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THE
P E R F E C T I O N S
O F
G O D

A Standing Rule to try all Doctrines and Experience by.

A P O E M.

Humbly offer'd to the Consideration of
Mr. JOHN WESLEY, and his Followers.

With other Occasional POEMS.

By the Author of PERSEVERANCE, a POEM.

If the Lord be God, follow him; but if Baal, then follow him.
1 Kings xviii. 21.

“ What are those gods whom folly feigns,
“ Those creatures of distemper'd brains?
“ What are those dunghill-gods before
“ The mighty GOD whom I adore?”

PENITENTIAL CRIES, p. 49.

The FOURTH EDITION.

L O N D O N :

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To the READER.

AS this little poem has past three editions, the author did not expect a fourth would ever be called for; but being solicited by many friends for its once more appearing in the world, he is willing, rough as it is, to comply with their request.

The reader will see it was intended to expose the Arminian heresy, as the ground of all other errors, by bringing it to the standard of truth, the divine attributes: an heresy exalting proud, fallen, corrupted man, and fraught with such erroneous tenets as run counter to every perfection of Deity. For the religion of nature rises no higher than that of forming a GOD like ourselves, as the Psalmist describes Ps. cxv. 4, 5, 6, 7, 8. Even Voltaire himself can observe, that sinful men are for making GOD after their own image; and what sort of a GOD that must be, let scripture and reason determine. Be the attainments of men ever so great, yet without HIS light, in whom the believer sees light, they are still walking in a vain shew. They may take up a form by tradition from their fathers, as Papiists, Mahometans, Jews, and others under different names, yet if they are not of those that exalt CHRIST as the alone way of GOD's salvation, and if they don't totally abase the creature, both as to will and power, their religion is one and the same, standing on the do and live' bottom. Pharisees of all denominations, are the same sort of men under different forms, expecting future happiness either in whole or in part on the footing of their own performances. How common is it with such to rack their inventions, for flourishes of wit and sophistry to exalt the creature, and to bring down the great Creator, representing his sovereignty and power as inferior even to those of a potter! Rom. ix. 21. At other times represent-

ing him as wishing, longing, intreating this and the other, in order to their eternal happiness, but all to no purpose, and in the end, by some unforeseen, accidental, unlucky turn, disappointed. Thus putting GOD upon a level with that heathen prince, who labour'd hard to the going down of the sun to save Daniel and could not, Dan. vi. 14. Some to maintain a consistency in their system have gone so far, as openly to deny his fore-knowledge, conscious that if they allow him to have a sure and certain prescience of whatsoever shall come to pass, all is granted that the Predestinarian requires; for a sure and certain knowledge of things uncertain cannot be. Thus they limit the Almighty, and set bounds to his wisdom and knowledge, Col. ii. 3. With man there are contingencies, but with the Almighty there are none; he declares the end from the beginning, and from ancient times the things that are not yet done, &c. Isa. xlvi. 10. Pf. cxxxix. 16. and xliv. 21. Acts xv. 18. Hence it appears, that the carnal mind is enmity against GOD, Rom. viii. 7. Ja. iv. 4. GOD is not in all their thoughts, Pf. x. 4. the world by wisdom know not GOD, 1 Cor. iii. 19. neither do they desire the knowledge of his ways, Job. xxi. 14. While such are running counter to all the divine attributes, they are very forward in what they call reasoning on the moral nature and fitness of things, arguing love into hate, wisdom into folly, and truth into falsehood; placing their hope and confidence for a future well being on a mixture of their own endeavours and the mercy of GOD, without having a single eye to CHRIST, as the righteousness of his people, and as the alone propitiatory sacrifice for sin, Whilst they are under such mistaken notions respecting both GOD and themselves, it is no wonder to hear them making use of such expressions as these, " make your peace with GOD, make him your friend, secure his love and eternal happiness to yourselves, get grace, get faith, make and keep covenant, get an interest in
CHRIST,

P R E F A C E.

4

“CHRIST, every one make clean his own heart,” with much more of the same stamp, which at best is but bidding the dead man take care of the cart. Proceeding on a supposition that men are capable of chusing and acting in such a manner, as to move the first mover from a love of pity and good will (as they term it) to a love of complacency and delight, and that they for their uselefs services are to be rewarded with eternal life hereafter, without considering either the principle from whence, or the tendency of their good works falsely so called, overlooking or misapplying those texts of scripture, that speak of man as he comes into the world in a natural state, altogether unprofitable, all gone out of the way, filthy and unclean, the imagination of his heart continually evil, not one that doth good, no not one, &c.

We hold it unreasonable to talk of free gifts gain'd by those on whom they are bestowed, or to tell of an ill ordered covenant made by wisdom itself, and liable to be frustrated by the creature at pleasure. We believe it unreasonable to exhort unregenerate men as such to perform spiritual acts, yea we believe it equally unreasonable with exhorting a dead corps to rise and perform the functions of a living man; we believe it unreasonable to imagine that mens actions move GOD to love them, as to say that the tree's moving causes the wind to blow. We conclude it highly unreasonable to affirm, that any shall eternally perish for not believing in CHRIST as their covenant head, surety and saviour in particular, or for not putting that grace into exercise which the Supreme never gave them (for all men have not faith, 2 Theff. iii. 2.) but for their offences committed against the moral law.

*It is the real christian, and he only, who seeing the depravity of his nature, can discern and relish the glorious harmony and fitness in the scheme of sovereign, immutable, and unconditional
grace,*

grace, a scheme which alone is worthy of divine wisdom for its contriver. These words of our LORD, I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish, John x. 28. compar'd with 1 John v. 2. carry more solid comfort and certainty in them, than all the supposed uncovenanted mercy of GOD, dependent on the actions of the creature, talk'd of by Mr. Wesley. What is all he has advanced in his inconsistent piece against the final perseverance of the saints, to that of the sure mercies of David, Isa. lv. 3. compared with Acts xiii. 34. What better fitness than life for dead sinners, eyes for the blind, ears for the deaf, and strength for the impotent? mercy and truth here meet together, righteousness and peace kiss each other, justice is satisfied, mercy is extended, and the sinner eternally saved.

For a conclusion of this matter, the Arminian may see his own picture of ancient date in the Antediluvians, who had the same idea of the deluge and ark, as they have now of salvation by sovereign grace alone; though every blow Noah gave to the ark in pinning it together, declared him a preacher of righteousness, as the ark was typical of him in whom alone is safety; but when the water came up to their chins, they could not then think he had been dreaming 120 years, and when the flood swept them away, whatever was their dependence short of CHRIST, it could benefit them no more than the bones of a dead saint, which the Papists carry about them.

In my lightly treating the idea some form of the object of worship, I must observe with reverence to the only wise GOD, it is lawful to set at naught all others, or all those false ideas, which are dishonourable to his nature and perfections. If this is called an error in me, I think I can prove myself in good company; the prophet Elijah, having to do with much such a set of people, used language to the same purpose.

As to that malignant hymn referred to in the poem, I would give the reader the best account of it I am able, but the practice of Messrs. John and Charles Wesley, has been so intricate, that it is difficult to ascertain who was the real author, any farther than noted below. In the title pages of some performances, (said by their followers to be theirs,) in some, it stands by John Wesley, M. A. in others, the words published by, are placed before the name; in others, the Printer's name only, and to be sold at the Foundery, near Upper Moor-fields. But there is one instance of J. Wesley's plagiarism and unfairness, too glaring to be passed over here, (which I have reason to believe, is not the only one of the sort) I have seen a first and second edition of a Dialogue between a Predestinarian and his Friend; in the title page it is said, published by J. Wesley, in the year 1741. He would have done justice to the real author, had he called those the second and third editions. For it was wrote by Mr. Grantham of Norwich, and first printed in the year 1696, who intitled it, *A Dialogue between a Presbyterian, and a Baptist*, where Mr. Wesley has done nothing but transcribed that dialogue, so far as suited his purpose, altering the title, and prefixing his own name to it; this by the way, savours more of pride than perfection, as it seems, he would have the world believe him to be well read in the ancient fathers, some of whom are there quoted; but upon comparing Mr. Grantham's old publication, with Mr. Wesley's new one, where Mr. Grantham has omitted chapter, page and line, in the fathers, so likewise has Mr. Wesley. What, dare not J. Wesley, M. A. late fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford, an ordain'd priest of the Church of England, attack the Predestinarians without p'serving from a Dissenting Baptist? But when I consider the unmerciful slaughter he has made among the works of many great authors

of

of the two last centuries, in what he calls a *Christian Library*, I think of that text, ye have need of patience, Heb. x. 36. There the reader may see, the *Martyrs martyr'd*, and the *Puritans pillag'd over again*; even the worthy Mr. John Bunyan's *Pilgrim*, could not escape his castrating pen. The poor *Pilgrim*, if not massacred, is at least turned into a trading pedlar. A book which in itself, as it came from the pen of the venerable tinker, is a choice, uniform piece of christian experience, not to be added to, unless it were by one of singular grace, and of an equally fruitful genius; and whoever curtails ten lines of it, may be said to detract from its symmetry and beauty, which I should think, nothing but ignorance and pride could prompt any person to attempt. But no more of this.

Oh may I never, though distress'd for bread,
Beguile the living, much less rob the dead!

I might have brought a cloud of witnesses from the scripture in the margin and enlarged this poem with many things of this kind, but hope this will induce some abler hand, who has more leisure, to a larger work of this sort*.

If any on the opposite side should take upon them to animadvert upon this, it is to be hoped they will make some acknowledgment concerning the object of their adoration, whether he is, or is not, infinite in all his divine perfections? and such an attempt, if worthy of attention, shall be duly attended to. Farewell,

* See *Zanchius*, on Absolute Predestination, with a discourse on the Divine Attributes, translated by the author of the *Church of England Vindicated from the Charge of Arminianism*, lately published.

The



The NATURE and FITNESS of Things :

OR, THE

PERFECTIONS OF GOD,

A STANDING RULE

To Try all DOCTRINES and EXPERIENCE by.

A P O E M.



WHEN truth's attack'd by daring foes,
Duty obliges to oppose,
Since many errors now abound,
And vice is spread the nation round.

Shall WESLEY sow his hurtful tares,
And scatter round a thousand snares ;
Telling how GOD from wrath may turn,
And love the soul he thought to burn ;
And how, again, his mind may move
To hate, where he has vow'd to love ;
How all mankind he fain would save,
Yet longs for what he cannot have ;

B

Who

Who looks for fruit from every one,
 Where he no seeds of grace hath sown,
 Expecting thorns and thistles might
 Yield grapes and figs to his delight ;
 Industrious thus to found abroad
 A disappointed, changing GOD?

Thus he beguiles his num'rous train,
 Who fondly hug the tiresome chain ;
 But while those treach'rous paths they tread,
 Their money's spent for husks, not bread :
 Vain is their hope, their strength is spent
 For what will yield them no content.
 Yet of good works they fondly boast ;
This Sister's perfect, *that* almost *.
 Sure their perfection must sound odd,
 Who worship an imperfect GOD !
 Can hell more strong delusion find ?
 Or Rome impose upon mankind ?

O Bigotry ! distressing thought !
 What ills hast thou on mankind brought ?

Thy

* Alluding to the doctrine of inherent perfection, strangely preached up by the two Wesleys, and as strangely imbibed by their credulous followers. Vide, preface of their hymn-book, published 1740; and several are so deluded as to declare they have not sinned in thought, word, or deed, some for months, and some for years. These are mostly females.

Thy pow'r is seen in church and state,
 Thine's foolish love, and furious hate;
 These two extremes are always seen,
 Nor moderation steps between :
 Where will thy strange contentions end,
 Thou reason's foe, sedition's friend ?
 Who can thy captive-slaves restore ?
 When wilt thou die, and rise no more ?
 While we attempt thy bands in vain,
 There's none but GOD can break thy chain, }
 Who hast thy tens of thousand slain.
 We long those peaceful days to see,
 When He shall rise and scatter thee.

Now rouse from sleepy sloth my pen,
 Be truth thy theme, fit loose from men ;
 Bold in thy Maker's cause appear,
 Let furies rage, or critics sneer ;
 Arminian faction first survey,
 The growing evil of the day ;
 Where man's extoll'd in power and skill,
 And GOD subservient to his will :
 Such boast they've reason for their guide,
 And how things fit on ev'ry side ;
 In their own eyes their ways seem right ;
 But let us bring them to the light,
 There search them out, that all may see
 What name for such will best agree.

B z

Though

Though many different sects we find,
 Two classes take in all mankind.
 He that a sovereign GOD obeys
 And through a Mediator prays,
 If hell oppose, or men blaspheme,
 Christian shall stand his proper name :
 But he who owns no GOD at all,
 At present we will Atheist call.

What shall I say, O stupid, blind !
 Who hold Christ *ransom'd* all mankind :
 Yet some are lost for whom he dy'd ;
 Pray how was *wisdom* here employ'd ?
 But some to set this matter clear,
 Dispense with GOD's foreknowledge here ;
 And say, He can't know certainly,
 Who would, or who would not, comply,
 Because the creature here acts free,
 And *this* might not, or *that* might be.

But while they boast they've power at ease,
 To *do*, or *not*, just as they please ;
 Still one of these must surely hit,
 If do a Thing, they can't omit ;
 Yet if they're free in doing one,
 The other's surely let alone ;
 And GOD did certainly foreknow,
That they'd omit, and *this* they'd do ;

He

He views the rise and end of things,
 From sparrows up to pompous kings.
 The death of CHRIST we plainly find
 Fell out as was before design'd.

Thy seed to Abra'm GOD declares,
 Shall serve within a land not theirs;
 And whom they serve shall use them ill,
 Whilst they four hundred years fulfill;
 Then will I judge their great offence,
 And, with much treasure, bring thine thence;
 And thou in peace shall quit this stage,
 Be buried in a good old age.

Can any one his prescience doubt,
 Who reads how every case fell out?

They may their random scheme advance,
 And talk of things that fall by chance;
 But after all I'd have them know,
 With the Supreme it can't be so.

To solve the point let this suffice;
 If things from his omniscient eyes
 Lie hid, that shall to-morrow be,
 All that's to-day he cannot see:
 For then to-morrow he'll know more;
 So can't be what he was before.

Redeem'd

Redeem'd by blood, yet sent to hell!
 Strange to conceive, and strange to tell!
 Dare satan vie with God for might,
 Or can he rob him of his right?
 Did he so far with man prevail,
 To make his first intentions fail;
 And sink his workmanship to nought,
 Had he not found a second thought.
 How comes it that his will is crost,
 Would have all sav'd, yet some are lost?
 Can disappointment thus commence
 With him who is Omnipotence?
 If such a case should e'er fall out,
 'Tis want of *power* in him no doubt.

Some turn to us, and thus reply,
 You often say, God cannot die,
 Nor yet his promise falsify:
 Hence they conclude, and basely too,
 There's things above his power to do.

Thus they reverse the argument,
 Put weakness for omnipotent:
 'Twould prove him weak should this prevail,
 No need of power to err or fail;
 Errors to sinful worms belong,
 Because they're weak, not 'cause they're strong.

Did

Did JESUS bleed and suffer scorn,
 For all that were and should be born?
 Sure *justice* could not here do well,
 To make him smart for those in hell;
 And still in torment such detain,
 To make them pay their debt again:
 If so, 'tis obvious to each view,
 One of these two must needs be true;
 That justice is unjust become,
 Or CHRIST has poorly paid for some.

If creatures heaven in part obtain,
Mercy for helpless souls is vain:
 Mercy and merit can't unite,
 For one must flee the other's fight:
 For, if salvation's of the LORD,
 The creature can no help afford;
 If they in this great work have share,
 How many SAVIOUR's then are there?
 And if a SAVIOUR's not alone,
 Surely in fact there can be none.

If saints may fail and come to nought,
 When efficacious *Grace* is wrought,
 This gift must be imperfect then,
 And hurtful to the souls of men.
 Who can maintain that GOD is just,
 Or in his *Grace* put all their trust?

Or

Or is the case determin'd by
 The creature's acts of piety?
 Then why to grace such trophies raise?
 My well-dispos'd self take praise.

If GOD don't love till man begins
 To know himself, or loath his sins,
 How comes blind man himself to know,
 Or whence doth his repentance flow?
 Is't from himself, or from above;
 The effect of fear, or that of love?
 JOHN the beloved puts it thus,
We love, because he first lov'd us.

But some proud boaster here will say,
 If love, 'tis in a different way,
 'Twill much increase as I obey;
 And when I from my duty fall,
 He loves me less, or not at all.

Such love as this must needs discover
 Great imperfection in the lover.
 Shall GOD adopt the creature's plan,
 Like and dislike the self-same man?
 Such thoughts as these are far below
 The GOD my soul desires to know.
 Were not my future crimes foreseen,
 When mighty grace stept in between?

I was

I was but dust he knew full well,
 And could do nothing but rebel ;
 That should not hinder his design,
 Whose love's the fame, and can't decline :
 'Twas love begun, and shall proceed ;
 He will not break the bruised reed.

If once belov'd, such ever shall ;
 A changing God's no God at all.
 In Nineveh of old we find
 He chang'd affairs, not chang'd his mind :
 To will a change, and change his will,
 Differ as much as good and ill.
 If in his love he should decline,
 Where does his power and goodness shine ?
 If he from good to better grow,
 He can't eternally be so ;
 Should infinite be laid aside,
 Or one perfection be denied,
 Who could the christian's cause maintain ?
 Or who could right from wrong explain ?
 If mutable, unwise, and weak,
 Then worship's false, and all's to seek.

Should I their changing god address,
 What ground have I to hope success ?
 How can I pray to suit his mind,
 Who turns and wavers as the wind ?

For what to-day he may approve,
 Perhaps to-morrow's lost his love.
 Should he be talking, how can I
 Expect he'll hearken to my cry?
 Or, if pursuing, then I doubt
 I ne'er shall find his winding out;
 If on a journey, I should fear
 He cannot at a distance hear;
 And if I call aloud, I may
 Give great offence another way:
 Perhaps in sleep he's clos'd his eyes,
 And will be touchy if he rise:
 How can my soul direct her pray'r,
 Who knows not how, nor when, nor where?
 This and the heathens god's the same,
 They differ nothing but in name.

A log of wood may serve as well,
 And of the two it must excell:
 Where'er I set it, there it stands,
 Nor need I fear its eyes or hands:
 It ne'er exerts its power in vain,
 Nor loves and hates, and loves again;
 Whate'er it knew it ne'er forgot;
 Admits no error, changes not:
 Whene'er it speaks it is obey'd,
 Nor can its councils be betray'd.

Arc

Are these the men who boast their scheme-
 Shall put good works in high esteem?
 Then man's free-agency extol,
 How wise, how great, and good withal?
 He's free to chuse, or good or ill,
 Clogg'd with no bias on his will.
 The doctrines thus of grace abuse,
 And such reproachful language use:
 " Was I an object of this choice,
 I'd give a loose to ev'ry vice:
 For those who hold it often say,
 God can't refuse or put away.
 Why need I read, or pray, or fast,
 If 'twon't secure me heav'n at last:
 Hence all religion from my sight,
 If I can't be a gainer by't".

*A lasting argument to prove
 Such strangers to constraining love.*

Ask them the way to rest and bliss,
 Good works, they tell you, cannot miss;
 This is the all they have to bring,
 They know the name, but not the thing.

How mercenary is their end,
 While they to holiness pretend?
 They think they're good, if they refrain
 From sin because of future pain:

As though th'eternal did approve
 Works better done from *fear* than *love*.
 If all they do's through fear of hell,
 If they're good works, they're not done well.
Is this the end of all their toil?
Where's their obedience all this while?

Their system's right they'd have us know;
 'Tis reason, reason tells them so:
 Reason shall guide them on their way,
 And all their actions rightly fway.
 They tell us, they've a right to chuse,
 This their familiar, that refuse;
 This they'll exalt, while that lies low:
 But GOD's unjust if he does so.
 Sure these from reason's path must stray,
 Or who is Sovereign GOD, or they?
 All creatures here they will destroy,
 For foolish sport and luxury;
 But GOD his promise must out-do,
 Or he's unwise and cruel too:
 For no such promise I can find,
 As special grace to all mankind.

They tell us, all ingross his care,
 Alike his love and mercy share;
 And all alike shall have fair play,
 To save or cast their souls away.

Is

If this the case, I fain would know,
 How they account for things below?
 Why one shall to a sceptre rise,
That on a dunghill lives and dies?
 Why *this* shall fill a chair of state,
 While *that* shall suffer scorn and hate?
 Why one in health and vigour plays,
 Another groans out all his days?
 Why one shall live an ancient fire,
 And that in tender years expire?
 Another eminently wife,
 While there a grov'ling idiot lies?
 Then, next, why tempers disagree,
 Why some reserv'd, and some are free;
 Some heat of passion seldom know,
 And some are almost always so;
 Why some enjoy their native isle,
 And other's languish in exile;
 Why gospel-light is *Britain's* lot,
 And the wild *Indians* have it not.

Does man's salvation then depend
 On what's his own to recommend?
 Is't in th' endowments of the mind?
 Then why are all to vice inclin'd?
 Why all who would this blessing gain,
 Are sure to will and run in vain?
 Old *Isaac's* will to *Esau's* bent,
 And *Esau's* will's as much intent;

Rebecca's

Rebecca's will to Jacob turns,
 And *Jacob's will as eager burns :*
Esau must hunt the fields with care,
 And hopes to meet the blessing there ;
Jacob those measures would forbid,
 And runs to gain it with a kid :
 They will at home, those run abroad,
 But yet the blessing's all of GOD,
 Who 'as power to save alive or kill,
 And will have mercy where he will :
 Some he'll give up to their heart's lust,
 And in so doing still be just.

This awful truth they cannot see,
 But call't a *horrible decree ;*
 And this conclusion farther draw,
 God sovereign acts *the devil's law.*

Blush, *Wesley*, blush, be fill'd with shame !
 Doom thy vile poem * to the flame :
 What tongue thy horrid crime can tell ?
 Put faints to sing the song of hell !

Haste

• I *con'd* the devil's law receive,
 Unless restrain'd by thee,
 I *con'd* (good God!) I *con'd* believe
 The HORRIBLE DECREE.

Hymn the 6th, page 20. Intitled, On God's Everlasting Love. London, printed by W. Strahan, and sold at the Foundery, near Upper Moorfields. It appears there are two books of Hymns bearing this title, the other printed at Bristol, in the year 1741, with that presumptuous master piece of iniquity in it, called, The Horrible Decree. Both books allowed, by the followers of the *Wesley's*, to be wrote by one or both of them.

Haste hence to *Rome*, thy proper place ;
 Why should we share in thy disgrace ?
 We need no greater proof to see
 Thy blasphemies with her's agree.

What foul to hell for nought is sent ?
 Is preterition punishment ?
 Sure sin's the cause, not passing by,
 Why any shall in torment lie :
 If such as children weren't foreknown,
 He'll not deny them what's their own.
 He but forbears to **make them live**,
 Withholds what he's not bound to give.
 Does he incline their hearts to vice,
 Or do they freely sin by choice ?
 Is he unjust in letting thee
 Abuse, defame his wife decree ?
 No, rather say'ts their happiness
 Who are restrain'd from this excess :
 Shew me where he his promise fails,
 Before thy blasphemy prevails ?

If these can't with thy judgment square,
 God's ways are equal, leave it there :
 Reason is lost in shewing why,
 'Tis only solv'd in *sovereignty*.
 So he will grace on some bestow,
 And this is reason good to know,
 It is his will it should be so.

Now

Now their destructive poison flee,
 Pity their infidelity ;
 Adore that hand whose power can raise,
 Dead thoughtless worms to speak his praise.

What mortal's tongue can sound abroad,
 This great *I AM*, the mighty GOD,
 Whose works and word aloud proclaim
 The high perfections of his name :
 In essence one, in persons three,
 Ineffable immensity.
 Ten thousand thousand thoughts may rise,
 In faith transporting ecstasies ;
 Anon I'm to this period brought,
 He is what mortals never thought :
 Then why should I attempt to show
 What finite dust shall never know ?

Can bands of angels tell us how
 He dwells in his eternal Now ?
 Time can't that glorious state compare,
 Past and to come are present there ;
 All things at once appear in view,
 To him there's nothing old or new.

This is the christian's GOD and guide,
 Whence all his wants are well supplied :
 When Faith leads on to things unseen,
 Nor clouds nor billows roll between,

His

His foot with gospel-truths being shod,
 Moves swiftly on to worship GOD;
 To him alone he pays his vow,
 He 'as no reserves for *Rimmon* now:
 He with the Psalmist makes his boasts,
 And triumphs in the LORD of Hosts,
 O! how I love thy law, he cries,
 And runs his race with sweet surprize.
 Fear cannot drive, as love can draw,
 To yield obedience to the law:
 Were future torments done away,
 A faint would equally obey.

If in the furnace he is try'd,
 Wisdom itself for him's employ'd:
 Nothing can scape the piercing eye
 Of his refiner sitting by,
 Whose tender *love* shall then appear,
 Nor will he search him too severe;
 What's for his good he there shall find,
 And leave his dross and tin behind.

If he for bread or water cry,
 His GOD shall bring him quick supply;
 The barren wilderness shall yield
 Provision as a fruitful field:
 At his command the rocks obey,
 And send their gliding streams away.

D

Why

Why need he doubt his daily bread,
 Who oft by ravens has been fed?
 For GOD his promise will fulfil,
 The earth shall help the woman still.
 Thus, if by want or pain oppress'd,
 He'll praise his GOD, and say 'tis best;
 Calm in his soul, he's led to see,
 'Twas not without an *if need be*.

If persecuted, still supply'd;
 Or if cast down, he's not destroy'd:
 He hopes through fear, joys in distress,
 Depending then on *faithfulness*.
 Whate'er he meets with in the way,
 Strength is proportion'd to his day;
 If he perceives corruptions rise,
 The tempter rage, and hell surprize,
 Or when to good he is inclin'd,
 And to perform he cannot find,
 GOD's ancient *love* the same abides,
 Although his countenance he hides:
 The feeble saint his course shall run,
 Till glory crown what grace begun.
 If dismal horror spread him round,
 'Tis *grace* not sin shall superabound;
 To GOD his case he recommends,
 And on his mighty power depends:
 Purge me, he cries, from secret sin,
 Subdue those *Canaanites* within:

Sway

Sway me with reverential awe,
 Cause me to love and keep thy law.
 If for a night I weep and mourn,
 Joy in the morning shall return ;
 His countenance he'll soon display,
 And chase these gloomy fogs away.
 His soul shall then be led to trace
 The wonders of redeeming grace ;
 Love fills his heart, and tunes his lays,
 His sighs are turn'd to songs of praise ;
 In humble raptures how he's led,
 To talk of CHRIST his living bread.

Though long my foot has gone astray,
 And wander'd in a doubtful way,
 Beneath a load of guilt and sin,
 Oppress'd without, distress'd within ;
 How have I dragg'd the captive chain !
 Look'd to the hills, and look'd again,
 Built on the sands, and built in vain.
 He comes, he comes, and sets me free,
 I that was blind am made to see ;
 By nature lost, by grace I'm found,
 And CHRIST receives me safe and found :
 He is my glorious head of grace,
 My *hope*, my *trust*, my *dwelling-place* ;
 He is my helper in distress,
 My sure *foundation*, *righteousness*.
 If at his will afflictions spread
 Their scorching rays about my head,

He is my *rock*, whose shade supplies
 With cooling breeze, and sooths my cries :
 His *strength* in weakness does appear,
 His *light* through darkness shines most clear ;
 His *wisdom* o'er my folly reigns,
 What I know not he well explains :
 My naked soul thus he supplies
 And I am comely in his eyes ;
 He is my *bread* that shall endure,
 His everlasting *streams* are sure ;
 He'll not his handy-work decline,
 I'm his belov'd, and he is mine ;
 Flesh of his flesh, bone of his bone ;
 As head and member, we are one ;
 Inseparable, ne'er to part,
 I have his love, and he my heart :
 His name I'll praise, and ever shall,
 My great, my everlasting all.
 What richer gifts can worms possess ?
 I need no more, nor can have less.

My *prophet* here to make me wise,
 At once my *priest* and sacrifice ;
 My *king*, whose lawful right demands
 The obedience of my heart and hands ;
 My *shepherd*, who my soul maintains,
 And leads to peaceful fertile plains ;
 His watchful eye, and tender care,
 Shall guard me round, and feed me there :

My

My *bridegroom*, in whose robe I shine,
 All that he is, and has, is mine ;
 His name I bear, his wealth possess,
 Made perfect in his comeliness.
 Brought to the *church*, my mother's house,
 He calls me his beloved spouse ;
 Puts his left hand beneath my head,
 While round about his right is laid.
 Securely blest'd in him I dwell,
 Can triumph over death and hell.
 If for a time he should forbear
 To let me read his love and care,
 Then I grow faint and drowsy too,
 And spot my garments through and through ;
 To my complaint I hear him say,
 My soul still hates to put away :
 Then, then I know, what 'tis to find
 Submission and a willing-mind.

He in my stead my surety stands,
 Confirm'd by everlasting bands ;
 This he engag'd e'er time begun,
 To pay the debts that I should run ;
 Most fitly qualify'd to do
 The work he was assign'd unto.
 Pass'd through the world in mean degree,
 Through hunger, grief, and poverty ;
 Firm as a flint his face was set,
 When with the armed band he met ;
 Whom

Whom seek ye, said he, is it me?
 If so, then these must all go free;
 O! to behold his bending head,
 And hear him say, 'Tis finished;
 How this excites my soul to praise,
 To love and serve him all my days!

If troubles rise and grieve me sore,
 My elder *brother's* gone before;
 Who's not regardless of my cries,
 And well knows how to sympathize:
 He is my everlasting *friend*,
 For whom he loves, he loves to th' end:
 If sin is prevalent in me,
 No spot, no wrinkle, he can see;
 For when it draws me to comply,
 He bids me say, 'tis no more I,
 Who in this mix'd imperfect state
 Oft do the very things I hate.
 Sin in his own he can't approve,
 That has his hate, and I his love:
 Behind his back they all are hurl'd,
 He'll save my soul, or sink a world.

If all my foes in one combine,
 My *captain* will not me decline;
 My sword and shield can never fail,
 And in his strength, I shall prevail:
 While he exalts his banner high,
 All my opposers yield or fly.

He's

He's the *physician* of my soul,
 Rebukes my sickness, makes me whole;
 My Faith can never doubt his skill,
 But rests submissive to his will.

Who can my happy state declare,
 Beneath a tender *father's* care?
 Who'll not neglect when I complain,
 And does my soul in health maintain.
 Yea, e'er I speak, my case he knows,
 And what's most needful he bestows:
 If I backslide, or go astray,
 He calls, and sets me on my way;
Return to me thy dwelling-place,
Return, return, I'll thee embrace;
 I'll thy backslidings freely heal,
 And love and guard, and save thee still.
 When in his light I'm led to eye
 His matchless love on Calvary;
 Then in the paths which he restores,
 My soul obeys, admires, adores,
 She then disdains all earthly toys,
 And banquets on substantial joys;
 My willing soul, then touch'd with love,
 Swifter than chariot-wheels does move.

He is my *pilot* on the deep,
 And will my soul in safety keep:

If

If on the brink of ruin tost,
 I may be wreck'd, but can't be lost;
 My quick deliverance shall come,
 He stills the seas, or wafts me home.

If my last minutes dull should move,
 And he withhold that quickening love;
 Or gloomy scenes should overspread,
 And in the dark I'm put to bed,
 I've had the earnest heretofore,
 And tasted of the joys in store,
 Sure pledge of bliss for evermore:
 My favour will attend me here,
 If faith and sense do not appear;
 Eternal arms shall raise me high,
 Where I shall dwell for ever nigh;
 Drop all my sorrows and complaints,
 And join the thousands of his saints.

Till wisdom err, or grace shall fail,
 Or fallacy for truth prevail;
 Justice unjust, or wrong prove right,
 Or weakness stand for power and might;
 Till then the faint his GOD shall bless,
 And joy in CHRIST his righteousness.

Let *Zion's* sons their king proclaim,
 And sing how glorious is his name!

Be

Be this their theme; O! boundless grace,
How well it suits my sinful case!

Arminians now their scheme may prize,
And boast of new discoveries;
Things in their natures this and that,
And strain at what they can't come at:
What better *fitness* can they find
Than *life* and *light* for dead and blind,
That all for whom a Saviour dy'd,
Shall from his fulness be supply'd.

I might enlarge, but am confin'd,
The press forbids what I design'd:
This must suffice instead of more,
To shew, as was observ'd before,
Who doth the living GOD obey,
Or who to helpless idols pray.

Now to conclude, they're blest who know
This living GOD rules all below,
Who by each providence displays
Some deep design in wisdom's ways;
But for the grace he does bestow,
They praise the more, the more they know.
Whilst others, wandering astray,
Far short of GOD their homage pay:

E

Can

Can those on mighty power rely,
 Or providential goodness eye?
 How can they pay that debt they owe,
 Who know not whence their mercies flow?
 No wonder such to errors run:
 Who know not GOD, abuse his Son.

My soul, from all their secrets flee;
 Far from their *bands*, mine honour, be;
 Their murdering hands my LORD would slay,
 For those for whom he'd never pray:
 GOD's great salvation is made known
 For walls and bulwarks round his own;
 But, through self-will, they'd fair erase
 The glorious scheme of sovereign grace.



Written

Written at the Conclusion of a Letter to the Author's Honoured Father, wherein was an Account of the Death of his Son, an Infant, Five Years of Age. Jan. 16, 1742.

HE's done with all those transitory things,
Gone down to dwell with potentates and
kings;

Unactive prisoners there together lie,
Crowns are neglected, scepters are thrown by :
What diff'rence 'twixt this little babe and they?
His tender hands no more with cockles play ;
They from vexatious schemings there have rest ;
Nor childish cares disturb his little breast.

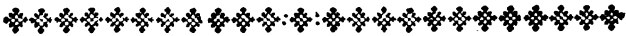
Fain would affection range his actions o'er,
While pleasing thoughts make sorrow rise the
more ;

I hush my murm'rings, fain would not repine,
Acknowledging my duty's to resign.
E'er I'm aware my thoughts break loose again,
Then tears gush out, and interrupt my pen :
I curb my passions, still they rise and sue
For leave to bid my dearest *John* adieu !
Nought yields relief, or sooths my troubled breast,
'Till I can reach my *rock*, my *hope*, my *rest* :

E 2

Then

Then am I still confessing God is just,
 And has a right to sentence all to dust :
 In all his dealing then I acquiesce,
 Nor doubt his *wisdom*, or his *faithfulness*.

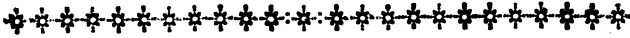


*An EPITAPH on his two Brother's, one departed
 this Life at Eighteen, the other at Twenty-two
 Years of Age, both buried in one Grave in
 Bedfordshire.*

MIXT with the dust beneath thine eye
 Two brothers, *John* and *Joseph*, lie.
 A ling'ring illness *John* confin'd,
 'Till willing he his soul resign'd.
Joseph's more shocking to our view,
 Not having time to bid adieu.

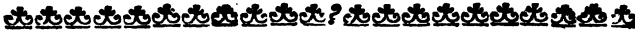
Reader, if thou by faith canst see
 That **JESUS** bled and died for thee ;
 If death in dismal form appear,
 Thou hast no solid ground for fear,
 Thou need'st not dread the path to try,
 As *John*, or *Joseph*, thou may'st die.

Another



Another on a Young Lady.

HOW much we long to be at rest,
 And yet how loath to be undress'd!
 This was her case while here below,
 Till in affliction taught to know
 The emptiness of earthly toys,
 And long for more substantial joys;
 Then she could joy in tribulation,
 And went to bed with resignation.



On a Friend.

DEATH is the common lot of all,
 The dire effect of *Adam's* fall;
 The rising hillocks near your eye,
 Preach lectures on mortality;
 But why should death that soul dismay,
 Where sin's for ever done away?

An

An ACROSTIC on Mr. Samuel Butler, late Minister of the Gospel at Ridgmont, Bedfordshire, who departed this Life March 11th, 1739-40.

S ince *Adam* sinn'd, death did from thence ensue,
 A debt from all his offspring justly due ;
 M an lost his rectitude, his strength is nought,
 U nclean's his motto, vain his brightest thought :
 E xempt from *Eden's* blissful happy ground,
 L abour, and pain, and sorrow clasp him round.

B ut God in his own time to's chosen race,
 U nveils the glorious mysteries of grace ;
 T heir souls being drawn, in swift obedience shall
 L ove him, who lov'd and chose before the fall :
 E ternal arms secure where grace is wrought ;
 R emember these are truths our *Butler* taught.

His

His E P I T A P H :

A CRUMB of *Jacob's* dust lies here below,
 Richer than all the mines in *Mexico* ;
 It's lying in these ruins does not prove
 Its Lord's neglect, nor yet decay of love :
 It ever was, and is, its Lord's delight ;
 And ne'er was put a moment from his sight :
 'Twill rise and shine when nature's works are o'er,
 Bright as the firmament for evermore.

F I N I S.



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