Who sits enthron'd, amidst the boundless blaze
 Of uncreated brightness, and that light
 No mortal can behold! He from his throne
 At one vast comprehensive view beholds
 The universe, and all created things,
 Past, present, and to come. How oft have we,
 And all the heavenly multitude, retir'd
 With trembling awe, while the eternal King
 Hath in surrounding darkness veil'd his throne;
 And not the tall archangel durst presume
 To pry into the secrets of his reign!
 But man, vain man! can boldly dare to blame,
 Oppose and contradict his high decree:
 In his own narrow limits would confine
 Eternal love, nor give heaven's Sovereign leave
 To chuse amongst his creatures whom he will,
 And bring the happy objects of his choice
 Safe to his throne by his almighty power,
 Because proud man can see no reason why.

M I C H A E L.

But see the world to which we wing our way
 Appears in view. Behold the clouded sphere

Of

Of earth and water form'd. The darker parts
 Are spacious seas ; the lighter solid land,
 The seat of man. See, in triangular form
 Great Britain rise, and swell upon the sight.
 Here, in full peace, the heirs of glory dwell,
 And sit beneath the gospel's joyful sound.
 And from this favour'd land each day we bring
 Numbers of shining saints, and bear on high
 To people all the skies.

G A B R I E L.

What cause for praise
 Hath every native of this happy land !
 Happy ! thrice happy ! knew they how to prize
 Each precious privilege which they enjoy,
 Since their deliverance from th' oppressive power,
 And purple tyranny of haughty Rome.
 But, cold and careless grown, they sit supine,
 And her ungrateful sons behold the place,
 Without emotion, where their fathers bled :
 And, fearless now, they with the serpent play,
 By whose deceitful wiles, and bloody rage,
 A world hath smarted.

MICHAEL.

See, the tools of Rome
With demons join'd, how cunningly they hide
Their base designs! How, in the dark, they work,
And on unwary and unstable minds
Too much prevail; while, like a lamb they paint
The papal monarch! But if once he rear
His bloody standard, this revolted land
Will hear him like a dreadful lion roar:
And late, by sad experience, will be taught
That the old dragon has not lost his sting.

GABRIEL.

And now to bring about her base designs,
See, how the fraud of Rome hath undermin'd
The British counfels! for the land declines
In strength and glory, while the sword of war
She hath, by madnes urg'd, and cruel rage,
In her own bowels plung'd.

MICHAEL.

MICHAEL.

But see, we stand
 On earthly ground, and at our journey's end.
 Just rising from the frozen arms of death,
 And from the chains of matter now broke loose,
 Our charge appears. His guardian angel smiles
 To see our squadron. Not unknown he views
 Each cherub's features; and presumes the cause
 For which we left the skies.

GUARDIAN ANGEL.

Hail! ye bright train
 Of happy angels! welcome to the land
 Where great Immanuel trains his chosen sons
 For boundless glory! And, when fit to rise,
 Having perform'd his holy work and will,
 Sends his bright guards to bear them to his throne.
 Such is the cause which brings you now from heaven.
 With ardent joy I your assembly join,
 And to your care commit my precious charge,
 Who burns with heavenly love, and longs to rise
 With you to worship, and to join your songs.

GABRIEL.

G A B R I E L.

Sing, all ye seraphs, the deserved praise
 Of our incarnate God! who reigns on high
 And dwells amidst the unutterable blaze
 Of uncreated light. Him all the skies,
 With awful reverence, and with holy joy,
 Adore and praise: and his immortal deeds
 Will find fresh matter for our soaring songs,
 When we, assembled, sit on heavenly hills;
 Nor can eternal ages e'er exhaust
 The boundless theme. Salvation to the Lamb!
 Immortal glory, honour, power and praise,
 Are justly his! He triumphs over death,
 The yawning grave, and all the powers of hell.

S O U L.

What songs are these which charm my wond'ring
 mind,
 And fill with growing joy, unknown before!
 What stream of heavenly harmony is this
 Which breathes my welcome to the immortal shores!
And

And sings the triumphs of the mighty God
 Whom all my ardent spirit burns to see.
 Say, ye bright natives of the heavenly land,
 Who in transcendent glory shine around;
 Who cheer me with your condescending smiles,
 And fire me with your songs! for I perceive
 You also worship at Immanuel's throne,
 And all your heavenly harps resound his praise.
 Tell me! Oh, tell me! for my vigorous powers
 Burn to behold my Saviour and my God.
 Where shall I find him! which way thro' the sky
 Lies my long journey! Or will you, blest'd train!
 Permit me with your squadron to ascend,
 And learn the way to the Redeemer's throne?

M I C H A E L.

Yes, happy faint! we come at the command
 Of heaven's Supreme, from his eternal hill;
 And a bright chariot bring with steeds of fire,
 To bear thee up in triumph thro' the sky,
 And lodge thee in thy dearest Lord's embrace.
 For know, thy labours and thy ardent love
 Are not in heaven unknown: nor will they fail

To find their full reward. The heavy toil
 Thou hast sustain'd, and now remains the rest,
 Thine are the blifs, the glory, and the joy.

S O U L.

But fay, bright armies of the heavenly King!
 Whose condefcending love brings you fo far
 From your blefs'd home; for, ftrange it feems to me
 You on fuch errand fhould forfake the fky;
 What need is there of this amazing pomp?
 Or why fhould your bright legions take fuch care
 Of one that's moft unworthy? while the praife
 Of the Redeemer claims your ceafelefs fongs;
 And the great King who fills th' eternal throne
 Your constant worship.

M I C H A E L.

Think not heaven fo thin
 Of happy natives, or th' eternal throne
 So flightly guarded, but the Lord of all
 Can numbers spare to fetch his chofen fons.
 Nor think the bleffed objects of his choice

So

So little honoured by the sons of heaven
 That we should be unwilling to bestow
 Such tokens of respect as our great King
 Commands: Nor would the brightness of our train
 Employ thy wonder, had thine eyes beheld
 The various beauties of the heavenly land,
 The boundless glory of th' eternal throne,
 And the transcendent grandeur of the courts
 Of our exalted King!

G A B R I E L.

Blest soul! thy need
 Of our cherubic guards, thou wilt perceive
 Far greater than at present may appear.
 Thro' the vast trackless void thy journey lies,
 And great the distance from this world to heaven.
 Thy unexperienc'd flight might miss the way,
 And far aside explore with devious wing
 The dreary waste. Besides, th' apostate crew
 Of wicked spirits, whose dominion lies
 Between the earthly and th' etherial plains,—
 These, tho' they could not wound, might much annoy,
 And want not malice to attempt their worst.

D

They,

They, by their arts, might shake the trembling air
 With mimic thunders; and their lightnings play
 Full in thy face; while with delusive powers
 They raise around thee various horrid forms
 To shock thy peace and make thy courage fail.

M I C H A E L.

Or if these airy terrors miss'd their end,
 And still unmov'd thou couldst thy flight maintain;
 They might assume the drapery of the skies,
 Array'd in light, attract thy wondering view,
 And seem bright cherubs to thy erring sight.
 Then bold delusive scenes of pleasure draw,
 Green shades and silver fountains might be seen,
 And heavenly music seem to charm thine ear;
 But all deceitful, tending to ensnare,
 And lead thee far away from real joy.

G A B R I E L.

These are their arts; but, of our power afraid,
 They tremble when our squadrons come in view.
 For heavenly glories shock their aching sight,

And

And gloomy, murmuring, they in haste retire,
Howl o'er the waste, and shelter in their dens.

S O U L.

What reason have I then to love and praise
The great Redeemer? who to guard me safe
Thro' every danger, sends his winged train
Of warrior angels to protect my flight.
And you, bright heavenly messengers, demand
My warmest gratitude—But let's ascend!
My spirit burns to mount the bless'd abodes,
To join your praises, learn your noblest songs,
And worship with you at Immanuel's throne.
Adieu! my dearest brethren and my friends,
Whom heavenly providence had made my charge;
Whose souls I watch'd for with unceasing care
Both day and night: And, to my utmost power,
As grace assisted and occasion serv'd,
Labour'd to fix you on the Rock of ages,
And build you up in every gospel truth.
Mourn not for me! but rather lift your eyes
To where the great Redeemer lives and reigns.
He can repair your every loss, and give

Such portions of his spirit as may fill
 Your ardent souls with heavenly love and joy.
 Your teachers die, but your Redeemer lives!
 Shout, all ye saints! your Jesus lives for ever!

GUARDIAN ANGEL.

Now happy soul thy painful labours end,
 And thou art rising far above the reach
 Of all that would disturb, or wound thy peace.
 Thine, and the gospel's foes, may strive in vain
 With falsehood and deceit to blast thy name,
 They cannot hurt thy Master's cause, nor thee.

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Now we ascend, and thro' the skies proclaim,
Glory to God! Salvation to the LAMB!
 Him all the armies of the sky adore:
 We sing his boundless goodness as we soar:
 His glories shine thro' all the heavenly plains;
 Thy God, O Israel! thy Redeemer reigns!

F I N I S.