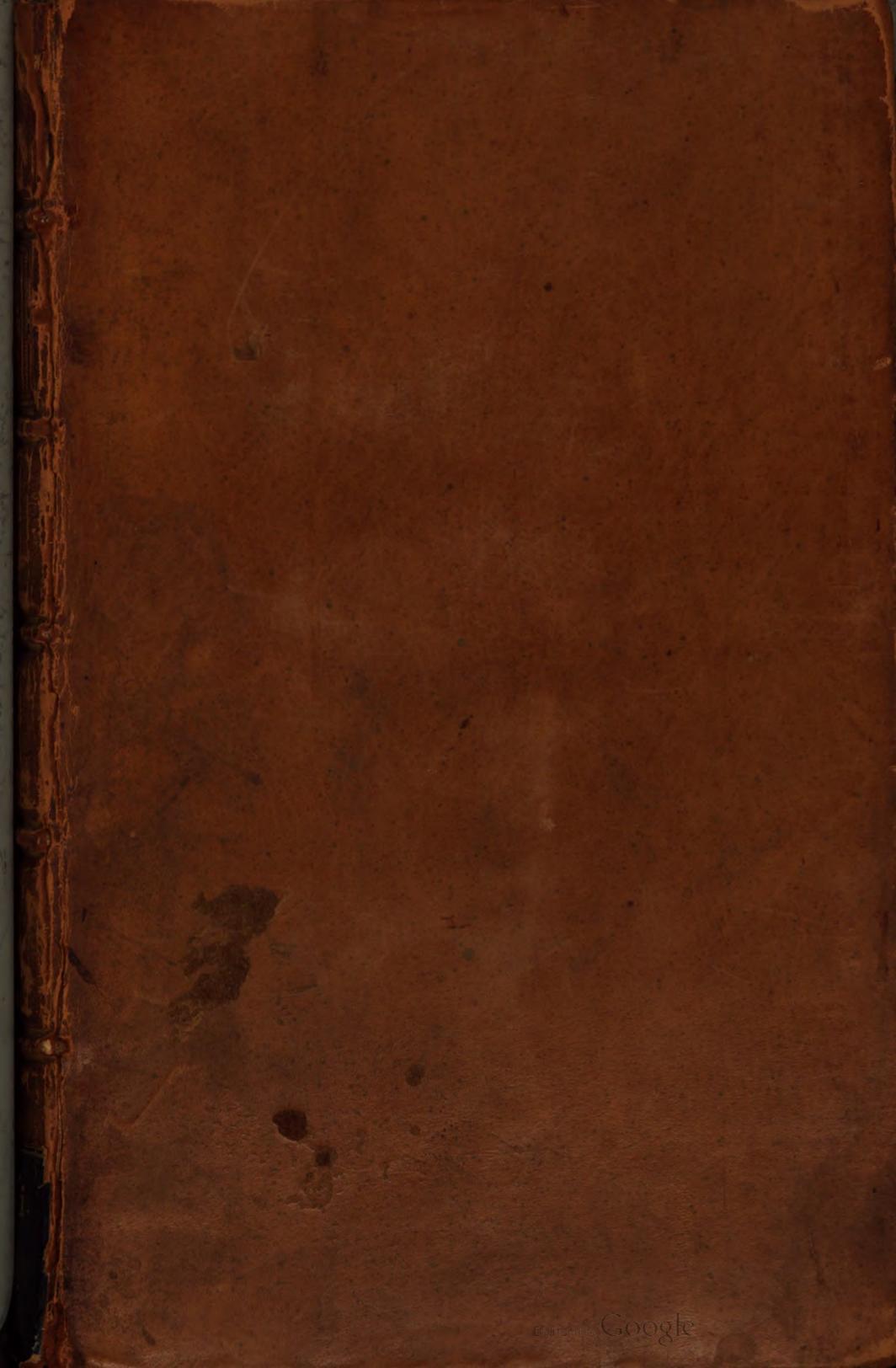

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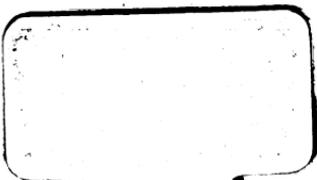




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Edward Webster



T H E
POSTHUMOUS WORKS

OF THE LATE LEARNED AND REVEREND

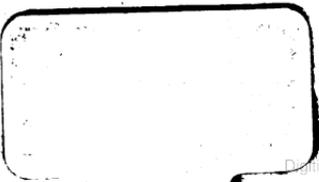
ISAAC WATTS, D.D.

V O L. I.

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Edward Webster



THE
POSTHUMOUS WORKS

OF THE LATE LEARNED AND REVEREND

ISAAC WATTS, D.D.

VOL. I.

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T H E

POSTHUMOUS WORKS

OF THE LATE LEARNED AND REVEREND

ISAAC WATTS, D.D.

I N T W O V O L U M E S.

COMPILED FROM PAPERS IN POSSESSION
OF HIS IMMEDIATE SUCCESSORS:

ADJUSTED AND PUBLISHED

B Y A G E N T L E M A N
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INTRODUCTION

TO THE

POSTHUMOUS WORKS

OF THE

REV. ISAAC WATTS, D.D.

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF HIS

LIFE AND CHARACTER.

THERE is no subject on which our curiosity is more strongly excited, than in that of a great man's memoirs; and certainly none in which it is so seldom indulged. One brief description generally includes the whole of their unvariegated history. They were born, went to school, wrote and died.

EMINENCE

EMINENCE in literature or in writing, requires an application which can never consist with a life much complicated in action. Important events are not therefore fairly to be expected in such a narrative, and yet none other can be admitted without incurring the imputation of triflingness or puerility. If this barrenness of incident is the general characteristic of a scholar's history, it is particularly so in this instance of Dr. Watts, where ill health, profession, and a peculiar propensity for an unambitious exercise of the religious and moral duties, contributed materially to that effect. Although, however, our readers will not find in the following particulars of this great man's Life, a relation filled with adventure, or ornamented with the list of offices and preferments ; yet this improvement
they

they will certainly derive from them: they will find how literature may be combined with humility; how the purest faith may co-operate with the most perfect practice, and how the unaffected fervour of true religion may be distinguished from the fantastic effervescence of blind and ignorant enthusiasm.

MR. ISAAC, the father of Dr. Watts, was originally a gentleman, but had the misfortune to live in a period distinguished for every immorality, in which virtue was indeed a kind of crime, because the practice of it was a general insult. The facetious monarch was himself the mirror of the times—he set the example, and was as much distinguished for his precedency in vice as rank. It will not therefore be wondered that under such

encouragement, vice should flourish, or that those qualities, which generally make their way in the best regulated states, grew with particular luxuriancy under the influence of kingly patronage, and almost legislative authority.

THE integrity of Mr. Watts, however, was such as no example could corrupt, and to this inviolable virtue his fortune fell a sacrifice. From a state of genteel competency, hereditarily derived, he was reduced by religious persecution to a prison, where he languished many years under the severest cruelties and misfortunes; cruelties, which to a mind less properly tempered than his, must have extorted many an angry comment on divine dispensations, or have operated perhaps towards the renunciation of those principles

ciples to which his calamities owed their origin. But he was differently constituted, religion had quieted his passions, and reduced all his feelings to the calm level of a pious equanimity. *He reviled not when he was reviled: when he suffered he threatened not, but committed himself to him that judgeth righteously.*

THE contented patience indeed which he supported under this situation, aggravated as it was by all the circumstances that affect the nearest and dearest interests of men, by the loss of property, the deprivation of liberty, and the total exclusion from the comforts of social, domestic, and conjugal intercourse, has perhaps scarcely been equalled.

HUMBLE as such acts appear, it is to them that our admiration ought justly to

be directed. Which participates most of true heroism ; the indulging, or the suppressing of our passions ? Who would hesitate to pronounce for the latter ? and yet it is generally to the former, that the ill-judged tribute of human wonder is paid. Stung by resentment, hurried by ferocity, or stimulated by ambition, a man destroys, conquers, and is revered. He pleases himself, makes thousands miserable, and at last receives all the respect which reason as well as religion teaches is the just due of a conduct exactly the reverse. Is it nothing to have felt resentment, and to have subdued it ? Is there no merit in having checked the ambition, which might in its consequences have affected the peace or interest of your neighbour or mankind. Is no eulogy to be paid to him, who having had all the irritable properties

perties which exist in the human composition, rubbed and twitched by the hand of vice or persecution, yet keeps all those various and angry feelings in subjection, suffers none so far to prevail as to induce a retort, and even bears without complaint? Shall every conqueror be adored, but he who conquers himself? This is a mode of judgment which no prescription can exempt from the imputation of injustice and absurdity. The length of its prevalence by no means proves its propriety, but demonstrates only the uniform existence of this quality, in the compound of man, a disposition rather to be caught by the insubstantial glare of splendid actions, than to be affected by the honest value of good ones.

MR. WATTS languished long in this confinement; he was at last, however, released; but his fortune having suffered, nay, indeed, having been almost entirely exhausted in his distresses, he was reduced to the necessity of afterwards teaching a school for his subsistence; in which capacity, though he did not earn the reputation of a brilliant scholar, he still supported his right to the better appellation of a good man.

DR. ISAAC WATTS was born at Southampton, July 17, 1674. The genius, which afterwards shone with such distinguished lustre through all the refined countries of Europe, had with him a very early dawn. He discovered, in his earliest infancy, a quickness of apprehension, which was generally esteemed

teemed an auspicious presage of his future abilities. Montaigne is said to have understood Latin almost before he could speak, and Lipsius to have written a book, as it is ludicrously described by an ingenious countryman, which must have been meditated, *in utero* ; but without the affectation of a miracle, it is certain that Dr. Watts commenced a pupil to Mr. Pinhorn at the age of four, for the purpose of learning the Latin language, which at that period he acquired with an astonishing facility.

He remained with this gentleman till the year 1690, when he was removed to London for academical education, under the care of the Rev. Mr. Thomas Rowe.

IN

IN this situation, under the auspices of a man, not more distinguished for his literary talents, than his strict attention to religion, he imbibed both these qualities of his preceptor, with an equal avidity, and became as famous for piety as erudition. He had the more merit for the first of these virtues, as his disposition had a natural tendency to gaiety : nature had amply endowed him with those talents, which too often prove dangerous excellencies in a young man's possession. The pride of bearing the estimation of a wit, makes us forget the consequences attending the exertion of it, and the gratification in the display of a good thing frequently palliates or obscures its cruelty or immorality. Cicero, the wife, the grave, the philosophical Cicero, mourned for the loss
of

of his Tullia ; no consolation could mitigate his sorrows ; no time soften the severity of his grief : he wrote, however, to his friend Atticus : he found his talents expand upon the subject, and the vanity attending the discovery, how eloquent he could be on it, soon operated as a medicine, perhaps the only effectual one which could have been administered ; and he lamented the event, if one may be indulged in the apparent paradox, till he ceased to grieve for it. So powerfully does the ambition of genius or literature act upon the mind, and so strongly does it blunt the susceptibility of those feelings, constituted perhaps by nature with the most genuine poignancy.

MR. WATTS, however, though eminently endowed with those qualities,
which,

which, in the possession of another, might have been the brilliant means of putting worth out of countenance, and making virtue ludicrous, acquired an early aversion to such an application of his talents; and, by the grace of God, not only avoided these pernicious snares of criminal ingenuity, but attained betimes a due and deep sense of religious duty.

So peculiarly exemplary was his conduct, while he remained under the tuition of Mr. Rowe, that this reverend gentleman frequently declared, that he never, in any circumstance, during the whole of this period, incurred the least of his displeasure, nor gave the slightest occasion for rebuke.

IN the year 1693, he joined in communion with the church, of which his worthy tutor was pastor.

WHEN

WHEN he had entirely compleated the course of academical education, he returned to his father's house, where he devoted himself, with a most extraordinary and indefatigable perseverance to study in general, and to the meditation of the holy Scriptures in particular.

DURING the last year of his residence with Mr. Rowe, he had begun to imbibe a very strong propensity to the profession of the church, and being powerfully impressed with the awful importance of the subject, he from that time applied himself to the acquisition of it in all its extent, with unremitting labour.

DR. WATTS very well understood, that it requires a very different degree of attention to a subject, to be convinced concerning it, than to convince.

No

No reading was necessary, after his removal from the academy, for the improvement of his own faith; but he wished, from a true spirit of religion, as well as from the motive of a general philanthropy, to endeavour at extending a species of knowledge, in which mankind are so intimately interested, and to diffuse, as much as possible, a proper intelligence in that literature, which to understand well, constitutes, undoubtedly, the first business that can fall under the cognizance of man.

HE spent two years in this learned retirement with his father, from whence, in the year 1696, he was invited by Sir John Hartopp, Bart. to reside in his house at Stoke-Newington, as tutor to his son. He continued in this situation four years, and so well did he blend the
learned

learned tutor with the good and amiable man, that he won the respect, love and esteem of the whole family, and laid the foundation of a friendship with his pupil, which was afterwards mutually cultivated with peculiar affection, and subsisted till death put an end to the connection.

IN the execution of this duty, however, he did not neglect his own improvement, but continued to^s prosecute his studies in scriptural knowledge, and to read and compare the sacred writings in the original languages, with the best commentators, critical and practical.

HE commenced his clerical duty on his birth-day, in the year 1698, with a sermon which did him great credit as a preacher, and carried with it a pleasing intimation to the religious part of his
I
auditors,

auditors, that a man had arisen amongst them, who was neither so ignorant as to misconceive Scripture, nor so vainly learned as to neglect it, which are too frequently the melancholy extremes, which equally disgrace the professors of the Christian Doctrine.

DURING the course of this same year he was chosen assistant to Dr. Isaac Chauncey, who at that time had the spiritual care of the church of Bury-street, St. Mary Axe. His exertion, however, in this sacred duty, proved too much for a frame not constituted for any intenseness of corporeal labour, and he was soon after attacked with a severe disorder, which produced a suspension of his religious exercises for near five months. This was generally ascribed to his extraordinary attention to his function, as he was

not content with merely executing what such an office, from the prescriptive practice of some of his predecessors, seemed to require, but conducted himself, indeed, like a person who had the cure of souls, and who was interested in the eternal welfare of those, over whose spiritual concerns he presided. He prayed with the tenderest, strictest attention with the sick, consoled the despairing, exhorted the wicked, argued with the doubtful, and recommended the gospel in his public discourses, with a zeal and fervor perfectly peculiar. As soon, however, as he was restored to his health, he proceeded on the same indefatigable principle, and would not suffer himself to be intimidated, by the apprehension of any personal consequences, from the due execution of so important a trust.

IN January, 1701, he succeeded Dr. Chauncey in his church, to which situation he was invited by the urgent and unanimous sollicitation of the parishioners.

IT was a remarkable and discouraging circumstance, that on the very day on which he signified his acceptance of this preferment, the great patron of the dissenters, King WILLIAM III, died. So insecurely, at that time, was religious toleration established, that an event of this kind was of the utmost consequence to all the sects in the kingdom. Their existence depended on the merest casualties: the spiritual impartiality and religious policy of the late king was their support; the caprice, the obstinacy, the bigotry, or, perhaps, what was equally dangerous,

dangerous, the folly of a successor might prove their destruction.

DR. WATTS was, perhaps, the only protestant dissenter in the kingdom unaffected by these general apprehensions. He had assumed the exercise of a great trust, and was determined not to be deficient in the execution of it. To use his own expression, he had "Set his hand to the plough and would not go back;" and under the support of this resolution, he despised the expected dangers, and was ordained to the pastoral office on the 18th of March following.

DR. WATTS, however, exalted as he was in various qualities, above the general tenor of mankind, found in common, with the worst of his fellow-creatures, that imperfection of some sort

is the inseparable appendage of humanity. Exempt almost in every sense of the term from mental infirmity, he was the perpetual victim of corporal weakness, and found his best schemes and most favourite exercises perpetually interrupted by it.

To the great grief of the church, to which he had been so recently elected, he was now attacked by a painful and threatening illness, which again produced a suspension of his religious labours. He recovered by very slow degrees from this disorder; and his church, that no improper exertion might impede so desired an end, thought proper to chuse him an assistant, to relieve him in his duty. As his health returned, however, he renewed his diligence in his ministry, and with more effect, perhaps, than

than ever accompanied the industry of any other man; he became the delight of his followers, and the object of general esteem with mankind. His easy and unreserved, but serious and solid communication with the former, mixed personal affection, with the regard naturally paid, to his abilities as pastor, and led them to consider the instructor as the friend; and the variety of his writings, and the profundity of his erudition, had secured him a high and extensive reputation with the world.

It was in this season of more confirmed health, that he formed a society of the younger members of the church, for prayer and conference. Here he himself presided, and inculcated, with a truly paternal interest and affection, a variety of precepts, and

directions for their particular conduct in their ministry, and likewise for their general deportment in their habits and intercourse with mankind. He delivered to them, amongst other things, the substance of that excellent book which he afterwards published under the title of "A Guide to Prayer." From this time we meet with no incident of a peculiar kind in his life till 1712. It is not from hence to be inferred, that this portion of time was slept away unprofitably, or that this vigilant minister had caught the unfortunate infection of clerical indolence. The fact is quite the reverse; it was an interval of unremitted industry, of industry so similarly and unvariably exerted, that the description of one day includes the history of the whole nine years. If
we

we say that he was industrious beyond example in all the public and other exercises annexed to his employment, and indefatigable in various voluntary private ones ; we shall by such a short narrative explain all the transactions of that period. This blessed labour was, however, at this time again interrupted by another return of illness.

IN the month of September he was visited with a violent fever, which shook his constitution exceedingly, and left a weakness of nerves behind it, which he never afterwards entirely recovered.

THE esteem and affection, which he was universally held in, appeared conspicuously on this alarming occasion. Prayers were made during the whole continuance of his illness, through several churches ;

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nay,

nay, of such peculiar consequence was his preservation considered, that particular days were set apart by his parishioners, to petition the Deity for his recovery. Several of the ministry assisted in these pious meetings. There was, indeed, all the form, in a lesser degree only, and with the farther difference of infinitely more zeal and sincerity used for the salvation of this particular individual, than is sometimes observed on the occurrence of state emergencies by royal injunction throughout the nation; of such similar estimation did his religious cotemporaries consider the life of Dr. Watts, and the welfare of the kingdom. It pleased God to listen to prayers so ardently put, and by slow degrees he recovered into a state that could not so well be called health, as an exemption from any particular disorder. From this time a general habitual debility pervaded

vaded his frame, and he was never well, though seldom so ill as to incapacitate him from the due execution of his function.

THERE was a consequence attending this sickness, which in the opinion of Dr. Watts, was a sufficient compensation for all the miseries he endured under it; it was the means of introducing him to the family of a very excellent person Sir Thomas Abney, knight, and alderman of London; who, on a principle of the most generous friendship, received him in a very languishing state of health to his house, and cherished him there with every thing that affluence, directed by the best feelings, could bestow.

A REMARKABLE attachment subsisted from this time between Dr. Watts and this
good

good man till his death, which happened in the year 1722; the friendship was however afterwards continued with his relict with equal regard; and such was the satisfaction which their reverend guest received under such a connection, that he has often declared, that his apparent misfortunes had been positive blessings, and that his sickness was an event of that kind which is only denominated an evil from the weakness of human discernment, but which had been in reality, the dark but happy means, in the hands of a gracious Providence, of effecting consequent good, and substantial felicity.

In the year 1728, he was presented with the degree of Doctor of Divinity by the Universities of Edinburgh and Aberdeen; this honour was accompanied with a transcript of the reasons that had influenced

fluenced them in conferring it, replete with respect and compliment to the merits of Dr. Watts.

PROCEEDING in the same uniform tenour of uninterrupted duty to his neighbour and his God, this good man, notwithstanding the many strokes his originally infirm frame had received, continued in his earthly pilgrimage, probably the most hallowed traveller in it, for twenty years from this time. His last sickness was rather a decay of nature exhausted with age and labours, than any particular disorder. The decline in these situations is always gradual and lingering. The springs of life, when affected by no extraordinary impulse, unbend slowly, and the soul seems reluctantly to depart when it is not driven from its receptacle by the compulsion
of

of disorder ; this was the case with Dr. Watts, he suffered long under this kind of intermediate existence, and at last, on the 25th of November, 1748, was received into the bosom of his God,

THE two following letters, as being descriptive of the manner in which this last great event affected him, may not be unacceptable to our readers. The zeal and attachment which pervades them, will alone plead our apology for their insertion, as there is nothing perhaps which reflects more peculiar credit on a great man, than the circumstance of his professing the love and veneration of his domestics. It frequently happens that they are every where admired but at home, and revered by all but those who know them best. To be the objects of affection to those who accompany you
in

in all your familiar habits and latent practices, when the awe of the world cannot actuate, when the cover of political constraint is off, and a man stalks no longer on the stilts of authorship, or public character, always and necessarily implies the actual possession of unaffected amiableness, and proves the existence of the best qualities, the excellences of heart and temper.

S I R,

Stoke-Newington, Nov. 24, 1748.

I WROTE to you by the last post, that we apprehended my master very near his end, and that we thought it not possible he should be alive when the letter reached your hands; and it will, no doubt, greatly surprize you to hear, that he still lives. We, ourselves, are amazed at it. He past through the last night, in the main, quiet and easy, but for five hours would receive nothing within his lips. I was down in his chamber early in the morning, and found him quite sensible.

I begged

I begged he would he pleased to take a little liquid to moisten his mouth, and he received at my hands three teaspoons full, and has done the like several times this day. Upon enquiry, he told me he lay easy, and his mind peaceful and serene. I said to him this morning, that he had taught us how to live, and was now teaching us how to die, by his patience and composure (for he has been remarkably in this frame for several days past). He replied, " Yes." I told him, I hoped he experienced the comfort of these words : *I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.* He answered, " I do so." The ease of body, and calmness of mind, which he enjoys, is a great mercy to him, and to us. His sick chamber has nothing terrifying in it. He is an upright man, and I doubt not his end will be peace. We are ready to use the words of Job and say, *We shall seek him in the morning, but he shall not be.* But God only knows, by whose power he is upheld in life, and for wise purposes no doubt. He told me, he liked I should be with him. All other business is put off, and I am in the house night and day. I would administer all relief that is in my power ;

power; he is worthy of all that can be done for him. My lady sends her compliments, and am your very faithful and truly afflicted servant,

JOS. PARKER.

S I R,

Stoke-Newington, Nov. 26, 1748,
ten o'clock in the evening.

AT length the fatal news is come. The spirit of the good man, my dear master, took its flight from the body to worlds unseen, and joys unknown, yesterday in the afternoon, about three o'clock, without a struggle or a groan.

My lady and Mrs. Abney are supported as well as we can reasonably expect. It is a house of mourning and tears; for I have told you before now, that we all attended upon him and served from a principle of love and esteem. May God forgive us all that we have improved no more by him, whilst we enjoyed him.

Mr. Neal has been here this day. The will has been opened, but as he intends to write to you to-night, it would be impertinent in
I me

me to interfere in things which he, no doubt, will acquaint you with. I am, Sir, your very obliged and most obedient servant, under much concern,

JOS. PARKER.

IN attempting to convey the character of Dr. Watts, a man must be always liable to the imputation of partiality or injustice. His qualities, if fairly told, will give the portrait the appearance of the first, and a curtailed representation would be the worst of injustice, injustice to merit. Which ever of these alternatives may be here incurred, repugnant as they each are to the honest sincerity of biography, this consolation will always be in the possession of the editor, that it was his design, at least, to have given the figure exactly as it was, neither darkened by unjust *sombre*, nor heightened by unnecessary blaze.

There

THERE have been few men, perhaps, though the most distinguished in the annals of writing or erudition, who have excelled or equalled DR. WATTS in the extent, variety and value of his endowments. Superior literature transmits the name of one man to posterity, his poetical effusions that of another; a third is made immortal by his prose, and a fourth is handed down by the rare recommendation of eminent piety. All these different properties which are individually sufficient to save the possessor from oblivion, were combined in him with considerable eclat. In literature he was the profoundest and most general adept of his day; no species of it escaped him: his researches were deep, and his subjects various. He was perfectly conversant in the dead languages, of which he was a great admirer, as well as an elegant imitator,

imitator, and very sufficiently intelligent in almost all the living ones. Mathematics, divinity, and philosophy were at different times the object of his pursuit, and in the two last particularly he was very eminently learned. If he had left no other test behind him, by which a judgment might be formed of his erudition and abilities, his Treatise on Logic would have been a convincing criterion of each. He was the first man who reduced this complicated subject to intelligibility, and mixed plain sense with the science. It was he took the lead in the honourable apostacy from the dominion of *Suarez* and *Aquinas*, who had so long kept meaning under the tyranny of words, and had separated language from idea. It was he first discovered to the world, that logic and reason were not in fact incompatible, and instructed them in the wonderful

wonderful truth, that the one, indeed, was but a modification of the other ; and that logic, properly so called, in all its forms, was but meaning methodized.

Literature and judgment were not the only endowments which distinguished Dr. Watts, variety and sublimity of fancy were qualities which shone with equal lustre in him ; and he is, perhaps, the only instance where these repugnant talents were found blended in so particular a degree in the same object. His poetry if judged of with a due allowance to the theme, certainly entitles him to a very high character in that style of composition. The verse must flow sweetly, indeed, which makes precept palatable or religion entertaining. Eccentric imagery, fictitious description, and all the other pleasing, though alien effu-

sions of a warmed fancy, can never be admitted in a subject, the greatest excellence and the brightest ornament of which is truth.

WITH those, however, who can admire genius tho' combined with morality, the poetical efforts of this Author must for ever be held in very high estimation. We find in his lyric poems all that luxuriancy and variety of idea, which are the true characteristics of that species of writing, and which have so justly lifted the father of it to the pinnacle of poetical reputation: and, in his psalms, there is a well-mixed compound of sense and sublimity, of enthusiasm and judgment, which is every way suited to the dignity of inspiration.

GREAT as DR. WATTS merit stands as an author, it is infinitely outshone
by

by his pre-eminent excellence as a man. If superstition, mixed any where with his character, it was the nice and cautious exercise of a most rigorous honesty. His integrity was inviolable—his preferments and merited honours were all retarded, and some lost by it. So far from condescending to accept favours from the great, under the precarious tenour of their choice, or the disgraceful condition of making his principles the premium, he made it his maxim never to receive any material obligation at all from them. He was conscious of the effect which personal kindness has upon a generous heart, and would not subject himself to the chance of becoming virtuously wicked by performing bad actions under the influence and sanction of private gratitude. Example speaks more strongly than assertion; and the two brief instances which follow, will be the best demonstration

stration of this part of his character. He was strongly solicited to the deanery of Salisbury, which was an advancement much beyond any thing he at that time possessed; but refused it, since the acceptance involved in it a dereliction of the principles to which he had been bred, and which, from serious and weighed reflection, he had preferred to every other species of religious doctrine or profession. Our second example records, that within a few years of his death, a gentleman, whose name, respect to his successor induces us to suppress, offered to leave him his whole fortune, which was very considerable, under the simple condition only, that he would dedicate his next publication to him. DR. WATTS also rejected this proposal, observing to his friends, that since the gentleman's merits had not encouraged him to such a public declaration

declaration of distinction and esteem, his money should never bribe him to it. It is hard to decide where our wonder in this transaction ought most properly to be directed; whether to the vanity of the gentleman, or the integrity of the author. We have had frequent occasions to observe in the course of this life, that active and habitual piety was the general dress of this good man's mind. We shall not therefore make the eulogium irksome by repetition, but conclude with observing, that, as DR. WATTS was justly celebrated for those greater talents which exact esteem, so he was no less possessed of those gentler inferior qualifications which fasten the ties of human connections, and make friendship a pleasure as well as a duty.

H Y M N S

A N D

S P I R I T U A L S O N G S.

F A I T H.

O What wretched souls are we !
How black our guilty stains !
And Satan binds our captive minds
Fast in his slavish chains.

Hark, there's a voice of sovereign grace.
Sounds from the sacred word !
Come despairing sinners, come,
And trust upon the Lord.

Well, I'll obey th' Almighty call,
Accept of this relief ;
—Yes, gracious God, I would believe,
Lord help my unbelief.

To the dear crimson of thy veins
Incarnate Lord I fly ;
Here will I wash my spotted soul
From crimes of blackest dye.

VOL. I.

B

Stretch

Stretch out thine arm, victorious King,
 These trait'rous sins subdue;
 Drive the old dragon from his throne,
 With all his hellish crew.

A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
 On thee my God I fall,
 Be thou my pardon and my strength,
 My Jesus and my all.

A Sacramental Hymn. From Rev. i. 5, 6, 7.

NOW to the Lord, that makes us know
 The wonders of his dying love ;
 Be humble honours paid below,
 And strains of noble praise above.

'Twas he that cleans'd our blackest sins,
 And wash'd us in his dearest blood ;
 'Tis he that makes us priests and kings
 Unto his Father and our God.

Freedom from Sin, and Misery in Heaven.

OUR sins, alas ! how strong they are !
 And like a violent sea,
 Break our obedience to our God,
 And hurry us away.

The

The waves of trouble, how they rise !
 Well, 'twill be quickly o'er,
 And death shall land our weary minds
 Safe on the heavenly shore.

How sweetly we'll obey him there,
 How quick, how quick we'll move ;
 No sin to clog our winged souls,
 Or cool our blazing love.

O how we'll fit and sing, and tell
 The wonders of his grace,
 Till boundless raptures fire our hearts,
 And shine in every face.

For ever his dear name shall dwell
 Upon our tuneful tongue,
 And Jesus, and Hofannah be
 The close of every song.

*Repentance and Mortification from the Sight of a
 crucified Saviour.*

O That my soul were form'd of grief,
 How quick I'd vent my sighs !
 Yes, I would gush whole floods of tears,
 Whole oceans from mine eyes.

What, Jesus, what, my dearest Lord,
 Hang on the curf'd tree !
 And groan away a dying life
 For wretched, rebel me !

Oh, I could tear those lusts of mine,
 That crucify'd my God,
 Those odious sins that nail'd his flesh
 Fast to the fatal wood.

Yes, dearest Jesus, they shall die,
 'Tis solemnly decreed,
 I'll never spare the guilty things
 That made my Saviour bleed.

Whilst with a melting broken heart,
 My murder'd Lord I view,
 I'll heat revenge against my sins,
 And kill the murderers too.

Delight in God.

LORD, what amazing joys are those
 That dwell at thy right hand ;
 The courts, how amiable they be,
 Where all thy graces stand.

Their golden cordials cannot ease
 Their pained hearts or aching heads,
 Nor scare away commiffion'd death
 From gilded roofs and downy beds.

The ling'ring, the unwilling foul,
 The difmal fummons muft obey,
 And bid a long, a long farewell
 To the pale lump of lifelefs clay.

Thence they are huddled to the grave,
 Where kings and flaves have equal thrones,
 Their bones without diftinction lie
 Among the heap of meaner bones.

Diftinguifhing Love.

SWIFT from the skies proud angels fell,
 And chains of darknefs bound 'em down ;
 But man, vile man, forfook his blifs,
 That rais'd him to a crown.

O the vaft depths of fovereign grace,
 That did diftinguifh rebels fo,
 Our guilty treafons call'd as loud
 For everlafting fetters too.

To thee, to thee, almighty Love,
 Our souls, our selves, our all we pay :
 Millions of tongues shall sound thy praise
 Through the bright streets of endless day.

Behold, on flying clouds he comes,
 And every eye shall see him move,
 And though our sins have pierc'd him once,
 Then he displays his pard'ning love.

The unbelieving world shall wail,
 While we rejoice to see the day ;
 Come, Lord, nor let thy promise fail,
 Nor let thy chariots long delay !

On the Same. From Rev. v. ver. 11, 12, 13.

COME, let us join our chearful songs,
 With angels round the throne,
 Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
 But all their joys are one.

Worthy the Lamb that dy'd, they cry,
 To be exalted thus ;
 Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,
 For he was slain for us.

Jesus

Jefus is worthy to receive
 Honour and power divine,
 And bleffings more than we can give,
 Be Lord for ever thine.

Let all that dwell above the fky,
 And air, and earth, and fea,
 Confpire to lift thy glories high,
 And fpeak thy endless praife.

The whole creation join in one,
 To blefs the facred name
 Of him that fits upon the throne,
 And to adore the Lamb.

*The Death, Refurrection, Afcenfion, and Exaltation
 of Chrift.*

THIS, this grace amazing free,
 The Lord of Glory dies for men,
 But oh! the boundlefs joys I fee,
 Our Chrift will come again.

Come my redeem'd, let every tongue
 In notes of triumph move,
 Adore the vengeance of your King,
 And wonders of his love!

The Lord's Day; or, The Resurrection of Christ.

BLEST be the morn whose dawning rays,
Beheld our rising God,
That saw him triumph o'er the dust,
And leave his dark abode.

Twice had the sun withdrawn the light,
And twice restor'd the day,
While in the prison of a tomb,
The fetter'd Saviour lay.

Hell and the grave combin'd their force,
And struggled all in vain ;
The sleeping Deity arose,
And burst their feeble chain.

To thy great name, Almighty God,
We'll sacred honours pay,
And loud Hosannahs shall proclaim
The triumph of the day.

Hosannahs of immortal praise,
To our victorious King,
Let heaven and earth, and rocks, and seas,
With shrill Hosannahs ring.

A Song

A Song of Love.

COME, virgins, whose chaste minds refuse
 Improper loves to own,
 My song your ears shall not abuse
 With any thing profane.

Tho' love's the subject that I sing,
 It differs far in kind,
 From that which comes from earthly spring,
 And vitiates the mind.

Shall mortal beauties, at a glance,
 Engender strong desire ;
 And shall it not my joys advance,
 My Saviour to admire ?

The raptures that I feel within,
 No motive can contain ;
 The fire that hath concealed been,
 Breaks out into a flame.

Some, out of fear or shame, decline
 To make their passion known,
 Without a blush, I'll tell you mine,
 'Tis God's eternal Son.

Were

Were you appriz'd how great he is,
 His excellencies knew,
 You would concur with me in this,
 To love your Jesus too.

No quaint hyperboles of speech
 His merits can display,
 Sooner may glimm'ring glow-worms reach
 To equal the bright day.

Pierc'd by a dart from his bright eye,
 None knows what I endure,
 If he's withdrawn my comforts die,
 I love, yet dread the cure.

The shining glories of his face,
 As in the word reveal'd,
 Those rich displays of gospel grace,
 To me true transports yield.

But oh ! the kisses of his mouth,
 Those pledges of his love,
 Seal'd on my lips, in words of truth,
 Make mine affections move.

'Tis he maintains my life and peace,
 He is my constant theme ;
 My happiness can never cease
 While I have all in him.

His

His image dwells upon my heart,
 My name's on both his hands,
 This sacred union none can part,
 Nor death dissolve the bands.

Amidst the hurry of the day,
 My faith ascends the skies,
 Beholds him there, and brings away
 Sweet comfort from his eyes.

When darkness covers nature's face,
 As on my bed I roll,
 The sweet elapses of his grace,
 Give vigour to my soul.

Soon will the happy season come,
 When naught our love shall sever,
 But he will take me to his home,
 Where I shall live for ever.

The Complaint.

BEWILDER'D in this world of sin,
 Among the shades of night,
 My soul hath long a stranger been
 To comfort's cheering light.

Distracting

Distracting thoughts in dreadful troop,
 Invade me with surprize,
 Assaults my fort of weak-built hope,
 And interrupt my joys.

By strong temptations close pursu'd,
 And vexing cares oppress ;
 Sorrow is every day renew'd
 In my tumultuous breast.

Incens'd heaven, with awful dread,
 Consumes my feeble powers ;
 Where shall I hide my guilty head,
 While Sinai's thunder roars ?

With grief my wretched state I see,
 Conceived and born in sin :
 Since first I did begin to be
 A sinner I have been.

From a corrupted stock I came,
 Whose treason taints the blood,
 Thro' every vein diffuses still,
 And draws the heart from God.

Hence human intellects deprav'd,
 Mistaking good for ill ;
 And sin and Satan have enslav'd
 The noble free-born will.

My

My loose affections wildly run,
 And in disorder move :
 What I should most desire I shun ;
 What I should hate, I love.

Where shall I go to find relief ?
 Whose aid shall I implore
 To calm the tempest of my grief,
 And solid peace restore ?

Which way so'er I turn mine eyes,
 I seek and ask in vain ;
 No pow'r on earth there surely lies
 To mitigate my pain.

Creatures may pity one distressed,
 But 'tis beyond their art
 To give a troubled conscience rest,
 Or cure a broken heart.

'Tis Jesus, God's eternal Son,
 Who knows the pains I feel :
 'Tis Jesus, and 'tis he alone,
 My wounded soul can heal.

Complaining

Complaining of a wandering Heart.

WHEN shall this wretched heart of mine,
 Dear Lord, compos'd be ;
 Engag'd in exercise divine,
 Or meditate on thee ?

Every pow'r that art can use,
 I try to make her stay ;
 Yet she doth every care amuse,
 And slyly steals away.

About the world she takes her roam,
 And slips from thing to thing ;
 Fain would I bring the wand'rer home,
 But cannot keep her in.

When public worship I frequent,
 With those that fear thy name ;
 She thrusts in thoughts impertinent,
 And makes devotion lame.

If to my closet I repair,
 To meet my God alone ;
 E'en here too oft', ere I'm aware,
 My treach'rous heart is gone.

Thus

Thus daily she disturbs my peace ;
 How shall I find a cure,
 To make these wild excursions cease,
 How make her rove no more ?

The heart of man's thy province, Lord ;
 Then to thy care take mine :
 Assisting grace do thou afford,
 And make it solely thine.

Touch'd with the loadstone of thy love,
 Let me attracted be ;
 Then shall my heart still upwards move,
 And ever point to thee.

The everlasting Covenant. 2 Sam. xxiii. 5.

THO' circumstances here below,
 Succeed not to my wish,
 Worldly enjoyments ebb and flow,
 And yield no real bliss :

Yet when on contemplation's wings
 My soul can mount above,
 And there converse with heav'nly things,
 The objects of my love ;

With

With great delight I there survey
 Th' inheritance divine ;
 That is not subject to decay,
 Which faith says may be mine.

By everlasting cov'nant sure
 (A title found and good
 Without a flaw) 'tis made secure,
 Seal'd with my Saviour's blood.

'Tis this hath my desires engross'd,
 Here my salvation lies :
 This blest estate can ne'er be lost,
 When all that's mortal dies.

S O N N E T.

OH! how my soul transported is
 With ravishments divine !
 The Lord doth own me to be his,
 And Jesus Christ is mine.

My comforts more and more increase,
 My table now is spread :
 My cup is fill'd with joy and peace
 In Christ my glorious head.

Whate'er

Whate'er I stand in need of now,
 That for my good may be ;
 That God, who knows both when and how
 To give, will give it me.

He stands engag'd to be my friend,
 Ev'n in the worst of days :
 My God he is, he'll me defend,
 For thus his Gospel says :

His cov'nant never can remove,
 But ever shall endure ;
 Founded on everlasting love,
 By Christ confirmed sure.

Whatever God himself reveal'd
 Unto his saints to be,
 By compact blest has Jesus seal'd
 To happen too to me.

Second Sonnet.

WHOM shall I fear, when Christ, mine aid,
 Keeps me secure from harms ;
 He ne'er can safely want, that's stay'd
 By everlasting arms.

Nor secret fraud, nor open force,
 God's purpose can destroy :
 Whose refuge is the Lord of hosts,
 Salvation must enjoy.

In heav'n he dwells, and keeps account
 Of all created things :
 He reigns alone Lord paramount
 Eternal King of kings.

His counsel cannot be control'd,
 His will's the rule of right ;
 No secret shades can ought with-hold
 From his all-piercing sight.

In his free grace my hope stands sure,
 This yields me full supply ;
 My foes can never make me poor
 When such resource is by.

Of life's sweet comforts here below,
 Men's fury may bereave me ;
 But this supports my soul, I know,
 My Christ will never leave me.

Third

Third Sonnet.

WHatever mischiefs men project,
 Upon his saints to bring ;
 Not more nor less shall they effect,
 Than he permits them in.

'Tho' kept within a prison strong,
 By persecuting foes,
 Where iron bars and walls of stone
 My body do enclose :

Yet neither men, nor prisons can
 Enslave thy free-born mind ;
 She soars above the reach of man,
 And scorns to be confin'd.

Here doth my soul herself refresh
 In meditation's fields ;
 Where Christ, the sun of righteousness,
 His fragrant sweetness yields.

Fourth Sonnet.

CAN God forget his children dear,
 Disciples of his soul?
 No, no, in trouble he'll be near,
 To save them every one.

'Tis true, sometimes, for ends most wise,
 His presence is withdrawn;
 But 'tis not long, he soon supplies
 Our various wants again.

Contrary motions oftentimes
 Concur in one effect;
 So God in all his works designs
 Salvation to th'elect.

The secret ways of Providence,
 Too hard for man to see;
 'Tis far beyond the reach of sin
 To bring forth God's decree.

Some this way turn, some that way press,
 Some backwards, some direct;
 As seems unto Jehovah best
 In wisdom to project;

Yet

Yet all a curious structure raise
 Of our celestial story,
 To celebrate th' Almighty's praise,
 In bringing saints to glory.

Truth's self, from whose unerring pen
 An untruth never tell,
 Declares it that with righteous men
 It surely shall go well.

In this safe road I'll anchor cast
 Until the troubles cease ;
 Tho' th' earth remove, his word stands fast,
 And here my soul finds peace.

*On the Death of my Sister, ELIZABETH WATTS,
 who deceased Nov. 11, 1691, aged two Years.*

AND has she left us too ? dear infant ! what
 But two short years, and scarcely that !
 Could nothing, nothing here commend thy stay ?
 Could eager passion brook no small delay ?
 What flames of longing love did thus extend
 Thy wings or move thy hasty feet ?
 A mile or two, and then at journey's end !
 Methinks a little travel in the way
 Would make thy home more pleasant, and thy
 rest more sweet.

Did the black irreverfible decree,
 Graven in th' eternal book of fate
 Deny thy life a longer date ?
 Or was thy noble foul aspiring to be free,
 (Weary'd of earth's vile drudgery)
 Forfook its element of clay and fled,
 As juft before thy fifter's did ?
 But then, methinks, fome refpite we might have,
 To clofe the jaws of the-devouring grave,
 And heal that wound thy fifter's late long farewell
 gave.

Could it, fweet babe ! alas ! how could it be
 So great, fo fore an injury,
 T' have kept thine earthly houfe until the fun
 Had at leaft twelve times more exchang'd his
 ftarry Throne ?
 O how our paffions difagree,
 Thy love to heaven, and ours to thee !
 Thine gave thee freedom from a flefhy chain,
 Quick'ned thy flight ; ours, ah, but all in vain !
 Strive to detain thee here, or pull thee down again.

How ftrong were the propenfions of thy foul,
 To mount above the ftarry pole,
 To dwell near that right hand,
 Where fempiternal joys attendants ftand ?

No

No wavering hopes of earthly bliss
 (If such a thing on earth there is)
 Could countervail thy sight of this.

Thy longing mind thought every hour a day,
 Each year a century,
 No wonder then it fled, two ages here
 Is more than flesh can last, is more than spirit
 can bear.

But say, dear babe, what though these dull delights
 Of oft repeated days and nights,
 Earth's old stale smoaky pleasures had no power
 To charm or stop thy sight one hour;
 Yet say, dear babe, could not a tear, a sigh,
 A tender mother's sigh
 Prevail, or had thy soul, nor ear, nor eye;
 Or say, dear babe, will't now return and chase
 Our griefs with one small glimpse of thy sweet face.
 Oh! ere we part so long, vouchsafe us one embrace.

But stay, fond passion, whither dost thou rove,
 Dar'ft thou with murmurs countermand
 Th' all-wise, th' almighty, th' all-disposing hand?
 Stay fond unthinking love.
 Love, cruel, foolish, and profane;
 Foolish to ask what cannot be,
 Profane t'accuse divine decree,
 Cruel to wish a saint enclos'd with sin again:

Henceforth be mute fond childish love,
 Dare not complain of her too quick remove,
 Whom God saw ripe for heaven and wisely plac'd
 above.

On Wisdom in great Designs.

WHEN careful wisdom doth intend
 To raise her name by some great deed,
 Not with an over hasty speed
 She seeks to gain her end ;
 But fairly doth with even pace proceed
 By small advances, till she rise
 Above the reach of enemies,
 Then takes the aim'd at enterprize.

So nature still produces,
 By sober course and flow,
 Things of the greatest uses,
 She generates from low.
 The pine, whose lofty head
 With pride ascends the skies,
 Did from a lowly weed
 Originally rise.

The fruit that longest doth endure,
 Comes not at once compleat,
 But by degrees is made mature,
 Bitter in taste before 'tis sweet.

So

So he that doth project,
 By wisdom and with power,
 Exerts his will to act
 By gradual steps and sure.

Great wheels if mov'd about too fast,
 Will set themselves on fire ;
 So high designs pursu'd with haste,
 Will in the midway tire.

T Æ D I A V I T E.

WITH anxious course and varied pace
 I've toil'd thro' life along,
 And travell'd thro' the tedious race.
 Full threescore years and one.

In this long scene of mortal act
 I've various fortunes met,
 With pain to day severely rack'd,
 The next with joy elate.

Sometimes the sun with chearful beam
 Hath shone around my head,
 But soon a sudden tempest came
 And struck my comfort dead.

In

In causeless grief, and deepest gloom,
 I sometimes wretched lay,
 When soon a causeless joy would come
 And drive my care away.

And yet along this checker'd plain,
 For spots of even ground,
 Full many a league of care and pain
 My weary footsteps found.

O'er hills and dales, in ling'ring course,
 I've persevering trod,
 But here was still my sure resource
 A confidence in God.

Constant experience of his love
 In dispensations past,
 Still fixt my hopes and trust above,
 And will while life shall last.

The remnant of these fleeting days,
 Which yet my fate may doom,
 I'll spend to thee, O Lord, in praise,
 And think of bliss to come.

Thoughts

Thoughts on Death.

AH! blessed Jesus, why
 Am I so far from thee,
 What makes me fear to die,
 Since death's to come to thee?

But human folly's fet
 On transitory toys,
 We ne'er aspire to get
 To true and lasting joys.

Tho' earthly joy we know,
 Continues but a day,
 And all our sweets below
 Must quickly pass away.

With fondness yet we view
 Life's miserable bliss,
 And come with grief to you,
 And perfect happiness.

Of self to rid the mind,
 And clear my soul of cares,
 I'll Jesus try to find,
 He'll dissipate my fears.

He'll

He'll shew me how to steer
 From this seducing pain,
 To leave without a tear
 A world so light and vain.

He'll help me to resign
 My will to his decree,
 Nor madly to repine,
 When life's no more to me.

*A Poem by Mr. ISAAC WATTS, Senior, when he was
 fourscore Years old.*

WORN with the toils of fourscore years and five,
 A weary pilgrim, Lord, to thee I come,
 To beg supporting grace till I arrive
 At heaven, thy promis'd rest, my wish'd-for home.

Here's nothing to invite my longer stay,
 Among these darksome melancholy cells.
 When shall I leave this tenement of clay?
 Fain would I be where my Redeemer dwells.

Oh! had I but some generous seraph's wing,
 There's nothing should prevail to keep me here,
 But with the morning lark I'd mount and sing,
 'Till I had left earth's gloomy atmosphere.

My

My soul directly rising upward still,
 Till I should reach the glorious court above,
 Where endless pleasures my desire shall fill,
 And solid be with my dear Jesus' love.

With sweet refreshments on such things as these
 My serious thoughts have often been employ'd,
 But how much more will happiness increase,
 When more than can be thought shall be enjoy'd.

Life decaying and Death approaching.

WHAT various turns of changing providence
 Do daily on our mortal state attend ?
 No sooner doth our feeble life commence,
 But we are always hastening to our end.

Affurance is my comfortable stay,
 Yet doubts intruding often make it start,
 But when by faith these are remov'd away,
 Renewing comforts cheer my panting heart.

Pleasure and pain, by their alternate courses,
 Raise and depress the mind with joy and sorrow,
 That sweetly draws, and this as strongly forces,
 And this day's laughter, melts in tears to-morrow.

The

The length'ning shadows of the setting sun,
 And fainting beams of its declining light,
 Declare how near my day of life is done ;
 And all things call to bid the world good night.

I know my days on earth are numb'ed all,
 The end is certain fixt in heaven's decree ;
 Lord make me ready to receive thy call,
 When, where, and howsoever it shall be.

Jehovah ; or, an Antidote against Melancholy.

WHENCE these complaints, my penfive heart,
 Why thus indulge despair ?
 Confide to God thy better part,
 'Tis his peculiar care.

Oft'times when reason represents
 Ill objects in her glass,
 The great Director of events,
 Brings happier things to pass.

Fear, when indulg'd, 's a dang'rous guest,
 That plays upon the mind ;
 Fear will unreal forms suggest
 From ev'ry puff of wind.

The

The deepest foresight can't define
 What will the issue be,
 Of any act—till rip'ning time
 Discovers God's decree.

Who could have entertain'd a thought,
 That ought could intervene,
 Between the knife and Isaac's throat,
 To change the bloody scene.

But lo! from heav'n an angel cries,
 Hold, hold, the stroke forbear,
 I'll have another sacrifice,
 Preserve my church's heir!

Jacob, when by his mother sent,
 To shun his brother's hate,
 Unto his uncle Laban went,
 And liv'd in poor estate.

Various the toil he suffer'd then,
 Till by distress o'er born,
 He wish'd to see his sire again,
 And to his love return.

With conscious apprehension fill'd
 The gloomy scene he form'd,
 How with contempt he'd be beheld,
 Despis'd, rejected, scorn'd!

How

How sweetly were his thoughts deceiv'd,
 When he arriv'd there,
 And found himself with joy receiv'd,
 By all he valu'd dear.

Thus still it is in mis'ry's load,
 Or fabricated grief;
 Let us but place our trust in God,
 And he will bring relief.

A Poem on Life, Death, Judgment, Heaven and Hell.

I Sing the certain fate of human kind,
 In now-existing worlds, and worlds design'd.
 Creator God! all nature's source and end,
Great first and last, to whom all beings tend!
 Who dost the secret thoughts of man regard,
 The guilty punish, and the just reward;
 Assist my feeble Muse, in heav'nly strains,
 To sing the present *now*, and what remains;
 To tell a careless world the doom decreed,
 And drowsy sinners rouse to life indeed.

Mortals attend! your time slides swiftly on,
 Be doing now, or soon you'll be undone:
 Time is a space for work to man assign'd,
 And life is time and work together join'd;

Of

Of careless sluggard souls is justly said,
They dying live, they live among the dead *.

Behold the world, its various beings scan,
 All things are working hard, all work for man :
 For man, the glorious sun pours out the day ;
 For man, the silver moon reflects his ray ;
 For man, the burning stars and planets bright,
 Diffuse their influence and expand their light ;
 For man, the cedar climbs to heights profound ;
 For man, the humble bramble clips the ground ;
 For man, swift beasts advance, slow reptiles creep,
 Birds mount the air, and fishes plunge the deep.
 The active orbs, in various orbits hurl'd,
 Skim the huge void, and form a glorious world :
 That glorious world, with various creatures stor'd,
 Of all those various creatures, man the lord :
 To godlike man the sov'reign rule is giv'n †,
 And Jesus, Lord on earth, is Lord in heav'n.

* Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead.
 Ephes. v. 14.—She that lives in pleasure is dead while she
 lives. 1 Tim. v. 6.

† What is man, that thou art mindful of him? And
 the son of man, that thou visitest him? For thou hast made
 him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him
 with glory and honour: thou madest him to have dominion

V O L. I.

D

over

But say, this glorious world for man was made,
 That all obey—Is none to be obey'd ?
 Rash thought, indeed ! unworthy of the God,
 Who made the world obsequious to his nod :
 Obedience is his due who gives the sway,
 Man placed on high, the highest must obey ;
 Or ardent in his service spend his breath,
 Or tread the downward road to endless death.
 Who fondly boasts of life, his work to do,
 Has only frail mortality in view ;
 And what's the state he gives that pompous name ?
 A noon-tide shadow, and a midnight dream ;
 A blazing meteor, shining in the skies,
 But lighted now, and now it drops and dies ;
 Thus short, thus swift, is boasted human age !
 Thus soon weak mortals quit this mortal stage ;
 Exulting now, anon all comforts fled,
 Alive but now, now number'd with the dead.

over the works of thy hands ; thou hast put all things under his feet. Psalm viii. 4, 5, 6.—But we see not yet all things put under him ; but we see Jesus, who was made a little lower than the angels, for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honour. Heb. ii. 8, 9. Against this doctrine Mr. Pope objects :

“ But errs not nature from this gracious end,
 “ From burning suns, when livid deaths descend.”

Man

Man bore, as fashion'd, for this low abode,
 Th' immortal image of the living God ;
 This sacred image lay in *know* and *love*,
 In these he liv'd the heav'nly life above :
 Such Adam was ; but soon, too soon, he fell,
 And basely barter'd life for death and hell !
 Hence his inglorious sons their glory fly,
 Like him transgressing, and e'en like him must die :
 Nor can the wretched race be said to live,
 Till they return to God, and God forgive ;
 Till they due rev'ence to the Son have giv'n,
 Th' eternal light and life of all in heav'n :
 For this is life, the living God to know,
 And Jesus, sent to save the world below ;
 A joyful message this to souls undone,
 —Life is the Father's gift thro' Christ the Son ;
 Who takes the Son the Father must enjoy,
 And who the father has shall never die :
 His life's secur'd with Christ above the skies,
 His treasure there, and there his safety lies :
 Nor should th' eternal mountains fly away,
 Quit their old seats and plunge into the sea ;
 Nor should the frighted earth its center fly,
 And all its scatter'd atoms fill the sky ;
 Would he forlorn behold the havock hurl'd,
 But fearless see the ruins of the world :
 He on the rock of ages stands secure,
 Tho' worlds dissolve, and orbs exist no more.

D 2

Hence

Hence ev'ry outward ill he spurns away,
 Laughs at the sword, and bids the tyrant slay;
 With chearfulness resigns his latest breath,
 And joyful meets the cold embrace of death.

Creatures Mutability.

HOW full of changes is the state
 Of all created things ;
 Each moment gives another date,
 And alteration brings.

Time's rapid course hath swept away
 All that was heretofore ;
 And what we now behold to-day,
 Will be the same no more.

The former generation's gone,
 By later undermin'd ;
 Years after years press forward on,
 And leave the first behind.

The sun, with glorious beams array'd,
 Whose motion never sleeps ;
 By earth's dark interposing shade
 Now suffers an eclipse.

The

The pale-fac'd mistress of the night,
 Inur'd to changing forms ;
 This week a perfect globe of light,
 The next is nought but horns.

The twinkling stars, few minutes past,
 Their sparkling beauties shew'd,
 Are on a sudden overcast,
 And hid behind a cloud.

The morning, in her purple hue,
 A pleasant day presag'd ;
 But ere 'twas noon, a tempest grew,
 And blustering Boreas rag'd.

The sea, her changes oft' repeats,
 From calm to stormy roar ;
 The tide, by fluxes and retreats,
 Gains and forsakes the shore.

One season to another yields
 In an alternate round ;
 The summer's heat burns up the fields,
 Which winter's rain had drown'd.

The joyful earth awhile ago,
 Adorn'd with vernal green ;
 Now bury'd lies beneath the snow,
 Her face cannot be seen.

The pleafant meadow's flow'ry pride,
 In morning fresh and gay ;
 Cut by the crooked fcythe and dry'd,
 Is in the evening hay.

The lofty pine, which heretofore
 Upon the mountain flood,
 Its native ftation knows no more,
 But fwims upon the flood.

Cities, whose royal ftructures were
 In ancient fame renown'd,
 Long fince are raz'd and difappear,
 Their places fcarcely found.

That ftately caftle, whose ftrong walls
 Fill'd trav'lers with furprize,
 By dreadful fhocks of thunder falls,
 And in its rubbish lies.

Nature and art ftill change their drefs,
 No ftate continues long ;
 And that of mortals does no lefs,
 He's old who once was young.

The beggar vile, with wants diftrefs'd,
 Doth to a fceptre rife ;
 While he who late a throne poffefs'd,
 Upon a dunghill dies.

The

The man of wit, whose airy brain
 Did others ridicule,
 O'erwhelm'd with sudden grief or pain,
 Becomes himself the fool.

Cræsus but now in pleasures roll'd,
 Amidst his boasted store ;
 Yet soon bereft of all his gold,
 He begg'd from door to door.

The hero who on battled plains,
 His conqu'ring army led ;
 Is now a captive bound in chains,
 With bread and water fed.

Samson the strong, Philistine's scourge,
 Who could no equal find ;
 Must at the mill in prison drudge,
 Abus'd, derided, blind.

Beauty, the dazzling charm of sense,
 Makes but a little stay,
 By age and various accidents,
 'Tis quickly swept away.

Life's choicest jewels, health and peace,
 Are seldom long enjoy'd ;
 The first by some acute disease,
 The last by strife destroy'd,

Thus always hurry'd to and fro
 Thro' time's uncertain date,
 O'er hills and dales we run and go
 To the eternal state.

And yet our foolish hearts admire
 All forms that now appear ;
 Still we indulge the fond desire
 To live another year.

Lord, let my mind be fixt above,
 Where changes never come ;
 Be thou the centre of my love,
 And heaven be my home.

Let ev'ry change of providence
 Be sanctify'd to me ;
 That I may dwell, when summon'd hence,
 For ever, Lord, with thee.

False and True Happiness.

TIR'D with the burdens of the weary day,
 While Phœbus, hast'ning to the western main,
 Shot milder flames, and with a milder ray
 Lengthen'd the shadows on the dusky plain.

Walking

Walking in solitude, my thoughts began,
 Contemplative to rise within my breast,
 How many disappointments wait on man !
 While he pursues imaginary rest !

The chosen object of his heart's desire,
 With pleasing view is always entertain'd :
 Nor ever will his lab'ring thoughts retire,
 Or quit the chase, in hopes 'twill soon be gain'd.

He runs, and rides, and sails, o'er land and seas,
 With restless motions racks his very soul ;
 Always uneasy, while he seeks for ease,
 His eyes intently fixt upon the goal.

And while he stretches on t' o'ertake the prize,
 The phantom still at further distance is :
 At length some sudden accidents arise,
 And blast the hopes of his expected bliss.

Th' ambitious statesman, tickled with conceit
 Of honours, grandeur, craving still to see,
 His growing name enroll'd among the great,
 Above the level of his pedigree.

Flush'd with the favour of his Prince's eye,
 Advanc'd in titles, minion of the court ;
 Rising in Fame's emblazon'd heraldry,
 With haughty strides and majesty of port ;

Looks

Looks down upon the vulgar with disdain ;
 Yet while he sees another to possess
 A higher station, thinks, could he obtain
 But that dear feat, 'twould be the height of bliss.

But lo ! a sudden turn of state affairs
 Bids him resign to some new favourite :
 Now sunk at once beneath a load of cares,
 His sun's eclips'd—and honour bids good night.

With longing eyes some other men behold
 The glitt'ring charms of wealth, with busy itch
 Bend all their projects in pursuit of gold,
 And think no happiness like being rich.

They spare no labour, they indulge no rest,
 Contriving new designs, t'augment their store ;
 And travel to both Indies, east and west,
 From foreign parts to fetch the shining ore.

Their schemes succeed, and from each quarter flow
 Large gains, to make their swelling heaps increase:
 Yet still their mind no satisfaction know,
 But destitute remain of solid peace.

Ere they can reach the height of their desires,
 The point their happiness was built upon ;
 Tempests at sea, thieves, or raging fires,
 Destroy their substance, and the whole's undone.

So

So the voluptuous, whose insatiate mind
 In change of pleasures takes his whole delight,
 Flutt'ring from place to place, in hopes to find
 New sweets, to please his sensual appetite.

Now in choice banquets of delicious fare,
 And flowing bowls, the burthen of the vine,
 With songs and musick to delight his ear,
 Spends the dear treasures of his fitting time.

Anon with robes of filken pride attir'd,
 He stately walks to visit masks and plays ;
 Admires himself, to see himself admir'd,
 And joys to revel out his nights and days,

Thus shifting scenes, to gratify his lust,
 He adds new fuel to increase the fire :
 No change of liquor can allay the thirst,
 Nor earthly pleasure satisfy desire.

There's something wanting still to make him blest ;
 He'd fain be happy, if he knew but where
 To find a cure for his tumultuous breast,
 Which restless makes him wander here and there.

Weary'd at last, his appetite's appall'd,
 And pleasures overus'd insipid grown ;
 Seeking for freedom, finds himself enthrall'd,
 And all his hop'd-for happiness is flown.

Alas !

Alas ! poor man, how are thy thoughts misled !
 To fix the centre of thy hopes below :
 The living is not found among the dead,
 True peace does in another climate grow.

Ransack the corners of this earthly ball,
 Of real good she's empty, void, and waste ;
 Her best delights are honey mixt with gall,
 Her highest joys do but a moment last.

Lord, I would place my happiness above
 Upon thyself, thither my soul aspires :
 Let me but taste the sweetness of thy love,
 And this alone shall satiate my desires.

Amongst thy servants, Lord, enrol my name ;
 That's the high title, which I wish to have :
 In heaven's great records this will still remain,
 When earthly glories perish in the grave.

Unveil thy beauty, let me see thy face,
 Place me beneath the banner of thy love :
 With everlasting arms my soul embrace,
 And from thy presence let me ne'er remove.

While others seek for temporary good,
 Thy shining countenance shall me delight ;
 My sin-stain'd garments wash in Jesus' blood,
 And with thy saints let me be cloth'd in white.

With

With grace enrich me from thy plenteous store ;
 Subdue my will entirely unto thine ;
 Grant me but this request, I'll ask no more,
 Be thou my God, and happiness is mine.

Humble Sincerity.

IN acts of worship, when we bring
 Eternal offerings to th' eternal king,
 He values not the costly price,
 Nor grandeur of the sacrifice.

Affected modes of outward dress,
 Or pompous shews of services,
 Numbers of duties, nought avail ;
 He counts by weight, and not by tale.

The stately offerings of the rich,
 With fine embroideries of speech,
 Emboss'd with flowery words around,
 Like victim beasts with chaplets crown'd.

Such glitt'ring things may mortals please,
 But Heav'n is charm'd with none of these :
 His eyes impartial justice hold,
 And from the tinsel know the gold.

He tries the reins, the inmost part,
 Observes the movement of the heart ;

I

Those

Those secret springs he fully knows,
Whence every word and action flows.

To persons he has no respect,
Nor will the pious poor reject ;
He makes the meek his favourite,
A contrite spirit's his delight.

He lifts the weak above their fears,
And bottles up the mourner's tears ;
His love's a never failing prop
To fainting faith and stagging hope.

His quick'ning grace, like gentle dews,
To dying plants their life renews ;
The bruised head his arm will raise,
And make the smoking flax to blaze.

He knows the meaning of the dumb,
No less than accents of the tongue ;
And sighs and groans from hearts sincere,
Are musick in th' Almighty's ear.

Where poverty denies a lamb,
To make the sacred altar flame ;
Kind Heav'n the willing mind approves,
And takes a pair of turtle doves.

While others of their larger store,
Bring greater gifts, Lord, I am poor ;

And

And since my stock amounts no higher,
Accept my mite of pure desire.

The Christians Voyage to the Port of Rest.

THE weary mariner long time distrest,
With cares and fears upon the stormy main,
Driv'n by uncertain gales from east to west,
Consum'd with labours and continual pain,
Longing to find his port, with watchful eyes
Looks round about him, and at last espies—
Delightful view!—the wish'd-for land arise.

Fresh vigour now his fainting powers possess,
His heart revives, and dying hopes renew ;
And as the distance lessens, joys encrease,
While near approaches give a clearer view.
At length the country doth itself disclose,
The spicy hills appear where pleasure grows,
And from the fragrant air refreshing comfort flows.

The royal city next comes on in sight,
Whose rows of stately towers advanc'd on high,
At once surprize with wonder and delight,
Dazzling with lustre the beholder's eye.

While

While thus discovering things unseen before,
 The distance vanishes and danger's o'er,
 The haven is at hand, — he gains the shore.

I'm weary with th' tedious voyage of life,
 While sailing on the world's tempestuous seas,
 Inconstant winds maintain inconstant strife,
 To kill my comforts, and disturb my peace.
 Sometimes afflictions, like impetuous showers,
 And northern blasts attack my vital powers,
 Whose racking pain my health and strength devours.

Next from the eastern coast a tempest springs
 Of strong temptations, hissing through the air;
 Like fiery serpents with their dreadful stings,
 To drive me to presumption or despair.
 To stem the current of these boisterous tides,
 Shocks all my powers, my very heart divides,
 And thro' my joints a chilling terror glides.

Sometimes I'm favour'd with a milder gale,
 By gentle Zephyr, whose indulgent breeze,
 With hope new-blooming fills my swelling sail,
 To waft me softly o'er the calmer seas.
 This yields refreshment after former toil,
 And sooths my grief with pleasures that beguile:
 But ah! this season lasts a little while.

Strait

Strait from the south comes on a gloomy scene,
 With fogs and mists of heart-tormenting cares ;
 The Heav'ns grow dark which were before serene,
 And troubles heightened with perplex'd affairs :
 With lab'ring thoughts the mind's distracted so,
 I know not what to do, nor where to go ;
 Sometimes I fail too fast, again too slow.

Thus hurry'd up and down this mortal state,
 The poor remains of my uncertain days ;
 Great God, I will for thy salvation wait,
 My spirits languish, and my flesh decays :
 My strength enfeebled, and old age comes on,
 And pains and fears attend my setting sun,
 All tokens sure, that life is nearly done.

While thus upon the parting brink I stand,
 With brighter visions let my faith be blest ;
 Give me a Pisgah, sight of Canaan land,
 And shew my title to the promis'd rest.
 My last petition grant, which shall be this,
 Let Jesus say he's mine, and I am his ;
 I'd plunge into the gulph, and realms of bliss.

On Ceremonies.

WH Y do our churchmen with such zeal
contend

For what the scriptures no where recommend ?

Those ceremonies, which they doat upon,

Were unto christians heretofore unknown.

In ancient time, God's worship did accord

Not with traditions, but the written word ;

Himself hath told us how he'll be ador'd.

'Tis true, that in the legal dispensation,

Which only did concern the Jewish nation,

Religious rites were constantly maintain'd,

But such, and only such, as Heav'n ordain'd ;

By special warrant and command express'd,

The mitre and the ephod, with the rest

Of all those robes, wherewith the priest was drest.

The altar, that was built for sacrifice,

Must bear such fashion, and be such a size ;

The tabernacle, and its furniture,

Its tacks and loops so many, and no more ;

Exact, according to the pattern shewn,

By God to Moses in the Mount alone ;

And so for form must ev'ry thing be done.

Nothing was left to man's invention free,
 No, not the least addition must there be :
 The worship and the mode were still the same,
 And so continu'd till Messiah came ;
 God's Son and Heir, whose government took place,
 When clearly he reveal'd the truth and grace,
 Which, cloath'd in types, lay hid in former days.

And here commenc'd the gospel dispensation,
 Centring in Christ the author of salvation ;
 Perfect in wisdom he the system drew
 Of his own worship, who shall add thereto ?
 Can foolish man Heav'n's workmanship refine ;
 Or puddle water, meliorate the wine ?
 'Tis treason to corrupt the prince's coin.

When Paul was first converted, 'tis not said,
 He read a pray'r, but we read, he pray'd ;
 Nor do I find he did a surplice wear,
 Either in time of preaching, or of pray'r ;
 Or bow'd to altars, heathen superstition ;
 At Athens he reprov'd that vain tradition,
 And yet 'tis sure he acted by commission.

Nor can it be in sacred records found,
 That e'en that house was built on holy ground ;
 Where Peter went upon the roof to pray'r,
 And yet with God he held communion there,

While dinner was prepar'd ; nor is't related,
 Cornelius' house was ever consecrated,
 Yet Gospel-worship there was celebrated.

When Paul and Silas were in prison cast,
 And by the jailor in the stocks set fast ;
 They never question'd ought about the place,
 Being quicken'd by the Spirit of Grace ;
 Betook themselves to pray'r and praises high ;
 Which pleas'd th' Almighty's ear, blest melody !
 Altho' there surely were no organs by.

Our Saviour did th' apostles authorize,
 To go and preach the Gospel, and baptize,
 Throughout each kingdom, and in every coast,
 In name of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost :
 But not a word I read in his command
 Of signing with the cross, in face or hand,
 Nor thus did they his mandate understand.

Rome did these ceremonies first invent,
 Confirm'd them by a council held at Trent ;
 Sent and impos'd them on the nations thence,
 Made decency and order their pretence.
 I dare not with such superstition join :
 Give me pure doctrine, gospel-discipline,
 Where God is serv'd, that service is divine.

IMMANUEL.

I M M A N U E L.

ILLUSTRIOUS fun, Immanuel !
 Whose brightness knows no parallel,
 The riches of thy love display !
 Send from above some rays of light,
 To chase away the shades of night,
 And burn my darkness into day.

Thy powerful influence impart,
 To drive the vapours from my heart,
 O thou that dost in glory dwell :
 With healing beams of grace divine
 Upon thy servant deign to shine,
 Illustrious fun, Immanuel.

Thy presence makes a pleasant spring,
 In which thy lark-like angels sing ;
 Thy vineyard yields a fragrant smell :
 Thy grace with vivifying pow'r
 Quickens and sweetens every flow'r,
 Illustrious fun, Immanuel.

Thy golden beams are passing fair,
 Perfume the circum-ambient air ;
 No angel's tongue thy grace can tell :
 Much less can mortal man below
 The fulness of thy glory know,
 Illustrious fun, Immanuel.

Should'st thou thy chearing face with-hold,
 My comforts would be chill'd with cold,
 My joys would shrink and sorrows swell:
 'Tis from thy presence I derive
 Those hopes which keep my soul alive,
 Illustrious sun, Immanuel.

Long time the world had cover'd been
 With clouds of ignorance and sin,
 Nor was there any to dispel
 The dismal ills, or bring redress,
 Till thou appear'st in human flesh,
 And took the name Immanuel.

Shine forth upon mine intellect,
 Thy light my footsteps shall direct,
 While in this wilderness I dwell:
 Until thou call me to remove
 Into thine upper courts of love,
 Illustrious sun, Immanuel.

Then shall I view, with open eyes,
 The object of my choicest joys,
 Which does all pleasures else excel:
 Where with the righteous I shall join,
 Who in their father's kingdom shine,
 And ever praise Immanuel.

Written

Written in the seventy-first Year of his Age.

WHEN I can call the blessed Jesus mine,
 By strong embraces of a faith divine,
 My soul's transported to a strange degree :
 And nothing can my joyful thoughts remove,
 From the dear object of my sov'reign love ;
 Mine inward pow'rs dissolve in sacred extasy.

He the fixt centre of my soul's delight,
 On whom I feast by day, and rest by night ;
 In him alone are all my wants supply'd :
 While I can clasp him thus within my arms,
 In vain the world, with her deceitful charms,
 Shall offer from his love to draw my heart aside.

'Tis true, there's nothing to depend upon,
 That I have either suff'red, wrought, or done ;
 Yet hope, my confidence, shall never fall.
 While Jesus Christ is mine, and I am his,
 I cannot fail of everlasting blifs ;
 Tho' I myself am nothing, he's my all.

Keep up, my soul, a constant chearful frame,
 At the rememb'rance of thy Saviour's name.

Survey the records of time past, and see,
 When Jesus laid aside his heavenly dress,
 And cloth'd himself in robes of human flesh,
 What sorrows, griefs, and pains, he under-
 went for thee.

To make atonement with his precious blood,
 He gave himself a sacrifice to God ;
 And now as intercessor in thy stead,
 Appears for thee before his Father's face,
 To sue for pardon and supply of grace,
 Where all his sufferings for thy mis'ries plead.

See next the promises, which stand enroll'd
 In heav'n's great charter, whence the faints of old,
 As from a living spring, their comforts drew :
 Assur'd by faith that what th' Almighty spake,
 No powers of earth or hell could ever break,
 For all his promises are faithful, just, and true.

Now let all three be added into one,
 What hath been, is, or further shall be done,
 In the transactions of thy Saviour's love :
 A matchless work it will appear to be,
 In union of the eternal Three,
 Accomplish'd here below, but first contriv'd
 above.

'Twas

'Twas wisdom's self that did project the scheme,
 How God's own Son should criminals redeem,
 That Justice should appear in mercy drest.
 Here stop, my foul, and join the heav'nly choir,
 And when thy feeble strains can reach no higher,
 In humble silence meditate the rest.

The Vision.

ATtempting an uncommon flight,
 My Muse, advent'rous, soar'd upright;
 Fledg'd with the pinions of intense desire,
 She quickly left the lower skies,
 Past by the rolling orbs of light,
 And all the magazines of snow, and hail and fire:
 Ascending still
 The steepy hill,
 Far, far above the ken of mortal eyes,
 Thro' fields of purest æther, where
 Ten thousand twinkling stars beneath her feet ap-
 pear.

Earth lost in darkest clouds below,
 She wings her way
 In blissful regions of celestial day;
 Where beams refulgent flow,

And

And gild the spacious plains
 With radiant lustre and diffusive joys,
 The pleasing prospect entertains
 With sweets that still renew, pleasure that
 never cloy.

Now heavenly forms appear in sight,
 Affording various scenes of choice delight,
 Both to the eye and ear ;
 Whence joys arise
 With pleasure and surprize,
 Too great to be express'd, or mortal strength to bear.
 My fainting muse, o'erwhelm'd with glory's shine
 Of numerous objects thronging all divine,
 Must here have dropt her wing,
 And sunk beneath the vision's weight ;
 Had not assistance from above come in,
 Tumultuous joys to regulate,
 Brighten her intellect, and strength renew ;
 For what should further be presented to her view.

There numerous bands, in glittering armour shine,
 Guards of the upper realms, all warriors great,
 Who ne'er in battle knew retreat,
 Keeping exactest discipline.
 Under their mighty chiefs, march on in state,
 With helms of burnish'd gold, and shields the same,
 Finer than e'er from Ophir came ;

Their

Their spears well temper'd steel, all bright and keen,
 Furnish'd from Heaven's vast magazine :
 Experienc'd every one in feats of arms,
 Ready to make an onset at the first alarms.

While these I view'd, with fixt intent,
 In order passing by ;
 Another object did present
 New wonders to mine eye ;
 Between two rising hills at morning light,
 By slow degrees advanc'd, 'till breaking out
 Behind the shades, appear'd in open sight :
 A noble band of archers, bold, and stout,
 In prime of youth, and all of equal size,
 Of aspect sweet, and clad in rich attire,
 Arm'd with strong bows, and on their shoulders hung
 A quiver, bound with filken ties,
 Stor'd with sharp arrows, fledge'd with fire,
 Led by a cherub march along :
 Each one a flaming sword, brandish'd on high,
 Their banners wrought with rich embroidery :
 And this their motto was, *The Lord of Hosts* ;
 These constantly patrol about the happy coasts.

There on a greeny mount for pleasure made,
 With flowers enamel'd round ;
 Whose charming beauties never fade,
 Nor are with time or age decay'd,
 A company sat down ;

In

In circling rows, all overjoy'd to see
 The rest in that society
 With smiling countenances, which declare
 The inward joys they felt ;
 That peaceful innocence was there,
 Not as a stranger guest,
 But as possessor of that breast
 Where perfect love and real friendship dwelt.

Here all with free and open heart
 Each other entertains :
 In sweet discourse their joys impart,
 'Till sacred love breaks forth in holy flames.
 Of mysteries divine their converse was,
 How great I AM, before all time and place,
 Did of himself and in himself subsist ;
 Himself enjoy'd, his own eternal bliss :
 How he, before the world began,
 Determin'd by immutable decree,
 Whatever should be done,
 Thro' all the ages of futurity.
 Next, how the great ideas of his will,
 According to the scheme his wisdom laid,
 His pow'r exactly did fulfil,
 When heaven, and earth, and sea, were all of
 nothing made.

When

When morning stars, in sweetest lays,
 Sung the Creator's praise;
 How haughty Lucifer, swell'd up with pride,
 Drew multitudes o'th' heavenly host aside;
 And aiming at the throne,
 Refus'd obedience to th' eternal Son,
 And rais'd rebellion 'gainst the Holy One.
 When valiant Michael, taking the alarm,
 Call'd forth celestial pow'rs to arm.
 No sooner was the summons heard,
 But all with winged speed appear'd,
 Under the standard royal, now display'd;
 Cherubs and seraphs, whom he led
 As captain-general, marching at their head,
 A furious onset on the rebels made.

The battle now began,
 With fiercest rage
 Both armies did engage;
 And thick battalions coming on,
 On ev'ry side the fight tempestuous grows:
 Nought could be heard and seen,
 But warlike deeds and noisy din,
 Clashing of arms, and blow exchange'd for blows.

Th' arch traitor, in the front o'th' rebel host,
 Already did the conquest boast;

I

With

With bold presumption, and angelic strength
 Exerting, forward prest ;
 Till Michael, with superior powers at length,
 And force invincible, the foe distressed ;
 Who now, no longer able to sustain
 Such dreadful shocks, or bear the pain,
 With crest-fall'n hopes, and feeble courage, fought,
 Soon fell into disorder'd rout :
 While peals of loudest thunder from the throne,
 And showers of flaming darts, pursu'd their
 flight
 Unto the verge of Heav'n, from thence cast down
 Precipitant, condemn'd to everlasting night.
 Here pausing, all the company arise,
 And with uplifted hands and eyes,
 And full transports of joy, their voices raise,
 And sing an hymn of victory to Jehovah's praise.

Then sitting down, they next began
 Discourse about the happiness of man,
 When first by his creator form'd :
 Whose stamp divine upon his soul he bore,
 With noble faculties adorn'd ;
 An heavenly light his understanding fill'd
 From sacred wisdom's store :
 His will conform to what his Maker will'd ;
 His pure affections kept within their bound,
 And no tumultuous passions found,

To

To interrupt the quiet of his breast,
 Or break his peaceful rest;
 All was serene within, with innocence possess'd.

In Eden's fruitful garden plac'd,
 A happy feat, made for Heav'n's favourite,
 Whose pleasures yielded him a full repast,
 And labour was delight.
 Here objects new, new meditations raise,
 Whereon his noble mind was still employ'd,
 Receiving blessings, and returning praise,
 A sweet communion with his God enjoy'd.

This Satan seeing, and himself forlorn,
 Condemn'd to Hell's abyss,
 Despairing ever to return
 Into the realms of bliss,
 Revolving deep his loss, from Heav'n expell'd,
 Unable to assail th' Omnipotent;
 As once with pride, so now with envy swell'd,
 His restless mind on mischief wholly bent,
 Thirsting revenge, contrives the curst design;
 Man's happiness to undermine,
 Under a fair pretence,
 And shew of love, resolves to try
 To rob him of his innocence;
 What strength cannot perform, to do by subtilty.

His

His plot projected, forthwith he pursues
 A proper instrument to find
 Among the beasts, and doth the serpent choose,
 To make his agent, subt'lest of his kind ;
 In him he enters, and the season waits
 To work his end ; and finding Eve alone,
 In soft addresses and a flatt'ring tone,
 With her he cunningly expostulates
 About the virtues o'th' forbidden tree,
 Whose fruit but tasted, tells her, she shall be
 Equal to God himself, and wise as he. }
 And this the Maker knew, and therefore did,
 Says he, as envious of your happiness,
 Lest you should rival him in bliss,
 The sovereign tree forbid ;
 And bound his arbitrary law,
 With a severe, but empty threat
 Of death ; but 'twas to keep you under awe ;
 He knows you shall not die ; come, freely pluck,
 and eat.

Thus the original of truth
 Was charg'd with falsities ;
 While Satan, with blaspheming mouth,
 Gain'd credit to his lies.
 By easy steps of falsehood he beguiles
 Her flatt'ring fancy, under shew of good :
 At length prevails upon her by his wiles,
 First to desire, then eat the fatal food ;

And

And she, deceiv'd, soon drew her husband in,
 With her to be a partner of the sin.
 The devil thus his hellish conquest won,
 And Adam and his whole posterity undone.

One truth, indeed, the devil told,
 That our first parent's eyes should open'd be ;
 Which sadly they experienc'd, to behold
 Themselves, and theirs, involv'd in misery ;
 Naked, aham'd, and fill'd with woe,
 Expell'd from Eden's happy ground,
 They knew not what to do, or where to go ;
 While grief and tears their throbbing hearts
 surround.
 Heav'n's frowns they felt, when innocence was
 gone ;
 They knew the evil, but the good was fled,
 An hapless state ! and utterly undone,
 Condemn'd to till the ground, and sweat for
 bread.

Thus stood man's miserable case,
 When he the great Creator disobey'd ;
 But here the glorious riches of free grace
 Began to be display'd :

For when he trembling (conscious of his sin)
 Cited before his judge appears,
 Chill horror seiz'd his limbs, and guilt within,
 While he the dismal sentence hears.
 The love divine, to mitigate his grief,
 Declar'd what Heav'n resolv'd by fix'd decree ;
 That fallen man should find relief,
 And Satan's conquest should his ruin be.
 Amidst the serpent's curse, which thence took place,
 To rebel Adam, and his wretched race,
 'Twas faith's foundation laid in words of grace :

The woman's seed shall break the serpent's head.

In which sweet promise our first parents saw
 The great Redeemer now exhibited,
 Though in a distant light,
 Yet joyful at the sight ;
 From thence by faith they might new comforts
 draw.

To Eden's garden they must go no more,
 Now guarded by a flaming sword ;
 Yet saw their future happiness secure,
 By trusting on th' eternal word.

Among this glorious company were some,
 Who had in those first ages dwelt below,
 And did those truths by blest experience know,
 Believing on the Saviour then to come :

In

In whom the riches of free grace
 Had brought unto that happy place,
 Among the blest,
 In perfect rest,
 Their overflowing joys in hymns of praise exprest.
 With sweet delight they next relate,
 How promises of after-date
 Confirm'd the former ; and in various ways
 Foretold the glory of the latter days,
 In different names, by types and prophecies,
 When, where, and how, the Saviour should arise.

In Abra'm's seed all nations shall be blest ;
 The fruit of Sarah's barren womb,
 Of government shall Judah be possess'd,
 Both crown and sceptre in his tribe shall rest,
 Till the peace-maker, Shilo, come.
 For Hebrews must the paschal lamb be slain,
 Whose sprinkled blood shall be salvation's sign.
 With victim beasts the altars flame :
 Sins by the scape-goat must be borne
 Into the desert, never to return,
 By ordinance divine :
 While clouds of incense reach the skies,
 Atonement must be made by sacrifice,
 Till the great Prophet come, and Jacob's star arise.

Old Jesse's stem shall bud afresh,
 And from his wither'd root shall spring
 A noble plant, the branch of righteousness;
 Who shall his father David's throne possess,
 Melchizedek's true type, and Salem's peaceful
 king.

He, with a shepherd's tender care,
 Shall feed his flock in pastures fair,
 And to his Sion shall salvation bring,
 A virgin pure shall pregnant be;
 And from her Heaven-saluted womb
 The great Immanuel shall come;
 In low estate of highest pedigree;
 Wonderful counsellor! the prince of peace!
 To him shall every tongue confess,
 And humble adoration pay with bended knee.

The vengeful sword of justice must be drawn,
 To vindicate Jehovah's right,
 And shall the man God's fellow smite.
 Messiah shall (not for himself) be slain:
 When government from Judah's tribe shall cease,
 And regal power be by a stranger worn,
 In Beth'lem, David's native place,
 Then shall the great Deliverer be born.

With pleasure having thus recounted o'er
 Those promises and many more,

Of

Of like import found in the sacred word ;
 With hands lift up on high,
 Joining in full accord,
 At once their voices raise
 In tunes unknown below the sky,
 And sing a chorus to Jehovah's praise.

C H O R U S.

Salvation to the Lord belongs,
 His love's the subject of our songs ;
 Who pitying fallen man,
 Resolv'd t'advance his sovereign grace,
 To some of the rebellious race,
 And fix'd it, by decree, before all time began.

Wisdom concurr'd in the design,
 And drew the scheme for love divine,
 And chose the eternal Son
 To be the Saviour, and t'affume
 Our nature in a virgin's womb,
 By whom the glorious work compleatly should be
 done.

Salvation to the Lord belongs,
 His love's the subject of our songs ;

Free grace hath brought us hither.
 Thro' types and shadows of the law,
 By faith Messiah's day we saw,
 Embrac'd him, and we live to praise his name
 for ever.

This ended, others of a later date,
 Who under shining beams of gospel day
 Had pass'd mortality away,
 And left their earthly part behind,
 Each now a perfect mind,
 Arriv'd in that blest state ;
 These now begin in order to relate
 What they below had seen and known
 Of Jesus, God's anointed one ;
 His wond'rous birth, and spotless life,
 His meek behaviour void of strife,
 The holy doctrine which he taught,
 And the surprizing miracles he wrought,
 The cruel treatment that he found
 From enemies around,
 On every side,
 Despis'd, reproach'd, and villify'd ;
 With bitter taunts and lies abus'd,
 Of blasphemies accus'd :
 And what was worse, which other grief tran-
 scends,
 Was wounded in the house of friends.

Those, whom he came to save among the rest,
 With scornful pride
 His innocence deride ;
 And envious at his growing fame,
 With calumnies asperse his name,
 Report him to be mad, with Beelzebub possess'd.

All these indignities, and many more,
 The blessed Jesus bore
 With matchless patience, and sustain'd the
 shock ;
 Invincible 'gainst all their efforts stood,
 Unshaken, like a mighty rock,
 Amidst the swelling surges of the flood,
 And travell'd up and down still doing good.

At length the prince of Hell, with malice
 fraught,
 Resolving deep in thought,
 The dreadful issue of that fatal day,
 When with his rebel powers in battle 'ray,
 Against th' Almighty Son he fought,
 And routed by him, headlong through the air,
 Was cast into the pit of black despair ;
 Hopeless for ever to regain
 His place in Heaven, or make a new campaign
 In these blest realms ; yet sullen and intent
 On dire revenge, to try th' experiment

Of new designs, contrives another plan
 Of mischief, thinking now to overthrow
 (Here in his humbled state on earth) God-man ;
 What force could not above, t'effect by fraud
 below.

Thus fanning the infernal fire
 Of his insatiate desire,
 With proud conceit of conquest, makes it blaze
 the higher.

As a fierce lion, to increase his rage,
 Lashes his sides, and haughty rolls his eyes,
 Attacks the foe, nor doubts the prize :
 So Satan, now resolv'd t'engage
 Heav'n's champion, and to single combat dares
 Defiance bid, and keenest darts prepares ;
 Sure as might with his purpose best agree ;
 Prefuming high that he
 Shall gain the battle, and victorious be.

Taking advantage of the time and place,
 When in the silent wilderness alone,
 Where he had fasted forty days,
 He finds him hungry grown :
 There he assaults him, and lets fly,
 But miss'd his aim ;
 The dart's no sooner sent, but instantly
 Return'd upon the shooter's head with shame.
 Enrag'd

Enrag'd at this,
 He sets him on a dang'rous precipice,
 But strives in vain against omnipotence ;
 While he would fain persuade to cast himself from
 thence :

His project fails, but in his rebel will,
 Fermenting envy makes him stubborn still,
 Scorning to yield,
 Or give his purpose o'er,
 Resolves to make one onset more,
 And try the battle in another field.
 So Balaam heretofore, with hellish skill,
 Adjourn'd from' place to place, endeavouring still
 To curse God's Israel from another hill.

Then to a lofty mountain next he flies,
 And with him Jesus bears,
 And these prepares,
 A chosen weapon seldom known to fail,
 With which he manages the enterprize ;
 But neither can he here prevail.
 The tempter, three times baffled, thus retires,
 And for a season leaves the incarnate Son.
 But envy, glowing in his canker'd breast,
 Kindles new fires,
 Nor suffers him to rest ,
 Inveterate malice still to mischief prompts him on.
 Unable

Unable to accomplish his designs,
 Himself, alone, in private, he attempts
 To compass it by human instruments ;
 With baneful hatred, stirring up the minds
 Of rulers, priests, and people, forging lies
 Against his person and his doctrine too ;
 Suggesting groundless jealousies,
 That he their church and state would both subdue.
 This notion takes ; and now they join,
 Watching all opportunities they can,
 To stop his progress, and destroy the man,
 For more they thought him not to be,
 Tho' through his words and actions shine
 The clearest proofs of his divinity.

A council's call'd, wherein the priests conclude,
 That 'tis expedient Jesus should be slain.
 Blind zeal inspir'd the giddy multitude,
 Which drives them on amain,
 With his pure blood their impious hands to
 stain.

The thing resolv'd, they next contrive
 The means, and how they shall proceed
 T'effect the cursed deed :
 While Beelzebub, to see his projects thrive,
 Now thinking to attain his end,
 Smiles horrible, and will his best assistance lend.

Amongst

Amongst Messiah's followers, twelve he chose
 For friends above the rest ;
 Whom he with choicest favours entertain'd,
 And near him always they remain'd.
 To these the crafty devil goes ;
 And finding Judas, one of them, possess'd
 With principles of cursed avarice ;
 Him he attacks, and makes an easy prey :
 For thirty pence, a goodly price !
 He undertakes his master to betray.

The terms propos'd, therewith the priests content,
 The bargains made,
 The money's paid,
 And strait a troop of armed men are sent
 For his assistance, who in haste
 Was eager bent his treason to pursue.
 Celestial luminaries disappear,
 And midnight darkness veil'd the hemisphere,
 When over Cedron's brook they pass
 By torch light, to a garden where he knew
 The master often us'd to be :
 And there they find him with his faithful few,
 And by a traiterous kiss directs them which
 was he.

When

When fudden by a beam divine let go
 From the blest Jesus' face,
 They're thunder-struck with deep amaze,
 And trembling hearts their fault'ring steps confound ;
 And staggering to and fro
 At length fall backward, and salute the ground :
 Where having lain awhile, their fears adjourn'd,
 And strength to their late palsy-limbs return'd.
 Then rising up they seize him, and with cords
 His tender hands they bound,
 And bring him pris'ner to the high-priest's hall ;
 Where, with opprobrious words
 And scornful taunts, he was abus'd by all ;
 His innocence no other treatment found.

Next to the Roman governor he's sent,
 Where, as a criminal accus'd,
 He's at the bar arraign'd,
 And made the soldier's sport and merriment ;
 With buffeting abus'd,
 And with a crown of thorns his sacred head's profan'd.

In purple drest, with rude disdain,
 A reed for sceptre in his hand they place ;
 Then hail him king, and mock-obeisance feign,
 With bended knees, and loads of foul disgrace ;
 Then brought before the judgment seat again,
 With

With clamours loud,
 The rabble crowd,
 Urg'd by their rulers, all together cry,
 Let him be crucify'd !
 Nor would they be deny'd ;
 Till with incessant importunity,
 The judge o'ercome at last,
 The cruel sentence past ;
 Which done, his body they with scourges tore :
 A mournful spectacle all o'er !
 Drencht in the trickling streams of his own purple
 gore !

Thus made a scene of perfect woe ;
 Yet this, but as it were, a short prelude,
 Of what he further was to undergo :
 In bloody triumph, him they bring,
 Before th' enrag'd multitude,
 And cry, Behold your King !
 From thence to Golgotha he's hurry'd on,
 Amidst the volleys of loud blasphemies
 Discharg'd upon him, as he pass'd along,
 By the tumultuous wicked throng ;
 Such barb'rous villanies,
 As black-mouth'd Hell itself did ne'er before
 devise.

Now

Now at the fatal place arriv'd,
 Where the dire tragedy must finish'd be ;
 Stript of his raiment by the soldiers fierce,
 While they among themselves by lot divide :
 His hands and feet with ragged nails they pierce ;
 And fast'ned to the curst tree,
 Between two thieves the Saviour's crucify'd.
 Each member rack'd with tort'ring smart,
 From head to foot all wounds,
 Encompass'd round from every part,
 His torments knew no bounds.
 Floodgates of sorrow then were open thrown,
 And all the streams of grief together ran,
 While on the cross he hung ;
 More than can be express'd by mortal tongue :
 Too great by human nature to be born,
 Had not the Deity sustain'd the man.

All this he bore with lamb-like innocence,
 Nor murr'd at the pain.
 But oh ! the sorrows more intense,
 The pangs he felt within !
 These did his very vitals drain,
 When justice made him to sustain
 The punishment of sin.
 He, who from all eternity
 Did in God's bosom lye ;

His

His Son, the object of his choicest love,
 Before creation's morn began to dawn,
 Or wheels of time to move.
 This was the keenest dart,
 That pierc'd his bleeding heart,
 To have his Father's presence now withdrawn.

Thus, having finish'd all he was to do,
 And drank the cup of wrath divine,
 He did his breath resign ;
 Yielding himself to Death, the last and greatest
 foe.

Then from the cross he's taken down,
 And in a garden near
 Interr'd, within a sepulchre of stone,
 Secur'd with greatest care ;
 Left any to remove him thence should come,
 A guard appointed is to watch the tomb.

The Lord of Glory dead,
 Th' serpent now began t' erect his head ;
 And hiss'd aloud with hellish joy,
 Boasting that he had gain'd the prize,
 His government should reach from pole to pole ;
 Free from annoy,
 On earth to tyrannize,
 Nor any should his lawless power controul ;

But

But ignorant of the divine decree,
That the Messiah's death should his destruction be.

When the third morning's dawning light
Had scarce begun t' appear
Within the hemisphere,
Since the Redeemer in the grave had lain :
But Death, o'ercome by a superior might,
No longer could detain
The royal pris'ner under his arrest,
Was of his power tyrannic dispossess'd :
As Samson, waking from his sleep profound,
Burst the new twisted cords,
Wherewith his hands were bound
By the Philistine Lords.
So, the God Jesus, threw Death's bands away,
Broke up the grave, and rose to everlasting day.

Nor armed guards that watch'd the sepulchre,
Nor yet the pond'rous stone that on it lay,
Could hinder Heav'n's design :
Those with amazement fled for fear,
And this an angel eas'ly roll'd away ;
All obstacles remov'd by power divine.
Now the first promise was fulfill'd,
The woman's seed hath broke the serpent's head,
And Death, the mighty spoiler, spoil'd.
Jesus is risen from the dead,

Angels

Angels to his disciples tell the news ;
 And he himself appears,
 To fix their faith, and dissipate their fears :
 His pierced hands and wounded side he shews ;
 Their drooping hearts his presence cheers,
 And seeing him their quick'ned joy renews.

With them on earth he forty days remain'd,
 And gave commission in his name
 A gospel-church to raise and frame,
 And rules for government ordain'd.
 Which done, he leads them to a mountain high,
 And having blest them there, in open sight,
 A cloud descending from the sky,
 Compos'd a chariot bright,
 Of more than common light,
 On which he mounted, and triumphant rode
 Above created Heav'ns, unto the courts of God :
 Th' eternal gates before him open flew,
 For well the guards the King of Glory knew.
 'Midst angels shouts arriv'd to heights unknown,
 Welcom'd by his great Father, he sat down
 At his right-hand upon the imperial throne. }

Here ending the discourse, they all arise.

My Muse with longing eyes
 Expecting what would next ensue:
 When from the balmy East,

V O L. I.

G

Out

Out of a pleafant valley, wherein grew
 Choice trees in plenteous ftore,
 Such as in Eden heretofore
 Were none fo grateful to the fight or tafte :
 A charming found attack'd mine ear,
 Which louder grew as it approach'd more near,
 Reverberated from the hills ;
 At length it all the region fills
 With heav'nly mufick, and the fcene difplay'd
 A glorious triumph for a conqueror made.
 Here fome on pfalteries, others on the harp,
 And fome on inftruments to earth unknown,
 In lofty ftrains, with dext'rous art,
 Proclaim the glorious vict'ries he had won.

The next in order was a numerous train,
 Proceeding twelve a-breaf, with crowns of gold,
 Array'd in linen white and clean,
 And each a palm did in his right hand hold.
 To thefe ten thoufand virgin voices join,
 With choicelt accents flowing from each tongue,
 In lofty numbers all divine ;
 Melodiously thofe play'd, and thefe as sweetly fung.
 The noife was loud, but perfect concert all,
 Not the leaft jar or difcord found,
 To break or interrupt the found :
 With equal pitch they rife, with equal cadence fall.
 O'erwhelm'd with joys amidft thofe heav'nly lays,
 My ravifh'd Mufe, adoring, join'd their fongs of praife.

C H O R U S.

C H O R U S.

Glory to God the King,
 Who dwells in royal state;
 Who for thy pleasure every thing
 Didst by thy word create.

Glory to God the Son,
 The Lamb that once was slain ;
 Worthy of honour and renown,
 Worthy to live and reign.

For with thy precious blood
 Thou didst our souls redeem ;
 And mad'st us kings and priests to God,
 And we shall reign with him.

To God the spirit of power,
 An equal glory be :
 Let all in Heav'n and earth adore
 This coeternal Three.

[*Dr. WATTS, in the preceding poetical History of our Saviour's Sufferings and Death, found it necessary, in such a narrative, to neglect the fetters of exact rhyme and regular versification. The enthusiasm which a mind like his, warmed as it must have been with the subject, would probably experience in a recapitulation so interesting, will operate with every candid and good reader, as a sufficient exculpation for the inaccuracies in the poetry.*]

The Relief.

WHY fits my soul thus all forlorn ?
 As bird with drooping wing :
 The rosy blushes of the morn
 Call to arise and sing.

The dawning day of gospel-grace
 Breaks thro' the shades of night ;
 The Sun of righteousness displays
 His chearful beams of light.

The Saviour's unto Sion come,
 And sends his word abroad ;
 To call the wand'ring finners home,
 And bring them near to God,

His high commiffion from above,
 Sign'd at Heaven's council board,
 Contains those sov'reign acts of love,
 That greatest joys afford.

To bring in light, where darknefs reigns,
 And make the blind to fee ;
 To break the captive's iron chains,
 And fet the pris'nor free.

To

To dying souls new life restore,
 With good the hungry fill ;
 And conquer by almighty pow'r
 The stubborn rebel will.

To bind up broken-hearted ones,
 And calm the raging breast ;
 To ease the mourner of his groans,
 And give the weary rest.

This the Messiah was to do,
 And this our Jesus did ;
 He purchas'd peace and pardon too,
 By suff'ring in our stead ;

And ever lives to carry on
 Those gracious works of his :
 To finish what he hath begun,
 And bring his saints to bliss.

Come then, my soul, shake off thy fears,
 And wipe thy sorrows dry ;
 For all thy wants and all thy cares,
 See here's a rich supply.

Compassion in the Saviour's heart
 Is in perfection found ;
 He sympathizes in the smart
 Of each believer's wound.

He fully understands thy case,
 Sees what thou dost endure :
 Do but accept of offer'd grace,
 And thy salvation's sure.

The Lark.

NIGHT past and all the shadows fled,
 The rosy morn began t'appear ;
 When I forsook my weary bed,
 And walk'd abroad to take the air.

With easy pace I jogg'd along,
 And while I various objects view'd,
 Fain would my mind have fixt upon
 Some theme to blefs my solitude.

But still my roving fancy flew
 At random ; nor could I controul
 My wand'ring thoughts, or find a clue
 To trace the lab'rinth of my soul.

At length the radiant sun arose ;
 And lo ! another sudden sight,
 Which did at once my mind compose,
 And entertain'd me with delight.

A Lark,

A Lark, the songstres of the air,
 Arising from her grassy bed,
 As overjoy'd and void of care,
 Or by a secret instinct led ;

With flight erect she seem'd to climb,
 And reach the clouds with bold essays ;
 And flying, sings a morning hymn,
 Which sweetly meant her Maker's praise.

My watchful eye observ'd her soar ;
 'Till mounting up she rose so high
 That I could see her now no more,
 Yet still I heard her melody.

At length her pinions, weary'd out,
 While thro' the liquid air she beat ;
 The slender organs of her throat
 No longer could her lays repeat.

She drop'd the wing with quick descent,
 And did her airy flight conclude ;
 And lighting on the ground, she went
 To seek her necessary food.

What useful lessons, then thought I,
 These observations may afford :
 I'll well consider and apply
 The actions of this little bird.

Arising with the early day,
 She leaves the earth and upwards flies;
 Thro' yielding air she cleaves her way,
 And with her song salutes the skies.

The pious man his day begins
 With sallies of celestial love ;
 Mounting on pure devotion's wings,
 Visits the sacred courts above.

And lest he should be hind'ed there,
 While he his holy incense burns ;
 Strict he commands each worldly care,
 To wait below till he returns.

With humble pray'r and hymns of praise,
 Prostrate before the mercy-seat,
 His morning-tribute there he pays,
 And doth the same at night repeat.

Thus keeping still in duty's road,
 Sweetly to Heav'n he travels on ;
 And holds communion with his God,
 Until his life and work be done.

My walk had now my mind refresh'd,
 And having made this choice remark ;
 I laid it up among the rest,
 And home returning left the lark.

ETERNITY.

E T E R N I T Y.

ETERNITY ! that vast abyfs,
 Which cannot be defin'd :
 There's none can comprehend what 'tis,
 But the eternal mind.

He never did begin to be,
 Nor can his being cease :
 Dwells in his own eternity,
 Where none disturbs his peace.

Unto himself he's only known,
 Supremely good and great :
 Th' enjoyment of himself alone
 Is happiness complete.

Succeffive ages rife and fall,
 Appear and pafs away :
 But his duration runs thro' all
 In one eternal day.

Angels and souls immortal are,
 But this to God they owe ;
 That when they first created were,
 His pleasure made them fo.

His

His absolute eternity
 Doth from himself arise ;
 Nor is it possible that he
 Should e'er be otherwise.

Eternity ! Who can conceive
 With what it doth abound ?
 The mighty joys, the pond'rous grief,
 That hang upon the sound ?

In Heav'n, this is the happy word,
 That sweetens pleasure there ;
 In Hell, 'tis the tormenting sword,
 That kills with deep despair.

Oh ! may such awful thoughts as these,
 Improv'd by meditation,
 Conduce unto thy servant's peace,
 And furth'rance of salvation.

And when thou call'st me to the grave,
 Lord, grant me this request,
 That I may free admittance have
 To thine eternal rest.

An

An Enquiry after Happiness.

MISTAKEN mortals, strive in vain,
 With anxious cares and restless pain ;
 In searching after happiness,
 Which vain they would on earth possess.

But wanting intellectual light,
 They know not where to fix aright :
 Some think 'tis this, and others that,
 Treasures, or pleasures, robes of state.

While sensual objects they pursue,
 They take the false and leave the true :
 So children pleas'd with painted toys,
 Prefer them to substantial joys.

The world's a gilded counterfeit,
 And yet but few discern the cheat :
 Poor mortals thus, by error led,
 Seek for the living 'mong't the dead.

The way of life unto the wise
 Is far above created skies ;
 Earth cannot give what ne'er was her's,
 Tho' meteors shine, they are not stars.

Of

Of all enjoyments here below,
 'Tis Heav'n the Saviour's love to know ;
 As in the sacred word reveal'd,
 And by the holy spirit seal'd.

From this internal evidence,
 Flow joys beyond the reach of sense :
 Of blessedness he cannot miss,
 Whose God the God of Jacob is.

'Tis grace's fulness, glory's crown,
 To see and know as we are known.
 Jesus, let me thy love possess,
 And I'm secur'd of happiness.

Fallen Angels and fallen Man.

WITH humble rev'rence, Lord, I would essay
 The triumphs of thy justice to display ;
 That awful attribute, whose glory shines
 In punishing rebellious angels crimes :
 Once happy spirits, holy, wise, and good,
 While in their native innocence they stood ;
 Form'd of pure substance in creation's morn,
 And claim'd the privilege of Heav'n's first-born ;
 In foremost rank of creatures took their place,
 Were honour'd to behold their Maker's face ;
Prime

Prime fav'rites in the glorious courts above,
 Near the imperial seat of great Jehove ;
 Amongst their fellows were inur'd to sing
 Melodious anthems to th' eternal King :
 This was their happy state, this their employ,
 And wanted nothing to compleat their joy.

But oh ! the dire effects of curs'd sin !
 When Lucifer, and multitudes with him
 Combining, their allegiance to withdraw,
 Refus'd subjection to their sov'reign's law ;
 Raising rebellion, thought to seize the throne,
 And place the bold usurper thereupon :
 Till, to their cost, they found that there could be
 But one Almighty, and their Maker he ;
 Whose wrath, incens'd against the rebel crew,
 The sword of his tremendous justice drew ;
 Which brandish'd high, the Heav'n's began to roar,
 With peals of thunder never heard before,
 Mixt with incessant light'nings, flaming bright ;
 Storms of red vengeance quell'd their boasted might.
 No longer able now to make defence,
 'Twas vain to strive against Omnipotence.
 Confusion seiz'd upon the rebel host,
 Raging with malice, though the day was lost.
 Inexorable justice them pursu'd,
 With dreadful horrors, and their powers subdu'd :
Banish'd

Banish'd for ever from the realms of bliss,
 And hurl'd precipitant to Hell's abyss ;
 By Heav'n's decree bound fast in iron chains,
 Reserv'd in darkness for severer pains,
 Unto the judgment day, when they must bear
 Eternal torments, rack'd with black despair.

Here pause awhile, my soul, reflect and learn
 What does belong unto thine own concern.
 With low prostration come, admire free grace
 Extended unto fallen Adam's race.
 To fill the seats apostate angels left,
 A chosen lot of men God would accept
 In a Redeemer. Oh ! the blest design,
 To make electing love in glory shine ;
 When in th' eternal council 'twas decreed,
 That God's own Son should be the woman's seed ;
 And human nature should in time assume,
 To bear his Father's wrath in finners' room ;
 His blood should as a sacrifice be spilt,
 To make atonement and remove their guilt ;
 An everlasting righteousness bring in,
 And all believers should be sav'd by him.
 A scheme of wonders, deep mysterious love,
 Contriv'd by wisdom in the court above !

When

When angels fell, mercy stood silent by,
 Without one glance of pity in her eye;
 Nor was there any one to intercede
 On their behalf, or for a pardon plead.
 Those holy minds that kept them standing fast,
 Approv'd the sentence that the judge had pass'd.
 Abandon'd thus by all without regard,
 They must endure what justice did award.
 But fall'n man no sooner was arraign'd,
 But Mercy mov'd her suit, which she obtain'd :
 His lost estate should be again repair'd,
 The Saviour foreordain'd was strait declar'd,
 By gracious promise, to allay his grief,
 On which depending he should find relief.
 Justice was satisfy'd, and Mercy smil'd,
 Th' offender sav'd, and God was reconcil'd.
 And shall not this our admiration raise,
 And fill our hearts with joy, our tongues with
 praise?

The awakened Sinner's Soliloquy.

AH! me, my soul, where shall I find relief?
 What sovereign balsam to assuage my grief?
 O'erwhelming sorrows in my breast abound,
 To see the dangers that my soul surround.

I

Troops

Troops of assailant foes, on every hand,
 Threaten thy ruin ; see how thick they stand,
 Rang'd in battalia by the prince of Hell,
 Their arrows notch'd, and dipt in poison fell.
 Against thy welfare do they all combine,
 Thine endless ruin is their whole design.
 Thou art the mark, whereat the javelins fly ;
 Alas ! my darling, thy destruction's nigh.
 But here's not all the mischief, open foes
 Not only watch thee, but thou dost inclose
 A formidable monster in thy breast,
 Whose envious nature never is at rest ;
 But seeks thy blood, and shortly thou shalt see,
 He'll work thy death, unless subdu'd he be.
 The plot's contriv'd against thee, hatch'd in hell ;
 And Satan's factor doth within thee dwell :
 Lurking in secret, waiting every day
 To undermine thee, and thy fort betray :
 Thy worst, thine oldest foe ; yet he pretends
 Great friendship to thee, to atchieve his ends ;
No dangers like to those of feigned friends. }
 Hadst thou but known this traitor long ago,
 Thou surely would'st have sought his overthrow.
 Our proverb tells us, serpents hide their heads
 Beneath the fairest flowers of grassy beds :
 Where least suspected oftentimes they lie,
 Unheard and undiscover'd to the eye.

We see him not, until, alas ! we feel
 The serpent's sting, when bitten by the heel.
 The greatest dangers are observ'd to grow
 More from a secret than an open foe.
 Nature's the grass, where Sin, the serpent, lies
 So closely hid ; behold him with thine eyes.
 Thy bosom let not any longer cover
 This cursed foe, this false pretended lover.
 See, see the danger thou art daily in,
 From this self-bred, indwelling traitor, Sin.
 Great God, afford me courage from above,
 Secure my soul with everlasting love ;
 And grant me wisdom to escape the snares
 Of this beguiler, banish all my fears :
 Arm me with sacred weapons to expel
 The serpent, Sin, that doth within me dwell.
 Gird me with Truth, the doctrine of thy word ;
 Give me thy Spirits (not Goliath's) sword :
 Strengthen mine arm to wield it, and express
 True christian valour ; and with righteousness
 Secure my breast, and help me to put on
 The shot-proof helmet of Salvation :
 Shield me with Faith ; that thus prepar'd I may
 Endure the battle, and obtain the day.
 The skill of spiritual warfare teach thou me,
 That I may conquer Sin, and live to thee.

On the Mind's Contrarities.

OH! how I hurried am
 With fixt inconstancy ;
 When I am most in frame,
 How discompos'd am I !

I thun what I approve,
 Yet herein pleasure find :
 So doth my fancy rove,
 These joys distract my mind.

Cross passions are the guests
 Still welcome to my heart ;
 Whose most delighting feasts
 Are cates of pleasing smart.

Their various operations
 Afford me change of diet ;
 Their constant alterations
 Maintain my restless quiet.

Concealing is my hope,
 Yet silence my distress :
 I still am mov'd to speak,
 Yet ever hold my peace.

My

My hope affords me rest,
 Yet oft that rest is crost ;
 My silence yields me peace,
 Yet rest through silence lost.

My speech oft' frees my heart,
 Yet speaking makes me sad :
 My freedom me enthral's,
 Yet thraldom makes me glad.

Grief often me sustains,
 And gives my spirit ease :
 But while that grief remains,
 I cannot live in peace.

My mind would fain be fixt,
 And find some settlement :
 Yet were my thoughts unmixt,
 I should have no content.

Affurance is my stay,
 Tho' still with doubt oppress ;
 But doubts at length convey
 Sweet comforts to my breast.

Society I seek,
 Yet wish to be alone :
 I daily converse keep
 With those I most disown.

I every day decline,
 Yet always do increase ;
 I still grow more and more,
 And yet my growth doth cease.

My heart, as hot as fire,
 Continually does burn :
 Yet doth my cold desire
 Those flames to freezing turn.

My day oft' turns to night,
 Yet night as bright as day :
 My time, now tedious quite,
 Now pofts too swift away.

One evening gives me joy,
 Next morning brings me sorrow :
 I oft' would die to-day,
 Yet wish to live to-morrow.

Thus discontent content,
 I am not what I am :
 When I am most myself,
 My heart's most out of frame.

Earth yields no rest to th' foul,
 For earth's a rolling sphere :
 O Lord, be thou my pole,
 And help me centre there.

On

On the World's Emptiness.

'TIS a light nothing in a something's dress,
 Nor is it more, nor can it well be less.
 But yet if ought can less than nothing be,
 You may conclude this less than nothing's she.
 Of nothing was she made, she nought contains
 That's worth the getting with the poorest pains.
 She's wise men's scorn, tho' ideots doat upon her,
 Catch at her pleasing baits, riches and honour.
 The goods she boasts of are but painted toys,
 A murm'ring sound of words without a voice.
 Her glorious honours, wherewithal she swells,
 Are but an airy blast, and nothing else.
 A golden shadow is her greatest treasure,
 A mere conceit, a frail and transient pleasure.
 Her best things are but dreams, her worst are smoke;
 She's very vanity, a bubble broke.
 Put all these noughts together now, and count
 To what a sum their numbers will amount :
 Now, eager worldling, see thy stock, behold
 What 'tis thy grasping arms so fast enfold.
 Come, view the purchase which thy pains have
 bought,
 A dream of something, but a real nought :
 Or if indeed she ought contains within,
 'Tis what is worse than nothing, care and sin.

On Joseph's Oath.

WHAT! Joseph swear, and that by creatures too?
 In common talk? Doubtless good Joseph knew,
 'Twas an offence, on every slight occasion,
 To spend an oath; 'twas sin, with aggravation,
 To swear by creatures, and yet Joseph fears
 The Lord, and by the life of Pharaoh swears.
 Had Joseph dwelt in Canaan, he had been
 Stranger to Egypt, and to Egypt's sin.
 His separation from his father's house,
 Where God was worship'd, oaths were not in use;
 His absence from old Jacob's godly care,
 Laid a foundation for this cursed snare;
 For when transplanted from his native land
 (Tho' by direction of th' Almighty's hand,)
 His high advancement, and his great renown,
 In Egypt's court, the second to the crown;
 His daily presence, and his conversation
 With courtier lords, where oaths were much in
 fashion,
 Had so accustom'd Joseph's ears to hear,
 That he forgot the sin, and dares to swear.
 When men are absent from the means of grace,
 Present and honour'd in a wicked place,
 Where sins are lov'd and practis'd all day long;
 Then to be godly, and preserve the tongue,

It

It calls for strength of grace, and double care,
 To break the treble twists of such a snare.
 Satan's a thriving gamester with this gin :
 —How easily custom draws e'en saints to sin !

On the Folly of Man.

MAN's life's a labour, and his death's a rest ;
 And yet such folly have our hearts possess'd,
 We scarce believe the last to be the best, }

*The Pleas of Justice and Mercy, against and for fallen
 Man, with Wisdom's Expedient to reconcile them,
 fulfilled in Christ.*

THE glorious structure of this lower world,
 Rear'd out of nothing by th' Almighty word,
 With pleasant hills and fruitful vales adorn'd,
 Where trees, and shrubs, and plants in plenty grew,
 All that were good for ornament and use ;
 And num'rous animals of various kinds,
 Sporting themselves in peaceful harmony,
 And as they spake the great Creator's praise ;

H 4

Earth

Earth made and furnished thus, Heav'n's great
tribune

In sacred council sat on high design,
To make the creature man, who should excel
His fellows, and the Maker's image bear,
In noble faculties almost divine ;
And as his viceroy over all the rest
Should reign, subordinate to him alone ;
Requiring only (as a single due)
Obedience to one only law enjoin'd.
Thus man was form'd in holy, happy state,
Vested with free and ample power to keep
The cov'nant now confirm'd 'twixt God and him :
Whereby himself and all his after-race
Should have remain'd the fav'rites of Heav'n.
But Satan, fall'n by baleful acts of pride,
From highest realms of bliss, becomes God's foe,
Raging with malice and extreme despair,
With guiltful stratagem attacks poor man ;
And by his flatt'ring falshood soon prevails
To draw him from allegiance to his Lord,
Cast off obedience, and transgress his law ;
A rebel, thus, man lost his innocence,
And forfeited his claim to happiness,
Expos'd to wrath : against him Justice brings
Her dreadful charge, too clear to be deny'd,
Too strong to be evaded, while she calls

For

For speedy vengeance on the sinner's head ;
 With force and argument hear how she pleads :

Lord, at thy high tribunal I arraign
 The abject ingrate, thy glorious handy-work,
 The centre of thy royal goodness, where
 In noble counterpart thy image shone ;
 But now become a miserable wretch.
 His woful case might thy compassion move,
 Were he still innocent as once he was :
 But he's a guilty criminal, whose sin
 Justly forbids that pity should be shewn.
 Thou didst create him in another state,
 With pow'r sufficient to have kept him so :
 Thy lib'ral bounty doth increase his fault,
 And aggravates the blackness of his crime,
 By no necessity was he compell'd
 To act rebellion ; no, 'twas his choice
 To listen to the counsel of thy foe.
 His will was free, nor could it be constrain'd
 By creature-force, nor can he plead excuse,
 As ignorant of what the law enjoin'd,
 When both the precept, and the penalty,
 Were not deliver'd in ambiguous terms,
 But in the plainest fullest words express ;
 And were engraven in his nature too.
 Had he e'en felt a transient insult,

Casual

Casual neglect, that could never form
 A just defence for his apostacy.
 Thou wast his sovereign, absolute in power,
 No ways oblig'd to him, but he to thee
 For what he was, and what he did enjoy
 Thy bounty gave, and didst thy gifts maintain,
 With honour and with glory crown'dst his head.

For him thy power a mansion-seat prepar'd,
 Well situate in the choicest spot of earth,
 Stor'd with all sorts of richest furniture,
 And trains of servants on him to attend.
 Whate'er his mind by contemplation saw,
 Or eyes beheld without, within, himself,
 Marks of thy bounty, met him still in view,
 That might engage obedience to his lord.
 Had he conceiv'd least ground of discontent,
 Thy kindness was an over-balance still.
 What favour could th' apostate angel do?
 Author of evil, could he good confer?
 To make man leave thee, and inlist his slave?
 Was't not enough, one creature should attempt
 T'invade thy glory in the upper realms?
 But this must rob thee of it here below!
 By title of Creator 'tis thy due.
 Can he complain that the command was hard?
 Too difficult to be by him perform'd?

No;

No; what could easier be propos'd than this,
 Of all the fruits that in the garden grew,
 One only tree should be prohibited?
 Yet to indulge his curious appetite,
 His sense to Reason's dictates he prefers,
 And breaks the bonds of his Creator's charge.
 Righteous and reasonable was the term
 Thou didst prescribe. And shall right reason be
 Rejected by the Judge supreme? Because
 The rebel creature dar'd to trample on't?
 What! must God abrogate his holy law,
 'Cause man will say he likes it not?
 What ground would here be given to reflect
 Upon the wisdom that enacted it?
 And call the equity in question too,
 Of the command itself! And whether fit
 By such a sanction it should be confirm'd?

Man then must suffer, or the law be rul'd,
 Expung'd, and be for ever void and null.
 And is't not better man should undergo
 Eternal smart, the merit of his crime,
 Than that the law should interrupted be
 With base dishonour, and unrighteous deem'd?
 Or the great Lawgiver with folly charg'd,
 For want of foresight? What would be th' event

Should punishment be spar'd? what it plainly
speaks,

An approbation of the Devil's lye,
And justifies the creature in revolt?
It would condemn thy law, as if unjust,
Sentence thy wisdom of improvidence.
Rather let man for ever bear the stroke
Of punishment deserv'd for his offence;
Than that God's attributes should be reproach'd.
Better that man be miserable still,
Than God be false, unrighteous, or unwise;
And tamely see his sovereignty deny'd.
What profit, what advantage can it be,
If Mercy should herein be gratify'd?
By pard'ning such a malefactor's crime,
He'll surely take encouragement from thence
To spurn at thine authority supreme;
Oppose thy holiness, run on in sin,
With hopes he still shall punishment escape.
For if the creature be restor'd again,
And after transgression still elude the rod,
Future obedience is a baseless hope:
The easy re-admission would abet
The repetition of an old offence.
Soon wouldst thou find, exalted with conceit,
This base dependant even thee disown.
Should he without condition be restor'd,

Or

Or cov'nant made to subject him to awe ?
 No ; he's a creature not to be controul'd
 But by the law, and penal government.
 Will he unto thy precept have regard,
 Or fear the threat'nings which thou shalt pronounce,
 If now his crime be lightly overpast ?
 Is not thy mind unalterably sure ?
 Yet with what reason will he credit that,
 When he hath found it otherwise by proof ?
 Thy truth in future threats will have no force
 With him, who by his own experience found
 How once thou laidst its dignity aside.

'Tis absolutely necessary, then,
 Rebellious man should suffer punishment,
 To save the honour of thy sacred law ;
 And thine, who art the Legislator too,
 With all those high perfections, which agreed
 In its compofure. This, this I claim,
 That forthwith vengeance vindicate my right.
 Here Justice ceas'd——
 And Mercy, who had all the while stood by,
 Attentive to her sister's arguments,
 Now moving forward, thus, with aspect mild
 And chearful voice, her humble plea began :

'Tis

'Tis true, indeed, man has a rebel been,
 His crimes notorious cannot be deny'd,
 And Justice charge is too too evident.
 The guilt by aggravations height'ned is :
 Thy goodness he has slighted, and thy foe
 Hath he accepted for his counsellor :
 But 'twas not of his own pure act he fell,
 As the revolt of Satan was before :
 He had a tempter, but the Devil none.
 He had an understanding, I confess,
 To know thy will, and also pow'r t' obey ;
 But he was mutable, subject to fall.
 The task enjoin'd him was not hard to do ;
 The burden not beyond his strength to bear.
 Has he a part endu'd with Reason's light ?
 A soul that might with Heav'n kindred claim ?
 He hath as well a brutish part, whereby
 He may by sensual appetites be led :
 Whereas the fallen angel had no flesh,
 But was all spirit, intellectual, pure.
 Shall God for ever such dishonour bear ?
 While Satan with his subtlety prevails ?
 Was it for this he did the world create,
 To have his work thus wrested from his hands ?
 That which eternal wisdom did project,
 And power divine did into being bring,
 Must it be in the creature's ruin lost,

Sunk

Sunk in destruction, not to be repair'd :
 How can it with thy goodness stand, that man
 Should formed be only to be a wretch ?
 That by creation he should be design'd
 Not for his Maker's, but for Satan's use ?
 And thus it must be, if the choicest piece
 Of workmanship that e'er on earth was made,
 And presently defac'd, must so remain
 For ever in this marr'd and lost estate.
 What consequence can hence expected be,
 But that the creature, plung'd in endless woe,
 Will a perpetual enmity retain
 'Gainst him, from whom his being he receiv'd ?
 Was it to have the creature's love or hate,
 Creating Wisdom did at first propose ?
 Shall great Jehove ordain a sacred law,
 And yet have no obedience paid thereto
 By him, for whom it only was design'd
 To be a standing rule for government ?
 Shall the most curious workmanship of God,
 Upon whose heart the law of nature was
 Richly engraven, be so soon deform'd,
 And never more its glory to be seen ?
 Treasures of knowledge infinite are thine :
 All times and things are ever in thy view ;
 Thou must foresee poor man's unhappy fall :
 Why hadst thou goodness to create him, then,

In

In holy, happy state of innocence,
 If Mercy must afford him no relief,
 Nor Pity help his miserable case ?
 Must thy curst foe for ever trample on
 The honour of thy work, and raise his head,
 In horrid triumph of thy glory, Lord !
 Boasting himself in his successful wiles ?
 Is Justice one of those perfections high,
 That in thy nature do with radiance shine ?
 And am not I the same, my beams as bright ?
 My claim is equal let it be declar'd.
 Must justice all unto herself engross ?
 And I, thy darling, never come in view ?

'Tis past by irreverfible decree,
 That fallen angels, bound with iron chains,
 Under almighty wrath, must ever lie,
 And feel the dreadful strokes of Justice hand ;
 Without all hope, nor can they subjects be
 For me to exercise myself upon :
 And I have now less reason than before
 To offer any plea for their excuse ;
 For they transgress'd with full consent of will,
 Of their self-motion chusing to rebel,
 Without persuasion from another hand :
 And not content themselves t' apostatize,
 Raging with envy and malicious spite

To

To rob thee of thy glory, dar'd attempt,
 As well on earth, as in the realms of bliss :
 The best of the creation here below,
 By hateful guile seditious to alien.
 Shall Satan thus, the whole creation plunge
 In everlasting ruin with himself ?
 If man should be restor'd, will he contract
 Boldness in sinning with impunity ?
 Hast thou not grace enough to make him stand
 Fast in obedience for the time to come,
 As well as pity to relieve him first ?
 What hinders but he may establish'd be,
 As those bright spirits of th' angelic Host,
 Who kept their first estate, by thee confirm'd ?
 If I must utterly excluded be
 From ev'ry future intercourse with man,
 As I have been from devils, what can hence
 Be the result of all transactions past,
 But that one species is entirely lost ?
 And I, thy Mercy, still remain conceal'd,
 Can never look t' appear in public view ?
 If 'tis thy pleasure man should be destroy'd,
 By Justice hand, without all help or hope,
 And from the treasures of Omnipotence
 Thou forthwith should'st another world create,
 And form another human creature there ;

If he should stand obedient to thy will,
 And never forfeit his Creator's love,
 Thy bounty would most eminently shine
 With glorious lustre in this new-made frame ;
 And yet no room for Mercy would be there ;
 Unless by Sin's commission man became,
 As this is now, to misery expos'd.
 And if Sin ever should an entrance have
 Into another world, what hope have I
 Then to be heard, if I'm rejected now ?
 Worlds will perpetually created be,
 By wisdom, goodness, and almighty pow'r,
 In infinite successions, and as fast
 Sin ent'ring into these, vengeance is call'd
 To execute perpetual punishment.
 To Justice honour still shall be display'd,
 While Mercy, that sweet attribute of thine,
 As glorious and essential as the rest
 Of thy perfections, will for ever be
 Enjoin'd to silence, never to be heard ;
 But in eternal darkness ever lie ;
 Wrap'd up in clouds, and unreveal'd to man.
 Take now occasion to unveil my face,
 And let me to thy creature be disclos'd.
 The choicest gems their darling beauties shew
 In darkest shades, so Mercy's glory shines

In

In deepest misery, 'till then unseen.
 Thus Mercy pleads : If man must ruin'd be,
 Then the creation was produc'd in vain.
 Justice replies : If man be not condemn'd,
 Then to no purpose is God's holy law.
 Grace pleads for Mercy, and abets her cause ;
 While Justice, back'd with Truth, holds her de-
 mand.

How shall this contradiction be allay'd ?
 This seeming discord who can reconcile ?
 If man's not pardon'd, Mercy is not shewn :
 If man's not punish'd, Justice will complain.

What shall, what can be done ? what means
 devis'd ?

Which of the whole creation can declare
 What middle method may protect
 The eternal laws from inconsistency ?
 Come, flaming seraphs, you whose piercing light
 Beholds those glories mortals cannot see ;
 Come, mighty cherubs, who in pow'r excel,
 And noblest deeds can easily perform ;
 Come, all intelligencies, whose abode
 Is near the throne, and let your force unite
 To undertake the task. What, all stand mute ?
 Your pow'r outdone ? and all your strength too
 small ?

The work too weighty, great beyond your skill ?

'Tis so indeed ; an infinite abyss,
 Where finite understandings would be lost,
 And swallow'd up in boundless deeps of thought.
 There's none of all the angel potentates,
 Those brightest ranks of creatures to be found,
 Skilful enough to find the secret out,
 Or mark the plan of such a vast design ;
 Or if contriv'd, created strength would fail,
 Should it attempt to bear the pond'rous weight.

Here God's own wisdom having heard the pleas
 Of both her royal sister-attributes,
 Stands up, and with a charming eloquence,
 Cheerfully grave, herself discovers thus.
 Concerning man's creation, and his sin
 In violation of his Maker's law,
 The punishment he hath incurr'd thereby,
 His woeful case, and what hath been alledg'd
 For and against him, every argument
 I have consider'd, and approve them all.
 And lest a seeming discord should be thought
 Among the high perfections of Jehove,
 I have an adequate expedient found,
 To answer all demands of either side,
 Adjust the diff'rence, and establish peace.

The pleas of Justice shall be satisfy'd
 By punishment, and all her rights maintain'd.

Mercy

Mercy, in pard'ning, shall exalted be;
 Her equal glories to the world display'd.
 No cause shall either have to make complaint;
 I'll have a sacrifice of no less worth
 Than infinite, to answer man's offence,
 Make Justice easy, and fulfil the threat
 Pronounc'd for sanction of the righteous law.
 The fruit and virtue, which shall thence arise,
 Will pleasant be, and Mercy's chief delight:
 Here Justice shall have punishment t' expect,
 And Mercy plenteous pardon to bestow.
 The claims of both preserv'd with equal poize,
 Triumphant both and sweetly reconcil'd.

Oh! wond'rous work! Oh! wisdom's master-piece!

Contriv'd and sign'd at Heav'n's high council-board,
 And there recorded in th' eternal book,
 That man should be redeem'd, and sin condemn'd;
 The crime upon that surety be transferr'd,
 And he alone the punishment shall bear:
 Whose dying blood shall expiate the guilt,
 And recompence the wrongs to Justice done:
 And Mercy, by his meritorious death,
 Life and salvation shall on us confer.
 Justice and Mercy Jesus joins in one.

On Contentment.

Content's a kingdom, where the soul dilates
 Herself in pleasures—feeds on delicacies ;
 Who finds her, finds enough, his happy store
 Is still sufficient, he can want no more. .
 With her the peasant finds the country life
 In his thatch'd cottage, and his homely wife,
 Serv'd in an earthen dish their homely food,
 Purchas'd with painful sweat, as sweet and good
 As is his prince's more delicious fare,
 Adorn'd with all that pamper'd arts confer.
 With her the captive lives as well at ease,
 As he that walks at random where he please.
 Where she's enjoy'd, a darksome prison yields
 As true refreshment, as the fragrant fields.
 She makes the exile, on a foreign shore,
 As blest as in his native land before.
 Happy the heart, where true Contentment dwells,
 Although it be possess'd of little else.
 Her presence makes it sunshine all the year ;
 In dangers she surmounts the reach of fear.
 Safe in despite of foes, her pleasant spring
 Makes in your breast a Philomela sing.

She

She bids defiance to the frowns of fate,
 Still satisfy'd with her allotted state.
 When gentle Zephyr, with auspicious gales,
 Breathes on the coast, with steady course she sails,
 With chearful heart, to see her thriving store,
 Expects, but fears no loss, nor covets more.
 Again, when Horeas, with his bluff'ring rage,
 With hoary Neptune's prouder waves engage,
 And stave her vessel with a mind sedate,
 And aspect mild, she bears a shipwreck-state
 Without repining; calmly she abides
 The same in ebbing as in flowing tides.
 O'er hills and dales she keeps the self-same pace,
 And change of fortune changes not her face :
 Nor wealth, nor want, nor plenty, nor distress,
 Can make or marr Contentment's happiness.
 If Heav'n vouchsafe to smile upon her ways,
 She spends her mercies to the donor's praise ;
 Or if another lot the stars supply,
 She's humbly silent under poverty.
 Nor poor condition, banishment, or thrall,
 Shame, or disgrace, or what can e'er befall,
 Can make her wretched, or her peace divest,
 Who still accounts the present state the best.
 Not rais'd too high—nor e'er too low deprest,
 Equality still occupies her breast.

But here, lest any should mistake the same,
 And court another in Contentment's name;
 Know, that my Muse intends not to adore
 Her, whom the heathen sages heretofore
 Call'd by that name, but of a baser kind,
 Dame Nature's daughter, when by art refin'd;
 Nor yet that base-born brat, of stupid sense,
 Who takes no notice of God's providence;
 That cares not whether things go well or ill,
 Thro' stubborn frame of self-conceited will;
 No, 'tis a maid of pure and fair descent,
 A maid more noble, whom I call Content;
 Daughter to Faith, and Hope's apparent heir,
 Who with her sister Patience nurtur'd were
 By Christian valour at Experience school,
 In sacred arts by holy Scriptures rule;
 Where she in skill divine so much improv'd,
 As makes her worthy to be well-belov'd.
 From thence her dearest qualities arise,
 Beyond my Muse's reach t' epitomize,
 This, this is she, to whom my soul hath been
 So long a suitor, whom I wish to win.
 Oh! blest estate! Lord, let my portion be
 To be content with what thou deal'st to me.

C

On the Wheels of Providence.

WHEN Faith had rais'd my soul by contemplations,

To view th' Almighty's works and dispensations ;
 Methought I saw presented to mine eyes
 A curious piece of sacred mysteries ;
 Fill'd full of wonder, at whose excellence
 My ravish'd Muse, as one bereav'd of sense,
 Amazed stood ; admiring to behold,
 While moving Time did all the piece unfold.

Th' Eternal all things knows, and all directs ;

We know his counsels only by th' effects.

'Twas like a globe, by Wisdom's self devis'd,
 Prepared wheels, and differently siz'd,
 Mov'd by an unseen hand, I saw them go,
 Each in his orb, some turn'd with motion slow ;
 Others in furious manner rolling round
 The whole design still threat'ned to confound.
 Here while I saw them rattling round again,
 A sudden check their fury did restrain ;
 Caus'd by a little wheel, whose sober pace
 Brought in a cog, to stop the other's race :

Which

Which interposing in their full career
 Produc'd a jarring discord every where,
 And ev'ry part disorder'd did appear,
 Now those went backward, which had forward
 gone,

And flow-pac'd wheels were carry'd faster on.
 All chang'd their places in alternate way,
 Those that were under bore the greatest sway ;
 Possess'd the upper rooms, and mov'd above,
 While swiftest wheels were scarcely seen to move.
 But long it held not this new-model'd station,
 Before it met another alteration,

From causes secret, sudden, undiscern'd,
 Soon all the work was in confusion turn'd.
 Long time I sought to find the reason out,
 What this should mean, what that would bring
 about ;

But reas'ning still the more increas'd my doubt :
 For while mine eyes each piece apart did view,
 Change after change each other did pursue,
 So that the more I saw, the less I knew.

The ways of God are objects far too high,
 To be discern'd by purblind Reason's eye.
 Sometimes expecting this should that produce,
 'Twas made to serve a quite contrary use.
 Their changes thus my puzzling mind perplex'd,
 Not knowing when or what would be the next.

I thought confusion had possess'd the whole,
 To see the work in such disorder roll :
 'Till Faith inform'd me, what the light of nature
 Could not discover, how the wise Creator
 Made all the various changes to fulfil
 The sure decrees of his eternal will,
 In sweet harmonious order ; though to me
 All in confusion had appear'd to be.
 Those seeming jars, that happen'd to befall,
 With him are counted as methodical.
 Not the least wheel, but serves his great design,
 Each vary'd piece doth in concurrence join ;
 And altogether do their motions bend,
 To bring about the wise Creator's end ;
 Which that I might the better understand,
 Truth brought her sacred records to my hand ;
 Wherein, at large, 'twas fairly written down,
 What had been brought to pass in ages gone,
 And how the work of Providence went on.

Who converse daily with the written word,
 Best understand the wonders of the Lord.

Here mov'd a wheel, and by divine command,
 Brought faithful Abram from his native land ;
 Plac'd him in Canaan, where he thriv'd awhile,
 Then famine drives him to the banks of Nile ;
 Where he, thro' frailty, to preserve his life,
 Distrusts his Maker, and denies his wife.

Faith's

Faith's heroes had their failings more or less,
 Whose falls should stir us up to watchfulness.
 The famine past, a wheel turns round again,
 Leads him from Egypt back to Mamre's plain,
 With greater riches than he had before,
 His flocks and herds increasing more and more. }
 Distresses often raise a christian's store.
 Where he the promis'd offspring did obtain;
 Another wheel brings Isaac to be slain :
 Which being check'd (oh ! sacred mysteries)
 Turns round, and brings a ram for sacrifice.
 Thus went the work, and there another wheel
 Brings the supplanter grasping Esau's heel ;
 God's chosen Jacob, darling of his mother,
 A cunning cook to undermine his brother :
 For broth and ven'son, it was order'd so,
 He got the birthright and the blessing too.
 Awhile he prosper'd thus, but by and by
 The wheel turns round, and Isaac's heir must fly
 From Esau's wrath, to keep his uncle's sheep,
 Where he endur'd a double 'prenticeship,
 Thro' winter's frost and summer's sultry heat ;
 At length returns, improved in his state,
 Towards his father's house ; when jogging on
 On either side, another wheel begun
 T'oppose his progress in such furious strain,
 With rattling motions, whirling round amain, }
 That now I thought poor Jacob must be slain.

Laban

Laban enrag'd, pursues him close behind,
 Esau's at hand, and both with angry mind
 Resolve revenge: but see, before they meet
 him,

Their wheels are cogg'd, and both must kindly
 greet him.

Jacob had striv'n with God in such a sort
 As gain'd a blessing, though he halted for't.

Such is th' effect of pray'r, that who so can
 But use't aright, prevails with God and man.

Now all things in a peaceful order mov'd,
 'Till Joseph came, old Jacob's best belov'd;
 A goodly youth, his aged fire's delight,
 But Envy's mark, spot of his brethren's spite.
 The more his grace encreas'd, the more their ire,
 His growing favour blow'd the Stygian fire,
 Which burn'd within, altho' in silence pent
 'Till season fit shall give their malice vent,
 In their revenge, and Joseph's detriment. }
 He drawing near, they all consult together,
 How they might speed him hence, they car'd not
 whither;

Dreaming thereby to contradict his dreams;
 Tho' th' All-director us'd it as a means
 For their fulfilling. Next, they all conspire
 To sell the lad, and then deceive the fire.

And

And now must Joseph hie to Nilus' shore,
 While Jacob little thought to see him more.
 And very small appearance did there seem,
 That Israel and his sons should bow to him.

God's love's not measur'd by his dispensations,
 The choicest fairs have sorest tribulations.

Poor Joseph seems a miserable man :
 And here, methought, a smaller wheel began
 To move a little in a gentler strain,
 And by and by it slept and stopt again,
 'Till jogg'd by one, that stood in higher place,
 Whose slumb'ring motions ran the self-same race ;
 Drawling along in unwonted fashion,
 From whence ensu'd a sudden alteration,
 Throughout the work ; for all things now
 agreed,

And Joseph from the dungeon must be freed ;
 Sent for to court, advanc'd in such degree,
 That great and small before him bow the knee,
 And, but the king, was none so great as he :
 In state affairs the governor in chief,
 Whose Heav'n-directed hand provides relief
 Against the raging famine which drew nigh,
 That Egypt's stores might Israel's wants supply.
 For now the work in such an order stood,
 That Isaac's offspring were distressed for food,

And

And must to Memphis; for the neighb'ring lands }
 Afford no corn, but what's in Joseph's hands; }
 Strangers must help the saints, which God }
 commands. }

There they arrive: and here I could not chuse
 But smile, to think what compliments they use
 To gain the governor of Egypt's grace,
 And how his dreams in order came to pass.
 First Reuben comes, then Simeon, then another,
 And so the rest, before their unknown brother;
 " To buy us corn, are we thy servants come, }
 " And hope your Lordship will vouchsafe us }
 some, }
 " To save our lives, and ours that are at home." }

While princely Joseph, in his sumptuous hall,
 Walks up and down, and well observes them all;
 With looks austere delays to grant their suit,
 Tho' glad at heart 'twas in his pow'r to do't.
 First he attacks them in an angry guise,
 With rougher language charg'd them all for spies;
 Questions their errand, and upon suspicion
 Takes Simeon for a pledge, with this condition,
 That when they come again to Egypt's land,
 They bring their younger brother to his hand:
 So they their innocency should maintain,
 And he his pris'ner would release again, }
 Who, till they come, a captive must remain. }

Sin

Sin may be pardon'd at the hand of God,
 Yet finning saints must feel their Father's rod.
 They keep the terms, but he renews their grief, }
 Benjamin's come, and charg'd to be a thief; }
 Now all their hopes were gone to find relief. }
 Deeply distress'd, at length he did discover }
 That he was Joseph whom they sold, their brother, }
 With glad sad tears then all embrace each other. }
 When sense of sin hath wrought humiliation, }
 How sweet's the gospel doctrine of salvation, }
 Where Christ's reveal'd in covenant relation! }
 Now all the wheels in pleasing order run,
 And Jacob with his household old and young,
 The happy seed, plot of an holy nation,
 With all their flocks and herds for sustentation,
 Went down to Egypt; where by Joseph's hand
 They were preserv'd, and plac'd in Goshen's land;
 In fattest pastures: there they did encrease,
 Till Jacob's, Joseph's, and the King's decease:
 And then, methought, an envious wheel arose,
 Whose furious race did Israel's peace oppose;
 And they, who once were Egypt's welcome guest, }
 Were now made slaves, with burdens fore oppress'd, }
 Of all their freedoms wholly dispossest, }
 Tax'd, tir'd with labour; nay, 'twas Pharaoh's
 doom,
 That Hebrew males should perish from the womb;
 Distress'd

Distress'd, destroy'd, kept under sore vexation,
Yet grew the more, became a mighty nation.

God's church by persecution is increas'd ;

So grows the palm-tree more, the more deprest.

By this th' appointed time drew near at hand,
When Isaac's offspring must from Egypt's land
Return to Canaan, and possess the place
Promis'd of God to faithful Abra'm's race.

And now, methought, strange motions did arise
Among the wheels, which brought before mine
eyes

A scheme of sense, confounding mysteries.
Here Pharaoh's edict Moses doth expose,
To be destroy'd where swelling Nilus flows.
There moves a secret wheel, whose motions guide
King Pharaoh's daughter to the river side,
To bathe herself; not knowing God's decree,
That she the happy instrument must be
Of saving Israel's favour, now cast out
At three months old : but while she walks about,
By hap she lights upon the reed-made boat,
Wherein the Heav'n-protected babe was put.
She opes it, views the child, and pity draws
Her tender heart (against her father's laws)
To save his life, adopt him for her son,
And breed him up as heir of Egypt's throne.

Whom God makes choice of for his own employ,

The rage of tyrants never shall destroy.

V O L. I.

K

Time

Time moves along, while divers things appear,
 And Moses flies th' Egyptian court thro' fear ;
 Remains an exile in a mean condition,
 Near Horeb mount, till he receiv'd commission,
 Sign'd by Jehovah under Heav'n's broad seal,
 To free the captiv'd seed of Israel
 From Egypt's thralldom, and advance their state ;
 No mercy stays behind the promis'd date.
 Arm'd with his blooming serpentine rod,
 Now up he marches in the strength of God,
 And charges Pharaoh in Jehovah's name,
 That forthwith he should liberty proclaim
 To all the Hebrews ; but the king denies
 To grant it : here a contest did arise
 Betwixt both parties, for the captain pleads
 For Israel's freedom, which the king forbids :
 One pleads God's interest, t'other pleads his own ;
 One claims his slaves, t'other demands his son.

Where God's commands and man's do disagree,
 God must be serv'd, tho' kings displeas'd be,
 Moses renews the charge with courage bold,
 And stubborn Pharaoh scorns to be controll'd ;
 Disown's the God, whom Israel doth adore,
 Encreasing his oppressions more and more ;
 Until the Levite's Heav'n-directed hand
 Had scourg'd the tyrant, and destroy'd his land
 With tenfold plagues. And now the Hebrew host
 Egypt despoils, and leaves the Memphian coast :

To

To Canaan bent, which ere they could obtain,
 Methought the work must countermarch again;
 When men oppose God's will they strive in vain. }

A rumbling noise began among the wheels,
 And Pharaoh follows close at Israel's heels;
 Drawn by fierce steeds in his triumphant coach,
 With whom all Egypt's forces did approach:
 In furious posture threat'ning all the way,
 All vow'd revenge, resolv'd to share the prey.

When persecutors do increase their rage,

It often doth their overthrow presage.

The Hebrew army had but just before
 Encamp'd themselves upon the Red-sea shore;
 So now their ruin seems to be design'd
 By seas before them, or their foes behind:
 Each threat'ning death; but here the pow'r of God
 Stops all the furious wheels, and Moses' rod,
 At God's command, divides the waters so
 That Israel, safely, thro' the deeps may go.

When dangers great on ev'ry side appear,

Let saints rejoice, for their salvation's near.

Pharaoh pursues them, driving on amain;
 But Israel past, the sea returns again,
 And overthrows the king with all his host:
 Alas! how vain is every human trust!
 Who gap'd for prey, themselves a prey become,
 And raging Memphites find a wat'ry tomb.

Let tyrants boast it, with presumptuous pride,
 Jehovah's will on Gospel-Israel's side.
 Now all the wheels harmoniously accord,
 And Jacob's offspring, by divine command,
 March thro' the deserts, guided on their way,
 By night by fire, and a cloud by day;
 With manna fed, and variously dispers'd,
 'Till forty years pass'd tardily away :
 Here divers motions brought strange things to pass;
 At length they came unto the promis'd place,
 Where being come, they soon the land possess'd,
 And after labour sat them down to rest :
 Type of that place, where saints shall rest in peace,
 When all the wheels of Providence shall cease.

The world's a desert, where various cares attend
 A christian's life, but Heav'n's his journey's end.
 Here while I sat by Jordan's flowery side,
 Whose silver streams with gentle murmur glide
 By Canaan's coast, my mind for recreation
 Look'd off the wheels, and ceas'd the meditation.

On the strange Methods of delivering Love.

WHEN Christ intends his people to redeem,
 His wisdom takes so intricate a path,
 That oft' it doth impracticable seem ;
 So wond'rous are his ways, so weak our faith.
 He comes with terror, when he means to save,
 A resurrection doth suppose a grave.

A storm of thunder makes the welkin clear,
 And nipping frosts precede a pleasant spring ;
 Calms after tempests oftentimes appear,
 Deepest distresses oft' salvation bring.
 For Faith's support, 'tis penn'd in sacred story,
 Great tribulations are the road to glory.

Those instruments, whose native inclination
 Tends to destruction, God doth often use
 To bring about his people's preservation ;
 Such strange effects his wisdom doth produce.
 Past Reason's reach, and cross to Nature's way ;
 If he command, the creatures must obey.

By passage thro' the seas was Israel freed
 From Egypt's thraldom ; and the means was fire,
 Wherein his people, with celestial speed,
 Was borne in triumph to their heart's desire.

God-fearing Daniel, in the lion's den,
Must be deliver'd from the hands of men.

Jonah's devourer, from the raging sea,
Preserves his life, and brings him safe to land.
The fiery furnace sets the worthies free
From Assur's tyrannizing monarch's hand.
When Paul and Silas were in prison shut,
A dreadful earthquake works their freedom out.

Boils must be lanc'd, in order to be cur'd ;
The ground untill'd affords no fruitful crop :
Palms are for those by whom the war's endur'd ;
Israel must suck their honey from a rock.
A birth of mercies has its pangs and throws,
—The flower of peace among the prickles grows.

When Britain's crown was by a papist worn,
And all things modell'd for a sure surprize ;
An Irish army brought to serve the turn,
And liberty design'd for sacrifice :
Just at the brink of ruin and despair,
Heav'n by a revolution broke the snare.

Ablest physicians oftentimes compound
Pois'nous ingredients in their sov'reign pills ;
And make the patient sick to make him sound :
God saves his people by supposed ills.

The

The darkeſt ſeaſon uſhers in the morn ;
By fears and groans deliv'rance muſt be borne.

Divine Worſhip muſt be according to Divine Rule.

'TIS not religion, in an outſide dreſs,
Of forms and modes, that an acceptance win ;
With him who weighs our duties more or leſs,
According to the principle within.

We ſee the actions, but Heav'ns eyes behold
The ſecret ſprings from whence they do proceed :
Not all that gliftens muſt be counted gold ;
'Tis pure intention conſecrates the deed.

The daily flames, that from the altar riſe,
Muſt ſtill be kindled with celeftial fire :
This only makes a pleaſing ſacrifice,
When ſacred love breaks out in pure deſire.

The rules of worſhip all appointed were,
The victim-beaſt muſt not be lame or blind ;
And muſt be offer'd with an heart ſincere :
The life of true devotion is the mind.

Who in God's service his prescription shuns,
 And dares another form to introduce,
 On the thick bosses of his buckler runs,
 And calls down vengeance to repay th' abuse.

This Nadab and Abihu knew too well,
 When with strange fire they brought their off-
 spring nigh,
 A sudden flame from Heav'n upon them fell,
 And in th' attempt they at the altar die.

Longing for Heaven.

I'M bound for new Jerusalem,
 Thither my best beloved's gone ;
 The righteous branch of Jesse's stem,
 'Tis he I've fix'd my heart upon.

Fain would I climb above the skies,
 To see the beauties of his face :
 My faith would into vision rise,
 And hope would cease in his embrace.

The fine perfumes, which erst of old,
 To Solomon from Sheba came,
 Those sweets do no proportion hold
 To the rich odours of his name.

I languish

I languish with extreme desire,
 The object of my love to see :
 Oh ! let me in love's flames expire,
 That I may with my Jesus be.

Here's nothing to engage my stay,
 In this inhospitable clime ;
 Where gloomy clouds o'erspread the day,
 And Sin and Sorrow share the time.

This life's a pilgrimage of care ;
 When will the happy season come,
 That I shall breathe celestial air,
 And fettle in my native home ?

Long have I wander'd up and down,
 And many weary steps I've trod ;
 Tracing this barren desert round,
 And now approach to Jordan's flood ;

Whose rapid stream and flowing tide
 Swell up in formidable heaps.
 Lord, send some courteous angel-guide,
 To lead thy pilgrim through the deep.

Elijah's mantle cleft the waves,
 And in the midst mark'd out a path ;
 My soul not for the mantle craves,
 But give me, Lord, the prophet's faith.

That

That I may reach the shores of bliss,
 And see the new Jerusalem;
 Where my beloved Jesus is,
 And spend Eternity with him.

T H E S O U L .

I KNOW I am ; but canst thou tell me what
 My being is ? 'Tis a mysterious knot ;
 Which oft' has puzzl'd many wise men's brains,
 To find out proper phrases to explain.

That man's a complex creature, all declare,
 In whom two substances united are,
 Of diff'rent kinds, the body and the soul,
 Each part distinct, and both compose the whole :
 The first takes its original from earth,
 The last's more noble and of heav'nly birth.
 The body's but a lump of brittle clay,
 Material, mortal, subject to decay :
 The soul's a spirit, immaterial, free
 From all dimension,—can't divided be ;
 A vital substance, and subsists alone
 After its partner flesh is dead and gone :
 Join'd to the body, while 'tis here below,
 In strictest union, though I know not how ;

Ufing

Ufing the mortal part as a machine,
 It moves each member by a pow'r unfeen.
 Some fay, its feat's the brain, and some the heart ;
 'Tis whole, and yet extends to ev'ry part :
 Nor can we properly fay 'tis here,
 Whofe living influence is every where ;
 From head to foot, through all the flefhy frame,
 It animates and a \acute tuates the fame.
 'Tis fuch a hidden fecret ; who can find,
 Or raife a juft idea of the mind ?
 Her faculties are intellect and will,
 In exercife of thefe fhe's bufy'd ftill :
 As thefe determine, fo the paffions move ;
 Exciting joy or forrow, hate or love :
 And as the paffions more or lefs bear fway,
 The earthly members readily obey.
 She can by knowledge all the world enclofe,
 Yet very little of herfelf fhe knows ;
 Or how fhe came, or when, or whence,
 Thefe all are riddles and unknown to fenfe.
 The foul's original's a deep profound,
 Whofe bottom Reason's line can never found.
 Were all fouls form'd in firft fix days creation ?
 Or came they fince by human generation ?
 Soft, foft, my Mufe, conclude not that or this ;
 On either fide's a dangerous precipice.

The

The soul's a subtile spirit, and when breath,
 The bond of union is dissolv'd by death,
 She lives ; and by reflection needs must know,
 What happen'd in the state she late pass'd thro',
 For hence her joys, or else her sorrows grow. }
 If, then, the soul from first creation was,
 It must be conscious of what came to pass
 In that long tract of time, wherein she stood
 Before united into flesh and blood.
 But since I nothing now remember can,
 What was before that union first began ;
 What other inference can hence be made,
 But that before I no existence had ?

Well then ; do souls from work of nature come ?
 Is it deriv'd from father to the son ?
 Then 'tis material, may divided be ;
 Besides, 'tis mortal, must corruption see ;
 All which to spirits never can agree. }
 Thus while by reason we would find it out,
 We travel further in the maze of doubt.

Truth's sacred volume is the safest guide,
 So intricate a question to decide ;
 There 'tis the holy penmen have declar'd,
 That when the structure of the world was rear'd,
 The great Creator took of earthly dust,
 And thereof form'd a human body first ;

Then

Then breath'd into the organized frame,
 And henceforth man a living soul became.
 Here plainly we arrive at this conclusion,
 The soul was first created by infusion.

What hinders, then, but that th' Almighty, he
 Whose will and wisdom's absolute and free,
 May in like manner, by his pow'r divine,
 Create new souls unto the end of time ?
 Here cease, my Muse, and farther search forbear ;
 Our highest knowledge is imperfect here.
 What Scripture has reveal'd, is certain still ;
 But where that silent is, lie down my quill.

Secrets Forbidden.

WHEN the dread Sov'reign of the skies
 On Sinai's sacred mount appear'd,
 How awful the solemnities
 To entertain him were prepar'd !

Thick clouds of smoke obscure the light,
 And darkness spread the mountain o'er ;
 Flashes of livid flames unite,
 With horrid noise of thunder's roar.

From

From Heav'n, with a celestial train,
 Th' Almighty on a cherub rode :
 Old Sinai trembled to sustain
 The weight of its Creator God.

Meanwhile the angel-herald sounds
 His golden trumpet loud and shrill ;
 Ifrael must keep the appointed bounds,
 And wait beneath the sacred hill.

None must presume to pass the line ;
 To gaze with over-curious eyes
 On sweet mysteries divine ;
 The bold transgressor surely dies.

Strict was the prohibition giv'n,
 And by severest sanction seal'd :
 Some secrets are reserv'd for Heav'n,
 And must not be on earth reveal'd.

'Tis daring insolence to pry
 Too near into forbidden things ;
 Nor is it fit that ev'ry eye
 Should search the cabinets of kings.

'Tis dang'rous diving in the sea,
 Or climbing up a steepy rock :
 Where God hath not vouchsaf'd a key,
 Shall man presume to pick the lock ?

The

The ark of God's a sacred thing,
 Not to be seen by eyes profane ;
 The Bethshemites for looking in,
 Were more than fifty thousand slain.

Poring upon the burning fun,
 While with meridian beams it shin'd ;
 How many have been quite undone !
 Excess of light hath made 'em blind.

Hence all our mis'ries first arose,
 Knowledge of secrets was the bait ;
 Which Satan, the old serpent chose,
 To overcome our happy state.

While hiding close his black design,
 With shew of friendship to deceive ;
 And having watch'd a proper time,
 He thus attack'd our mother Eve :

“ Hail, mistress of the universe,
 “ Whose charming beauty has no peer ;
 “ Admit your humble slave's address,
 “ Who joyful am to meet you here.

“ Your heav'nly form, and happy state,
 “ With the dear part'ner of your blifs,
 “ Most gladly I congratulate,
 “ And prostrate sue your feet to kifs.

“ Your high perfections I adore,
 “ The sweets of the delightful feat ;
 “ But yet there’s wanting one thing more,
 “ To make your happiness compleat.

“ Did you but good and evil know,
 “ You’d soon the mighty difference find :
 “ The choicest pleasures always flow
 “ From the enjoyments of the mind.

“ This knowledge may obtained be,
 “ If you obey what I advise :
 “ Eat but the fruit of yonder tree
 “ In which the secret virtue lies.”

Startled at what the Serpent said,
 The woman strait makes this reply ;
 “ This tree alone hath God forbid,
 “ We may not taste it lest we die.

“ Die! fear not, ’tis a vain conceit,
 “ Fram’d but to keep you under awe :
 “ God knows ’tis but an empty threat,
 “ To bind his arbitrary law.

“ See how the boughs make humble fruit,
 “ Bending their blushing burdens down
 “ To your fair hand ; then take the fruit,
 “ And make the mystery your own.

" How will your brighter glories shine,
 " When your blest eyes shall open be !
 " 'Twill make your excellence divine,
 " For you shall know as well as he."

This take ; and Satan's plot succeeds,
 While Eve gives ear to his address :
 With flatt'ring hopes her fancy feeds,
 That she shall deity possess.

Approaching near the tree, she stood,
 And views the fruit with wishful eyes ;
 And sees it to be good for food,
 Desirable to make one wife.

She plucks and eats, then trips about,
 Full fraught with matter, longs to tell,
 Soon as she finds her Adam out,
 What in his absence her befel.

Not long she sought, but he appear'd,
 And meets her with a tender kiss :
 At large the story she declar'd,
 And joys at her expected bliss.

She prais'd the fruit, and gives him some ;
 He eats, whereat the Devil smiles,
 To see both him and her o'ercome,
 At once by his deceitful wiles.

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L

Thus

Thus man, to better his estate,
 The Serpent's counsel does embrace ;
 And swallowing down the fatal bait,
 Destroy'd himself and all his race.

O N L I G H T.

ERE Time's division, while the ruder earth
 From swelling waters was not separated ;
 Ere Phœbus or his sister had their birth,
 Or great Elohim had ought else created ;
 While darkness cover'd th' unmade sea and
 land,
 The product of th' Almighty's first command,
 Was light, a fit foundation for his work in hand.

Light first created, the formless parts afford
 A fitter subject for their Maker's use ;
 From whence Heav'ns Architect by his plastic
 word,
 In time and order all things did produce.
 But why was light brought forth before the rest ?
 Could he want light, who always light possess ?
 Mortal, forbear to ask ; his wisdom thought it
 best.

But

But see the method which th' Almighty us'd,
 In th' old Creation when the world began ;
 The self-same method hath his wisdom chus'd

In that more glorious work, new-making man.
 Though differing subjects, yet th' effects agree ;
 Where God begins to work, the shadows flee,
 In that he first form'd light, in this he makes
 man see. }

On the Hypocrite and the Apostate.

TH^{O'} in a diff'rent dress, and diff'rent name,
 When search'd, their pedigree appears the same :
 Both sprung from unbelief, a spurious brood,
 Haters of God, and all that's truly good.
 What one denies, the other seems to say ;
 Yet both agree to walk the self-same way.
 One wears a painted vizer on his face,
 T'other's an open enemy to grace :
 The former wears a cloak, this naked goes ;
 One is, but t'other is not what he shews.
 The last was once the first, the first will be,
 In time, as shameless and as bold as he ;
 Their work, their wages, and their end agree :
 They're graceless both, herein the diff'rence lies,
 The last's unveil'd, the former's in disguise. }

The Impotency of Man's Word.

MAN's word's a feeble instrument, whereby
 His mind he can but barely signify ;
 Speak to the ear, but can't controul the will,
 No more than Xerxes could the ocean still.
 It boasts great things, commands in thunder's wife ;
 But wanting power in execution, dies.
 'Twill prove to any who depend thereon,
 As weak as Samson when his hair was gone ;
 A blast of sounding air, that nothing can
 Produce to purpose, 'tis the word of man.

The Efficiency of God's Word.

WHEN great Jehovah doth his will proclaim
 Each word's an agent to perform the same.
 'Tis done as soon as spoke, such pow'r proceeds
 With his commands, as turns his words to deeds.
 No sooner had th' eternal mind declar'd
 That light should be, but straightway light ap-
 pear'd,
 Diffus'd about the yet disorder'd frame ;
 So every thing at the first summons came.

The

The word, that will'd it, gave each creature birth,
 Spangled the Heavens, and adorn'd the earth ;
 Prepar'd the sea, appointed each his station,
 Made both the form and substance of creation.
 Oh ! wond'rous agent ! whose almighty word
 Doth such miraculous effects afford ;
 Far above Reason's reach, past human skill,
 The word that speaks it executes thy will :
 Laz'rus, come forth the grave ; young man, arise ;
 Come, Bartimeus, exercise thine eyes.
 Oh ! power divine ! the word's no sooner spoken,
 But dead men live, the blind man's eyes are open.
 Since, Lord, thou canst, at such an easy rate,
 Cure ev'ry grief, tho' ne'er so desperate ;
 See, see my case, O blessed Jesus, see ;
 I'm helpless, hopeless, cast thine eyes on me.
 Deign to express thy sov'reign skill, oh ! favour
 A wretched patient, and become my Saviour.
 Help, great Physician ; shew thy sov'reign art,
 Speak some great word, and quicken my dead heart ;
 Sweet Jesus, heal my grief, regard my moan,
 Command deliv'rance, and the work is done.

O N P R A Y E R.

WHEN clouds appear, and thicken more and
 more,
 It is the common token of a shower.

L 3

Sweet

So let thy faith and pray'rs ascend together,
 Then may'ft thou soon expect a change of weather,
 When clouds of Gospel-incense rise amain,
 'Tis a fure token of a gracious rain,

On Mofes and Peter.

WHEN faithful Mofes, God's familiar friend,
 From Sinai's facred mountain did descend ;
 Where he, with freedom, had obtain'd the grace,
 To commune with his Maker, face to face,
 And from his mouth wrote that eternal law
 Of him, whose effence mortals never faw ;
 His vifage fhone, fuch luftre did appear
 On Mofes, that the fons of Israel were
 Amaz'd, amus'd to fee thofe beams divine
 On his majestic front fo clearly fhine ;
 Nor were they able to behold the rays,
 Or him approach till he had veil'd his face,
 So Peter, when he had with Jesus been,
 Such grace was in his fpeech and vifage feen,
 As made him known unto the ftanders-by,
 When he, through fear, his Saviour did deny,
 Heav'n ftamps a glory, makes the face to fhine,
 And render mortals more than half divine.
 Hence 'twas fuch luftre on their brows abode,
 Mofes and Peter had convers'd with God.

SECRETS,

S E C R E T S.

WHO grasp at secrets, often like the fly,
Prying too near the flame, are scorch'd thereby.

On a Saint's Life.

THIS life's a passage through a sea of tears,
Where faints with sins and sorrows are oppress'd,
'Tis vain t'expect a freedom from our fears,
Till death shall land us in eternal rest

O N H U M I L I T Y.

IT is a sacred art, whereby
In getting low, we soar above the sky,
And hold communion with the Deity.

'Tis not more strange than true, the way to rise
With God, is to be low in our own eyes;
Who counts himself a fool, is truly wise.

The roots of tallest cedars always grow
Deep i'th' earth; with grace 'tis even so;
He's truly high, whose heart is truly low.

Formio, or a Time-server.

FORMIO's a zealot for religion, when
 She's borne upon the soaring wings
 Of popular applause, and entertain'd by men,
 And countenanc'd by kings,
 Or when the profit brings :
 But while she wants public esteem,
 He's not for launching against wind and stream.
 The easy duties, and th' external part
 Of worship, he'll not stick to do ;
 He'll wash the cup and platter too :
 But when it comes to cleansing of the heart,
 Oh ! then he starts, and will no farther go.

He follows Christ, while Titan's rays,
 With brightness fill the circumambient air :
 But if the weather prove not fair,
 His hot love soon decays,
 He cannot persecution bear,
 But falls away like fruit,
 Wither'd for want of union with the root.
 When Christ is with Hosannas blest,
 And rides in peaceful triumph with a song,
 Formio will follow with the rest,

And

And makes up one among the throng ;
 As willing and as ready as the best,
 While he's secure from harms,
 He'll cry Hosannah too, and strew the way with
 palms :

But when our Saviour's ready footsteps bend
 Unto that solitary place,
 Wherefouldistress made drops of gelid gore descend,
 Like sweat from off the face ;
 Or when he wears a crown of thorns,
 Then Formio slack his pace,
 And looks like one forlorn :
 Now fearful of his Saviour's company,
 He durst not own him, or come nigh,
 But leaves him all alone to go to Calvary.

Like a dull jade, when he perceives the load,
 With easy motions follows on ;
 Upon some even plain, or in a down-hill road,
 He's ready then to run,
 With cheerful neighs without, or whip, or goad,
 His fellow steeds among :
 And when the burden's weight he feels,
 And miry ways obstruct the wheels,
 Beneath

Beneath the ascent of some craggy hill,
 His courage then gives o'er ;
 He backward runs, or else stands still :
 He shakes his harness off, and draws no more.

Or like a lazy foldier, who with ease
 Hath serv'd his captain many years,
 Within some garrison immur'd in times of peace
 When he's secure from fears :
 But when the trumpet fills his ears,
 With an alarm, to let him know
 That time admits of no delay ;
 The foes approach, and forthwith he must go
 To meet them—his spirits now decay ;
 And rather than he'll fight, he fairly runs away.
 Thus Formio does, when persecutions rise,
 He turns his back, and his first faith denies,
 And will at last be found among Christ's enemies.

On Christ's Salvation.

'T WAS man that sin'd, and justice doth exact
 That he should pay who did the debt contract.
 But stay, th' offence is of an higher nature
 Than man can answer ; 'tis the great Creator,
 Whose justice is offended, and from thence
 Man's sin becomes an infinite offence.

Besides,

Besides, 'tis personal ; and can man produce
 A satisfaction equal to th' abuse ?
 Justice demands full payment, such that he
 Who undertakes it more than man must be.
 What can be done ? ah ! who can satisfy ?
 Man's death's too vile a price, and God can't die ;
 Or could he, yet he ought not. Here's a case, }
 That wisest Seraphims could never trace ;
 Here God displays the riches of his grace,
 In his dear Son, whose all transcendant love
 Drew him to leave that glory, which above,
 Ere time began with his eternal Sire,
 He did enjoy ; so great was his desire
 Of man's deliv'rance from the pains of hell,
 He undertook to be Immanuel.
 And that he might a Saviour fit become,
 Assum'd our nature in the virgin's womb ;
 Was born a man : oh ! Heav'n—amazing sight !
 Both natures in one person did unite.
 That Christ may be complete (conceive who can ?)
 He must be truly God, and truly man :
 His nature's two, the person is but one,
 Th' eternal God, and yet the Virgin's Son.
 This is that great Philanthropos, whose power,
 And none but his, could fallen man restore ;
 Whose excellencies in a two-fold nature
 Declar'd him only meet for Mediator,

Sufficient

Sufficient for our surety, by whose hand
 Justice receiv'd full payment at demand
 For man's offence. Oh! wond'rous love! 'twas he
 That paid the debt, and set the pris'ner free.
 His father's pleasure he delighted in,
 To give himself a sacrifice for sin.
 Here Mercy triumphs, Justice hath her glory,
 Display'd at once in this most tragic story.
 Though sinless he, for sinful man he dy'd,
 That Justice might be fully satisfy'd;
 Himself, to pay himself, became the price,
 He was the altar, priest, and sacrifice:
 Th' offended party too; yet undertook
 To clear the reck'ning, and discharge the book.
 He stuck at nothing, to repair man's loss,
 Scorning the shame he freely chose the cross.
 His human nature, in the sinner's stead,
 Was sorely bruis'd, his precious blood was shed,
 His soul was wounded, and his body dead;
 Whose pers'nal union, with the Deity
 Increas'd its value, rais'd its price so high,
 As fully answer'd man's unhappy case,
 Reveal'd the Father's wisdom and his grace,
 With Christ's great love to fallen Adam's race.
 Oh! full of sacred mysteries! who can
 Enough admire, adore this great God—man?

Faith's

Faith's Cordial for a fainting Fit.

WHY sighs my soul? cheer up, be strong;
 Thy God will thee defend from wrong.
 Lift up thine eyes, behold, and see
 What promises are made to thee.
 Tho' troubles may on earth increase,
 God's faithfulness shall never cease.
 He's bound by covenant to those,
 Who do by faith in Christ repose
 Upon his all-sufficient arm:
 Rest there, and thou canst take no harm.
 Thy title unto Glory's good,
 Christ seal'd the charter with his blood;
 Wherein such privileges lie
 As reach unto Eternity.
 Pardon of sin was made full sure,
 And peace with God for evermore:
 Here's grace and glory, every thing
 That lasting happiness can bring,
 In this life and in that to come,
 Purchas'd and paid for by the Son.
 Come, live by faith, and thou shalt see
 Whate'er he did, he did for thee.
 What, fearful still! my soul, for shame
 Rouse up, and meditate his name,
 Who

Who owns thee in so near relation,
 And will take care of thy salvation ;
 Great Jah, the all-commanding God,
 Who governs nations by his rod,
 And orders all created things,
 As Lord of Lords, and King of Kings :
 The rock of ages and defence,
 Where faints repose their confidence ;
 A never faint, or failing one ;
 What can be more ? He's Lord alone :
 His name's a refuge ; thither fly,
 And thou shalt find security.
 Dangers attend, but God's above,
 And orders all for his in love.
 His wisdom ne'er imperfect was,
 His counsels always come to pass.
 He made the earth, and bound the seas,
 Disposes all things how he please.
 The wheels of Providence fulfil
 The sov'reign dictates of his will.
 Should Earth and Hell be both agreed
 To frustrate what he has decreed,
 They'd strive in vain, their enterprize
 Shall serve to make his glory rise.
 Canst but believe ? then dare to trust
 Thy Father with a span of dust.
 Canst put the jewel of thy soul
 Into his hands ? Oh ! then controul

The

The passions of thy fearful heart,
 And trust him with thy fleshly part.
 Act not beneath thyself : beware,
 Live upon Faith, and banish fear.
 Commit thyself and thine affairs
 To him who for his people cares.
 On him rely for strengthening grace,
 And he will bring thee to that place,
 Where fix'd in Glory thou shalt sing
 Hosannahs to thy God and King.
 Here exercise thy Faith alone,
 And slavish fear will soon be gone.

On the Life of Man.

THIS life's a tragedy, the world's a stage,
 The actor's man, each several scene's an age ;
 The music that attends is joy and sorrow,
 The midwife draws the sheet, and bids good-
 morrow.

Infancy first in swadling bands appears,
 And makes a prologue up with cries and tears ;
 Rock'd in the cradle, or the nurse's arm,
 Unable to preserve himself from harm ;
 Until increasing strength begins to bloom,
 And then he loves to play about the room.

Next

Next enters Childhood with a painted frock,
 As fickle-minded as a weather-cock ;
 Frisking and dancing, up and down he runs,
 Pleasing himself with tops and eldern guns :
 At length time calls to school, he must prepare,
 To learn his book, and we shall leave him there.
 Then flow'ring Youth comes forth in rich array
 Adorn'd with garlands in the month of May :
 In mirth delighting, vainly puffed with pride,
 Jets like a peacock when he courts his bride ;
 In sports and pleasures he consumes his age,
 Till Manhood turns him off and mounts the stage :
 Where clad in armour bright, with sword in hand,
 His daring foes he bravely doth withstand ;
 And hero-like his prowess doth display
 In bold achievements, till he wins the day :
 Then leaves the field, and marches home again,
 Crown'd with the spoils, and so concludes that scene.
 Next riper age appears, whose sober looks
 Is like a merchant with his counting books ;
 Consulting how to raise his thriving store
 With treasures waisted from a foreign shore :
 And then he musing walks an easy rate,
 Enquiring where to purchase an estate
 For his young issue, that his heir may be
 Possess'd of some inheritance in fee :
 Which having settled, next his project runs
 To make up portions for his younger sons.

While thus he labours with an anxious itch,
 To fill his coffers—make his children rich;
 Time steals away, and he must leave the stage,
 Being closely follow'd by the hand of age;
 Now weary with the toils of ages past,
 He joys to see his children thrive so fast:
 To whom in sober sadness he declares
 A long, long story of his former cares,
 And how he has transacted great affairs;
 Of all his travels, where he once hath been,
 What things have happen'd, what his eyes have seen;
 What this man did, and who his grandfire was,
 From whence he came, and how it came to pass,
 He sold his land, why this and that was done,
 And what had happened ages past and gone,
 His tedious story being ended so,
 He rises up, and walking to and fro,
 Gives sage advice unto his wond'ring sons;
 Then throws him on his couch to rest his bones:
 Where he's no sooner laid, but sleep attends
 His palsy-smitten limbs, so that scene ends.
 And last of all decrepid age comes in,
 With sallow countenance and wither'd skin,
 A snow-white beard, and blood-forfaken veins,
 And feeble body vext with daily pains:
 His eyes grown dim, he neither hears nor smells,
 A lump of living clay and nothing else;

V O L. L

M

Sustain'd

Sustain'd by crutches under either arm,
 Wrapt up in clothes well lin'd to keep him warm,
 Expecting daily Nature's last alarm. }
 His words sometimes from deep experience rise,
 Declaring him to be discreet and wise ;
 Yet by and by he speaks in such a strain,
 As makes him seem to be a child again :
 At length he lays him down, and Death draws nigh,
 Stabs him at heart, and ends the tragedy.

O N S I N.

THE world's a pest-house, and the plague of Sin
 Surprizes every one that comes therein.
 No country's free ; that pestilential air,
 Which rose in Eden, now blows every where.
 'Tis universal, none from Adam come,
 But are polluted from their mother's womb.
 Lord, I'm infected, and th' infection's spread
 In swelling tumours e'en from foot to head ;
 Whose fiery venom runs thro' every part,
 But most of all it centres at my heart ;
 There is the sore, 'tis there I feel the smart. }

A de-

A desp'rate case! Sweet Jesus, look upon me,
 Before this plague of Sin hath quite undone me.
 I fear 'twill gangrene: oh! my Saviour, why
 Should I want help, when such a Doctor's by?
 Nor Galen's art, nor great Machaon's skill
 Can cure my fore, which if not cur'd will kill.
 'Tis thou, and only thou, canst make me whole,
 Remove my guilt, and heal my sin-sick soul.
 To thee I come, Lord, see what I endure,
 Be my Physician, undertake the cure:
 Put in thy probe, and search my sinking wound,
 Apply thy blood, and I shall soon be found.

On Caleb and Joshua.

CALEB and Joshua were by Moses sent,
 And other ten, with this commandment,
 Go up to Canaan, search, and take a view
 Of that long-hop'd for country promis'd you:
 Observe the people—whether skill'd in war,
 Or few, or many—what their manners are;
 Whether they in tents or cities dwell;
 Survey their forts and all their ramparts well:
 And bring us word, with all convenient speed,
 That we may know the better to proceed;

M 2

By

By your relation so directed, we
 We may suit our efforts, and the danger see.
 Then, having thus receiv'd their Captain's order,
 They march with speed, and ent'ring Canaan's border,
 From Rohob march, ascending up the hill
 Where Hebron stands, upon discov'ries still.
 From thence their ready footsteps they incline
 To Eshcol's valley, famous for the vine;
 Whose uberous clusters, with a silent fruit,
 Invited Israel's sons to taste this fruit.
 They cut the bunch, of which the branches were
 Two men's burthen on their way to bear.

The fairest fruits are found in valleys low,
 In humble hearts the choicest graces grow.
 Now forty times the sun had whirl'd about
 This globe terrestrial, since the spies set out
 From Israel's camp, and having search'd around
 The land, and took such fruit as there they found,
 Back they return unto the faithless Jews,
 Whose eager ears had thirsted for the news.
 Then all, but Caleb and the son of Nun,
 With one consent stood up, and thus begun :
 " Since we departed last, my friends, from you,
 " At Canaan we have been, and passing thro',
 " Survey'd it round, observing all things well
 " Our eyes have seen, what now we come to tell.
 " The country is a fair and fertile soil,
 " Replete with honey, corn, and wine, and oil,
 " There

- “ There breathes a wholesome air, its situation
 “ Speaks it to be a healthful habitation,
 “ Whose excellence surpasses our relation. }
 “ There rivers clear from chrystal springs pro-
 “ ceed,
 “ Whose silver streams refresh the flowery mead :
 “ Various trees the mounting hills produce,
 “ Enough for fuel and the builder’s use.
 “ Most pleasant plains inclose the neighb’ring
 “ vales,
 “ Where gentle Zephyr, with its fostering gales,
 “ Sweetly produces most delightful crops,
 “ And goodly pastures for a thousand flocks.
 “ Both hills and dales are with such blessings
 “ crown’d,
 “ That ev’ry blessing may therein be found,
 “ Whatever may be said, or heart can wish,
 “ To make a land delightful, there it is,
 “ In fine, all other lands it doth excel,
 “ Fit for the Lord’s beloved Israel.
 Were types so beautiful in former days ?
 What’s Heaven then, whose glory ne’er de-
 cays ?
 “ But oh ! we tremble to declare the rest,
 “ Our blood grows cold, our heart’s with fear
 “ possess’d,

M 3

“ To

“ To think upon the force we saw therein ;
 “ ’Tis such a land as we shall never win.
 “ Their cities all are strongly fortify’d,
 “ Encompass’d round with walls on ev’ry side :
 “ Too strong for us to storm, too high to scale ;
 “ ’Tis but in vain to think we may prevail.
 “ Their lofty towers even reach the skies,
 “ From whence they’ll soon confound their enemies.
 “ The frontiers are with mighty bulwarks made,
 “ Lest any foe their country should invade :
 “ Canaanites, besides, are soldiers all,
 “ Expert in feats of arms, of body tall ;
 “ Fierce in their visage, and in fight severe ;
 “ We saw moreover mighty giants there :
 “ These dismal prospects sadly we beheld,
 “ Sights that with terror all our bosoms fill’d.”

Where Faith is wanting, dangers seem to rise ;

’Tis bad to send out unbelieving spies.

This story told, this faithless multitude
 Began to murmur, and with clamours rude
 Jarring tumults immediately arise,
 Whose raging voices fill’d the air with cries ;
 Bespatter Moses and the priest with blame,
 Concluding to return from whence they came.

“ Shall we, say they, be flatter’d up and down,
 “ In hopes to get a country of our own ?
 “ And now we come, and have this land survey’d,
 “ What can we think but that we are betray’d ?

“ Thus

" Thus to be brought from Nile's sweet flood with
 pain,
 " To find a Canaan where we shall be slain ;
 " Together with our children and our wives,
 " Without all hope of quarter for our lives,
 " By Canaanitish swords ! Is this the rest,
 " Whereof you told us we should be possess'd ?"

A Birth-Day Thought.

WORN with the toils of threescore years and five,
 A weary pilgrim, Lord, to thee I come ;
 To beg supporting grace, till I arrive
 At Heav'n, thy promis'd rest, my wish'd for home.

Here's nothing to invite my longer stay,
 Among the darksome melancholy cells.
 When shall I leave this tenement of clay ?
 Fain would I be where my Redeemer dwells.

Oh ! had I but some generous seraph's wing ;
 There's nothing should prevail to keep me here :
 But with the morning lark I'd mount and sing,
 Till I had left earth's gloomy atmosphere.

My soul directed upward still,
 'Till I should reach the glorious courts above :
 Where endless pleasure my desires shall fill,
 And solac'd be with my dear Jesus' love.

With sweet refreshment on such things as these,
 My serious thoughts have often been employ'd :
 But how much more will happiness increase,
 When more than can be thought will be enjoy'd ?

Life decaying, and Death approaching.

WHAT various turns of changing providence
 On mortal state perpetually attend ?
 No sooner doth our feeble life commence,
 But we are always hasting to our end.

Affurance is my comfortable stay,
 Yet doubts intruding, often make it start :
 But when by Faith these are remov'd away,
 Renewing comforts cheer my panting heart.

Pleasures and pains, by their alternate course,
 Raise and depress the mind with joy and sorrow :
 These sweetly draws, and these as strongly force,
 And this day's laughter melts in tears to-morrow.

The length'ning shadows of the setting sun,
 And fainting beams of its declining light,
 Declare how near my day of life is done,
 And all things call to bid the world good night.

I know

I know my days on earth are numb'ed all,
 The end is certain, fixt in Heav'ns decree :
 Lord, make me ready to receive thy call ;
 What, where, and howsoever it shall be.

The Soul's Desire of Removing.

LONG have I sojourn'd in this weary land,
 Where sins and sorrows ev'ry where abound :
 Soul-threat'ning dangers, see how thick they stand,
 Snares and temptations compass all around.

'Tis an unhealthy clime, where vapours rise,
 Whose pestilential influences shed
 Malignant fumes beneath the gloomy skies,
 Which wound the heart, and stupify the head.

When shall my soul obtain a kind remove ?
 These fleshy shackles broke, and I set free
 From this dark dungeon ? Soon I'd mount above,
 To see my God, the Man who dy'd for me.

My guardian angel come and lead the way,
 Assist my footsteps in the sacred road :
 I'll follow on through realms of endless day,
 Unto the palace of my Father-God :

Where

Where solac'd with that beatific fight,
 No evil shall my perfect peace molest :
 But with those holy ones that cloath'd in white,
 Shall enter into everlasting rest.

Earth's Emptiness and Heaven's Fullness.

WHEN shall I raise my nobler thoughts
 Beyond this earthly sphere?
 Too long I've lain among the pots
 Of sensual objects here.

While glories of a brighter kind,
 And pleasures ever new,
 Suited to an immortal mind,
 Present themselves in view.

Earth's comforts all deficient prove ;
 The best that she bestows :
 'Tis in the Canaan that's above,
 True milk and honey flows,

There's all that necessary is
 To make an happy state ;
 Whatever may conduce to bliss,
 Or perfect joys create.

Wherewith

Wherewith to answer all complaints,
 The Gospel doth provide ;
 A plenteous store, where all our wants
 May richly be supply'd.

Are we with guilt of sin oppress'd ?
 Here's pardon bought with blood ;
 And Jesus, the atoning priest,
 Will make his purchase good.

Do glitt'ring treasures promise ease ?
 Or pleasures court the mind ?
 Earth's best delights, like honey bees,
 Have pointed stings behind.

Honour precarious, blinds the eyes,
 And vanishes in smoke :
 So have I seen a bubble rise,
 And in a moment broke,

T H E S H I P W R E C K .

CAPTAIN.

SAILORS, look out ; a dismal storm I fear
 Will overtake us, e'er we reach the land :
 See yonder west, what sudden clouds appear,
 Full charg'd with tempest, and 'tis near at hand !

The

The gentle gales, that bore us sweetly on,
 The smooth-fac'd calm, those pleasant times are
 gone.

Fierce Boreas summons all his northern powers,
 With furious blasts t'attack the swelling tide ;
 Heav'n's great artillery tremendous roars,
 And pointed light'nings flash from side to side :
 The setting sun hath left our hemisphere,
 And wild disorder beats the troubled air.

The light declines, and night comes on apace ;
 The noisy billows, now tumultuous grown,
 Thro' the vast ocean one another chase,
 Rolling triumphant with their feather'd foam ;
 Boiling with fury, like high mountains rise,
 And with their wat'ry engines storm the skies.

As in full buckets pour'd, the hail and rain
 Fall thick upon us, still our dangers grow :
 The wind blows up a perfect hurricane,
 While boist'rous surges toss us to and fro.
 There's no resisting such impetuous force ;
 All hands aloft, we cannot hold our course !

PASSENGER.

Ah ! me undone ! my sinking spirits fall :
 If Heav'n deny to help we perish all.

SAILOR.

SAILOR.

Or do my fears suggest, or is it true ?

A dreadful object seems t'appear in sight,
 Right off the starboard-bow, in open view :
 My blood runs cold, my hair stands bolt upright.
 'Tis some sea monster of a hideous form,
 Rais'd from the wat'ry caverns by the storm ;

Or else an airy spirit, come abroad,
 Wand'ring about upon the troubled sea.
 Whatever 'tis, I fear it doth forebode
 That sudden ruin must our portion be.
 Our crazy ship can ne'er sustain these shocks,
 The water breaks, w'are just upon the rocks !

CAPTAIN.

Methinks to westward I the land discern ;
 Let's make a tack, and try to reach to shore.

SAILOR.

Alas ! 'tis all in vain, we drive aftern,
 Our rudder's gone, and we can steer no more.

PASSENGER.

The water grows in hold, 'tis five feet high,
 And must we perish, and the land so nigh ?

SAILOR.

The mainmast cracks aloud, 'tis broke in twain,
 And with its fall has beaten down the deck :
 The breaches cannot be repair'd again,
 Our ship's in pieces, and become a wreck.
 There's nothing but a miracle can save ;
 Farewel, dear mates, the sea must be my grave.

PASSENGER.

Deeply distrest, of other helps bereft,
 I've got upon a broken plank at last ;
 And still, methinks, a glimm'ring hope is left:
 Tho' tofs'd about, I'll strive to hold it fast.
 My joys revive, Heav'n's mercies I'll adore,
 The broken piece hath brought me safe to shore.

Our mortal part's a ship, with wond'rous art
 Built and prepar'd with stores of every fort ;
 The soul's the passenger therein imbar'd,
 This life the voyage, and Heav'n the landing
 port ;
 The world's a sea, where calms and storms arise,
 Thro' which our passage to the haven lies.

Our senses are the mariners, who stand
 With ready service to attend the ship ;
 Reason's the captain, under whose command
 They do, or should a due observance keep ;
 Our

Our passions are the sails, whereby we move
Faster or slower, as we hate or love;

Experience is the pilot, to direct

The moving helm; the sacred word's the card,
Which shews what course to take, what to reject,

Whereto the steersman must have due regard:
Rocks of temptation lie about the coast,
Where many gallant vessels have been lost.

Our passage must a narrow streight divide,

Where gaping dangers call for utmost care:
Presumption's gulf lies on the right-hand side,

And on the left the quicksands of despair.
Amidst the perils, what shall mortals do?
One of a thousand scarce gets safely through.

While peace and plenty, with a prosp'rous gale,
Stretch out the swelling canvas, then with ease

And streamers flying, pleasantly we sail

Upon the surface of the calmer seas:
Till overtaken by a quick surprize,
The ruffling winds of fierce afflictions rise.

The light of joy's eclips'd, and Heav'n puts on

Its darker gloom compos'd of doubts and fears;
Faith sinks with terror, and our comfort's gone,

O'erwhelm'd with surges of tumultuous cares:

Hope

Hope grows distracted, stagg'ring to and fro,
Not knowing where to fix, or what to do.

Billows of mighty grief roll on apace,
Wave urges wave in a continual train ;
One trouble gone, another comes in place,
Losses and crosses, head-ach, heart-ach, pain.
No human skill against their force prevails,
The weary'd sailer's strength and courage fails.

And, to encrease the terrors of the storm,
The monster Sin appears upon the flood ;
A frightful spectacle in ghastly form,
From head to foot besmear'd with guilt and
blood.

This with pale horror and amazement fills,
And like a javelin through the vitals thrills.

The nearer we approach the wish'd-for shore,
Our dangers grow, with shocks of pain and age :
The ship worn out can now sustain no more
The fierce concussions of the tempest's rage ;
Breaks all in pieces, and becomes a prey
To the wild triumphs of the conqu'ring sea.

Thus ends life's voyage ; but where is the soul,
The passenger, amidst this deep distress ?
Dear Jesus, help, on thee myself I roll,
And hope salvation only by free grace.

Tho'

On Heav'n's blest coast, and I'll thy name adore
With songs of praise that last for evermore.

The great Change expected.

WHY should I murmur or complain,
To find the flesh decay,
My strength shall be renew'd again
At the great rising-day.

The mortal tenement's grown old,
Ruin'd beyond repairs;
Strange such a slender frame should hold
A round of fourscore years.

Thro' heats, and colds, and rain, and snow,
And many a stormy gust ;
While stronger buildings, long ago,
Are levell'd with the dust.

'Tis owing to almighty Grace,
The feeble cottage stands ;
Nor shall I suffer Death's embrace,
'Till Heav'n the same commands.

For this, great God, I daily wait ;
Let me prepared be :
That when I quit this mortal state,
My soul may dwell with thee.

N O B, I.

N

Redemption

Redemption by Christ.

REDEEM'D by Christ ! Ah happy state !
 Who can conceive the matchless bliss ?
 Nothing can solid peace create,
 Or comfort to compare with this.

Redeem'd by Christ ! Who shall condemn ?
 Justice demands are satisfy'd ;
 My plea shall be by faith in him ;
 Tho' I have sinn'd, my Saviour dy'd.

Redeem'd by Christ ! the law's fulfill'd,
 Nor shall I fear its dreadful curse :
 Hereon my confidence I build,
 He bore the punishment for us.

Redeem'd by Christ ! from sin set free,
 Whose tyrannizing pow'r is broke ;
 Its bond-flave I'll no longer be,
 But take my Saviour's lighter yoke.

Redeem'd by Christ ! Let Satan roar ;
 Afright he may, but cannot kill :
 Surrounded by almighty power,
 Believers are in safety still.

Redeem'd

Redeem'd by Christ from earthly things,
 Whose fading glory quickly dies !
 My soul on Faith's expanded wings
 Would visit realms beyond the skies.

'Tis this I long for, this alone,
 To see my blessed Jesus' face ;
 Where I shall know as I am known,
 And ever live in his embrace.

*Mark the perfect Man, and behold the Upright,
 For the End of that Man is Peace.*

WHAT strange delusions mortals entertain !
 Who hope a happy death, yet live profane.
 Thus Balaam did, who went from place to place,
 With fixt intent to curse good Jacob's race :
 But a superior Pow'r forbade him still ;
 And he must bless them, tho' against his will.
 He lov'd th' unrighteous work and wages too,
 Yet fain would die the death the righteous do.
 So daring sinners tread th' infernal road,
 But hope t' arrive at Heav'n, the court of God.
 Mistaken souls ! How can it ever be,
 That way and end should so much disagree ?

N 2

Do

Do grapes on thorns, or figs on thistles grow?
 We must expect to reap the kind we sow.
 In vain th' unjust to happiness pretend,
 The upright one shall have a peaceful end.
 The deeds of most men give their wish the lie,
 Who would with Balaam live, with Israel die.

The Reverse: Or, a Kingdom in a Cottage.

HAPPY the man, who, free and unconfin'd,
 Governs the little kingdom of his mind
 With steady hand, and wisely doth controul
 The noble pow'rs and passions of his soul;
 And with discretion so directs the reins,
 As constant peace and liberty maintains.
 This makes him lov'd and fear'd; his sov'reign sway
 And gentle discipline, they all obey.
 In Reason's spacious hall he keeps his court;
 There all to him his ministers resort,
 For orders how to act in ev'ry case,
 That each may know the duties of his place.
 Here he convenes his counsellors of state,
 Where matters are agreed without debate.
 He loves and meditates the law divine,
 Thence gathers all his rules for discipline.

Religion,

Religion, piety, and godly fear
 Chief members of his privy council are.
 Truth is high chancellor, to oversee
 That fraud be never pass'd in a decree.
 Zeal's the grand marshal, who attends upon
 The judge's sentence, and to see it done.
 The least appearance of a discontent,
 His wise administration does prevent.
 Envy and Malice, Hatred and Disdain,
 With all the rest of the rebellious train,
 Are banish'd never to return again. }
 He needs no armed men to guard his rest,
 While all is quiet in his peaceful breast.
 Thus freed from all that would disturbance bring,
 His kingdom's peace proclaims a happy king.

But here if any happen to enquire,
 Where is this kingdom you so much admire,
 Whose happy monarch answers this relation ?
 Shew me upon the globe its situation ;
 What neigh'ring countries on its borders bound ;
 Tell me the climate where it may be found.
 Is it a truth, or else a story vain,
 The airy fancy of a frothy brain ;
 Contriv'd for an amusement to divert
 The wand'ring motions of a fickle heart ?

The answer's ready, 'tis no feigned thing,
 That such a kingdom is, and such a King.
 But what was said at first, 'tis unconfin'd,
 No tract of measur'd land, but tract of mind.
 'Tis real truth, tho' dress'd in allegory,
 For better help to understand the story.
 The choice enjoyments of the intellect,
 Are known to others only by th' effect.
 By conversation it is often seen,
 What happy government obtains within.

But would you know the prince's outward state?
 The splendid grandeur of his earthly feat?
 So mean and low his circumstances are,
 No marks of royal majesty they bear.
 Did you survey his house and furniture,
 You would conclude it, that he lives obscure.

A lowly cottage, underneath a hill,
 Of poor materials built with slender skill;
 No cedar beams, or marble pillars set
 Under the fabrick to support its weight:
 The floor is only of the earth's produce,
 And hard'ned by the foot's continual use;
 His goods and implements of household stuff,
 Are all agreeable to such a roof:

Left

Left by his grandfire to the family,
 And valu'd only for antiquity.
 Here with a loving, pious, frugal wife,
 Contentment he enjoy'd, the sweet of life.
 Two children to them had the Maker giv'n,
 Both which with care they nurtur'd up for Heav'n.
 In morning early up he rose to pray,
 With true devotion still began the day :
 And then repairing to his daily charge,
 Unfolds his sheep to let them go at large.
 A shepherd's bus'ness his employment is,
 A labour fraught with ev'ry simple blifs ;
 He kept his flock with care, directs their way,
 Gently reducing those that go astray :
 And while in peace they feed upon the plain,
 His nobler thoughts high subjects entertain.

Sometimes he views the motions of the skies,
 And when the luminaries set and rise ;
 Observes Orion's course, and stars that roll
 In daily circuit round the arctick pole ;
 The changing seasons measur'd by the sun,
 And in what order other planets run.
 Thence down to earth his active thoughts descend,
 And there comparing causes with their end,
 Increases knowledge by the works of nature,
 And in them all admires the Creator ;

Sees how his wisdom, pow'r, and goodness shine,
 But chiefly dwells upon the love divine ;
 Confid'ring fallen man undone by sin,
 The woful state that he and his were in ;
 Condemn'd by Justice to endure the pains
 Of Sin's deserts in everlasting flames,
 Hereon the Shepherd trusts, admires Free-Grace,
 And often sings the great Redeemer's praise.
 Thus while at home, or in his work abroad,
 He daily holds communion with his God.
 These things consider'd, what conclusion can
 Be drawn from thence—but here's the happy man?

T H E M I N D.

THE Mind's a thinking substance, which proceeds
 By steps of thought, till it produces deeds ;
 Always employ'd, some project carrying on,
 Tho' few observe the method how 'tis done.
 Well, then, of old the Grecian Sage advis'd,
 To know thyself: see how 'tis exercis'd,
 An object first of all appears in view,
 Present or future, either false or true ;
 Presented by the senses, ears, or eyes,
 Or else perhaps from fickle fancy rise.
 This does unto the understanding come,
 Who gives it audience in the judgment room ;

Sees

Sees its credentials, and demands its name,
 Enquires (or should enquire) from whence it came ;
 What is the business which it doth pretend,
 Brings it an embassy from foe or friend ?
 Or is't a private matter of its own,
 To be consider'd by itself alone ?
 What doth it offer ? Any thing of weight ?
 Or else a trifle, worthy no debate.
 In fine, 'tis here determin'd good or bad,
 Hurtful or profitable to be had.
 The Understanding, having us'd his skill
 In passing judgment, sends it to the Will ;
 And there 'tis either chosen or rejected,
 As by the Understanding is directed.
 Th' Affections then the business pursue,
 Each in their station, as the Will bids do.
 If it be good, 'tis then by Love embrac'd ;
 And if enjoy'd, how pleasant is the taste !
 If absent, then how doth intense Desire
 Endeavour to obtain what we admire !
 Fear of miscarrying also acts its part,
 And raises strange commotions in the heart.
 Nor do the outward members stay behind,
 But yield their ready service to the mind ;
 Exert their utmost strength, arms, legs and tongue,
 Speak, write, and fight, and for its service run.

The

TRANSLATIONS.

The Fight of Mezentius, assisting Turnus against Æneas, and his revenging himself on his late Subjects, who expelled him Etruria, and engaged for Æneas out of hatred to him.

Translated from the TENTH BOOK of VIRGIL'S
ÆNEID.

At jovis interea monitis Mezentius ardens, &c. *Ver.* 689.

URG'D on by mighty Jove, a valiant knight,
The fierce Mezentius, first renew'd the fight ;
Who marching boldly on, resolv'd t'invade
The Trojans boasting camp with brandish'd blade :
Th' Etrurian troops advance with lavish rage,
And thirsty arms with him (a war alone) t'engage.
As a high rock, which the vast ocean staves,
Expos'd to furious winds and stubborn waves,
Whose firm foundation stands secure, defies
The threat'ning forces of the sea and skies ;
So, 'midst his foes, unmov'd, Mezentius stood, }
While round him roll'd a stream of hostile blood, }
That from the wounds of welt'ring Hebrus flow'd ; }
Which on the slippery ground he lately threw,
With Latagus and coward Palmus too :
He hurl'd a stone at Latagus, his head,
Which whistl'd through the air and crush'd him dead ;
Palmus,

Palmus, the war unable to sustain,
 But hamstring'd lay extended on the plain :
 His cuiras Lausus took, and arm'd his breast,
 And on his helmet fixt the conquer'd's crest.
 Evas and Mimas next he did engage,
 Mimas that equal'd Paris in his age,
 Born of Theano in th' ill-omen'd night,
 That Priam's queen shew'd Paris to the light :
 Paris within the city bury'd lies,
 But Mimas on the coast of Laurens dies.
 As an incensed, sturdy boar that stood
 For many years the monarch of the wood,
 Shelter'd by pines, and fed in marshy grounds,
 When chac'd around the hills by eager hounds,
 Hamper'd with nets, and wildly in amaze,
 He bristles up, the hunters stand and gaze,
 Nor dare they near approach the stubborn beast
 But cast aloof their javelins at his breast ;
 So bold Mezentius stood, none durst advance,
 Or stand the fury of his murd'ring lance ;
 Not one of all the stoutest Trojan lords
 Would challenge closer combat with their swords ;
 But stand afar, and spend in vain their spears,
 And with loud noise and outcries fill his ears.
 While he undaunted stands amidst the field,
 And bears whole woods of launces on his shield.
 Coritian Acron was the next that came,
 Acron, a lovely knight of worthy fame,

Who

Who left his hymeneal rites undone,
 And 'midst the troops in wedding garments shone ;
 As a fierce lion, when by hunger prest,
 Ranges the coast, and scouts upon the waste,
 Bounds round the hills, and round him casts his eyes,
 If he by chance a well-grown stag espies,
 Or a young fawn, that trembling runs for fear,
 Then gaping horribly with bristled hair,
 He tears his bowels out with envious paws,
 And with black blood besmears his impious jaws.
 So Acron, bold Mezentius saw from far,
 And thro' thick foes he rush'd into the war ;
 Resolv'd with his own hand the youth to slay, }
 Unhappy Acron fell, and wounded lay }
 On the moist ground, and bled his life away. }
 Orodes next he met, who fled his fight, }
 The hero scorn'd to kill him while in flight, }
 But wheel'd about to give him equal fight ; }
 Strait man to man he join'd, and blade to blade,
 Best skill'd in open force, not ambushade ;
 Orodes, though of size prodigious tall,
 Outdone by greater strength was forc'd to fall ;
 Wearied and faint with wounds, he stagg'ring reel'd,
 And leaning on his spear, fell in the field :
 The noisy camp with joyful pæans rung,
 And loud applauses from the shouting throng ;
 But as he gasping lay along the plain,
 " Boast not too much, said he, that I am slain ;
 " I die

" I die not unreveng'd, for the same fate,
 " And the same field for your destruction wait."
 On him Mezentius smil'd, with frowning eye,
 " Jove judge of me, but thou poor wretch shalt die."
 This said, he drew the dart forth from his wound,
 Whence blood and life ebb'd out upon the ground ;
 A heavy sleep obscur'd the parting light,
 And seal'd his eyes up in eternal night.

A I T H Σ.

The TWELFTH IDYLLIUM of THEOCRITUS.

TIS now three days since you and I were here,
 'Twas long, methought, to stay from one so dear ;
 For those whom strictest bonds of love engage,
 Think ev'ry hour a day, and every day an age ;
 As the warm Spring cold Winter does excel,
 As apples damsons both in taste and smell ;
 As ewes are far more shaggy than their lambs,
 So they more tender than their teeming dams ;
 As virgins are to married dames prefer'd,
 And nimble hinds outstrip the duller herd ;
 So much your sight rejoic'd me when I mourn'd
 Your long, long absence till you now return'd :
 Soon as I saw those eyes, and lovely face,
 I ran to meet thee with a kind embrace ;

Just

Just as a trav'ler to some shade retires,
 To shun the heat of Phœbus' scorching fires.
 Would kinder Heav'n but spread a mutual flame
 Thro' either heart, and still encrease the same ;
 Then ages yet to come should us adore,
 And sing the love we to each other bore,
 Thus should they tell—Two heretofore there were,
 Whom mutual love engag'd, a happy pair :
 Espinlus one, Aïtes t'other's name,
 For love recorded in the books of fame :
 These sure were some of those that liv'd of old,
 When goodly Saturn rul'd the age of gold.
 Grant, mighty gods, that some kind gholt may
 come

And tell us on the banks of blest Elysium.
 Your love's the theme of every tuneful tongue,
 Admir'd by all, but chiefly by the young ;
 Wishes are vain to alter Heav'n's decrees,
 Jove can deny or answer which he please :
 I'll give the praise which to your beauty's due,
 Tho' you seem false, yet I'll believe you true ;
 When you offend, you recompence the same,
 Double requittance takes from you the blame ;
 Hence for awhile my willing feet I move,
 Being doubly blest with pleasure and your love.

Happy ye Megarensians may you be,
 From troubles, cares, and all unquiet free,

Succes

Success attend you when you plough the seas,
 Because you honour'd lovely Diocles ;
 And gave the sacred lover worthy praise :
 Around whose tomb, when time brings on the day,
 The crouded youth in wanton dances play,
 Contending with a kiss to bear the prize away.
 And he whose pointed kiss is sweetest found,
 Homeward returns with a fresh garland crown'd.
 Happy that boy, but greater is his bliss,
 That tries and judgeth every wanton kiss :
 He must be surely like young Ganymede,
 Whose lips had proving virtue, as 'tis said,
 Like Lydian stones found upon Timolus' shore,
 Which tries the baser from the purer oar.

HORACE, BOOK IV. ODE VII.

To L. Manlius Torquatus.

NOW Winter snows are gone, Spring takes its
 place,
 Grace paints the fields, and leaves the branches grace ;
 The stubborn earth, that scorn'd the dull-edg'd
 plough,
 Frozen, congeal'd, and cover'd o'er with snow,

Is

Is thaw'd and soften'd by the heighten'd sun,
 And murmuring riv'lets in their channels run ;
 The nymphs and naked graces dance around,
 And nimbly trip it o'er the grassy ground ;
 The minutes and the hours of every day
 That swiftly roll and swiftly fly away,
 With the declining year, forbid that we
 Should ever hope for immortality,
 The cold's allay'd by Zephyr's warmer blast ;
 The Spring and Summer come, but quickly waste, }
 Next Autumn peeps, but wears away in haste, }
 And brings the lazy Winter at its heels ;
 The seasons roll on Time's immortal wheels.
 The wained moon renews her orb again,
 But can't reverse the years of dying men ;
 When ghastly death appears to open view,
 Then we must bid the world and all adieu,
 And ne'er return again, alas ! but go
 Down to the melancholy shades below,
 And view the ghosts of generous heroes there,
 Where Tullus, Ancus, and Æneas are.
 When fate has spun our lives, down then we must,
 And all our limbs shall moulder into dust.
 Use well the time that you have here to stay,
 Perhaps the gods wont lend another day ;
 What liberally you give, while you are here,
 Shall fly the hands of a young spendthrift heir.

i

When

When dead and unto Minos' bar you come,
 And wait and dread to hear your fatal doom :
 Your eloquence and high descent are vain,
 Your piety cannot reitore to life again.
 The chafte Hyppolitus must yield to death,
 His virtues couldn't buy a moment's breath :
 Perithous, by stronger fate o'ercome,
 Couldn't resist the irrevocable doom ;
 No more, alas ! no more can Theseus break
 The adamantine chains that bar the Stygian lake.

On the Return of King W I L L I A M.

In Imitation of HORACE, BOOK IV. Ode II.

Pindarum quiquis studet æmulari, &c.

TO equal Cowley whosoe'er aspires,
 (Cowley a name of wide renown)
 In vain his hopes, succesless his desires,
 Icarus like, he'll tumble headlong down.
 Cowley that rages like swift streams that flow
 Down from a lofty mountain's brow ;
 Which swoln by show'rs, disdain their narrow
 bounds,
 O'erflow their banks and drown their neighbouring
 grounds.

V O L. I.

O

Whether

Whether he tunes his lyre
 To amorous notes and Cupid's softer fire ;
 Or bids his louder strings
 " Sound mighty men, and mighty things,
 " Then, then the British Swan takes wing
 " And soars beyond a common flight.
 " Then he in loftier strains doth sing
 " Of some immortal heroes might."

As you have seen the painful Bee, that roves
 About the woods, the flow'ry banks, and groves,
 To gather fragrant thyme ;
 So, unambitious I,
 With much laborious industry,
 Perhaps may hammer out a grateful rhyme.
 But let some greater poet sing
 The honours of the British King,
 When he shall lead the captive French along
 To Westminster, attended with a noble throng.

The bounteous gods could ne'er bestow,
 A greater gift on men,
 No, tho' the golden age return again,
 And streams of milk and wine in ev'ry channel flow.
 Sing of the joyful merry day,
 The city sport, and public play,
 At England's mighty Monarch's safe return,

As

As welcome as the long'd-for sun,
 When blust'ring storms are past and gone ;
 Then shall my humble Muse attend the joyful quire,
 And in the sacred chorus join,
 If they can hear so mean a thing as mine,
 I'll tune the strings, and strike the warbling lyre.

Happy sun, and happy day,
 That first discry'd great William from afar,
 Returning from the terrors of the war,
 And safely landed from the threat'ning sea ;
 And as you move along the crowded street,
 A thousand voices shall your presence greet :
 Triumphant Io's shall from ev'ry tongue resound,
 'Till ev'ry stone has learn'd to echo triumphs
 around.

Then grateful flames shall from the altars rise,
 And bear our thanks to the propitious skies.

To his Muse M E L P O M E N E.

HORACE, BOOK III. Ode XXX.

Exegi monumentum ære perennius, &c.

I'VE rais'd a monument which shall endure
 Longer than solid brass, and more secure ;
 Whose stately structure vies
 With Egypt's costly vanities,

O 2

And

And all their tow'ring tops, that scorn the under
skies :

So firm, that no tempestuous sea,
Nor angry wind, nor threat'ning show'r,
Nor can the iron jaws of greedy Time devour ;
No, nor the boundless round of vast eternity.

I will not wholly die,
In spite of Fate, the copy of my mind,
My better part, shall live behind ;
Live and be honour'd by posterity.
My prime shall still increase, and never end
While sacred priests the capital ascend,
And silent maids the rev'rend Sire attend :
My name through all Apulia shall be known,
Where roaring Aufidus runs headlong down ;
There shall they tell what wond'rous fire
Did erst their countrymen inspire,
And every breast with raptures fill,
While they relate how his harmonious skill
Could make Æolian songs dance on the Roman lyre.
But thou, my Muse, take thy deserved praise,
And crown thy head with consecrated bays.

The

The THIRD SATYR of JUVENAL.

Quamvis digressu veteris confusus amici, &c.

THOUGH griev'd at heart to lose a faithful friend,
 Yet still I must his better choice commend ;
 Because at Cuma he intends to live,
 And one more townsman to the Sybil give :
 Cuma, the entrance down to Baiæ's gate,
 A pleasant shore, a sweet abstracted seat :
 The Island Prochyta I much prefer
 To Rome, and all the famous buildings there ;
 What mis'ries there so singular have been ?
 But are at Rome perpetually seen.
 Still there are fires, still houses tott'ring down,
 Still thousand dangers which beset the town.
 If you in Summer chance to walk the street,
 Besure you will some bawling poet meet,
 To tire your patience with his tedious wit. }
 But while Umbritius' goods were pack'd, he waits
 At the old Bridge, without Capena's gates ;
 There, where great Numa met his nightly love,
 And fixt her statue in the sacred grove,
 Close by the Jewish Temple, near the wood,
 Where Muses are expell'd, and Hebrews beg their
 food :

O 3

So

So I, together with my dearest friend,
 Into Egerias gentle vale descend ;
 Where in sweet converse underneath a shade,
 By Nature's hand luxuriantly made,
 Umbritious thus began, " Old friend, says he,
 " No room in town for honest men you see,
 " Nor just rewards for careful industry. }
 " My little means by slow degrees decay,
 " And slip unseen in spite of care away ;
 " Wherefore to Cuma I'm resolv'd to go,
 " Before my aged limbs begin to bow ;
 " Before the dismal time, when age and pains
 " Contract my nerves, and chill my bloodless veins.
 " Let them live here who crafty are and wise,
 " To forge out virtue from the dregs of vice :
 " Base sordid rogues, by various methods knaves, }
 " Those that can carry corpses to their graves,
 " And be content to sell themselves for slaves : }
 " These heretofore were sharply us'd to watch,
 " And follow, thronging, to a cudgel match.
 " These once the noted pipers of the town,
 " But now they wear an honourable gown ;
 " Now they can hire a fight of every slave,
 " And as the vulgar please, or kill, or save :
 " Now for awhile they're lifted up, and then
 " In little time they're sunk as low again.

" These

“ These are the things that oft’, as Fortune please,
 “ She kicks, and flings from low to high degrees.
 “ What should I do at Rome ? my soul’s too plain
 “ To hear and learn the town’s dissembling strain :
 “ I cannot use the fawning courtier’s art,
 “ To praise the thing I reprobate at heart :
 “ The motions of the stars I never knew,
 “ Nor can I read in Heav’n what shall ensue ;
 “ I never search’d a frog, or knew the way
 “ To tell the heir his father’s burying day.
 “ May others know what fops are newly grown,
 “ And read the billet-doux of all the town ;
 “ He never plays the thief with whom I come,
 “ And that’s the reason why I keep at home, }
 “ Like crazy limbs to bodies useles grown.
 “ Who’s now-a-days belov’d, unless he be
 “ Conscious of some unheard-of villany ;
 “ Whose itching thoughts ev’n burn to be reveal’d,
 “ Eager to tell what must be still conceal’d ;
 “ He thinks him not oblig’d t’ye in the least,
 “ That trusts some honest secret to your breast ;
 “ Verrès be sure will love that fellow still,
 “ That can accuse the rascal when he will.
 “ Tho’ this be just the road, I must confess,
 “ To great preferments, city happiness,
 “ Yet still I hope you don’t so much esteem
 “ The yellow sands of wealthy Tagus’ stream,

“ Nor chuse the gold that rolls within the deep,
 “ Before a settled mind and peaceful sleep :
 “ Now you shall hear (for Time requires my haste)
 “ What sort of persons suit our gentry best.
 “ I cannot, oh ! I cannot bear to see
 “ Rome thus debas’d with Græcian villany ;
 “ Not Greeks alone but Syrians too are come,
 “ And fixt their habitation here at Rome ;
 “ They bring their language, manners, pipes, and
 “ lutes,
 “ Their painted trumpery and prostitutes.
 “ Now the old plowmen wear their supper gown, }
 “ And the whole city’s so luxurious grown, }
 “ That Romulus would scarce his nation own : }
 “ How thick from ev’ry shore they flock to Rome,
 “ Some from Ionia, from Ægea some :
 “ They’re sharp and witty, thriving in the trade
 “ Of flattery, from servants masters made.
 “ But tell me what you think of him that can
 “ Be ev’ry thing in nought, poet, cunning man,
 “ Grammarian, mountebank, or rhetorician,
 “ Soothsayer, limner, conjuror, physician :
 “ A famish’d Greek will strive again,
 “ To get a living, be it e’er so mean.
 “ Can I with such e’er be content to live,
 “ To whose red gowns I must obedience give :
 “ Shall I not be preferr’d before his Grace,
 “ Must t’ others worship take the chiefest place ;

“ Poor drudging slaves, that once were hither
 “ brought
 “ In the same ship, with figs and lemons fraught;
 “ And if’t be so, what privilege is there,
 “ To feed on olives, draw Italian air.

“ But to omit how skill’d some people be
 “ In the soft art of fawning flattery;
 “ How cunning, how expert, and seeming wise,
 “ With all the tricks of specious artifice :
 “ They praise the learning of this blockhead heir,
 “ If most deform’d they’ll make the monkey fair ;
 “ See they a man that’s slender, weak, and tall,
 “ They admire his strength, his arms, his limbs,
 “ and all ;
 “ They much admire the shrillness of his voice,
 “ Tho’ hens and screechows make a better noise ;
 “ We citizens (’tis true) may do the same,
 “ They’re still believ’d, but we come off with shame;
 “ One gen’ral farce the nation is, for when
 “ You only smile, they laugh and roar amain ;
 “ If you but look displeas’d, ah ! then, they sigh,
 “ And, nothing griev’d, they’ll feign or force a cry ;
 “ Say you ’tis cold, they civ’ly freeze almost ;
 “ Say but ’tis warm, egad, they’re like to roast :
 “ We’re not alike, they’re better skill’d than I,
 “ Who night and day can turn to flattery :

If

“ If you but belch, they’re ready then to say,
 “ Bless you, good Sir, how well you sneez’d to-day;
 “ Chance you to turn your bowl but upside down,
 “ Strait they admire, and praise th’ auspicious found.

“ Besides, there’s nothing sacred now, nor free
 “ From pamper’d lust, and furious lechery;
 “ The bashful virgin, nor the married wife,
 “ Nor the young heir that led an honest life,
 “ Before he knew the vices of the town,
 “ But since debauch’d, and lewd, and vicious grown.
 “ The rigid stoic, that so much pretends
 “ To gravity, kills scholars and his friends;
 “ No place for Romans here where Diph’lus rules,
 “ And Erimanthus strife, engend’ring fools,
 “ The flatt’ries of these fawning knaves will force
 “ My credulous friends to kick me out of doors;
 “ Masters forget their servants labour here,
 “ And clients loss is more than any where.

“ Produce a witness holy and as pure
 “ As Numa was, or he that kept secure
 “ The great Palladium from the greedy fire,
 “ Ah! is he rich? the prowling knaves enquire,
 “ Whether he be a landed man or no,
 “ And what he can upon his heir bestow.
 “ And then, how many servants does he keep,
 “ How many herds, how many flocks of sheep?
 “ What

- “ What doles are given from his sumptuous hall ?
 “ His manners then are question'd last of all ;
 “ Just so much credit has he and no more ;
 “ Here, if you swear by all the gods above,
 “ They think you value not the bolts of Jove :
 “ Here are your merry sparks, that cast their joke
 “ At ev'ry man who wears a thread-bare cloak ;
 “ He's the fair scoff of all the wits in town,
 “ That wears old shoes or patches in his gown ;
 “ Unhappy poverty's the greatest curse,
 “ Where ev'ry virtue yields the place to purse.
 “ If you but sit upon his knighthood's chair,
 “ Strait says the master of the theatre,
 “ Rise, ill-bred clown, for shame, what make }
 “ you here ?
 “ A crier's brat comes next, genteel and neat,
 “ And midst your gallant fencers takes his seat ;
 “ All this to Otho's vanity we owe,
 “ Otho, who first distinguish'd Romans so.
 “ But who's here made a son-in-law of late
 “ That can't make jointers of a good estate ?
 “ The times are such, that now 'tis very rare
 “ To see a poor man made a rich man's heir ;
 “ When shall one hear old Romans speak a word,
 “ Among rich serious fools at council board ;
 “ 'Tis vain for him to aim at dignity,
 “ Whose virtue's clog'd by galling poverty.
 “ Nor

“ Nor is this all the poor man’s lofs alone,
 “ For food is fcarcely, hardly earn’d in town.

“ Go to the lofty theatre, and there
 “ Actors and people in like habits are,
 “ Here’s ftill enough be fure, and fomewhat more,
 “ While one borrows of another’s ftore.
 “ Shall I at Rome uneasy live alone,
 “ Where without money nothing’s to be done?
 “ What will you give to ftay an hour and wait
 “ To bid my lord good-morrow at his gate ;
 “ Here we poor clients never muft deny,
 “ But ftill his lordfhip’s darling wants fupply.

“ Thofe that i’t’h’ country live ne’er fear at all,
 “ The dang’rous cracks when fhatte’r’d houfes fall;
 “ But we that live in town have caufe to fear
 “ The flender beams that mighty houfes bear ;
 “ For here the landlord patches ev’ry chink,
 “ And bids us fleep fecure at danger’s brink:
 “ Dearly I love to live where I may be
 “ From fires, and fears, and city noifes free ;
 “ But here you know, my friend, one cannot ftir
 “ But ftraight we fee our neighbour’s houfe on fire;
 “ Then comes the mob, and all the rabble rout,
 “ To fave or ftal his goods and put it out;
 “ But thofe that live about five ftories high,
 “ Rais’d in the garret near the vaulted fky,
 “ Ne’er

“ Ne'er smell the rising smoke, but sleep, nor know
 “ What ravage makes the wasteful flame below.

“ The antient Codrus I remember well,
 “ Poor bard, that erst did in this city dwell :
 “ His goods, I'll tell you, was a little bed,
 “ Six earthen plates adorn'd the cupboard's head,
 “ His earthen cup an earthen cover wore,
 “ Which statues of the self-same marble bore ;
 “ He had a chest, made sixty years ago,
 “ (In old Quirinus's time for ought I know,)
 “ Wherein his own immortal verses laid,
 “ On which the plund'ring mice for hunger prey'd :
 “ Codrus had nothing, every body said,
 “ And yet he lost the nothing that he had ;
 “ In this sad case he begg'd from door to door,
 “ Yet none was mindful of th' afflicted poor.
 “ But if the fire seize on some rich man's house,
 “ Be sure he gains by what he seems to loose ;
 “ The Prætor then his sessions does delay,
 “ And gives out, nothing's done at court to-day ;
 “ Then we lament the city and his fate,
 “ And curse the wicked fire, but 'tis too late ;
 “ His friends commiserate his loss, and then
 “ They send materials for his house again ;
 “ Some give him pictures, marble statues made
 “ By those that were ingenious at the trade ;
 “ The others, desks, that plate and jewels hold,
 “ Books, images, and weighty bags of gold,

Another

" Join'd with the noise that bawling drivers keep,
 " Enough to wake Sir Drufus from his sleep :
 " Suppose a rich man's call'd to court, the throng
 " Quickly give way to let him march along :
 " If you in earnest business pass the street,
 " And tides of gazing, wond'ring wretches meet,
 " So thick they throng, that if you mean to go,
 " You must needs thrust and force your passage
 " through ;

" Strange with what smoke they celebrate a feast,
 " Each brings his kitchen, tho' a hundred guest ;
 " Strong Corbulo ne'er bore so many things,
 " As one poor servant for his master brings ;
 " He fans the fire too, as he runs in haste,
 " And straight, perchance, he meets a mighty mast,
 " Borne upon carriages, that swings on high,
 " And threatens ruin if he dare come nigh :
 " Both head and shoulders, body, legs and all,
 " Are crush'd to pieces by the mighty fall,
 " The other servants are employ'd at home,
 " And wonder what's the matter he don't come ;
 " But he, poor new-made ghost, now fits upon
 " The muddy banks of gloomy Acheron,
 " Where he grim Charon views, and is afraid
 " Left he stay there until the boatman's paid ;
 " Which will be long enough, indeed, for he
 " Hath not enough to give old Charon's fee.

" Consider

- “ But you shall hear the entrance of a brawl,
 “ If so we may a wretched scuffle call,
 “ Where he gives blows, and I receive ’em all; }
 “ One stops my way, and strait he bids me stand,
 “ ’Tis folly here to disobey command;
 “ In such a case as this what would you do,
 “ When he compels that’s stronger far than you?
 “ Then says the braggart, Well, Sir, whence d’ye
 come?
 “ From what base supper are you stagg’ring home?
 “ What cobbler was’t that din’d with you to-day, }
 “ What, rascal, have you nothing now to say?
 “ Speak, or I’ll kick you, Sir, without delay. }
 “ But if you speak, or silently go off,
 “ ’Tis all a case, he’ll give you blows enough;
 “ Nor is this all the damage shall ensue,
 “ Perhaps the rogue will bind you over too;
 “ And all the liberty a poor man has,
 “ In this his sad and lamentable case,
 “ Is this, that being beat, to beg and pray,
 “ That with one tooth he’ll let him go away:
 “ But more than this a citizen may fear,
 “ For crafty thieves are very common here;
 “ When all the shops are lock’d, and doors are shut,
 “ Then is the time these pilf’ers come out;
 “ Your purse, they cry, ’tis vain to speak a word,
 “ When the bold rebels hold a naked sword:

V O L. I.

P

“ Here

" Here from the Gallinarian wood they come,
 " As if they had prepar'd a feast at Rome ;
 " Irons took up for chains in every place,
 " That we may fear, lest country tools be scarce.
 " Happy the days that our forefathers spent,
 " When Rome with one small prison was content."

Had I but time, I would more reasons show,
 But time is wanting, for the sun grows low ;
 So friend, farewell, and when you're weary grown,
 Of all the toils and vices of the town ;
 When willing to divert your labouring mind
 At your Aquinus, prithee, be so kind,
 As then to send for me, I'll hasten down,
 And help you lash the vices of the town.

HORACE,

HORACE, BOOK II. ODE XIV.

Ad POSTUMUM.

Eheu ! fugaces, Postume, Postume, &c.

ALAS, my friend ! what shall we say ?
 Time steals insensibly away,
 Nor piety, nor gold, can bribe a moment's stay ;
 Wrinkled old age is very near,
 And Death will soon in all its ghastly forms appear :
 Nor can you ere procure delay,
 No, tho' you burn whole hecatombs a day,
 And solemn vows to grisly Pluto pay ;
 Th' inexorable king, that stops his ears
 At mortals dying prayers,
 And stands unmov'd by sad complaining tears ;
 He who Geryon's treble bulk contains,
 And Tityus' carcase too, that lies
 Vastly extended on his dusky plains,
 Surrounded by the stream that surly Charon plies ;
 The stream, o'er which we all must go,
 Kings and humble peasants too.

In vain we are from bloody battles free,
 And all the dangers of the sea,

In vain autumnal blasts we fear,
 The dull and dangerous season of the year :
 For 't wont be long ere we must go
 Down to the melancholy shades below,
 And black Cocytus muddy waters view,
 With all the infernal crew ;
 There shall we see the Danaids weary toil,
 And Sisyphus himself bemoan,
 Damn'd to th' eternal rolling stone,
 Which urg'd and labour'd up the hill, does quick
 recoil.

Your house, and land, and loving wife,
 The dear and fading joys of life,
 Must all be left behind :
 Your goodly ranks of trees must be resign'd,
 None but the mournful cypress shall you have,
 To follow its dead master to the grave.

Then shall your spendthrift heir
 Waste what you've got by pains and care,
 The jolly spark will set the barrels free,
 From iron clamps, from lock and key,
 And drink the good old wine,
 Drink till the drunken pavement shine,
 With as rich juice as ever sacred priest
 Drunk at his holy father's consecrated feast.

HORACE,

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE XI.

To LEUCONOË.

Tu ne quæsieris (scire nefas) quem mihi, quem tibi, &c.

GIVE o'er, Leuconoë, give o'er,
 And search the book of fate no more;
 'Tis not, alas, for you to know,
 How fate has order'd all below;
 How, when, or where, the gods design
 To end thy merry life or mine:
 Study no star-clerk's calculations,
 Lilly, nor none of his relations.
 But learn to bear without regret
 The common lot of human state;
 Whether Jove gives another year,
 Or whether not, you needn't care;
 Come pierce the cask, and draw the wine,
 The sprightly liquor of the vine,
 Quick fill a bumper, drink it off,
 The time we have is short enough;
 Hang all your hopes of long delay,
 The wheels of time admit no stay,
 But ever hastily roll on,
 Even while we speak an age is gone;

Enjoy the present smiling hour,
Trust not the next, for that's in fortune's pow'r.

HORACE, BOOK II. ODE XI.

To Q. HIRPINUS.

Quid bellicosus Cantaber, & Scythes, &c.

BE not too careful, honest friend, to know,
What the plotting Scythians do;
Let 'em fall by the ears, let 'em scuffle and jar,
I'd ne'er be disturb'd with their quarrelsome war.
I'd ne'er be afraid, my good fellow, for why?
You've enough to live merry withal till you die.

The thread of life is soft and thinly wrought;
And wears away, and flies as swift as thought:

Your youthful vigour, smooth and gay,
Flies swift and vanishes away,

And comely beauty will not, cannot stay.

Deform'd old age comes next, and frights

Lascivious love away,

Disturb'd with weary, watchful nights,

And rack'd with pains by day.

The flow'rs are fragrant, but they fade in time,
Those short-liv'd things are quickly past their prime.

The

The blushing moon shines not for ever bright,
But in a moment wains her feeble light.

Seek then no more to know your doom,
Nor weary out your mind with things to come ;
Never fear, I advise you, nor trouble your head,
Nor be you concern'd how 'twill be when you're dead.

Quick, quick let us go,
To the grove, where plane-trees grow ;
Let us seek for a delicate shade,
By the pine and his loving neighbours made ;
There, there will we fill and prepare,
Flowers and sweetest perfumes for our hair ;
Why stay we at all, let us drink while we may,
Our life is as brief as a short winter's day ;
Hang thoughts of to-morrow, awhile we'll be merry,
And drown all our cares with Falernum and Sherry.

MOSCHUS. IDYLLIUM V.

Τὰν ἄλλα γαῖαν γλαυκὰν ὄραν, Ἔς.

WHEN all the sea lies calm, and winds asleep,
 And gentle breezes whisper through the deep,
 My mind that was before still wont to fear,
 Is highly pleas'd, and I would fain be there :
 Verses I slight, my muse delights no more,
 The pleasant ocean draws my thoughts from shore,
 But when the bellowing tempest roars and raves,
 And boist'rous winds beat up the troubled waves,
 I turn my eyes again to earth and trees,
 I curse the storms and fly the treacherous seas,
 The earth seems faithful, strait the woods I love,
 Where the tall pines by breathing Zephyrs move,
 And whistle when a tempest rages through the }
 grove.

Unhappy, sure, say I, the fisher lives,
 That nothing has but what the ocean gives,
 Whose ship is all his home, and in the sea
 He labours hard to catch his finny prey ;
 I love to rest beneath a plane-tree's shade,
 By artful nature for retirement made ;
 Where I may hear a riv'let creep along,
 And whisper as it falls a murm'ring song :

Thus

Thus smoothly glide my days of rest,
Nor one rough wave disturbs my breast.

HORACE, BOOK III. ODE XVII.

To ÆLIUS LAMIAS.

ÆLIUS, that from the race of Lamus came,
 (Lamus recorded in the books of fame)
 From whence, they say, that Lamias was thy name. }
 Sprung from the line (if registers agree) }
 Of him that widely rul'd by land and sea,
 And built the Formian walls in Italy. }
 Where gentle Liris in smooth winding glides,
 Enriching It'ly with its fruitful tides.
 To-morrow, friend, I'll tell you from the East,
 A dismal tempest will descend in haste,
 And whirl the leaves, and rob the trembling woods,
 And scatter sea-weeds o'er the boyst'rous floods ;
 If the old crow, that still presages rain,
 Has not deceiv'd and croak'd to-day in vain :
 Therefore take my advice, now while you may,
 Provide against to-morrow's stormy day ;
 Make a large fire to drive away the cold,
 Prepare Cæcubian wine of two years old ;

Then

Then let a roasting pig adorn the feast,
And all your servants from their labour rest.

OVID'S METAM. BOOK XI. VER. 592.

Somni Regia.

Est prope Cimerios longo spelunca recessu.

NEAR the Cimerian hills there stands a cave;
Free from the noise of every troubl'd wave,
And every wind that revels on the deep,
There in a dark retreat's the house of sleep:
There Phœbus never darts a chearing ray,
But glimm'ring shades compose the feeble day.
Thence vapours are exhal'd in rising clouds,
Which foggy darkness hides in sable shrouds;
No watchful bird there summon ghosts away,
Nor calls the drowsy morn to bring the day.
The gagging geese no startling noises make,
Nor careful dogs the peaceful silence break;
Wild beasts all cease to howl, the bows of trees
Are never wav'd by Zephyr's gentle breeze;
No scoldings there, nor human noises come,
But all's wrapt up in silence, all is dumb:
Yet Lethe there creeps lazily along
From hollow rocks, and tunes a lulling song;
Whose

Whose streams on purling pebbles murmurs keep,
Inviting all to rest and gentle sleep :
Before the cave oblivious poppies grow,
And many other slumbering herbs below,
From which moist night collects benumbing juice,
That softest slumbers o'er the earth infuse ;
No gate throughout the cave emits a noise,
Nor is there heard the yawling porter's voice.
Yet midst the cave there stands a lofty bed,
That's wond'rous soft, with sable cov'rings spread ;
On which the lazy god's still wont to lie,
While round his head a thousand visions fly.

The

*The last Chorus of the Third Act of SENECA'S
HERCULES OETEU8.*

Verum est quod cecinit facer, &c.

'TIS true what sacred Orpheus sang, when he
Beneath the banks of Thracian Rhodope,
Sat and bewail'd his sad calamities,
And struck his gentle harp in mournful elegies.
'Tis true that nothing bears eternal date,
By th' resistless laws of powerful Fate.
At his soft strains swift torrents stopt their course,
And murmuring waters lost their wonted force ;
And whilst the other rivers thus delay'd,
Bistonian Gete wand'ring Hebrus stay'd ;
The silent woods and sacred groves came there,
And with them brought the min'strels of the air ;
Or if a stragling bird should wand'ring fly,
To him he falls to hear the harmony ;
Mount Otho's cleft, its hollow rocks around,
And swallow'd all the raging Centaurs down :
Near the wide hill riv'lets of melted snow,
Forgot its rambling roads and ceas'd to flow ;

The

The wanton Dryads did to him retire,
 And wild beasts came to hear the tuneful lyre,
 The herds sat near the lions, void of fear,
 Nor were the flocks afraid of any bear;
 Here snakes and all their pois'nous brood were kind,
 For tho' they came, they left their stings behind.
 He dar'd to visit all the ghosts beneath,
 Hell, and the inmost flinty seats of death ;
 Striking his harp, he charm'd with soft delight,
 Pluto and all the ghastly hags of night,
 With horrid Proserpine, nor did he fear
 The lake by which the blest celestials swear ;
 The lazy wheel forbore its curfivè round,
 And Tytius birds left off to hear the sound ;
 Hither came Charon's boat, without an oar,
 To hear those tunes which ne'er were heard before ;
 Then Tantal's waters ceas'd to roll along,
 He lost his thirst, amaz'd to hear the song.
 When Orpheus left those gloomy seats below,
 Sweet'ning his way, as he did gently go,
 With songs, sweet songs play'd on his tuneful lyre,
 Which made the rolling-stone stand and admire :
 All dangers now being past, the fatal Three,
 Supply'd the threads of his Eurydice ;
 But while they both together trav'ling were,
 Unmindful and unable to forbear,

I

Distrusting

Distrusting Fate, Orpheus look'd back, and stay'd
 To take one view of the unhappy maid ;
 Here all his songs, and all his pains were lost,
 His love was gone, and all his hopes were cross'd ;
 One greedy look made void his pensive care,
 Thus perish'd the twice lost unhappy fair :
 Then he, through woods and darksome shades did
 rove,
 And sought to solace his uneasy love,
 With mournful songs, thus sung he, thus he said,
 That laws among the gods themselves were made :
 The greedy Fates respect no man, and why ?
 —That all that's ever born is born to die.

H O R A C E, B O O K I. O D E V.

To P Y R R H A.

Quis multâ gracilis te puer in rosâ, &c.

WHAT youth with liquid odours on his head,
 And roses for his bed,
 Alike by artful hands and nature made,
 Does wanton Pyrrha thus embrace,
 In such a secret place,
 Beneath a myrtle shade ?

For

For whom false nymph dost thou prepare,
With single neatness to perfume and braid thy hair?

How oft' shall he
Bewail thy perjury,
And curse thy perjur'd gods, that are so false to
thee.

He that as yet hath never try'd
A harlot's flattery,
Shall wonder at th' inconstant tide,
That's sometimes high and sometimes low,
A quiet ebb, or a tempestuous flow.

He that enjoys thee now,
Finds thou art kind, and thinks thee ever so;
Alas! he does not know,
That faithless thou
Can break as soon as make a vow.

Unhappy sure are they
To whom a painted prostitute seems fair and gay.
But now I'll thank the gods, as sailors do,
That sacrifice the garment that they wore,
To the kind God that brought 'em safe to shore,
For I've escap'd your flatt'ries and you.

The

THE SIXTH EPIGRAM OF THEOCRITUS.

Of the Shepherd that mourned for the Loss of his Kid.

UNHAPPY Thirfis, filly swain,
 Still you lament and weep in vain,
 In vain you cry and make your moan,
 Little Ciffey's dead and gone ;
 Poor kid he wanders all alone.

Through the gloomy shades below,
 Where frightful ghosts glide to and fro ;
 There you waste yourself in sighs,
 And drain the sluices of your eyes :
 'T would be, alas ! in vain to mourn,
 For Ciffey never will return :
 A rav'nous wolf, with griping paws,
 Tore him with his crooked claws,
 And champ'd him in his bloody jaws :
 But now the dogs begin to scowl,
 Set up their hollow throats and howl,
 But what of that ? 'tis still in vain,
 To think to fetch him back again ;
 For sure the wolf was too unkind,
 He left, no, not a bit behind.

On

On Lady S U N D E R L A N D.

FAIR nymph ascend to beauty's throne,
 And rule that radiant world alone ;
 Let fav'rites take thy lower sphere,
 Not monarchs are thy rivals here.

The court of beauty, built sublime,
 Defies all pow'r, but Heaven and Time ;
 Envy that clouds the hero's sky,
 Aims but in vain her flight so high.

Not Blenheim's field, or Ifter's flood,
 Nor standards dy'd in Gallic blood,
 Torn from the foe, add nobler grace
 To Churchill's house, than Spencer's face.

The warlike thunder of his arms
 Is less commanding than her charms ;
 His light'nings strike with less surprize,
 Than sudden glances from her eyes.

His captives feel their limbs confin'd
 In iron—she enslaves the mind ;

V O L. I.

Q

We

We follow with a pleasing pain,
And bless the conqueror and the chain.

The Muse, that dares in numbers do,
What paint and pencils never knew,
Faints at her presence, in despair,
And owns th' inimitable Fair.

I T E R V I T Æ.

WOULD you thro' life's tempestuous scene
An easy journey take;
In ev'ry stage of life serene,
These maxims ne'er forsake.

Your spring of life to Heav'n devote,
Religion does contain
The best, the surest antidote,
'Gainst every care and pain.

Let Virtue bright, immortal maid,
Be your unerring guide;
Pursue her close, by Reason's aid,
And never quit her side.

Through

Thro' life be this resolve pursu'd,
 What e'er your lot shall be,
 To act with perfect rectitude,
 And keep a conscience free.

You'll find, that conscious innocence
 Such pure delights supplies,
 As from the richest joys of sense
 Were never known to rise.

Hope not your happiness to find
 Abroad ; but homeward bend,
 And always let your peace of mind
 Upon yourself depend.

Passion and Fancy, Hope and Fear,
 Must never paint the scene ;
 But move within bright Reason's sphere,
 And keep the golden mean.

Ne'er for a future idle wish,
 Neglect the present hour ;
 But learn to taste the destin'd bliss,
 'Tis all that's in your power.

Pleasures, approv'd by Reason's voice,
 With moderation use ;
 And in the present good rejoice,
 But don't those gifts abuse.

Hope not for wild romantic blifs,
 Nor with a loftier ftate ;
 The firft is Folly's paradife,
 The laft, a war with Fate.

Ne'er vainly raife of future joy
 Your expectations high ;
 The future like the paft will cloy,
 And in poffeffion die,

And Difappointment, ugly fiend,
 Will be your daily gueft,
 With racking pains your bofom rend,
 And ruin all your reft.

Nor let the fear of future ill
 Your prefent joys deftroy ;
 Why fhould the woes you ne'er may feel,
 With pain your breaft annoy ?

But fince while on the ftage of life,
 Fortune oft' fhifts the fcene ;
 Since ev'ry ftate with pain is rife,
 And woes will intervene,

Arm well with fortitude the mind :
 And fhould diftreffes rife,
 Think, they're by Providence defign'd
 For ends both good and wife.

If

If smiling Fortune shou'd appear,
 And plenteous gifts bestow,
 Of Pride, of hateful Pride beware,
 Nor swell with Fortune's flow.

Joy in your neighbour's happiness,
 Drive Envy from your mind,
 Humanely succour pale Distress ;
 Benevolently kind.

Thus arm'd, when cares and griefs arise,
 (For rife in life they will)
 Be truly calm with tearless eyes,
 You'll meet the approaching ill.

With steady mind, and equal soul,
 You'll view the changing scene ;
 On soft content the hours shall roll,
 And all be peace within.

And when the dangerous journey's past,
 And Night's dark shades arise ;
 You'll fearless lay you down to rest,
 And wake in Paradise.

Reges Regnum non Capit duos.

Immittis fratres cur straverit ense Phrates ?
 Impius ausus erat cur jugulare patrem ?
 Cur Cyri mortem proavus præceperit atram ?
 Tristia cur gessit prælia Cyrus avo ?
 Contra Pompeium cur Cæsaris ira timendi
 Arsit ? Quid lites inter utrumque tulit ?
 Æsonidem frater cur Colchida misit iniquus,
 Æsonidi sperans inde parare necem ?
 Ut nemo censor, nemo æmulus esset, & arma
 Sumat ob imperium, mista potente dolo.
 Proh levis ambitio ! Dominandi dira libido !
 Quot genuit lites ? Quanta pericla parat ?
 Heu ! qualem rabiem menti indidit infatiandæ
 Regalis nimium vanus honoris amor ?
 Quot gladios acuit ? cecinit quot classica bella ?
 Quot terras fœdat cæde, cruore virûm ?
 Non alienigenos solum ; non compatriotas
 Solum, aut vicinos pellit ad arma viros ;
 Ast in cognatos, & fratres sævit in ipsos,
 Queis unum regnum fata dedere ptrais ;
 Non hi concordēs regnum moderentur ; at unus
 Imperio alterius cæde potitus erit,
 Ambitio rumpit pia fœdera sanguine juncta ;
 Et violat certa fœdera juncta fide :

Ambitio

Ambitio in patrem gnatorum spicula torquet ;
 In proprios natos tela parentis agit :
 Struxit avo infidias vefana libido nepotis ;
 Hic tutum tuto feque nepote negat :
 Non regni focium conjux finet eſſe maritum ;
 Permittet fociam neve maritus eam.
 Si duo concordent reges, (mirabile viſu)
 Inter eos vulgus prælia dira ciet.
 Non fervus Dominis, nec ſponſis ulla duobus,
 Serviat ; & binis natio nulla viris.
 Princeps majori cedit ; ſic Luna coruſco
 Phæbo : ſic Cæſar vicit, ut ipſe venit.
 Regna cadunt, furgit dum lis de Jure ſupremo :
 Bello civili Roma ſuperba perit.
 Si duo laxentur venti, laniabitur orbis :
 Æquora bina ſimul pernicioſa forent.
 Non Phoenix adhibet focium ; duo corda nec unum
 Corpus habet ; capiat neve corona duos.

Quod alium filere vis, primus file.

NON datur e nihilo proſus rumoris origo,
 E parvis quamvis maxima falſa facit.
 Quod tacuiſſe velis vicinos, ipſe taceto ;
 Quicquid tu narras, hos tacuiſſe putes ?
 Hoc tibi colloquium Juvenis cum præpote Fama
 Monſtrat. (Ju.) pauca tibi, fama, licetne loqui ?

Q 4

(Fa.)

(Fa.) Libenter. (Ju.) teneo secretum mente re-
postum,

Quod vulgus nollem noscere turpe quidem ;
Ast aperire velim fido mea pectora amico

Anne licet tutô. (Fa.) quod tacuisse voles
Vicinos, taceas primus, nec dixeris unquam,

Ne mentem, prodant propria verba tuam.

(Ju.) Si focio solo trado secreta, forent ne

Tuta satis, pennas dant mihi verba tua.

Sed tu rere fores clausus fiduq; fodulem

Quis sciet, (Fa.) ast aures fama ego mille gero
Totq; oculos totque ora (Ju.) levo si pectora forsan
Narrando sylvis quod mea corda terit.

(Fa.) Enarrent sylvæ, vocem resonabit & echo :

Ergo quod famam vis tacuisse, tace.

Quidquid Superi Voluere, peractum est.

IO triumphe, duces cantabimus, Iö triumphe ;

Cum sylvis montes Iö triumphe sonant :

Vicinus ; hostili rubuerunt sanguine Campi ;

Da palmas ; omnes Iö triumphe canant.

Propitios adeo superos venerabimur, aras

Implemus donis ; victima nostra cadit.

En fumant aræ : procul hinc, procul este profani

Spernentes magni numina sacra Jovis.

Estis

Estis an ignari, quod non sine numine divùm
 Præcipuo, possent munera tanta dari ?
 Creditis attonitos, nisi Jupiter intonuisset,
 Hostes : pro nobis dî quoque bella gerunt.
 Sic priami regnum superi voluere perire ;
 Hinc fit, ut in Cineres Troja redacta fiet.
 Non Macedo tanto fuerit dignatus honore,
 Ni fuerint cæptis prospera fata suis.
 Jupiter Æacidæ prostravit & Hectora telo ;
 Divitias, vitam datque adimitque Deus.
 Quæ fieri vix posse putes, fecere supernas
 Qui sedes habitant, singulaquæ que regunt.
 Æneæ Latium nunquam tetigere carinæ,
 Tutetur naves ni Deus ipse suas.
 Tardet quis cursum ponti vel solis equorum ?
 Nam Phœbus solus fræna Phlegontis habet.
 Quis fortis pluviam possit tardare-cadentem ?
 Ningit ; si poteris, stulte ; morare viam.
 Ne querere, O pauper ; dives benedicito divis.
 In terris factum est quod voluere dii.

Gloria quantalibet quid erit, si gloria tantum est.

AH miseri vates ! vates, ah rebus egeni !
 Quos ærumna gravis, quos mala mille premunt.
 Exiguâ facitis sublimia carmina cella,
 Æquantes docti grande maronis opus :

Scribitis

Scribitis Atridas, Priamum, Crudumq; Thyestem ;
 Scribitis & Trojæ Tristia bella sacræ ;
 Præmia nec vestro redduntur digna labore ;
 Qui delectantur carmine, dona negant :
 Scribitis & Sylvas, Amaryllida dulce fonantes ;
 At contempta jacent carmina vestra viris :
 Grande lyræ fonant ; plectro resonatis amores,
 Exprimit & calamus nil mediocre gravis :
 Carmina laudat eques tantum, miratur avarus,
 Mirantur calamum, plectra, lyrasque stylum ;
 Non habet & Varro vati quod mittere possit ;
 At quas Crispinus possit, habebit, opes.
 Carmina dum repetas, attentas erigit aures ;
 Varro si peteres præmia, furdus erit ;
 Vix dextram extendit, vix lævam munera dando,
 Qui plaudit linguâ, plaudit utraque manu ;
 Carmina recitas si præstantissima pauper,
 Quis tibi Mæcenas ? quis Proculeius erit ?
 Sunt cupidi Proceres, non vatem pulpita pascant ;
 Si versu franges marmora, dona petas ;
 Clamavi ter, grande sophos, ait unus ; & alter,
 Crumenâ Ægroto ; laus satiare nequit ?
 Octo, decem comites post te misique togatos,
 Hi te laudarunt ; gloria nonne satis ?
 Ah Duri & Cupidi ! non vestit gloria corpus,
 Nec valeat tristem pellere fama famem ;
 Non venter vento, non alvus alatur honore ;
 Gloria seu humus, seu levis aura fugit.

Omne

Omne regit nummus ; non laude, at vivitur auro ;
 Siquis Mæcenas effret, Homerus ero.
 Sordida sed vestis, varie quoque scissa lacerna,
 Calceus & valis ruptus uterque patet.
 Res angusta domi est, & de lodice paranda,
 Anxius est vates nocte dieque studens.
 Esurit, iratum dum carmine pingit achi
 Et pro lucerna Pignorat ille togam
 Immitis Varro ! potius miserande poeta !
 Et Varro inimitis, tuque poeta miser,

Versio ex Coulero,

DETUR ut invidiæ fors libera dente malignæ,
 Oro, ludibrio sed non obnoxia vulgi.
 Herculeis partum gestis averfor honorem,
 Expeto quem virtus, qualem bona facta parabunt,
 Me malo ignotum quam propter iniqua notatum ;
 Fama aperit tumulos, tristisque resurgit ab urnâ.
 Non multos vellem mihi fœdere jungere, solum
 Hos volo, qui mentem pulcris virtutibus ornant.
 Libri transmittant (non ulla negotia) lucem ;
 Tranfigat & noctem somnus quasi mortis imago ;
 Sit casa pro tecto, regis mihi gratior aula,
 Haud nimium vilis, nimio aut decorata paratû ;
 Hortus naturâ non artibus esset amictus,
 Qui me lætitiis donet, solamen & addat,

Invideat

Invideat campo cui Horatius ipse sabino :
 Sic currens fragilis duplicarem tempora vitæ
 Bis cursum, peragit rectè, quicumque cucurrit.
 His ego lætitiis ludisque potitus inemptis,
 Singula nox lucem cum clauderet, eloquar audax,
 Cras meus ostendat radiantia lumina Titan
 Seu condat cursus hodiernos, ipse peregi.

Regis Gulielmi Iter in Hiberniam. Composèd 1690.

OH dolor ! exululent montes, vallesque gemiscant ;
 Nubibus atratis lachrymarum decidat imber ;
 Lugeat omne nemus, sonitum scopulique lugubrem
 Emittant, mæstus respondeat æther, Hibernam
 Cuncta fleant gentem; proh tristis Hibernia! quantas
 Vidisti strages, casus perpeffa cruentos ?
 Tune ferax gens illa böum fæcunda, virumque?
 Tu segetum ? muris & multo milite pollens ?
 Ah misera, antiqua est, ubi gloria ? Papicolarum
 Cum furor obsedit, rabies te Gallica preffit,
 Sanguine te implevit, te denudavit honore.
 Gens equidem infælix variis agitata periclis
 Jam pridem satiata malis, satiata dolore
 Nunc hilara sensus animumque recollige lassum
 Exue pullatas vestes, sepone querelas,
 Nam finem spero finem speramus adesse
 Tristitiæ ; lacrymis oculos attolle rubentes,
Princeps

Princeps ecce venit, venit ecce Britannicus Atlas
 Atlas ipse spei nostræ, tua tristia fata
 Respiciens suscepit iter, comitante frequenti
 Agmine primatum stipante satellite multo
 Exivit portis regalia limina linquens
 Londinique solum——Validis hastilia dextris
 Hinc turmæ armaticæ custodes corporis illinc
 Aptarunt lateri gladios phalerasque faballis
 Inde movent bijuges, fulvo currusque metallo
 Ornati, egregia pictoris & arte nitente
 Sed veluti decoris reliqui decus astitit ipsum
 Conducens bona causa ducem; pietatis amica
 Mens, ob divinum fervens quoque zelus honorem.

Quis enim virtutem amplectitur ipsam, Premia si tollas.

PRATA per Aonidum gressus dum forte ferebam
 Tempore quo siccam Sirius ardet humum,
 Sub quercu residens captabam frigus opacâ,
 Juxta amnem gelidæ bene fluentis aquæ;
 Cum miser audiri suspiria, nescius unde,
 Et fensi planctus nescius unde graves;
 Nec mora; sollicitas eheu penetraverit aures
 Virginis infaustæ mæsta querela meas.
 Ille sonus dispar; nunc murmure mustitat alto,
 Interdum questus tollit in astra suos,

I

Tristra

Tristia nunc medias voces singulta resorbent,
 Nunc quiddam ingeminans flebile lingua refert,
 Sic tala ; O filices ! O duri pondera ferri,
 O montes, montes ! nem—nemora alta ! feræ !
 Plangite ; pullatis incedite vestibibus astra,
 Fle-ne-te vos scopuli, vosque ulutate feræ.

VIRTUS SPRETA JACET.

Illa ego quæ in terris saturno rege morabar
 Culta ego semideis & redamata viris,
 Nunc heu infandum, jaceo contempta, dolorem !
 Fastidita nimis, de decorata nimis,
 Exulo nuda vagor ; me, me laribusque focisque &
 Urbilus expulsum Thespia rura tenent ;
 Sedibus ejicior nec me bonus excipit ullus,
 (In terris, dubito num bonus ullus agit)
 Non a plebe petor, nec limina divitis intro,
 Nec me caula brevis, nec capit aula potens,
 Ni sceptris succincta latus, succincta trophæis,
 Ni veniam vanâ laudes & honore tumens.
 Ni mea terrestres cælestia tempora cingat
 Gloria, ni adstringant laurea ferta caput :
 Ni nummos dat læva manus, ni dextra coronas.
 Gestet, & in gremio nomina magna feram.
 Ni vehar ingenti currrens super ora Liburno,
 Limine summoveor ; limine pulsa procul.
 Cum meus eorum nativus & insilus aurum
 Præluceat splendor purus & arte carens,

Cum

Vix tamen excipiar nisi veste refulsero piotâ,
 Ni mea diffundat præmia larga manus ;
 Agricolæ, auditis teneri balatibris hædi
 Causidici faciles ut patuere feres,
 Sic ego præ portis asto juvenique lenique
 Introitum prælent munera sola mihi ;
 Jamque minus petitur virtus quam fama, superbes
 Incessit famæ tanta Cupido viros.
 Cæsar victurum cupiens per secula nomen
Quam vertus contempta jacet.
 Hæc ubi dicta dedit, stupui, & vox faucibus hæsit
 Paulatim sensus recreo deinde meos ;
 Incertus propius ne accedem, sive reverta
 Hæsito ; sic variis meus mihi tracta modis
 Veram respiciens demum causam esse dolorem
 Nec potuisse malum me relevare suum,
 Inde domum redii mæstus doluique querelas
 Virgineas ; mores & renovare meos
 In melius studui, famam contemnere discem
 Virtutem & propter semet amare sequi.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

