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THE SAVIOUR,

A POEM.

FOUNDED ON

THE REVEREND SAMUEL WESLEY'S LIFE OF OUR BLESSED

LORD AND SAVIOUR, JESUS CHRIST.

BY A CLERGYMAN.

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**W. Alexander & Son, Printers,
Castlegate, York.**

THE SAVIOUR.

BOOK I.

I sing the Man who reigns enthroned on high,
The gracious God who deigned on earth to die;
Him whom each modest seraph trembling sings,
The most afflicted, yet the best of kings;
Who from th' eternal Father's side came down,
Without His starry diadem and crown,
From Satan's chains to ransom captive men,
And drive the fiend to his own realms again.

What pains, what labours did the Lamb endure,
To heal our wounds, our happiness secure !



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THE SAVIOUR.

Here ever doing good; that man might see
By His example, what man ought to be.
He taught a perfect law unknown before,
Doth, by His merits, a lost world restore,
And gave His life when He could give no more.
Then a new race of men and times began,
And better years in fairer order ran.
Now truth and faith again to earth return,
And lost Astræa we no longer mourn.
Yet great the work apostate man to save,
And vast the price the dear Redeemer gave.

O! Thou whose word this ALL from nothing
made,
And when each beauteous part Thou hadst
surveyed
Pronounced it good; let thy kind Spirit shine,
(Spirit which man illumines with ray divine,)
Both light and being by thy favour give,
And through thy Spirit let my numbers live!
Already in the desert waste and wild,
In godlike innocence severely mild,
He'd met the tyrant of the realms below,
And conquered hand to hand th' aspiring foe.

Cursing he fled, as when transfixed he fell,
 With all the rage and venom'd spite of hell.
 And now heaven's host from the bright realms
 of day

Glad homage to their mighty Master pay,
 Though veiled in humble robe of mortal clay.

Tabor's tall mount, like Sinai of yore,
 The higher world's descending glories bore.
 Lovely it looked, most like divine abode,
 All beauteous as the paradise of God.
 Steep the ascent. But when the top it gains
 Th' enraptur'd eye beholds fair level plains,
 And views beneath, around the lengthening coast,
 The noblest prospect Jury's land can boast.

The lofty mount the Saviour doth ascend ;
 Three chosen witnesses His steps attend,
 Two destined martyrs, and the third His FRIEND;
 Zebedee's happy sons, whose mighty name
 From awful thunder's active vigour came,
 And Cephas, foremost both in zeal and fame.

Scarce had the cheerful harbinger of day
 Clapped his bright wings and warn'd the shades
 away,

THE SAVIOUR.

When Tabor's hoary top He gains; and there
 Still higher mounts in ardent hymns and prayer.
 He reached His Father's throne, and called away
 (Gladly all heaven His loved commands obey)
 That faithful leader of the chosen band
 Who nature swayed with his almighty wand,
 And him who on the glorious wings of morn
 In brightest car to heavenly bliss was borne—
 Elias, who to heaven triumphant rode,
 And Moses, dying with the kiss of God.

Upon the shivering mountain's brow they walk,
 And things unutterable look and talk—
 Talk of His wondrous passion, wondrous love,
 Deep riddle to the very blest above.
 They know their Lord so long enthroned on high,
 They know He must, yet know He cannot die—
 The Light of light hymned by the heavenly choir,
 The co-essential Son of the Almighty Sire.

And now their Master, casting round, surveyed
 His witnesses in slothful slumbers laid.
 From His loved face He shot a piercing beam
 To rouse them from their dull, inglorious dream.

They gaze awhile ; but find the scene too bright,
And fly again th' insufferable light.

Thus, when at the last dreadful hour of doom
Th' archangel's trump shall rouse each silent
tomb,

When God's pavilion in the clouds is spread,
And rays of lightening wreath around his head,
O'erburdened nature at the sight shall fly,
Again it would be tombed, again would die.

But now in part His glories He repressed,
And mildly veiled the splendour of the rest.
Again they look. What glory, and what grace!
Dazzling His form, ineffable His face.

Bright Sol shrunk back his head but newly shown,
Eclipsed in stronger glories than his own.
His seamless robe, than new-fallen snow more
white,

One radiant pillar all of heavenly light,
Far doth all mortal arts and ken outshine,
All o'er a workmanship indeed divine.

And next the two great prophets claim surprise,
Although with modest glories less than His ;

Such as the twinkling stars' clear silver rag,
To the strong lustre of the golden day.

A heavenly joy seized each disciple's breast,
A joy which can't be stifled, nor expressed;
When Cephas thus:—"Dread Master, if we e'er
Were thy peculiar love and tender care,
In this blest place for ever let us stay;
Rather than move us, take our lives away!
For Thee and these illustrious strangers here
Let us, we pray, three tabernacles rear,
E'en God Himself hath not disdained to dwell
In the poor tents of his loved Israel."

Scarce from his lip the faltering accent flies,
Ere still new scenes of miracles arise.
A wondrous cloud, than Luna's self more bright,
Wove from the finest threads of heavenly light,
Such as far off in those blest regions stray
Where God's high throne puts forth eternal day—
(Such that strange cloud which made the world's
first morn,
Before the stars or Sol himself were born;
That pillar such which did from Egypt come
And piloted the chosen nations home—)

And lo! it comes, and now they strive in vain,
 Their tottering knees no more their frames
 sustain—

Celestial glory, though through clouds surveyed,
 Shall sink the strongest frame of matter made.

Prostrate they fall dissolved in reverent fear,
 But first a voice, an awful voice they hear—
 The voice of God! in thunder drest no more,
 As when to Sinai He stooped of yore.
 Thunder and darkness then the world affright,
 But now the voice is calm, the cloud is bright—
 Th' eternal Sire, first of the great THREE-ONE,
 Mildly attesting His eternal Son;
 Whate'er He spake, than truth itself more clear,
 Commanding them and all mankind to hear.

They hear; but dare not Him who speaks it
 meet.

Prostrate they fall, and kiss their Master's feet.
 Nor from their wants His succour He delays;
 He touched (whose very touch the dead can raise)
 Their lifeless limbs; and, as they rise, they
 praise.

THE SAVIOUR.

Around they cast, but can no more decay
That heavenly pair, whose holy company
They late enjoyed ; gone back to bliss, to show
In realms above what they had learnt below.

The Saviour bids His witnesses conceal
Nor to the world these glories now reveal.
Then, quitting Tabor, gives the twelve to know
His pains and wounds, and the last scene of woe,
He for a world ingrate shall undergo.
How He must enter death's terrific gate,
The Son of man e'en suffer mortal fate ;
How then the Son of God shall break the chain,
And on the third glad morning rise again.

Deep was the sorrow filled each feeling breast
When these unwelcome truths their Lord
expressed ;
All, had they dared, were ready to reprove,
And Cephas ventured, with his zealous love,
Mistaken man ! thy kindness soars too high,
Or He, or thou and all mankind must die.

He knew the fatal price that must be paid,
Long, long before the world's foundations laid ;

He knew the hour; and to the place doth lead
 Where He, atoning Lamb, in time shall bleed.
 To proud Jerusalem, uplifting high
 Her lofty turrets glittering in the sky,
 Through Galilee's wild coasts His way He takes,
 And unproclaimed and humble journeys makes.

But vain His efforts all to be concealed,
 He's like the sun, by his own rays revealed.
 See where from far the gathering regions meet,
 And cast th' infirm and helpless at His feet;
 Where these from old Bethabara they bring,
 And these from Father Jordan's double spring
 When warned by His almighty voice away,
 Nor dire disease, nor devils longer stay.
 The lame their feet without their crutches find;
 His word, as once the world, now lights the blind.
 Full oft with the long day's fatigue oppressed,
 His works the God, His pain the man confessed.
 And oft, lest thronging crowds again surprise,
 He seeks by sea that rest the land denies.

And once, when lengthening shades had warned
 away
 From the dim sky the dying lamp of day,

He bids forsake the Galilean shore,
And with His faithful household waft Him o'er
To Gadara's strong turrets, raised so high
As if at once they'd heaven and earth defy.
They launch ; He to His humble cabin takes,
And sleeps while all His guard of angels wakes.
Then straight a thick black mist began to rise,
Darkening with horrid gloom the lowering skies.
Still more and more the threatening rage prevails,
And from the mast it tears the flimsy sails.
Wind against wind, floods dashing floods arise,
One whirlpool all the waves, one whirlwind all
the skies.

All prayed (but Judas most) and, dreading fate,
Implored their Master's aid, if not too late.
He rose and came ; He heard their gasping cry,
And came with love and pity in His eye,
Chid the mad waves, rebuked the blustering
wind—

These gently roll, that murmurs soft and kind.
The billows sink, not into gulfs, but plain ;
And mild Etesian whispers fan the main ;
All in a moment hushed, and quiet laid,
Stilled by His word as when the world He made.

And now, in safety reached the wished-for shore,
They trembling kneel, and their great Lord adore.

O'er lofty Olivet's proud height they go,
And see from far the clustering town below.
Descending thence, among the trees they spy
Thy happy walls, delightful Bethany,
A villa where good Lazarus was lord,
And often at his hospitable board,
With plenty and with welcome crowned, would
see
The Saviour and His faithful family.

Lazarus beneath a fever's burning rage
(In vain would human skill its force assuage)
Now gasping lay for life; and by his bed
The baffled doctor droops and shakes his head.
Though first with grief confused and hurried all,
At length their thoughts their absent guest
recall;
And now a messenger in haste they send,
And pray His timely aid to save His friend.
But while He in the neighbouring country stays
And from the sufferer His help delays,

The soul from mortal misery is freed,
 And the cold corpse entombed among the dead.
 The funeral o'er, his widowed house return,
 And the sad sisters' loss dejected mourn.
 Deeply lamenting, still they tarried there,
 When tidings reach them that the Lord is near.
 The sisters rise the godlike guest to meet;
 Prostrate, dissolved in tears, they clasp His feet,
 And cry (not doubting still his love and care)
 Their brother had not died had He been there.

All were in tears, with deepest grief oppressed,
 And Jesus groaned and wept among the rest.
 He's man He owns; and that His passions moved
 Like ours; He wept the loss of him He loved.
 The stone removed, to heaven He lifts his eyes,
 And fervent prays; then bids His friend ARISE.
 Though dead, the Son of God's high voice he
 knows,
 From death at His almighty call he rose.
 A shout th' astonished crowd around them gives,
 "Dread Son of God! (they cry) he lives, he lives."
 The sisters on his neck in transport fell,
 And almost need another miracle.

In doing good His happy days He spent,
 And blessed with miracles where'er He went;
 Retired He lives until the Pasch draw nigh,
 When He, atoning Lamb, shall bleed and die;
 Then calmly He returns, devoted still
 To do and suffer all His Father's will.

Once Simon greets Him; whom not long before
 The gracious Saviour did to sight restore;
 Diseased, a frightful leper he remained,
 Till by almighty aid his health regained.
 His Benefactor he would now arrest,
 And urge that He that night must be his guest;
 For Him a little banquet he'll prepare,
 And Lazarus and his sisters shall be there,
 He and His twelve.—Nor doth the Lord deny
 The hospitable wish to gratify.

Within, a cool recess prepared they found,
 Fair Tyrian carpets spread th' inviting ground;
 And hangings rich adorn the stately room,
 The costly work of Sidon's noble loom,
 Which Sodom's fate inscribed so lively here,
 It looked almost as dreadful as of yore.

See Lot's apostate wife, how fixed she stands,
 And backward throws her longing eyes and hands;
 Not far before her, the old man appears,
 Hastened by angels more than by his fears.
 Poor Sodom's small remains he with him bears;
 And moistens with his tears his silver hairs.
 See him scarce reaching little Zoar's walls
 When from the sky the ruddy vengeance falls;
 See how the curst inhabitants look pale
 As down it drives on Siddim's guilty vale.
 With fearful shrieks they seem to pierce the sky;
 You almost think you hear their wretched cry
 For mercy long despised; but now too late,
 They're swallowed in inevitable fate.
 Above, the wandering birds forget to fly;
 Below, the glittering fishes floating lie,
 Choked with sulphureous fumes they gasp and
 die.

The fields around, the regions of despair,
 No beast dare graze; no herb or shrub grew there.
 And over all, in Hebrew character:—

Learn, mortals, hence to dread high Heaven's
ire;

Here fiery lust was purged with hotter fire.

front in his seat is placed each cheerful guest ;
 All but skilled Martha, who directs the feast ;
 And Magdalen, who fell, with sighs profound
 And many a tear effused, upon the ground.
 A phial of rich essence forth she brings,
 Which once she thought a present worthy kings,
 And o'er the Saviour's feet she breaks ; whence
 pour
 The precious drops (a rich and fragrant shower)—
 Which with inestimable sweets perfume,
 And scatter all Arabia round the room.

Some murmuring cry, This cost had been
 employed
 To better use if by the poor enjoyed—
 Iscariot chief ; now did the fiend begin
 To cherish in his heart the seeds of sin.
 Not so the Saviour ; He with fairer mind
 Declares, against His funeral 'twas designed,
 And that the liberal kindness to Him shown
 By her, shall be to distant ages known.

The morrow to the town His steps He bends,
 Met on the road by crowds of gazing friends.

Not horse nor chariot Him to court shall bring,
 But a mean ass bears Salem's humble king.
 Branches and clothes along His paths are thrown,
 The palm's fair garments mingled with their own;
 Hosanna all the cry—Hosanna, loud,
 Now the concurring clamour of the crowd;
 But soon they'll change it to a different cry;
 And their Hosanna soon be, *Crucify!*

At night the noisy crowd and streets He leaves,
 And Bethany again her guest receives;
 His humble couch by innocence prepared,
 And His own angels mount and keep the guard.

A hill there is, which fronts with decent pride
 Illustrious Solyma's bright eastern side,
 With groves of olives crowned; and hence doth
 claim
 From times unknown its everlasting name.
 Who, labouring, to the topmost height shall go,
 May see the city and the clouds below.
 A lovely vale creeps, gently winding down,
 And fills the space between the hill and
 town;

O'er whose green breast deceitful Kidron flows,
Which now a brook and now a torrent shows,
By Chemosh and by Moloch first she runs,
And the wise king's disgraceful follies shuns;
And east of these a little villa leaves,
Which flows with oil, and hence a name receives—
Gethsemane 'tis called; and by its side
(Edging upon the mountain's central pride)
Lies a sweet garden, pleasantly retired,
Though least for barren walks or art admired.
Brown paths and allies green around it ran,
And nature scorned to ask the aid of man.
Here the rich olive's fruitful arbours grow,
And med'cine, food, and shade at once bestow;
And the triumphant palm, for victors made,
Over the walks projects its lovely shade.

Here, while the world lay drowned in thought-
less rest;
Nor dreamt of joys which He and His possessed,
Ere heaven's fair lamp doth o'er the hills aspire,
Powdering their silver heads with golden fire,
Drawn by celestial love's far brighter flame,
The Saviour and His twelve full frequent came.

Celestial love they think, and talk, and sing,
 And on the cherub contemplation's wing,
 In joys which earth can neither take nor give,
 Eternal love's bright face they see; and live.

Love is pure act; its task is never done;
 This, and the other world's true soul and sun.
 Not that weak, foolish fire, which rears its head
 In mortal breasts, no sooner born than dead;
 But immaterial, bright, celestial love,
 Kindled on sight of the fair things above;
 Where holy souls made all of that and fire,
 Loud praise incessant sing, and never tire.

Thus, clearest Beam that e'er on earth did
 shine,
 O! loveliest Efflux of the light divine!
 Thus didst Thou all thy happy morns improve,
 Thou Height of heavenly power and heavenly
 love!
 Whether tall Tabor stooped his head, to meet
 And welcome to him Thy triumphant feet;
 Or Thou by hollow Kidron's tumbling spring
 Didst with thy faithful twelve high-anthem sing,

Hymning th' eternal Father ; who looked down ;
 And His winged courtiers sent their Lord to own ;
 While all around attentive angels hang,
 Devouring every accent of Thy tongue,
 And every ode in fuller chorus sung.

Nor are, great King, (thy mighty conquest o'er,
 And Thou received where high enthroned before)
 Sweet fields disdained ; nor need the man despair
 Who early seeks, e'en yet to find Thee there.
 Yes, Thou art here, my Master, Thou art here !
 My busy heart foretold my Love was near.
 Let earth go as it will, I'll not repine,
 Nor can unhappy prove while heaven is mine.

But, Muse, return, and sacred friendship sing,
 That most divine, yet most forgotten thing,
 Shadow of heavenly love ; which thou canst show,
 In clearest type that's left to man below.
 And when or where was friendship full expressed,
 Where, if on earth, but in the Saviour's breast,
 And thine, disciple, loved above the rest ?
 A Cæsar's name far less my envy moves,
 Than to be called the man whom Jesus loves.

What heavenly beauties in that face must shine,
 Reflected ever from the face divine!
 Silent and deep as crystal waters flow,
 (Where noise above, shallows are found below,)
 Love is not loud; and though he less professed,
 John loved his Master more than all the rest.
 Not to the loaves did he the service bring,
 But Jesus loved; they loved that Israel's king
 Who shall their country's enemies disperse,
 And triumph o'er the conquered universe.

The foremost place of these doth Cephas hold,
 Oft in his Master's cause too madly bold.
 Like hasty Uzzah, when it seemed to nod,
 His daring arm would prop the ark of God.
 Schooled in the old traditions of their land,
 Sublimest truths they cannot understand;
 And bad the best of men; and dark that mind,
 In which no ray of heavenly light hath shined.

Mildly the Saviour doth their weakness bear;
 He knows e'en his disciples mortals are.
 What if good Cephas hot and eager be,
 None dared, or did, or suffered more than he.

His gracious Master his good deeds approved,
None but the loved disciple more He loved,
These, with the brother James (the chosen three,
Blest witnesses of His divinity)
Formed the first rank of worthies, meant to stand
At head of David's Son's immortal band.

Let thirst of glory meaner souls inspire,
And haunt their dreams; these nobler things
desire.

When their high hymns were sung, and they
came down

From Olivet, and reached the sacred town,

They, like their heavenly Master, kept in mind

Still to promote the good of all mankind;

Their charity in no strait limits pent,

Open and free, as light or element.

And as their Lord Himself did not disdain

The sinner and the humble publican,

Their conversation also oft would be

With (worse than both) the haughty Pharisee—

Vain, supercilious, damping all beside,

Oft full of ignorance as swollen with pride,

Whose saintly face would foulest lewdness hide.

Joseph, for wisdom and for counsel famed,
 From ancient Rama, his fair birth-place, named,
 (Rama of old ; but time which changes all
 Doth now the place Arimathea call,)
 Had near the town a pleasant country seat,
 Shaded, retired, and elegantly neat.
 Here borrowed streams from Siloam's neighbour-
 ing well
 In artificial showers arose and fell,
 With unknown spring still blest the happy
 ground,
 And spread eternal verdure all around.
 Here ancient Gilead's odoriferous balm
 Mixed with tall cedar and triumphant palm—
 Rich balm (Judæa's native) frequent grows,
 And in large fragrant tears superbly flows.

A few choice friends, with modest mirth, and
 wine
 From Gaza or Sarepta's noble vine,
 Here would he frequent meet ; and wear away
 In no inglorious ease the sultry day.
 And, as the wise Egyptians at their feasts
 Served up a skull before their merry guests,

So here a like grave object may they see—
The garden's on the side of Calvary,
Won from the waste of death ; and wisely here
Joseph had built himself a sepulchre.
Whoe'er, like him, is virtuous, wise and brave,
May dare be cheerful though he see his grave.

Their converse here was noble and refined,
Framed to divert, and yet improve the mind—
The rules of justice, right ; their weights and
bounds ;
Fixed and eternal truth's eternal mounds ;
What's known of God by Reason's darker sight,
And what by Revelation's clearer light ;
What rules of life couched in their sacred law ;
What distant truths their ancient seers saw.
But chief the promised Prince so oft foretold
By all the holy oracles of old—
That great prophetic Shiloh, long designed
His groaning country's fetters to unbind—
If this the age of his appearance be,
Or if already come, and Jesus He ;
Whose wondrous miracles they often saw,
Greater and more than to confirm the law ;

Who spake as never mortal spake before,
Yet up to his pure doctrines lived, and more.

In the retirement of their happy ground
These thus employed the loved disciple found ;
And with the other two, their course the same,
Nor uninvited or unwelcome came.
Them, near fair Rama, or old Gibeon's wall,
By Gilgal, Jericho, or Jordan's fall,
Joseph had seen the trembling fiends obey ;
And crowding regions Jesus own ; while they
In sacred water washed their sins away.
And (in the temple met) these with him brought,
To teach his friends what them their Master
taught—
His birth, His spotless life and sacred law,
And all the wondrous things they heard and
saw :
For now the fourth swift year declining ran,
Since He His mighty office first began.

When the Lord shall come, and all the saints shall be gathered together to meet Him in the air, and shall be with Him forever and ever.

THE SAVIOUR.

BOOK II.

When our Prince shall Israel's throne regain
 May I (said Cephas) with the conqueror reign,
 As nought but chaste and sacred truths I tell,
 Chaste, as the womb in which He once did dwell!
 By reason vouched, and many a mighty sign,
 By human faith, and oracles divine.

Nor can we doubt but clearly *you* discern
 The sacred truths which from your lips we learn;
 That now the promised, happy days appear,
 When the Messiah's kingdom *must* be near.

This heaven-loved Daniel's mystic weeks contain,
 From which begin th' anointed Prince's reign.
 That period past our Rabbis all declare,
 And come He *is*, or we must now despair.
 This Israel's groans confess ; their freedom broke,
 Their shoulders worn beneath a foreign yoke.

Our Prince's parents sprang from David's stem,
 And the true heirs of Israel's diadem.
 But time and fate their prospects had decayed,
 And changed their princely views to meanest trade ;
 For trade good Joseph used with honest pain,
 His small but sacred household to maintain,
 Till thence by edict called. When we were there
 We pressed the wondrous history to hear.
 And freely he relates:—

When youth was past
 And brought of seven sabbatic years the last ;
 Lonely and comfortless, I sought a wife,
 To share and soften the fatigues of life.
 From all whom Nazareth accounted fair
 (And many a blooming beauty flourished there)
 Old Heli's daughter doth the garland bear,

From David he by Nathan brings his line,
 And I by Solomon deducing mine,
 As first the root, so now the branches join.

Ne'er yet a mind so humble and so great,
 Since Eden's loss, so fair a body met.
 But what doth most of joy and triumph bring,
 The richest gem in her bright virtue's ring,
 Is her angelic chastity. Not Eve,
 Ere she did Adam, her the fiend deceive,
 When first she came from our great father's side,
 Not she herself a purer virgin-bride.
 Then judge with what surprise the fair I
 clasped,
 (As one who in green herbs a serpent grasped,)
 When her who should my nuptial joys have
 crowned
 A pregnant woman I already found.

Indignant from the room I rushed away,
 And on the ground a widowed bridegroom lay ;
 And twice the cheerful harbinger of day
 Warned me as usual, but in vain, to rise,
 When on a sudden slumbers closed my eyes.

I dreamt ('twas more than dream, as by the
 event
 Appears) I dreamt a glorious angel sent,
 Glorious as e'er to man glad news did bring,
 Who touched and raised me with his purple wing,
 Then thus began :

“Great branch of Jesse's stem,
 Heir of thy father David's diadem !
 What restless thoughts or unbecoming fear
 From thy unspotted bride detain thee here ?
 On whose fair soul, no thought of ill's impressed,
 Pure as the flame that warms an angel's breast,
 And for the source of all thy jealous cares,
 That wondrous, sacred burden which she bears,
 The Holy Ghost alone did that infuse ;
 And I myself was sent to tell the news
 To her, as now to thee. And ere the moon
 Five courses more through her short orb hath run,
 She shall be blest with a mirac'ous Son—
 Jesus His sacred name ; long since designed
 To be the Saviour He of lost mankind.”

Roused from my lowly couch, I softly come,
 With sacred terror, to the nuptial room.

And O! how lovely still the fair appears!
 She's ever charming, charming e'en in tears;
 (As the sweet rose new paints her heavenly hue,
 When bending with big drops of morning dew.)
 She blushed, and in my bosom hid her face,
 Not blush of guilt, but modest blush of grace;
 And now entreats, by all I once thought dear,
 Ere I condemn her, her defence to hear.

"O! talk no more (I cried) of thy defence,
 Heaven hath already cleared thy innocence.
 Now nought conceal, no more suspicious fear,
 There's nothing now but I'm prepared to hear."

She yields, and thus begins: "Three moons
 are gone,
 And now the fourth is swiftly rolling on,
 Since in my father Heli's house I sat,
 Revolving deep those dark decrees of fate
 Our sacred books contain; that wondrous year,
 Which all our learned Rabbis think so near.
 And 'bove the rest He claimed my thoughts and
 care,
 That promised Prince, high heaven's almighty
 heir;"

Who faith and truth and justice shall maintain,
 And bless all nature with his peaceful reign.
 Thrice happy oft I called and counted her,
 Who at her breast the heavenly babe should bear;
 And oft I thought what humble gifts I'd bring,
 What presents to adore the infant king.

“ Thus musing ; sudden glories beam around,
 And from the sky a youth with sun-beams
 crowned,
 More lovely far than all the race of man,
 Descending swift, low bowed, and thus began :

‘ All hail, beloved of heaven and full of grace !
 More blest, more loved than all thy charming
 race ;
 For thou thyself shalt the great mother prove,
 Late object of thy envy and thy love.
 Ah, shrink not at the message I declare !
 Thy virgin-womb an infant God shall bear,
 That promised Prince who shall the world regain,
 And over all His Father's empire reign ;
 The Holy Spirit, source of joy and love,
 Breathing conception on thee from above—

Jesus His sacred name ; long since designed
 The mighty Saviour He of lost mankind.
 And lest thy infant faith want evidence,
 Indulgent heaven hath sent thee proof from hence ;
 For aged Elizabeth, late in despair
 (Like Sarah) ever to embrace an heir,
 Six moons already past, is pregnant grown,
 And shall be blest with a mirac'ous son.

" Thus spake the messenger, and disappeared.
 And soon a still, small whispering sound I heard,
 Like that a solitary ear perceives
 When Zephyr gently fans the velvet leaves.
 And now celestial fragrances perfume,
 And scatter paradise around the room.
 Enwrapt in odorous clouds awhile I lay,
 And soothing joys through all my vitals stray,
 In my warm heart unknown pulsations move,
 And melt my ravished soul with heavenly love.
 From that blest moment I a mother grew,
 And hence my burden now so plain to view."

Thenceforward to my longing arms denied,
 A virgin-mother and a virgin bride,

She graced my humble roof ; and blest my life
 As dearest *friend*, a greater name than wife.

Friendship and kindred's claims now both unite,
 And to Elizabeth her steps invite.
 Thee, famed Bethulia, we behind us leave,
 And Kishon's fords our weary feet receive.
 Then fatal Gilboa's high cliffs we crossed,
 Where David's sore-lamented friend was lost ;
 Through Ephraim's lot our course directing down,
 Near the new walls of Shemir's ancient town,
 By Shechem, where good Jacob once did dwell,
 Near Dothan's plain, and Sychar's ancient well ;
 And the third noon, where Siloam gently falls,
 Discover ancient Salem's sacred walls.
 These leaving on the left, our course we bend
 To Geba's town, our little journey's end ;
 And near it, on a gentle rise, we see
 Thy pleasant dwelling, aged Zachary !

The good old man with kindness both embraced,
 And at his hospitable table placed.
 All *signs* of welcome (wanting words) were
 shown ;
 Nor had he words, one reason only known—

Had a strange vision in the temple seen,
And ever since as strangely mute had been.

Not so Eliza; who to meet us ran,
And to the Virgin thus, inspired, began—
“Blest above women shall thy title be,
And yet more blest thy wondrous Child than
thee!

How deigns the mother of my God to grace
With her high presence this my humble place?
No sooner did my highly ravished ear,
Blest Virgin! the melodious accents hear
Of thy loved voice, than my prophetic boy
Perceived, and bounded in my womb for joy.
Thrice blest is she whose noble faith, like
thine,

Disdains all doubts of truth and power divine.
Soon the event shall all thy wishes crown,
And future ages spread thy high renown.”

Thrice did we see the silver Cynthia's wane,
And thrice she filled her varying orb again;
When, the good matron's welcome pains began,
She in her arms embraced a wondrous son.

All her admiring kindred round her sat,
And her rare bliss sincere congratulate ;
And when they saw the eighth blest sun arise,
Prepare the wondrous child to circumcise.
His father's name proposing, with presage,
He'd prove the staff of his declining age.

To all Eliza, but the name, agreed ;
It must be John, she said, by heaven decreed.
And when in wax the father stamped his mind,
Surprised, the name Eliza gave we find.
Still more, his tongue was free, and hymn she sung,
And all the house with hallelujahs rung.
And now all curious ask him to disclose
Whence his new speech and former silence rose.

“ As I (he said) with incense did attend,
I saw great Gabriel in the flame descend.
Th' All-wise, the angel said, hath heard thy prayer,
And thy Eliza shall produce an heir.
John be his destined name. Dear in God's sight,
Devoted an abstemious Nazarite,
Heaven shall illumine his pure and piercing mind
For the great work to which by heaven designed.

The prophet he, who paves the Saviour's way,
The morning star to the bright Prince of day.

“When wonder made me yet an infidel
To the strange news I heard the angel tell,
On his loved face a frown I saw he wore,
(Ne'er were those features so disguised before,)
Then thus. ‘Since heaven itself may speak in vain
Nor credence to its oracles obtain,
Feel thou at once both truth and power divine,
And be thyself unto thyself a sign.
Till thy despaired-of promised blessing come,
I seal thy lips and bid thee hence be dumb.’

“Trembling I knelt, and would have *mercy*
cried,
But 'twas too late, my faltering tongue denied!
The angel nodded, knowing what I meant,
And forth in curling incense fleetly went.
Then mental prayers I straight addressed on
high,
But can't the adamantine bonds untie ;
Now, voluntary, they fall off again.
Since then kind heaven hath deigned to loose the
chain,

And added these my joys ; I'll heaven raise,
 And Thee, unbounded goodness, loudly praise."

Our task accomplished now, we hasten home,
 And back to Nazareth well-wearied come.
 Here we abide and rest until the sun
 Through three more signs his glorious course
 hath run,
 And then our humble cottage we prepare
 For the great Prince, high heaven's almighty heir.
 Enough we had for need, though not for pride ;
 But e'en these humble comforts were denied.
 The Roman edict now forbids our stay,
 To Bethlehem our birth-place called away.

Of Nazareth's sweet scented pastures free,
 Hermon and beauteous Tabor soon we see ;
 And o'er the well-known road come joyful down
 On the third night to Salem's sacred town,
 Here, our devotions at the temple paid
 The next glad morn, for rest a while we staid.

And now the night her sable veil hath spread,
 Each little bird couched in his mossy bed,

When wete Bethlehem's walls well wearied come,
And hear the busy town's tumultuous hum.
With toils of day and fears of night opprest,
Long sought we vainly for a place of rest ;
And heavier cares my dearer self o'erpower—
Approaching fast she finds that fatal hour
Of which her sex so justly is afraid ;
No more than hour of death to be delayed.
O ! my distracted heart ! forlorn and poor,
Repelled at each inhospitable door !
Strangers, benighted, tired ! and worst of all,
On the dear maid the heavier woe must fall.

At length we to a well known cave repair,
Which from the night may shield my darling
care,

A refuge to the cattle and the swains,
When sudden sleets come driving o'er the plains.
Short stable and light reed (in our low state
A precious boon) I gathered at the gate ;
And theſe the virgin for a couch I gave,
Spread in the farthest corner of the cave.
Such *pomp* did David's royal heir assume,
Such was the furniture, and such the room !

And now through liquid air the silent moon
In silver car approaches her pale noon.
Still is the night as innocence or fear,
Nor human sounds, nor grazing herds are near.
The stars on high with drowsy motions roll ;
The Bear walks heavily around the pole.
And, spite of all my cares, I slumbering lay,
Tired with the toils and sorrows of the day.

Dazzled with light I wake, and I behold
The cave all deluged with ethereal gold ;
And in the virgin's arms the infant lies,
Illustrious goodness beaming from his eyes.
I kneel adoring ; but am raised by fear,
For near the cave I human footsteps hear.
A troop of harmless shepherds mild and good
At earliest dawn hard by the entrance stood,
And, bowing low, they for the babe enquire,
The hope of Israel, and the world's desire.

“ As in yon plain that stretches wide away
Near Edar's tower we watched our flocks, (they
say,)
The night, as honest shepherds use, we spent
In tales and songs and harmless merriment.

Old father Jacob's travels some relate ;
 Others, unstable Reuben's crime and fate ;
 Others, that valiant Ephratean swain
 Who vast Goliath quelled on Elah's plain,
 How with his praises all the vallies rung,
 How well he fought, how well he loved and sung .
 While; thus amused, on earth's soft couch we lay,
 From neighbouring cottages the bird of day
 Shrill sounds his first alarm ; the stars declare
 Their noon is past ; and night begins to wear.
 Then on a sudden aged Ægon cries,
 See, shepherds, see descending from the skies
 Yon light ! Good heaven ! what mean these
 prodigies ?

Trembling he spake, and soon no more could say,
 For in a moment all around was day.
 Prostrate we fall, nor can the splendour bear.
 And now a youth, as my Urania fair,
 Sweet peace and heaven-born joy, descending,
 brings,
 As soft he touched us with his purple wings.

' To you, he said, I happy tidings bring
 From yon bright place, and heaven's almighty
 King.

To you the Lamb of God this happy morn,
 To you the Saviour of the world is born,
 In Ephratean Bethlehem, where of old
 The royal swain so well could guard his fold,
 You'll find HIM, wrapt in feeble infant's bands,
 Who grasps all nature with His mighty hands.
 He said ; and straight we saw the welkin wide
 Thronged with the heavenly host from side to
 side ;
 Night and our fears they both at once remove,
 And thus repeat the hymns they learnt above.

GLORY to our great King on high,
 To heaven's imperial Majesty,
 To Him who sits upon the throne,
 The great, th' adorable THREE-ONE !

PEACE from the Prince of peace we bring,
 An amnesty from heaven's high King,
 Who on His first-born's happy birth
 Shall scatter pardons round the earth.

Thunders we now employ no more,
 As when the Law was sent of yore ;

But glad would wiser mortals move
With mild GOOD-WILL and heavenly love.

Thus hymning, by degrees they leave our sight,
And to this place direct their parting light ;
And gladly on the babe we'd feast our eyes,
Great subject of so many prophecies."

With eager view they gaze ne'er satisfied,
When in the cave the heavenly babe they spied ;
Through the dark vault they saw new day arise,
In splendid beams, and glories from His eyes.
These o'er the gate their rustic garlands hung ;
These herbs and flowers around profusely flung ;
And these the Babe, and these the mother sung ;
While others from the rock live honey bear,
Or fragrant balm's inestimable tear ;
And then, their offerings paid, depart again,
And spread the joyful tidings o'er the plain.

Seven times bright Hesper now had closed the
day,
As oft sweet Phosphor warned the stars away,
The eighth glad morn now rising ; when we bear
The holy infant to the house of prayer.

And (as our law directs) that mark He wore
On all our pious fathers stamped before.
And, the next moon elapsed, as custom calls,
We speed again for ancient Salem's walls,
There our first-born (so holy rites require)
To dedicate to His Imperial Sire.

No sooner to the temple's gates we came
Than th' incense, with a clear and bounding
flame,
Shot toward heaven. The pious mother went,
Her offering to His Father to present.
And scarce the double sacrifice was done,
To cleanse the mother and present the Son,
When through the crowd prest Simeon, on
whose head
The snows of four-score winters now were shed.

As he one evening in the temple staid
And for poor Israel's wished redemption prayed,
A heavenly youth (angel who waited there)
Bids the good, holy father not despair.
Though short (*it seemed*) his thread of life
were spun,
And many a precious sand already run,

Yet vainly threatening death should him surprise
Before Messiah, blest his longing eyes.

The same bright form appeared this happy day
While on his face in prayer he prostrate lay,
And from his closet beckoned him away.

With joy the good old man the signal takes,
And with all speed he for the temple makes,
Through the long crowd of priests and suppliants
prest,

And took the heavenly infant to his breast,
With the dear burden to the altar ran,
And thus in holy ecstasy began:

Now, Lord, in peace thou lett'st me die,

Thy truth I've found, thy favour shared,

I've seen the great salvation nigh

Thou hast for lost mankind prepared ;

A light the Gentiles to set free,

And which shall Israel's glory be !

Each sex, as well as age, their Lord confess ;

A prophet first, and now a prophetess.

Anna, a matron sage, and while a wife,

Esteemed for spotless faith and holy life,

Had learnt the time, the day and hour precise,
When we drew near to bring our sacrifice;
What joy and exultation she expressed!
How hailed the Saviour at the virgin's breast!
And, not content that Him herself she'd found,
She spread the joyful news to all around;
To all the just, by heaven and her approved,
To all who the Redeemer wished and loved.

Now fame reports three persons, great and wise,
Come from the farthest East where Sol doth
rise,
From the fair fields of happy Araby,
Judea's long expected Prince to see;
Their way directed by a wondrous star
Across those sandy plains outstretching far,
Through the wide wilderness; until at last
To Moab's pleasant plains and hills they past,
Near Edom's mount to Jordan's doubtful brim,
Twixt Selah and the cloudy Abarim.
Crossing the flood as it by Gilgal falls,
They soon arrived at ancient Salem's walls;
And here they for the new-born King enquire,
The hope of Israel, and the world's desire.

Proud Herod heard, and trembled at the news;
 Whose heavy tyranny the injured Jews
 So long had sighing borne. Nor they alone;
 His very friends beneath his axes groan;
 With his *own* blood he dyes his slippery throne.
 The sages to his stately court he brings,
 And lodges in apartments worthy kings.
 "Blest be th' Unutterable Name, (quoeth he,
 Dissembling hospitable piety,)

Who e'en to Gentile worlds, so long concealed,
 At last hath our great promised Prince revealed!
 O! might we but the royal infant greet,
 And throw our crowns and sceptres at His feet!"

But when they'd reached our humble roof,
 (where they
 Both gifts and holy adoration pay
 To th' infant King,) by heavenly vision warned,
 To their own happier country they returned,
 Nor called at Salem, as at first they meant,
 But round by secret winding ways they went.

Yet though these three 'scaped Herod's rage
 and power,
 His anger ended in a bloody shower.

'Twas just descending ; when an angel came
 (He who before from scandal and from blame
 Had cleared the Maid) and bids the babe convey,
 With His unspotted mother, far away.

We passed the woods ; and, Siddim's plain
 come down,
 On the third morn reach Sheba's bordering town.
 Thence, leaving Palestine, our course we take
 O'er the vast sands, by Syrbon's waning lake,
 And Casius' mount with palms and cedars crowned,
 For mighty Pompey's fate and tomb renowned.
 Then entering on proud Mizraim's fruitful soil
 (Which asks no rain and knows no God but Nile)
 Near old Bethshemesh we the river crossed,
 Which both its ancient name and gods hath lost,
 Now Heliopolis. Advancing on,
 We reach the walls of neighbouring Babylon.
 Nor dare so near our dreaded foe abide,
 But still pierce farther. And at last reside
 At royal Noph (now Memphis) Egypt's pride.

Nor need I, Joseph added, now relate,
 What's known by all, proud Herod's dreadful fate ;

By the kind angel warned, how a new fear
Surprised us when (our happy birth-place near)
We heard with sore uneasiness and pain
The tyrant's son doth in Judea reign ;
How, by divine direction guided, we
Still northward went to distant Galilee,
Until to Nazareth again we came,
That thence the heavenly Babe might draw His
name,
As ancient prophets sung ; how great His state,
What angels on His infancy await ;
How He increased in age and piety ;
How to His holy mother and to me
Obedience paid ; what glory we presage,
From youth and childhood measuring manlier age.

Three lustres scarce complete, and ere the down
His nectar-dropping lips began to crown,
We to the Pasch ascend, and with us He
Observes with joy the glad solemnity.
The feast, the festal songs and offerings past,
To our dear Nazareth again we haste.
But missing Him, we're in alarm and fear,
Nor tidings can from all our kindred hear.

At length we sought Him in the house of prayer,
And with a numerous audience found Him there,
His speech admiring, on His lips they hung,
And caught each word of His surprising tongue.

“Was't He! (one guest, good Nicodemus,
cried)

Then in the schools I happened to preside.
I heard the whole, the wondrous youth admired,
Nor thought Him less than by high heaven
inspired.”

“If then (the loved disciple John rejoined)
So justly you admired so great a mind,
How would you now if now you chanced to see,
How would you all, my friends, soon rival me!
Mild mercy mixed with heavenly goodness shine,
And speak Him blest with love and power
divine.

Had you, like me, but once His goodness proved,
Was He but known, He could not but be loved.”

Good Nicodemus cried, “Upon your Friend
This very night I purpose to attend.”

**The Loved Disciple claimed to be his guide.
They join ; the other company divide.
And Joseph, having greeted every guest,
Fixed, on the morrow they would hear the rest.**

THE SAVIOUR.

BOOK III.

And now the night her peaceful reign began,
Indulging food to beasts, and rest to man—
To all but him, whom love of truth denies
Ere the day dawn to close his watchful eyes ;
Who, from the busy world's tumultuous noise
Retired, at once himself and heaven enjoys ;
Now dives profoundest nature's deepest springs,
Searching the causes and the seeds of things,
Now soars aloft on contemplation's wings ;
Views all the glorious furniture on high,
That decks th' Almighty's palace in the sky ;

Thence the great Maker argued, hastens on,
 Till, past our narrow earth's attraction gone,
 He follows to the throne ; and, prostrate, there,
 With equal zeal and love presents his prayer.

Then go, my soul, through time and matter fly,
 Beyond the earth and air, the sea and sky ;
 Beyond the place where mortal deeds are hurled,
 Beyond the flaming limits of the world ;
 View those bright worlds which in each other
 shine ;
 Live well in this short world, and all are thine.

But first must many a bitter blast be o'er
 As heaven shall please ; many fierce tempests more,
 Our little weather-beaten bark must find,
 And some, perhaps, some few white days behind,
 First in this narrow creek, while blows the storm,
 We must our heaven-appointed task perform ;
 Attend the Saviour's cross, bewail Him there,
 And weep upon His sacred sepulchre.

He in good actions all His life employed,
 His Father served, and that alone enjoyed.

By day He in the temple prayed and taught,
 And, night arrived, a calm retirement sought,
 At sweet Gethsemane. Here was He found
 By Zebedee's two sons ; who, coasting round
 From Calvary through Salem's northern bound,
 With Cephas and the fearful Rabbi came—
 The Rabbi fearful of his future fame.

Greeted and welcomed with benignity,
 Silent awhile he gazed ; o'ercome to see
 The Saviour's meekness, humble majesty.
 " And can you one like me (he cried) receive,
 Fearful to own the truth I must believe ?
 That you're the wondrous prophet oft foretold
 In the Mosaic oracles of old,
 Approved from heaven by many a mighty sign ;
 Your mission and your doctrines all divine."

" My deeds (the Saviour answered) speak to
 sense,
 And are to sense sufficient evidence.
 These to opponents may the truth attest,
 And stop the tongue ; but cannot warm the
 breast.

Of men who'd not in vain to heaven aspire,
 A change far *deeper yet* my laws require—
 E'en a new birth ; a change not part, but whole ;
 A change in body, and a change in soul."

" Rabbi (replied the sage) of what you say
 If sense may not be judge, sure *reason* may.
 And reason clearly speaks, it seems to me,
 That a new birth like this there cannot be."

" Shall others from *your* lips instruction learn
 (Replied the Lord) who cant yourself discern ?
 If what sense offers reason justly weigh
 And o'er it bear an undisputed sway,
 Why shall not reason to religion yield,
 As sense, when reason comes, must quit the
 field ?
 Shall man's weak knowledge fathom Boundless
 Might,
 Or limits fix to what is infinite ?
 Shall the Great Spirit, by low laws confined,
 Act nothing that's beyond a mortal mind ?
 He as He pleases favour can convey,
 Unknown to man the reason, time, and way.

Go, trace the wind, and tell me where it goes,
From what deep source its headlong current flows;
Whence into gulfs 'tis formed; and how and
where

It makes such strange volutions in the air:
If you're with proper silence forced to own
E'en much of that which strikes the sense un-
known,

With still more justice you'll your reason see
In revelation lost and mystery.
Nor darkly this to saints of old revealed,
Though from the wise and prudent now con-
cealed.

This saw great Jesse's son, by heaven inspired,
Who a new heart with ardent vows desired;
The prophet this, who, struck with sacred awe,
Near Chebar's streams the wondrous vision saw;
This e'en the gentile world. But that pure law
I now promulge, far nobler truth contains,
Which yet to you and them unknown remains—
A God, who takes the form of man to die;
A Son of Man, who lives eternally;
A God, who robes of mortal clay doth wear,
Confined to place; a Man, who's every where;

Sent by the Father, yet Himself the sense
 (The Everlasting Father is His name)
 On this low world an effort last to prove
 Of undeserved, yet unexhausted love;
 Lost man to save, and raise to endless day,
 Firm faith in Him, and faithful works, the way."

The sage, with his short visit ill content,
 Almost a convert from the garden went.
 And scarce the rising sun's bright beams begin
 To gild a world of vanity and sin,
 When he Gamaliel at his house doth see
 To urge him on again to Calvary.

Gamaliel of Joseph had desired,
 The conference, which every heart had fired,
 Might at his house be ended; where, retired
 And undisturbed, th' apostles might relate
 What yet remained of their great Master's fate.

Good Joseph yields; and when the others came,
 With like facility they grant the same—
 All come; the host th' apostles thus addressed—
 "What yesterday you told us, 'tis confessed,

The face of truth and wonder wear; nor we need
 Without improper incredulity,
 Can doubt what such high attestation brings;
 From heaven and earth, from shepherds, angels,
 kings.

The next we earnestly we long to hear.

Thus he, and all who sat attentive there;
 When th' elder of the Zebedean pair,
 "If this so much your wonder move (rejoined),
 Still more your wonder claims what's left behind;
 His abstinence, His trial and distress,
 And dreadful combat in the wilderness;
 But first how He doth heaven's command obey,
 Baptized (although no crimes to purge away)
 In Jordan's waters—He more pure than they,
 For now vast crowds at Enon you might see;
 With the great son of aged Zachary—
 Enon, and Salim, where rich Jordan falls,
 Not far removed from valiant Bethshan's walls,
 And old Bethabara; where ferrying o'er
 They first arrived upon the distant shore.

Hither the Baptist came; who from a child
 His life had spent in Judah's fertile wild.

Austere he lived, removed from all resort
 Of the proud city or the pompous court.
 Severe his life and garb, his words the same ;
 With zeal and thunder armed by heaven, he
 came.

And forth to rouse a slothful world he went
 By Jordan's banks, and cried: "Repent, Repent ;
 Turn; Israel, turn, and cast thy sins away,
 Repent before the great and dreadful day.
 How madly long a war against the skies
 Will ye thus wage ? how long believe in lies ?
 Fly, wretches, fly, ere yet it be too late,
 For refuge fly from your impending fate.
 Ye're lost if longer ye the work delay ;
 Ye're saved if now ye turn, and turn ye may ;
 Repentance and a holy life the way."

What strange effects among th' admiring Jews
 His holy life and doctrines pure produce,
 Is known to all. Each crowding region hears,
 Purged in blest Jordan's wave, and first in tears :
 Those who in wild Perea wandered wide,
 Near Jabbock's ford or Arnon's streams reside ;
 Succoth and Peniel, whose ill-natured pride

Brave Jerubball revenged when Midian fled ;
 And where of yore his flocks old Jacob fed ;
 Jabesh, where Saul such welcome succours
 brought,
 And Gilboa, where he with disaster fought ;
 All who on either bank of Jordan go,
 Whose fields his fruitful waters overflow ;
 Some from Bethsaida, far more distant, came,
 So great the prophet's wide-extended fame ;
 From strong Tiberias some ; and some came down
 From Tabor's mount, and famed Bethulia's town ;
 These from old Shalem, Thebez, Bezek go,
 From Pisgah these, and these from Jericho ;
 While thousands from the royal city come,
 And half-deserted leave their native home.—

After the rest, the Lord Himself ; content,
 Nay gratified, such crowds before him went.
 Him when the Baptist in the stream doth see,
 The Holy Spirit whispering, This is He,
 With pious reverence at His feet he fell,
 And hailed the mighty King of Israel ;
 Nor dared attempt to cleanse who knew no
 crime,
 But rather asked to be baptized of Him.

The Saviour mildly urged him to permit,
 That He performed what wiser heav'n thought fit;
 He came the law and gospel to fulfil,
 To do and suffer all His Father's will.

No sooner He who came the world to save,
 Had sanctified fair Jordan's limpid wave,
 And washed therein; no sooner from the stream
 He reached the bank, when lo! a heavenly beam
 Shot from the clouds. The clouds asunder move,
 And leave a way. Then lo! a wondrous dove
 Sails down serenely through the yielding air,
 And, while He kneels in ecstasy and prayer,
 Upon the Saviour's sacred head comes down,
 And with celestial glory doth Him crown.
 Again the clouds with lambent lightning broke,
 And now a voice in awful thunder spoke:
 "The Son of God, acknowledged and beloved,
 Glad mortals see by miracles approved."

Now all would kiss the Son, due honours bring,
 And of His own loved people hail Him king.
 But no; for earthly thrones He was not born,
 The crowns He wore on earth were crowns of
 thorn;

Earth's ~~many~~ glittering toys He doth despise,
 And from their clamour to the desert flies.

A dreadful wild there is, outstretching wide
 Its spacious skirts by fruitful Edom's side,
 Impervious to bright Sol's all-cheering light,
 Where reigns black horror and perpetual night.
 A dark and dismal vault presents the whole;
 And underneath foul sooty currents roll
 Of dull bitumens, here their period make,
 And stagnate in a melancholy lake.
 No flower upon the luckless surface grew,
 No tree but ebon, cypress, or black yew.
 And if a plat more open can be found,
 Vast serpents roll along the sandy ground
 Their numerous trains. On blighted trunks
 around
 Sat birds obscene, foul harpies, vultures fell,
 And many a hideous progeny of hell.

Such was the field of battle, such the stage,
 On which the fiend our Captain doth engage.
 By heaven instructed, to this place He flies,
 Keen to achieve the glorious enterprize.

The rebel's strength already doth He know,
 Before He 'd grappled with the vanquished foe.
 The sacred mount of God affecting vain,
 Transfixed the traitor fell with all his train,
 And rolled to those infernal regions, where
 For ever reign fell horror and despair.

The fiend the woman's promised seed still
 fears—

Fears more, when John at Jordan's banks declares,
 No longer now in type, but clear and plain,
 The near approach of the Messiah's reign.
 The Lord Himself too in the wave appears ;
 And when the foe th' attesting thunder hears,
 (By whose insufferable terror driven,
 When hurled by Michael's arm, he fled from
 heaven,)
 To hell precipitate his flight he takes,
 Swift swooping down through Sodom's brimstone
 lakes ;
 There full of spleen and rage doth madly rave,
 And for a council soon the signal gave.

The conclave fills ; from earth and hell away
 They haste ; proud Belial, lustful Asmodey,

Their natures in their looks and forms expressed
 And haughty Moloch, taller than the rest.
 E'en more enraged than when at first he fell.
 The prince appears ; now something *worse* than
 hell.

None dare accost the frowning tyrant ; none
 Dare speak or look, but tremble round his throne.
 Enraged he thus begins—" And are we grown
 So tamely good, so worthy more than hell,
 We dare not bravely once again rebel ?
 None counsel, none contrive or act, but yield,
 Without a parting stroke, the glorious field
 To this young conqueror ? Must our empire
 fall,

And *He* alone possess the spacious ball ?
 Forbid it fate, and this right hand ! Have we
 So long in vain then tasted liberty ?
 He can but thunder ; and long since we knew
 And felt the worst His angry bolts could do.
 Shall man (His slave) so oft his vengeance
 dare,

And we do less, who must of grace despair ?
 Must I forsake and abdicate my throne,
 That you heaven's deputy your Lord may own ?"

Proud Melch heard, and could no longer bear;
 Furious he rose, the scorn still in his air
 Which cost him heaven—"Tis well (he cries)!!
 'tis well
 That he who taunts us thus is prince of hell;
 Half this, if from an angel, should have cost
 His fall from those blest regions which we lost,
 Though deeper still it sunk me. Are we prized
 No more than basely to be stigmatized
 With feeble penitence? Can that be borne
 In hell, which even earthly tyrants scorn?
 But time and words are lost. You know we're
 true,
 Sworn enemies to heaven. Such deeds we'll do
 As hell shall envy and shall spread our fame;
 For late myself from Jordan's banks I came,
 And marked that Son of God: His haunts we
 know;
 And saw Him to that dreadful desert go
 Which Israel wandered. Thither I'll pursue,
 And want no more than last commands from
 you,
 To crush the hated foe. The woods I'll fire,
 Nor shall He 'scape, but must (if man) expire.

And if the flames I raise too weak shall prove,
 The earth herself I'll from her axis move,
 Her bowels to the affrighted centre rive,
 And in her womb entomb Him yet alive ;
 Or whirlwinds raise, vast hills and rocks
 displace,
 And dash all Pisgah in His mangled face."

He said ; and hardly would for orders stay ;
 When the grim prince of hell obstructs his way,
 Lifting his iron mace. "To me (he cries)
 Alone belongs the glorious enterprize.
 Heaven soon shall mourning wear, and hell shall
 joy ;
 I'll tempt Him first to sin, and then destroy."

This said ; in haste th' infernal conclave rose,
 And to the wild, disguised, their leader goes,
 Skilled in his wonted guile. Full soon he found
 The lowly Saviour prostrate on the ground ;
 With zeal His spotless prayer to the Most High
 He offers, rapt in holy ecstasy,
 And sues for strength for the great contest
 nigh.

When this the tempter sees, his prospects fail ;
 O'er those who *pray* he knows he can't prevail.
 Invisible he tempts, and still prepares
 His keenest darts; but, met with faith and
 prayers,
 Fruitless they fall, and all his labours mock,
 Like storms of hail against the solid rock.

Five sabbaths past, to faint the Lord began,
 And humbly, though a God, confessed the man.
 When this the watchful enemy espied,
 With secret joy, *Now He is mine*, he cried.
 O'er his foul form disguises soon he threw,
 And seemed a poor old hungry man to view.
 Lean are his cheeks, hollowed with care and age,
 And his dim eyes approaching death presage ;
 Withered and pale his lips, palsied his head ;
 And thus, dissembling, to the Lord he said.

“ Hail Son of God, by signs from heaven
 approved,
 Great Prophet hail, by God and man beloved !
 Full sixty springs, by heaven's peculiar grace,
 Within the confines of this wretched place,

I wear my life as holy Essenes use,
Far from the hardened, unbelieving Jews ;
Long since by revelation warned, I Thee
(Like aged Simeon) ere my death should see.
And when of late the holy Baptist came
To Jordan's banks (whose wondrous life and
fame
Fill'd all the wild) me from my cell he brought ;
For him the great Messiah first I thought :
But soon my sanguine expectation fell,
When him no sign, no glorious miracle
Attested ; which the angel did reveal
Should still attend and be the Saviour's seal.
This sign to Thee on Jordan's banks was given,
When the bright dove and wondrous voice from
heaven
So plain descended. This amid the crowd
I saw ; and had, like Simeon, hailed Thee loud,
Hadst Thou not, by a power to us unseen,
So quickly to this desert hurried been.
Hither, with eyes which fain would closer see,
And many a weary step, I followed Thee.
Already once, since first I wandered here,
The silver moon hath filled her little year.

THE SAVIOUR.

And half another now is nearly past,
Since my mouth knew of human food the taste.
On herbs and roots and humble acorns fed,
I've lived without the luxury of bread.
With trembling step oft have I searched around
The forest ; all but this unhappy ground—
Ground save no human foot e'er trod before.
Oft did I hear the hungry lions' roar ;
Oft bones and mangled carcasses descry,
Behind some bush, half-torn, unburied lie,
Of luckless travellers ; and felt despair
T' escape myself, or find Thee living here.
Yet in I pressed ; if dead, just rites to pay,
And on Thy grave myself lamenting lay.
Since, then, here neither fruits nor herbs are found,
Nought friend to life, above or under ground,
If Thou the promised great Messiah be,
O ! work a wonder, save Thyself and me ;
These stones command (and stones *there* scattered lay)
To turn to bread ; they cannot but obey."

To him the Saviour thus (whose piercing eyes
The fiend discover through the saint's disguise) :

"The sacred oracles all anxious care
 For food forbid, and thus 'tis written there
 'Not bread alone doth human life sustain,
 Nor were the trees and herbage made in vain.
 Such wondrous works did God's great word
 produce,
 That in extremities man these might use.
 Abundant in the neighbouring woods they grow
 For all who need. Tempt not thy God to show
 A sign, where common means He doth afford:
 He made the world by His almighty word,
 To all things doth their proper natures give,
 And still preserves the powers by which we live.
 He strength divine and heavenly vigour lends,
 And nourishes to life that never ends."

Now murmuring, thence the fiend reluctant
 went,
 In curses impotent his rage he spent ;
 While heaven's High-born on earth no shelter
 found ;
 But weary, cold and hungry, on the ground
 In vain He sleep invites. Close at His head
 The tempter (envying Him His homely bed)

A rock (His pillow) comes with hideous dreams,
 Of precipices vast, and pitchy streams,
 Of thoughts morose and vain: The man's
 distressed
 With sinless fears; the God repels the rest.

Awake; the gathering storm He hears on high
 And infant thunders mustering round the sky;
 These to the forest all their forces lead,
 And crack in loud explosion o'er His head.
 The clouds the signal take; awhile they lower,
 Then down from many a horrid rift they pour
 Fierce rains; these with bright sheets of flame
 conspire,
 Like Egypt's dreadful plague—water with fire
 In ruin reconciled. Nor slept the winds
 Where in their caves their airy leader binds;
 But, licence gained, impetuous rushed abroad,
 And swept with dauntless wings through heaven's
 high road.
 From the four hinges of the world they ran
 To the vexed wilderness; which soon began
 To feel their mighty rage. Here scattering wide,
 They rob the fairest trees of all their pride,

And earth of them; the deep-fanged roots give
way,

And on the ground vast trunks dismembered lay.

'Gainst the rude storm ill wert Thou covered then,

Great, patient Son of God! Birds, beasts and men

Than Thee were now with better shelter blest;

Men houses, beasts have dens, the birds a nest,

But Thou no place at all Thy head to rest.

Yet Thou alone unshaken didst remain,

And help's artillery was spent in vain.

No sounds are heard, objects no more appear,

And gloomy silence now reigns every where.

Awhile it reigns; but with more horrid noise

Full soon disturbed—the loud lamenting voice

Of all that mortal breast can move to fear;

Shrill shrieks for help, first distant, now draw

near;

Of rapes and murders the redoubled cry,

And interrupted groans—such theirs that lie

In life's weak twilight, gasping sore for breath,

And struggling in the agonies of death.

Each hideous beast that once to Eden came

From the *first* Adam to receive a name,

The wind proquid, the second midnight
 In the dark mazes of that dreadful night,
 All that with Noah hosted—all and more,
 For Africa produced her monstrous store

Here from the slimy banks of fertile Nile
 Came forth the vast amphibious crocodile,
 The false hyena's face was here disclosed,
 Still more than she appears in flattery leashed,
 There the fell wolf and frightful panther came,
 And the stern ounce, whose bloody eyes shot
 flame,
 The roaring herd himself th' arch-traitor led,
 And, like a leopard, darted at His head.

Dauntless the Saviour stood; nor beasts, nor
 night,
 Nor those dread forms which guilty man affright,
 Scare His stout heart: Dire spectres now invade,
 And glide with double horror through the shade,
 Of wicked spirits monstrous forms infect,
 And shake their fiery darts against His breast;
 In vain their number, rage, and yell increase,
 Unmoved He stands in calm and sinless peace.

Then quail the night, all Phosphor's cheerful
 Warned guilty ghosts and glistening stars away;
 And ere bright Sol had shown his radiant face,
 The Lord forsook the horror-breeding place.

The tempter courteous met Him, robed in light;
 He welcomed from the horrors of the night,
 And said—“Though Thou, ungracious, me denied
 When Thy divinity I'd fain have tried,
 No niggard of *my* gifts, Thou now shalt see
 How richly I'll unasked provide for Thee.”
 He said and stamped; straight from the ground
 arise

All trees that could compose a paradise—
 The stately oak, the beauteous sailing pine,
 Th' eternal cedar made for works divine,
 The shady chestnut, and the walnut fair,
 The lover myrtle, lotus chaste and rare,
 The victor's palm which doth by pressure rise,
 And spite of weight triumphant means the skies.

Smooth cherries next their rosy lips incline,
 The golden quince with look and smell divine;

The silken peach with grateful flavour blest,
 The plum whose name Arabian fields confess,
 And o'er their heads stout springs the mantling vine,
 Needing no husband elm on whom to twine.

Farther removed, but yet full plain to view,
 In low warm groves the golden orange grew,
 The silver lemon, stately ananas,
 Pomona's queen, who doth all fruits surpass,
 Around the place, superbly bordered, grows
 The lily of the vale, and Sharon's rose,
 Nard, camphire, jassmin, every fragrant sweet
 Which did in God's fair spouse's garden meet.
 A central table doth its feast present,
 Laden with every dish that might content
 The hungry epicure; they court taste, sight,
 With various show and order exquisite.
 The whole to crown, on other tables nigh
 Stores of the choicest wines stood sparkling by,
 In crystal walls contained, fair to behold,
 Or massy goblets wrought of Ophir's gold.

Two nymphs whose charms all mortal charms
 excel,
 Lovely as ever tempted man to hell,

At once shot darts from their false eyes and tongue,
And to their warbling lutes harmonious sung.

Say what songs shall we prepare
For either world's immortal Heir,
How our joy and love express
In this barren wilderness?

Honey from Thy feet did flow,
O'er Thy head fair arbours grow,
At Thy sight fierce beasts grew mild,
And the barren desert smiled.

Welcome, welcome, welcome thrice
To our happy paradise!
Here no serpent need'st Thou fear,
No forbidden fruit is here.

Hark, the amorous turtles call!
Hark, the silver waters fall!
And a gentle spicy breeze
Whispers through the rustling trees.

These (the rugged tempest o'er,
Storms and whistwinds heard no more)

These the Hero all invite
 To soft love and gay delight.
 Safe and friendly all appears—
 We, Thy gentle ministers,
 We this food before Thee placed;
 Scruple not to sit and taste.

The tempter their design, as vain, pursues;
 Earnest their invitation he renews.
 To whom the Lord—"Perish thy gifts with thee;
 Alike I scorn thy spite or flattery.
 The food with which thou dost thy vassals treat,
 And make each wretch his own damnation-eat,
 Is either fancied viands made of air,
 (As thy lean hags, with such delusive fare,
 Oft feasted, yet still famished, plainly show,)
 Or else ill got if solid they and true.
 Such this, set out with all thy pomp and state.
 Thy power could ne'er a single grain create."

At last the traitor all himself appeared;
 Each monstrous form that mortal ever feared
 Successive he puts on the Lord to fright;
 No more a seeming angel robed in light,

Human no more—a hideous beak his nose,
 His cankered breast blue pois'nous scales inclose,
 A horrid dragon's train behind him grows ;
 And dragon's bat-like wings his sides display,
 Talons his claws, like fiercest bird of prey.

In these the yielding Lamb he straight doth bear,
 And with Him soars sublimely through the air.
 Like some fierce hawk, whose cruel claw hath
 struck

A harmless dove near Cherith's silver brook,
 Then o'er the neighbouring fields with his weak
 prey

Wheeling, triumphant cuts his pathless way ;
 Thus flew the prince of all the airy host.

Now back from distant Paran's desert coast
 He brings the Lord (such His great Father's
 will)

O'er Bozra's rock, and Edom's fruitful hill.

Near Sodom's dreadful lake arrived ; in haste
 Twixt Halak they and dire Acrabbim past,
 By Debir next ; and instantly they 're gone
 To Maon, Ziph, and woody Jeshimon.

And now o'er Libnah's walls their course they
 steer,
 And leaving on the left strong Lachish near,
 They Tekoa's wood and Bethlehem espy.
 Then shooting swift o'er Saveh's vale, descry
 Royal Jerusalem. Her southern bound,
 By sacred Zion's beauteous turrets crowned,
 Where pleasant Millo lies outstretched, they
 passed—
 Millo, whose walls by Siloam's waves are washed.

Not e'en to curse the town th' arch rebel staid;
 But swift from thence the patient Lamb conveyed
 T' His Father's house—the spacious temple,
 where
 All Israel waits with sacrifice and prayer.
 Near Herod's lofty tower he with Him fell,
 And dropped Him on the highest pinnacle.
 Then fluttering on his wings close by His side,
 Grinning, he thus accosts with scornful pride.

“There stand, if stand Thou canst; Thy skill
 I will ask.
 Or wouldst Thou undertake a nobler task,

And Son of God be hailed—below Thee see
 The crowds who leave their prayers to look at Thee.
 Thee from yon court the vested priests perceive,
 And morning sacrifice unfinished leave.
 From the next court, with lifted eyes and hands,
 Thy own loved Israel gazing on Thee stands;
 And in the third, thick kneeling at the gate,
 As much amazed, the humble Gentiles wait.
 Now wouldst Thou set thy injured nation free,
 (As did of old the valiant Maccabee,
 No more these marks of idol-bondage bear;
 But drive yon eagle, proudly perching there,
 Transfixed with his own thunder, through the air.

“Below Thee, to the right, direct Thine eye;
 See there Antonia’s tower unguarded lie;
 On th’ other side, regardless now of war,
 The Roman youth unbent, and sporting there,
 In Herod’s spacious amphitheatre.
 If glory charm, or gladly Thou’dst fulfil
 (What seems Thy pleasure) Thy great Father’s
 will,
 Plunge hence, in sight of all the admiring town,
 And in the altar’s flames waft softly down.

Nor canst Thou, if true heir of earth and skies,
 Distrust th' event of such an enterprise.
 For thus (while with his notes fair Zion sang)
 T' his harp, inspired, Thy great forefather sang—

His angels He shall give commands
 To bear Thee safely in their hands;
 Lest in Thy way Thou chance to meet
 With some rough stone to hurt Thy feet."

"As plain 'twas said (with meekness in His
 eyes

Tempered severe, the patient Lord replies)
 When murmuring Israel went through Paran's
 coasts,
Thou shalt not tempt thy God the Lord of hosts."

"Come with me then one airy journey more,
 And see what bounteous gifts I've yet in store."
 No sooner this th' undaunted fiend had said
 Than, snatched again, he swift the Lord conveyed
 O'er lofty Olivet. They soon below
 Eshemesh see, and beauteous Jericho.
 Gilgal to left they leave; and thence proceed
 O'er Jordan's stream; nor ford nor ferry need.

This passed sublime; they on the Eastern side
 The ruins of Ed's doubtful altar spied,
 Near A-dam and Zeretan's ancient town;
 Not far from which he sets the Saviour down
 On Pisgah-mount. Hence, long before, he knew
 A courteous angel did to Moses shew
 Canaan's blest land on Jordan's either side;
 While, wrapt in clouds, the sly seducer pried.
 Towns, cities, kingdoms, bird and beast and man;
 All fitly ranged, the tempter thus began—

“Hence cast thy eyes around, and see whate'er
 The world can boast of excellent or fair,
 Of great or good. Whate'er Thou seest is mine,
 And at an easy rate shall all be Thine.

“West, bending to the south, beneath Thee see
 The desert and the happy Araby:
 There trains of men and cattle meet thy eyes,
 Rich-laden caravans of gold and spice;
 Which Ishmael's wealthy offspring far away
 Through the vast sands from Persia's gulf convey
 To Zoan's fertile fields; and thence disperse
 The wealthy traffic of the universe.

“ Still more to south vast Lethim’s desert mood
 Nor there a kingdom will I offer thee;
 Though (proud of golden sands and groves of
 spice)
 They their parched country deem a paradise,

“ To you great Western ocean turn Thine eyes,
 Where many a beauteous island scattered lies—
 Crete, Cyprus, Rhodes; but Thou shalt these
 despise.
 E’en fair Trinacria too Thou shalt disdain,
 Whose three sharp points defy the roaring main.

“ But north of her behold you lovely plain
 Washed by the sounding sea on either side,
 Which in the midst a chain of hills divide,
 See to the south, not far within the land,
 Near a fair stream, a royal city stand,
 On seven small pleasant hills divinely built,
 A thousand lofty turrets, richly gilt,
 She boasting shews; and climbing over all
 On that steep rock, the glittering capital—
 ’Tis Rome, the mistress of the world, you see;
 Who, pleased, shall bend her haughty neck to
 Thee—

Eternal Rome, who Thine her lord shall own,
 And raise Thee to the purple and the throne.

“ Or wouldst Thou aim at something worthier
 praise,

By Thine own arms a mighty empire raise ;
 Over yon cloudy mountains with me go
 (Their tops all horrid with eternal snow)
 And see that lovely plain stretched out below,
 ’Twixt where Garumna’s waters gently creep
 And rapid Rhene runs foaming to the deep.
 The people daring, curious, active, brave,
 Yet will be slaves while others they enslave.
 Their different tribes Thou by my help mayst
 gain,
 Unite them all, and in Latetia reign.

“ Or wouldst Thou choose a less luxuriant soil—
 See in the ocean yon fair western isle,
 Whose three sharp points th’ insulting waves
 divide ;
 See with what beauteous rivers ’tis supplied,
 How rich the happy fields through which they
 glide.

Well know the old Phoenicians that blest place,
 There lives, sated to pain, a hardy race,
 Daring as virtue's self, for conquest made;
 Peace but their recreation, war their trade,
 Jealous of liberty, they chains refuse,
 And death before inglorious life would choose.
 Daring by sea in time, the world they'll awe,
 And farthest commerce to their island draw.

“ But little have I to Thee yet revealed
 To what's behind, in wealthier East concealed.
 Nor will I in the passage call Thy eyes
 To Dammesek, that earthly paradise;
 Or long detain by fair Euphrates side—
 Though there the Roman and the Parthian pride
 This moment friendly meet in yon small isle,
 And Herod strives the two to reconcile.
 Still less will we in those wide regions stay
 Where mighty Indus headlong cuts his way;
 Through whose vast currents Alexander hurled,
 Some deserts won, and thought he had the world.
 But farther still, to th' utmost Eastern bound
 Direct Thine eye, where no more world is
 found;

Wide fields, fish towns, tall groves, fair villages;
Here, Son of God, is a country worthy Thee:—

“More wouldst Thou yet? From my exhaust-
less store—

I've shown Thee all this world; but yet there
more—

Yet a new world! For, still more northward see,
Bending to east, what numerous crowds there be
Marching in haste—a powerful colony

For a new world; from which I'll subjects raise
Which shall be mine to long succeeding days.

“Me prince of airy hosts Thy Father made;
Me, ever since, spirits and storms obeyed.

God of this world by God Himself I'm stiled;
And, like a God, I'm placable and mild,

To those who worship—no uneasy task;
Yet this is all for all the world I ask.

This only shall the fair condition be—
From us as God accept it on Thy knee,

And as we're heaven's be Thou our deputy.”

Unmoved till now the Lord the tempter bore,
But when he thus blasphemed He'd hear no more.

He lets through His weak human nature shine
 (As Sol through clouds) one ray of the divine.
 By this He drove the wicked tempter thence.
 But first He said—"Blasphemer, get thee hence !
 Thy time's elapsed, and now I'll bear no more ;
 'Tis writ, *The Lord thy God alone adore.*"
 Enraged, confused, defeated, cursing fell,
 Gnawing his tongue, the baffled prince of hell.
 Such looks and words he could no longer bear.
 His short-lived world's dissolved, and lost in air ;
 And down he sinks blaspheming, in despair.

THE SAVIOUR.

BOOK IV.

How pleasant! when the boisterous storm is o'er,
 To see the waves expiring on the shore ;
 Like a new world, at distance to behold
 The silver hills aflame with heavenly gold ;
 The chiding winds all hushed, the sky look fair,
 The fields in smiles new clad ; sea, earth and air
 A different face put on, a different dress ;
 And nature now herself her joy confess.

So shone the Son of God ; whose love to man
 His conquests in His sufferings thus began ;

Though pressed, not overcome, His powerful roe
 And shook at length away the infernal foe
 These now removed; soon brighter guards are
 there,
 Wafting triumphant through the yielding air,
 Hymning their Head. The heavenly host
 descend,
 They who before their needless aid suspend.

Not unconcerned spectators had they staid;
 But, each in his own glittering arms arrayed,
 Indignant saw the fiend their Lord assail,
 And o'er his mortal part thus far prevail.
 Their dreadful bolts unfired they hardly keep;
 Oft had they sunk the rebel in the deep—
 But not a step unbid they dare proceed.
 Nor did their Lord their ready kindness need,
 Although full well He knew and marked them
 there.
 But now He beckons. Through the yielding air,
 Instant they glide, (as swiftest thought can fly,
 Untracked, from east to west, from earth to sky,)
 Manna, ambrosial food, before Him laid,
 And wise in beautiful Eden newly made.

Who tastes of these, shall regal boards despise;
 These angels taste, the blest in Paradise;
 No dregs they leave, no earthly relish know;
 Nor tempt to joys, vain, such as ours below;
 But hope and peace and heavenly love inspire,
 And warm the soul with pure celestial fire:
 While these the Lord, on fairest verdant ground,
 Refreshed; His heavenly train held guard
 around.

Some wait; aloft in air some hovering hang,
 And thus His glorious deeds triumphant sung.—

“Hail Son of God, announced, confessed,
 approved!

Saviour of man, and Head of angels, hail!
 Before all worlds, Who, from the mount of God,
 When Lucifer had half dispeopled heaven,
 Led forth the embattled Seraphim to fight;
 Met at the head of his rebellious war,
 Seized the arch-traitor, all his bands dispersed,
 And crushed them sore beneath thy flaming
 wheels:

We saw them fall abrupt; saw Chaos wide
 Shrink back her sooty waves, and inward roll
 To find a new abyss. Till wheeling down,
 Like falling stars, the exiles of high heaven
 On her black bosom hissed in sulph'rous flame!

“These deep confined; Thou, O eternal Word!
 Straight, willed this beauteous world; from the
 dark void—

High hills, rich dales, sweet springs; sea, earth
 and sky,

And those eternal lamps which flame above

To light the lord of this creation, man;

Man, last and best essay of wit divine.

His God-like form with soul Thou first inspired;

Thee not unapt to know and love; designed

To fill the seats th' apostate angels lost;

And placed him, happy, in sweet Paradise.

“Envious, the fiend beheld with ranc'rous rage
 That man should lord it o'er so fair a world.

He shot through chaos and the affrighted deep

(On dangerous expedition bent) t' explore

His rival's strength; to grapple and subdue,

And captive drag to his eternal night;

And, ah! too well, prevailed; Nor could weak
 The woman and the fiend, when leagued, resist
 He eat; he fell; and all creation groaned,
 We, sighing, saw the ruin of the world;
 So wide the breach, there seemed no remedy.

“But, in deep council of th’ eternal Three,
 Thou, Thou stood forth and took the mighty task;
 The weight of heavenly vengeance chose to bear.
 The old red dragon, met, O spotless Dove!
 By Thy resistless arm, shall surely fall.
 Thou, the chaste woman’s seed, O virgin-born!
 The mighty serpent’s vainly-threatening head
 Shalt crush; eternal crush, beyond retrieve.
 Hell’s principality Thou shalt destroy,
 Her stolen dominion here. Which, thunderstruck
 And headlong hurled, the fiends shall all
 forsake.

“Thy death, the life of man, shall ransom prove
 To Thy just Father’s wrath, for the lost world;
 World, from His bosom Thou, in mortal clay,
 Cam’st forth, first to instruct, and then to save.

Thy triumph here begins, great Son of God!

The tempter foiled, with all his boasted arts.

Salvation, power, might, thanks, and praise and
love

We thus ascribe to Thee, O spotless Lamb!

Thus Hallelujah, Hallelujah sing."

Thus ending; they their Lord triumphant bore
To Jordan's reedy banks, not long before
Blest with his sacred feet; and crowds who
mourned

His absence, joy to see their Friend returned.

The Baptist soon his mighty Lord descried,

'Tis He, aloud, in ecstasy he cried;

"See, Israel, see the Lamb of God, designed

To purge your sins, your heavy chains unbind.

Me, all unworthy, did high heaven prefer,

Ere He appeared, to be His harbinger,

That Israel Him with honour due might meet;

Unworthy I to kneel and kiss His feet.

Though later born, He lived long, long before;

And though we to eternal ages sore,

His birth we reach not. I to dust descend;
His kingdom and His glory ne'er shall end.

He said; and soon again the Lord withdrew,
Still closely followed by a faithful few.
O'er Galilee's wide coast far spreads His name,
His hearers fast increasing with His fame.
Assembled crowds attend from far and near,
The way to endless life and bliss to hear.

An easy hill there is, whence looking down,
Tiberias here, there fair Bethsaida's town,
You equidistant see. The Saviour here
Doth first His father's will at length declare.
Pleased He around the plenteous harvest saw;
And, farther to advance the sacred law,
Twice six He from His followers here doth
choose,
Who shall His word through all the world
diffuse.
Nor will He nobles great, or learned take,
But meanest fishers from the neighbouring lake;
Men who in industry their lives had spent,
All ignorant and all as innocent.

Barjona first, still eager to engage
 In this great cause, first both in head and age,
 Firm as a rock, bold he the Lord confessed
 Thence Cephas named by Him who knew him
 best.
 His brother Andrew, of unspotted fame,
 The next; who also from Bethsaida came.
 Then Philip; who Nathaniel doth invite
 Approved an undissembling Israelite.
 Matthew, who freely doth the world forsake,
 Fair seat and gainful office on the lake,
 Near proud Capernaum. The lesser James,
 Who justly honourable kindred claims
 With his loved Lord. Simon; whom Cana names
 His brother Jude. All three did Mary bear
 To Cleopas. And next our treasurer
 Iscariot, from his birth-place named. Then he
 Whom his glad mother half a birth did see.
 We (more than all the rest of that high grace
 Unworthy) fill the last and humblest place,
 Zebedee's sons, of Galilean race.
 To us the Lord His blessed word revealed;
 That word, from wise and prudent men concealed.

It pierced the inmost soul where'er it came,
 And warmed each conscious breast with heavenly
 flame.
 Hear, Fathers, part of what He then expressed;
 And O! that but from Him you'd learn the rest!

“Mistaken men (He said) who still complain,
 Still search for happiness, but still in vain!
 For when you think you've found it, false as fair,
 It cheats your eager grasp with empty air.
 There are who think, secure their bliss they hold,
 Let but their chest be tramm'd with Ophir's gold:
 Base, sordid, drossy minds! with more alloy
 Than e'en that captive wealth they might enjoy;
 Which thieves may steal, and rust or fire destroy.
 Far surer happiness is in man's power,
 Above the reach of fatal, luckless hour;
 While pain and chance and woe are ever near
 To him whose dearest treasures centre here.
 If your kind God a larger share affords,
 Employ the gift as stewards, not as lords;
 And, rich in faith, to heaven your deeds com-
 mend;
 Heirs of a kingdom which shall never end.”

Youth, urged by rash, unbridled appetites,
 Hot, furious, rushes after vain delight;
 Ah! foolish boy, ah! whither wilt thou run?
 Why in such headlong haste to be undone?
 Thy joy is madness: Ere too late, return,
 And learn the greater bliss of those who mourn—
 Who mourn their sins while yet life's sand doth
 last,
 Who mourn irrevocable moments past.
 How great the change! when those who here
 they see
 Spend their few days in thoughtless jollity,
 Shall howl in future woe. While those who here
 Have washed their cheeks with the repenting tear,
 Here heaved with pious sighs the labouring breast,
 Of Him, who long unseen they loved; possessed,
 In Abraham's bosom find eternal rest.

"Others, as vain, attempt their names to raise;
 And spend their life in eager heat of praise.
 Honour, that gaudy bubble, they pursue;
 And e'en in blood for this their hands imbrue;
 For this unbinge the world. And, when all's done,
 What have they with their guilt and troubles won?"

What gains audacious?—But a blast of breath;
 A blast, which seldom lives beyond their death.
 The greedy fly's no sooner hatched than flown,
 'Tis in another's power, and not man's own.
 True magnanimity my laws impart,
 But fix it in a meek and humble heart.
 What lies so low: no rougher tempest fears,
 And unconcerned aloft the thunder hears.

“When injured, all revenge (I teach) decline;
 Restrain your wrath; vengeance is only mine.
 If my disciples you'd yourselves approve,
 Bless them that curse, and those that hate you
 And, as yourselves forgiveness hope, forgive;
 Pray for the murderer that wont let you live.
 This mind shall make you most like God divine.
 His fruitful rains descend, His sunbeams shine,
 On good and bad alike. Thus shall you be
 Above the level of humanity;
 More heavenly perfect, more like Deity.

“This life once gained, mistaken man contends
 But little for that life which never ends.”

That life neglected, men refuse to know,
 The Benefactor who doth all bestow,
 Feasted themselves, if they despise the poor,
 And Lazarus lies hungering at the door,
 The day, the dreadful day they soon shall see,
 When they in torment, he in bliss shall be.

“ But blest are those, such they who would
 be mine,

Who thirst and hunger after food divine;
 Whom heavenly thoughts and meditations fill,
 Their meat and drink to do My Father's will;
 This their first care; and firmly can repose
 On Him who all their wants and sorrows knows.

“ Be your chief care for a good life express,
 And doubt not God will care for all the rest.
 Wants He or power or love to send thee aid?
 Then why distracting thoughts, and why dismayed?
 When larger boons are given, are less denied?
 Who gives thee life shall food and clothes
 provide.

Behold the feathered nations of the air,
 Which sing in yonder trees; well fed and fair;

They neither sow nor reap, nor plant nor plough,
 Yet God provides their food on bush and bough;
 And will He not for you, who doth inspire
 Your bosoms with his own celestial fire?
 Not more for raiment care, though yours be low;
 Behold the lovely lilies how they grow;
 For their rich robes they neither toil nor care,
 Nor spin the web, nor fetch it from afar.
 Yet Solomon himself, though covered o'er,
 With gold and purple from rich Sidon's shore,
 Compared to these had mean and homely shown,
 His all but borrowed glories, theirs their own.
 He then who thus the fading herb supplies,
 Which flourishes to day, to-morrow dies,
 Will He forget, and prove His word untrue?
 Hath He less kindness or less care for you?

"Blest is the man, himself who truly
 knows,
 And mercy, which he hopes, to others shows;
 Who joys the miserable to relieve,
 And relishes the pleasure to forgive;
 Justly severe when he himself surveys,
 Yet candid when his neighbour's life he weighs.

Be you to all mankind as just and true,
As others you would wish should be to you.

“ Traditions teach you, if your body's pure,
Your mind's your own, and from all stain secure.
But though man vain pretences may invent,
I ask the *heart*, nor am with less content ;
This must be purged from sin, pure and divine,
Holy and chaste, a temple to enshrine
The sacred Dove. He ne'er shall make His
rest

In muddy soil, or a polluted breast.
Gross sin man shuns alone ; but should be free
From the heart, eye, and hand's adultery.
Part with the guilty hand, the wandering eye,
Lest these corrupt you *all*, and you should die,
Each secret glance, that glows with lawless fire,
And kindles in the soul a loose desire ;
Each fearful touch of a forbidden hand,
By which the spark may into flame be fanned—
All these avoid. You cannot 'scape the eyes
Of Him who into darkest causes pries ;
And, if at last His heavenly bliss you'd find,
Rather than sin commit, be lame or blind.

Those who thus, brave, repel the poisoned dart,
Holy and pure alike in eyes and heart,
Who thus their wandering passions here restrain,
The beatific vision shall attain ;
Which e'en while wandering here, shall in them
shine,
Their souls in darkness more and more refine,
And fill with heavenly love and joy divine.

“ How many, thirsting for immortal fame,
Would have a deathless hero's sounding name !
Poor apotheosis ! The god shall die,
And with the fiends in fiercer torments lie.
But happy they who peaceful triumphs gain,
And (best of empires !) o'er themselves can reign.
Most blest employment theirs, thrice happy
state,
Who peace twixt God and man would mediate ;
Who, where they come, my peaceful word disperse,
And spread my tidings o'er the universe.
However vainly others then mistake,
And idols of their reputations make,
To me obedient, all these things despise,
To my name your name ever sacrifice.

In curses let the world their malice show,
 And all their leaders thunders at you throw,
 Out of their synagogues and councils hurled,
 As heretics and troublers of the world,
 If (this world's salt) your savour still you show,
 And piety accredit where you go ;
 If you still light the world, that when they see
 Your lives, they gather what they ought to be,
 Then doubly blest, if innocent, you are,
 And, faultless, all for Me you meekly bear,
 To heaven direct your hymns, address your
 prayer,
 A double crown of glory waits you there ;
 You first triumphant from the dust shall rise,
 And with Me ever reign in Paradiss.

" Nor think (whatever spite and envy say)
 I came to show to heaven a nearer way
 Than by good life and faith ; t' annul or break
 One word the Father first from Sinai spake.
 I came, not to destroy, but to fulfil,
 To do and suffer all my Father's will.
 Each type and shadow now complete shall be,
 To this they tend, and centre all in Me.

What laws of moral obligation are
 (Eternal truths!) these all must be your care,
 And kept inviolate, they'll still prevail,
 Nor pass away, though all creation fail.
 By God's own hand were these to Moses given;
 With His own voice He thundered them from
 heaven.

“JEHOVAH speaks. Attend with love and
 fear,
 From Egypt's bondage saved, hear, Israel, hear!
 With Me let no false gods thy love divide,
 Nor hope such treasures from high heaven to hide,
 Dare not by image vain thy God express,
 On sons of sons He'll 'venge such wickedness,
 No hallowed thing with sacrilege profane,
 Nor dare to take thy Maker's name in vain;
 Six parts of time I freely give to thee,
 Rememb'ers then to pay the seventh to Me.
 Hope ye long life and many a happy day?
 Your parents duly and your prince obey.
 Dye not thy hand in murder's guilty red;
 Who sheds man's blood, his blood by man be
 shed.

Be clean; commit not foul adultery;
 And from the sin of stealing keep thou free.
 'Gainst others thou shalt no false witness bear,
 For know thy heavenly Judge thy words doth
 hear,
 Covet no neighbour's goods, pleased with thy own,
 And sin in thought avoid, not act alone."

"These precepts claim your thoughts and all
 your care.

To these add fasting, alms, and fervent prayer.
 Distort not, like the hypocrites, your face;
 Nor deem a look of woe a mark of grace.
 They with rough robes and sackcloth raze their
 skin,
 And mortify themselves, but not their sin.
 Your alms dispense as stars diffuse their light,
 Or as the silent dew puts forth at night;
 No show, no ostentation let there be;
 To your good deeds no witness call but Me.
 They shall not go without their due regard,
 And at the last great day shall find reward.
 And if of prayer a formula you need,
 Thus let your vows in faith to heaven be paid.

'O! Father of the world! whose throne on
 high
 Is placed in light above the crystal sky,
 May all Thy works Thee their great Lord
 proclaim,
 And with loud praises hymn Thy sacred name!
 May Thy dear Son His promised empire gain,
 And o'er all nations, made obedient, reign!
 May Sin and Satan's kingdom soon decay,
 And earth as well as heaven their Lord obey!
 To our frail bodies needful food assign,
 But chiefly feast our souls with food divine!
 And Thou, on whose free grace and love we live,
 Forgive our sins as others we forgive!
 Save from the tempter those who trust in Thee;
 O! save at once from sin and misery!
 For Thy great might no time, no place restrain,
 Thou dost, O God! to endless ages reign.'

" Thus to the King of heaven devoutly pray;
 Nor pray alone; strictly His laws obey,
 Or Him in glory you shall never see.
 Depend not with an idle faith on Me;
 If not your Lord, I can't your Saviour be.

Those who themselves my true disciples show,
Not only know, but practise what they know.
These to the wisest builders I compare,
Who in the solid rock, with sweat and care,
Their firm foundations lay. The floods arise,
And meet new floods thick pouring from the skies;
Th' impetuous winds, from stony caves enlarged,
With all their baleful furies on them charged,
The house still stands; all vain assaults can mock;
Nor can they move it, till they move the rock.
But those who in cold notions rest content,
Christians in name, and not in true intent,
To foolish builders I must these compare,
Who on unfaithful sands their houses rear.
Hark how, full soon, the whistling storm is nigh!
See the black tempest pouring from the sky!
Waves ride on waves, and push each other on;
From the loose earth the false foundation's gone.
The foolish house falls with the mouldering
shore,
And sinks in the abyss, to rise no more.

Meanwhile the Baptist doth repentance press,
His voice still echoing in the wilderness.
Herod, among the rest, so frequent went
And heard, he grew almost a penitent.
With all except one darling vice he'll part,
But that keeps hold and festers in his heart—
'Twas love, unhonourable, a lawless flame,
Lawless, and stained with incest's fouler name.

His brother's wife, Herodias, fair and vain,
(Whose lord doth in Iturea tetrarch reign,)
Herod not long before invited down
To fair Tiberias, his own stately town,
Until his brother from the war returned—
Who, while the fair at home half-widowed
Mourned,
Through stony fields and woods of fatal yews
Fierce bands of roving Ishmaelites pursues.

Arrived ; her beauties all the court surprise ;
But Herod most. He feasts his wandering
eyes
On her forbidden face ; takes hotter fire,
And all his bosom burns with loose desire.

Each art that with her sex prevails he tried,
 Flattered her vanity, and fed her pride—
 What bound knows lawless love? Full soon
 they came
 To sin; and next, to sin devoid of shame;
 Their crimes are unrestrained and blushless
 seen,
 And Herod now no longer owns his queen.

Her father long his peaceful sceptre swayed
 At fair Damascus; Zobah him obeyed;
 Him Aram's fields; and the wild troops which
 strayed
 Through Geshur's realm, for pastures ever green
 Far famed, and the wide wandering Hagarene.
 To him, enraged, with loud complaint she fled
 Against the rival of her crown and bed—
 Her and her faithless lord, with deepest hate,
 She persecutes; and urges on their fate.
 The aged sire with youthful anger warms,
 And in her cause his bold Arabians arms.

Herod's vain court are silent; or approve
 With wicked flattery their prince's love.

But when the Baptist heard by spreading fame
 The shameless sin, he from the desert came,
 To the retired alcove undaunted prest,
 And saw the king upon the charmer's breast.
 Herod, enraged, cries—"What intruder he
 Who dares invade his prince's privacy,
 And rush on certain fate?"

"Nay, rather tell,
 How dares a bold adulterer rush on hell?"
 The Baptist answers. Him no sooner saw
 The guilty king, than, struck with conscious awe,
 Confused he silent stood; his love the same,
 Now with fierce anger pale, now red with shame.
 Hard was the struggle. First his nobler part
 (His reason) ruled, and from his wicked heart
 Drew sighs of penitence, abortive sighs;
 No sooner were the temptress' charming eyes
 Fixed on him, than again he doubtful stood.
 This saw the fiend, (eternal foe to good),
 And to prevail, himself doth now engage;
 Herod he fills with lust, and her with rage.

Silent the king; the haughty woman said:
 "Bold priest, thy insolence shall cost thy head."

Let vulgar souls dull virtue's laws obey,
 Guards, drag him hence, and to his fate convey?
 The king arose; he with the fair debates,
 And her imperious sentence mitigates;
 Their prisoner bids his entering guards secure;
 But only in Macherus' walls immure.

On Herod's birth-day, at the royal boards,
 As custom calls, his captains and his lords
 And all his high estates, invited, dine.
 The noble feast well o'er, with generous wine
 Concluded, princely music finished all;
 And now the guests attend the splendid ball.
 One daughter, ere Herodias from him fled,
 Had blest the injured tetrarch's nuptial bed.
 In her the world the mother plain descry,
 The same fair face, the same bewitching eye;
 Like her, sweet poison from her looks and tongue
 She sent; like fairest sylph she moved and sung.
 And while a soft Arabian air they play,
 She to the music graceful glides away;
 Her feet as lovely as their measures move,
 And from the crowd she wonder draws and love.

Well-pleas'd, she hears around applause loud;
 Her self extravagantly charmed and proud,
 "Ask, by the Name Unutterable (cried),
 Ask what thou wilt, thou shalt not be denied,
 Though half my kingdom were the weighty
 boon."

Instructed by her mother, but too soon

She chides his word and oath; nor aught she
 said—

Aught would she ask except the Baptist's head.

He struck the board—"Rather, than that
 should fall,

Take, cruel maid, not only half, but all

My realms, (he cried,) only my word release;

And leave the holy man to die in peace."

Inexorably wicked still she stood;

Nothing can quench her thirst but guileless blood.

The council different suffrages divide—

Some love engages, murderers, on thy side;

Some yours because they know the fair prevail;

Revenge moves some, John at the court could

not fail; yet a

A better fate say, though the king be sworn,
 His oath's unlawful: These are overcome
 And lost in numbers. Herod now gives way,
 And bids the guards the damsel's word obey.

When John the murderer from his cell descried,
 Warned he that moment must for death
 Provide,
 "That I was mortal born (he said) I knew;
 And since this debt from all to nature's due,
 The sooner paid the better; gladly I
 In God's own time and in His cause shall die,
 Nor, if at life's far end I aught can see,
 Long unavenged my guiltless blood shall be;
 I see Arabians from their quivers pour
 O'er Galilee a dark and deadly shower;
 I see"—The cruel headsman can afford
 No longer time; his unrelenting sword
 Soon stopped the breath; an easy way it found,
 And blood and life gushed calmly through the
 wound.

In triumph to the feast the head they bear,
 Received with joy by foul Herodias there;

And, lest they should delude her cruelty,
 She wipes the bloody face ; and cries, " 'Tis he ;
 Now saucy censures at thy betters fling,
 Now, if thou canst, preach on and scorn a king."

Short-lived her wicked joy and triumph are ;
 For in the midst a panting messenger
 Through the thick circle pale and dismal springs,
 And from the borders fearful tidings brings—
 That Aretas, with his Arabian bands,
 (A passage gained through wronged Iturea's lands)
 Jordan's small streams had near Cesarea past,
 And all the higher Galilee laid waste
 With fire and sword. Though guilt in Herod's
 eyes,
 Fear in his face—*to arms, to arms !* he cries.
 Now costly gifts he to the temple sent,
 And vowed, would heaven but hear him he'd
 repent ;
 The Baptist's friends the body shall inter,
 And he with tears will wash the sepulchre.

All pierce the veil ; and rightly all perceive
 His penitence ; nor heaven nor earth believe.

With curses laden to the field he went,
 And more with guiltless blood. You know th'
 event ;

His quick retreat, his numerous army broke,
 The day and honour lost without a stroke.

Then to Bethsaida our dear Master went
 With His loved few ; and here His time He spent
 In thoughts of the great work by heaven designed,
 And all the weighty things yet left behind.

THE SAVIOUR.

BOOK V.

The shepherds to the neighbouring towns
disclosed

Where our loved Master and His Twelve reposed.
Men flocked by thousands and the Saviour found,
And compassed Him and us, His followers, round.
Raised on a gentle hill, the crowds He taught ;
Instructed all, and cured whoe'er were brought.
And once, till shades forewarn departing day
The multitude, unwearied, with Him stay—
“ Shall we our guests inhospitably use
And all refreshment (said the Lord) refuse ?

If the cold night and hunger both oppress
They'll faint and suffer in the wilderness?"

Here frugal Philip and wise Andrew cried :
" Whence shall we bread for such a crowd provide,
Five loaves our stock, and what we chanced to
take,
Two fishes, lately angling on the lake ?"
" Give what you have out of your narrow store
Nor I nor heaven (the Lord replied) ask more.
Invite (He adds) and seat the company,
Dispose of them, and leave the rest to Me."
This with His heavenly majesty He saith,
And we obey in wonder mixed with faith.

Five thousand on the grass recumbent laid,
And for their benefactor's bounty staid,
When in His mighty hand the food He takes—
Creating hand, which what He pleases makes.
His eyes to heaven in adoration raised,
And the Great Giver of all bounties praised,
He blest, and brake, and gave. We now
receive,
And to th' expecting crowd around us give

Both bread and fish as much as all can eat,
To each astonished guest a welcome treat:

Gathering the broken relics of the feast,
They see the wonder, like the food, increased ;
For our twelve baskets, as He bids, we call,
And with the wondrous fragments fill them all.
Loud shouts the people made which shook the
ground,
Tabor and Carmel's distant hills resound ;
In ecstasy they palms and garments bring,
" Hail, promised prince ! (they cry) hail, Israel's
king !"

Their clamorous kindness soon compelled Him
thence,
Against a crown flight only His defence.
Favoured by night, He drew Himself away
To that retirement where He loved to pray ;
And staid alone, till night began to wear,
In meditation, holy hymns and prayer.

Meanwhile His chosen Twelve, by His command,
Directly steer for rich Capernaum's land,

Where with Bethsaida's pleasant coast it joined.
 Long had we rowed, beat by the blustering wind,
 And with unceasing labour made no way.
 At length shrill cocks proclaim approaching day.
 Still by the blustering storm we're tossed, and
 fear
 E'en for our lives, our mighty Friend not near.
 Some rafts of boards provide ; while others stand
 Prepared to quit the bark and swim to land.
 But on a sudden good Barjonas spake—
 " Mates, my eyes fail me, or upon the lake
 Something approaching to the ship I see ;"
 Anxious we look, and with our friend agree ;
 Forward it moved, and to the stern we fled,
 When spake the form, and thus distinctly said—
 " Courage, my friends, Me still in need you
 find,
 'Tis I ; cast your vain terrors to the wind."
 Then Cephas cried—" If, Lord, thy voice it be,
 Again let's hear it, bid me come to Thee "
 Again He spake, while rapt in joy we stand,
 And mild invites him with His voice and hand.
 Down Cephas sprang upon the watery field,
 And buoyant found the wave, too firm to yield.

But when he saw the surly billow frown,
 Saw high o'erhanging waters lowering down;
 And when beneath his feet a slippery wave
 Gliding he felt; he cried, "O Master leave!"
 His Master hears, but doth his faith upbraid;
 He hears, and saves; but asks him—"Why
 afraid?
 Canst thou so soon of Me forgetful prove?
 Dost thou distrust my power, distrust my love?"
 Received on board we all our Lord adore,
 And now with speed we safely reach the shore;
 Then to Capernaum walk without delay,
 While o'er sweet Hermon's hill bright beams
 the day.

Why should I strive to tell you (what in thought
 I scarce could trace) each mighty wonder wrought
 While in Capernaum's fruitful coasts He staid?—
 How many fiends their Lord's command obeyed;
 How many men, by med'cine's feebl' aid
 Left unimproved, and by their friends given o'er,
 His healing touch and powerful word restore.
 With works like these, as He occasion saw,
 His doctrine pure He mixed and sacred law.

Sometimes ~~unrolled~~ He teaches; sometimes ~~doth~~
 Sublimest truths in liveliest possible ~~by~~ ~~some~~
 Now He 'll in ~~an~~ ~~ancient~~ prophecy explain, ~~part~~ ~~yet~~
 And blame the hardness of their hearts in wild
 Then a false gloss from ~~some~~ ~~true~~ ~~text~~ ~~retroact~~
 And teach the people what to hate ~~and~~ ~~love~~.

Returning from the Pasch, awhile we staid;
 Nor long our residence at Cana made,
 Ere from Capernaum in haste there came
 A rich and powerful lord, Chuza by name.
 He, while youth's heat to pleasure furious pressed,
 Of the Herodian sect himself professed,
 Long held by vice's wiles and pleasure's charms,
 Which hugged him closely in their treacherous
 arms;
 And one great cause which with success doth move
 And work a happy change, is virtuous love.
 The bright Joanna, who preserved her fame,
 In such a court, raised in his breast a flame.
 Young Chuza had the fair with transport eyed,
 And loved, and wooed, and won her for his bride.
 Nor long to fair Capernaum's walls they went,
 Ere heaven an heir to joyful Chuza sent;

Who now beneath a fever's burning rage
(Scarce yet a little past of his short age)
Lay gasping. Weeping his sad mother stood,
While with uneven stroke the poisoned blood
Doth through his throbbing veins small flood-
gates roll,
And beat a march to the departing soul.
Baffled all skill, and every hope now lost,
They hear that through the Galilean coast
Our Lord was seen returning. He, they knew,
By His almighty word could all things do.
Away the father speeds, more swift than death,
For Cana, or for lofty Nazareth ;
And vows, if he the child restored receive,
He 'll the next hour with all his house believe.
When near small Jephthael's stream the Lord
he found,
Quitting his chariot, prostrate on the ground,
He low adores ; and prays, if not too late,
He 'll change his dearest child's untimely fate.
Our Lord, who knew (though distant then)
his vow,
Who best knows when to help, and where and
how,

Resolved his patience and his faith to try—
 He 'll his request nor grant, nor yet deny.
 But turning to the crowd His radiant face,
 His followers He accosts—"O hardened race!
 How far shall infidelity proceed,
 How long my signs and wonders will ye need?
 How long shall stubborn sense 'gainst faith
 rebel?

Why not be saved without a miracle?"
 Th' impatient parent can no longer stay;
 He interrupts—"The case bears no delay."
 And now the mighty Saviour answer gives—
 "Disturb thyself and me no more—he lives."
 With faith and joy the chariot he ascends,
 And to Capernaum back his course he bends.
 Officious servants met, with joy they tell
 How on a sudden the dear child grew well,
 Careful he asks exact the day and hour,
 When first declined the fever's raging power.
 The question solved, he cries—"The prophet's
 word
 Just then declared my child to life restored."
 The fair Joanna came with tears of joy,
 And in her hand she held the smiling boy.

Safe and restored to his glad father shows,
 And round his neck his little arms he throws,
 With heartfelt thanks, the noble Chusa now
 To all the house declares his sacred vow ;
 Ready they grant he shall perform no less,
 And Jesus the Messiah all confess.

Thither, soon after, with our Lord we
 went,

Whose fame doth His arrival still prevent.
 A brave centurion here, among the rest,
 By proxy humbly his petition prest.
 To southern heats and Pontic snows inured,
 His servant many a hard campaign endured ;
 But now severest cramps his sinews bend,
 And in a hopeless palsy seem to end.
 What nature could produce or art invent,
 His lord had tried. First to the baths he sent,
 Near where Callirrhoe's sovereign waters fall,
 By Lasha's brook and strong Macherus' wall.
 The king's physicians next, his health to gain,
 A tedious course prescribe, but all in vain.
 With ill directed prayers devoutly made,
 To Æsculapius next he flies for aid,

Vows he'll a cock and greater presents give
 To raise his fame, if the loved servant live;
 But the poor marble idol was not near,
 Or else too busy or too dull to hear.
 All plans but vain, their hopes now desperate
 grew ;
 When some who of our Lord's arrival knew,
 Went to the master the glad news to bear,
 And straight persuade him to seek succour there.
 He rose, and vowed in faith. Long since his
 mind,
 Though weak, had been to better truths inclined ;
 He loved our nation, our devotion praised,
 And a fair synagoge his bounty raised.
 Gladly the sufferer he would now convey
 And at the feet of Jesus humbly lay,
 But 'tis too late ; he's gasping thick for breath,
 And struggling in the agonies of death.
 Himself he dares not up to Jesus go,
 For, ah ! he doth not yet the Saviour know.
 Jairus and other friends he begs implore
 The Lord, the dear-loved sufferer to restore.
 The Saviour yields, and to the house repaired.
 But when His coming the centurion heard—

"O no! this is too much, it cannot be,
 (He cried,) He must not stir a step for me.
 All I entreat He'll do, (and soon He may,
 For hand-maid nature must her Lord obey,
 As my own soldiers can't their chief controul,)
 Is, that He'll speak the word and make him
 whole."

Pleased with his noble faith, the Lord looked
 round;

"The like in Israel I have not found
 (Aloud He uttered). Nor were *these* alone
 Designed to sit upon the heavenly throne.
 Who fear and serve Me with a humble mind
 Of every nation, shall acceptance find;
 And, while lost Israel's sons expect in vain,
 In bliss shall with the holy patriarchs reign.
 Bid then the man return; his grant is sealed,
 And at this moment his loved sufferer healed."

He said; 'tis done; the servant strength re-
 ceives;

The master, he, and all the house believes.

In vain I all His wonders would relate,
 How many rescued from the brink of fate;

How Simon's mother with a touch He raised;
 And how the joyful paralytic praised;
 How, Jairus, thy dead daughter He restored;
 How, dead, she heard, and straight obeyed His
 word;
 What numbers, of their sight so long bereaved,
 Earthly and heavenly light at once received.
 This all Bethsaida's wondering borders know,
 And this thy gates, delightful Jericho.

E'en yet old Bartimeus lives, who there
 Did many a doleful day in darkness wear.
 Now in the gate methinks I see him lie,
 Or at the lovely Balsam-gardens nigh,
 And, as it chanced, the Saviour passing by.
 And when he multitudes could trampling hear,
 He rightly guessed some mighty concourse near.
 No sooner to the wretch was Jesus named,
 Than he, with faith and holy hope enflamed,
 (For oft he'd heard the miracles He'd done,)
 Exclaims: "O! mercy, mercy, David's son!"
 Some bid "Be still;" some cry, "Remove him
 hence,
 Nor let him with his loud importuness

Disturb the Lord." He will not yet give o'er,
But louder cries, more earnest than before :

"Great Son of David, let me mercy find,
O! show thy wonted pity on the blind!"

The earnest prayer soon reached the Saviour's
heart,

None e'er did yet from Him denied depart.

From all about him soon the beggar rose,
Away his staff and cumbering garments throws,
Away he runs, nor for a guide will stay,
Following the voice and stumbling in the way.

When nearer come, his gracious Lord enquired,
What boon he with such earnestness desired.

"Lord Thou canst do't (he with big tears replies)
Thou, and Thou only, canst restore my eyes."

"True, thy victorious faith directs thee right
(His gracious Lord replied)—receive thy sight."

'Tis done; he saw, and with loud thanks doth
greet,

Embraced the Saviour's knees, and kissed His
feet.

I need not, fathers, waste the day to tell
Those wonders which the city knows so well;

The blasted fig-tree, which you yet may see
 Without the walls leading to Bethany ;
 He who at Siloam's stream received his sight,
 Nor e'er till then had seen the heavenly light.

'Twas at the famous pool, well known to all
 Jerusalem ; that heavenly hospital,
 Where every injured sense a cure may find,
 The deaf, the blighted, palsied, lame and
 blind :

Here in the morning at the sun's first rise,
 While men present the earliest sacrifice,
 You know from heaven some bounteous angel
 brings

Unfailing cures beneath his healing wings
 To those who in the water first descend :
 Him too you know, who did so long attend ;
 Who, blighted in his tender youth had staid
 Almost six weeks of years, expecting aid
 In vain expecting ; weak and bed-rid laid,
 Others, more ready, still stepped in before ;
 And, disappointed oft, he hoped no more.
 Our Master saw, and asked, his faith to try,
 If for his pain he wished a remedy.

"Yes, death (he cried with unconcerned neglect)
 Nor other, ease on earth need I expect.
 The rich crowd in and gain a speedy cure,
 But e'en an angel will not help the poor."
 "Yes, that will I"—the Saviour kind replies,
 And bids him in His Father's name arise—
 Arise and walk, and thence his couch convey.
 His blighted limbs their Maker's word obey.
 His blood through its forgotten channels flows.
 Vigorous and strong he in a moment grows.

To shew we ought repeated prayers to make
 To heaven's high throne, and no denial take—
 "A judge there was (He said) who never stood
 On conscience; but grew rich from bribes and
 blood.
 A widow lived hard-by, whom he'd bereft
 Of her loved lord, and poor and friendless left.
 A neighbour oft th' unhappy wretch would wrong,
 And she'd no remedy but tears and tongue.
 What shall she do? Her evils to prevent,
 E'en to the wicked judge himself she went,
 And with loud outcries she besieged his door,
 Raising her piteous clamour, "Help the poor."

Attends him like his shade go where he will,
 And worries him with "Justice, Justice," still.
 At last he says—"Although I neither care
 For man, nor God Himself, much less for her,
 Her for my own sake I must right; or she,
 As I've served others, soon will murder me.
 Good woman, say, what is it you require?"
 She asked. He gave her all her heart's desire;
 Punished her foe; and then, but not before
 She raised her siege and left the Judge's door.
 If importunity the *worst* can sway,
 If all but gold itself it can outweigh,
 If *here* so strong; it cannot less avail
 At heaven's high court, or there of answer fall.
 And, though th' Almighty readily will give,
 Man is not fit the blessing to receive,
 Till his unwearied faith to heaven aspire,
 And heavenly aid with ardent vows desire.
 Then God will aid—His wisdom man secures:
 Vengeance is His; be mercy ever yours,
 Unless from heaven you'd such requital have,
 As the bad servant whom his lord forgave.

The tale we beg; and thus He doth relate.

"A lord, of mighty wealth and vast estate,

Ten thousand talents to his servant lent,
Which he in carelessness or folly spent.
The debt now long unpaid, the lord displeas'd,
Bids that the servant and his house be seiz'd.
Low at his feet th' unhappy debtor fell,
And begged a respite ; all his goods he 'll sell,
All his estate, and his friends' bounty try,
Rather than in a loathsome prison lie.
Not unsuccessful the petition proved,
His words and tears the generous master moved ;
He'll neither seize his goods, nor him enslave ;
Nay, kinder still, he all the debt forgave.
Forth went th' ingrate ; his fellow-servant met
(A hundred pence was all his trifling debt)
Yet grasps him by the throat with furious hands,
And every mite that instant he demands.
Trembling the debtor at his feet doth fall,
Begs a few days, and he will pay him all.
No ; he's denied, and straight in prison thrown,
And soon the tidings to the lord made known.
" O worst of men ! (he cries) cruel, ingrate !
Did I so much forgive to thee so late,
And all so soon forgot ? Such pity shown
To *thy* distress, hast thou for *others* none ?

Guards, without mercy drag him hence and
bind,

No respite now from slavery shall he find."

Thus shall My righteous Heavenly Father do,

Thus likewise be severely 'venged on you,

Unless (as all My followers should live)

Each from his heart his brother you forgive.

"How can ye not this world's vain goods
contemn?

Why are they lords of you, not you of them?

If all your happiness on *these* depend,

Ye must expect the cheated rich man's end;

Who scarce himself his countless treasures knew,

Scarce over all his own domain could view:

His barns, so crammed that now they'll hold no
more,

He larger builds for his increasing store.

"I've wealth enough, (he cries,) no famine fear,

Enough for many a long and happy year."

He said—That very hour his fate is sealed,

And thus his answer from on high revealed.

"Ah fool, who fondly dost thyself deceive!

Not one day more is left thee, wretch, to live."

Another rising sun thou shalt not see ;
 This very night the fiends shall seize on thee ;
 Then whose shall all thy boasted riches be ?”

“ Be for your souls then careful while ye may,
 And mean their safety while 'tis called *to day* ;
 They need your utmost diligence and care,
 To root out vice, and cherish virtue there.
 And when all's done to save the heaven-born soul,
 The humblest modesty must crown the whole.
 Pride (the most dangerous and the worst mis-
 take)

Of saints as well as angels fiends can make.
 The best ye do needs an atoning Friend ;
 Despise not others, nor yourselves commend.

“ A pharisee and publican there were
 Who to the temple went one morn to prayer.
 Forward the pharisee self-righteous goes,
 And thus before the altar pays his vows :
 “ O Israel's God ! aloud I praise thy name
 For such a life as envy cannot blame ;
 That no man I have wronged by force or guile,
 And never did my neighbour's bed defile.

Blameless my life hath been to God and man,
 Not like you reprobate, the publican.
 Not the least herb that in my garden grows,
 Nor smallest gain that from my labour flows,
 But I deduct the sacred tenth as thine,
 Before I dare to touch the other nine."
 Thus he, with voice articulate and clear ;
 And looks around, in hopes that some may hear.
 While in the outward court the publican
 Thus with his eyes submit to heaven began :
 ' O ! Searcher of all hearts, who knows me best !
 (And that I am a sinner is confest,)
 Father of mercies, mercy I implore
 For sins now past ; and grace to sin no more.'
 This humble, self-condemning penitent,
 I tell you, pardoned from the temple went.
 The Pharisee returned, as he came in,
 Or more confirmed in vanity and sin."

These He, and many more ; but chief of all
 The parable of the returning Prodigal.
 " A good old sire there was, whom age and cares
 Had blest with wealth, and crowned with
 silver hairs.

Two sons he had, his age's prop and pride,
 Who, at his death, must all his wealth divide.
 The elder's full of industry and cares ;
 The younger wastes his time at wakes and
 fairs—

A profligate, to all advice his ears
 He stops ; and answers, if his father fears
 To see his ruin, give him but his share,
 He 'll soon be gone, nor longer cause his care.
 The father grants his wish ; the portion gives
 Liberal and large, which he with joy receives.
 To bid his friends farewell he scarce can stay,
 But to a distant country hastes away.
 And there arrived, rich, young, profane and gay,
 Resolves to taste whate'er the world can give,
 And to the height of lawless pleasure live.
 In masks and balls, in gaming, feasts and plays,
 In mirth and wine he spends his thoughtless days.
 Wit, beauty, music, all the world can boast,
 Their forces join (and they're a powerful host)
 To charm him theirs. How did he now despise
 His old and doating father's grave advice ;
 His brother, who still drudged for sordid pelf ;
 And how applaud his wise and happy self.

Thus lived he till his bags, exhaustless thought
 At first, unto their lowest ebb were brought,
 And worse; when these he to the last had drained,
 In all those realms a dreadful famine reigned.
 His treacher-friends now no relief afford,
 But with contempt they drive him from their
 board.

One owns, and gives him near himself a seat;
 But soon he bids him with his servants eat;
 Encroaches more and more upon his need,
 And sends him out, in time, his pigs to feed.
 Pleasure's false mists from his deluded eyes
 Removed at last, he, cold and hungry, cries—
 "Ah wretch that did my father's house despise!
 Here now in want I perish, and despair,
 And long in vain for plenty reigning there.
 Nor dare I from his table aught desire—
 E'en bread which those partake who serve for
 hire.

O! to his bounteous house how gladly I
 Would still return, though at his feet to die!"
 He said; with hunger feeble, he arose,
 And begs his way, and by short journeys
 goes.

Far off his father sees and runs to meet,
 Age is no longer slow, love wings his feet ;
 Forward he springs, they tenderly embrace,
 Love in his eye, shame in the younger's face.
 " Father (he cries) if you will not disclaim
 That dear, though long abused and injured name,
 Though to be called a son I can't aspire,
 O ! let me with your servants work for hire !
 And let me still enjoy the envied grace,
 E'en though he frown, to see my father's face."
 Th' enraptured father makes him no replies,
 Or if he speak, speaks only with his eyes ;
 Calls for his robes, and in the richest, best,
 With his own hand doth the dear boy invest ;
 And next a ring from his own finger gave,
 Token of honour, that he's not a slave ;
 Then bids the fatted calf that night prepare,
 And call his friends his boundless joy to share.
 Crowding they came ; the happy night was spent
 In temperate joy and harmless merriment ;
 In songs—such heaven itself did erst inspire,
 Such seraphs sing to David's royal lyre ;
 In modest dances—no dishonour thought,
 To Zion when the ark of God was brought ;

The sober glass, with sparkling Gaza crowned,
 Grateful to God and man, went cheerful sound.
 His day's work done, the elder brother now,
 As night came on, comes weary from the plough;
 And wonders, as the house he's drawing near,
 Such lights to see, such songs and music hear.
 A slave relates—"Your brother whom we
 mourned

So long as lost, this evening is returned;
 On his arrival all this joy's exprest,
 And *you* alone are wanting to the feast."
 Enraged, he went go in and take his seat;
 In vain the aged parent would entreat.
 "How many a year (he cries) have I, content,
 In your unthankful service slavish spent!
 Could I in all that time presented be
 With but a kid, to treat my friends and me?
 But when your darling profligate is come,
 From whores and gamblers stripped and naked
 home,
 For him full soon are feasts and revels seen;
 Give me my portion too, I'll not come in."
 "Thou knowest (the father cries) I thee design
 My heir; wait but a while, and all is thine."

Then why so angry? Why thus discontent,
 And grudge a trifle on thy brother spent?
 Whom, counted dead, we strangely see revive;
 Lost and despaired of, we receive alive."

John scarce the lively parable doth end,
 When Chuza comes, the Saviour's grateful friend;
 Gamaliel's friend likewise, whose welcome guest
 Full oft he'd been at the great Paschal feast.
 With him there came the brave Centurion too,
 Patron and friend, whom all esteemed and knew.
 The first kind greetings over, looking round,
 Th' apostles' well known faces Chuza found.
 "I know (he cries) your blest employment
 still
 Is to perform and teach your Master's will,
 I interrupted your discourse, I fear,
 Which none than me with greater pleasure hear.
 So much myself I to your master owe,
 It gratifies me when His truths you show.
 You then, who happy in His bosom lie,
 Say, if aught may of this great mystery—

Aught that from vulgar ears is yet concealed,
 May be to us (your trust still safe) revealed?"

"Yes, sir, (the son of Zebedee replied,)
 We from the hardened crowd some truths must
 hide,
 Till more prepared to hear them. But to you,
 Ranked by our Lord among the favoured few,
 And these good men, (who though they much
 discern
 Yet from our humble converse deign to learn,)
 I'll speak, permitted, what from Him I heard,
 What He in closest privacy declared,
 What in my breast th' unerring Spirit seals,
 And, acting on my tongue, to you reveals."

And now the change doth all the guests
 surprise,
 What awful grandeur beaming from his eyes!
 Thus truth would look if she could body take;
 And as like truth he looked, like truth he spake:
 Greater he seemed, and something more than man;
 And thus the Saviour's happy friend began.

THE SAVIOUR.

BOOK VI.

The Word, th' Eternal Word I sing,
Whose Spirit all my soul inspire!
And while I touch the trembling string,
Tune, some angel, tune my lyre!
Arise, my eagle-soul, arise,
Mount and mean thy native skies.
View e'ea the sun with thy ambitious eyes!
And let thy daring essay be,
What would employ eternity,
To sing the Father of the world and Thee—

In the beginning of His endless now;
 Before this beauteous world was made,
 Before the earth's foundations laid,
 Before the angels round His throne did bow,
 Who was and ever is, we know not how.
 No mean succession His duration knows;
 The Spring of being neither ebbs nor flows.
 No point can mortal thought assign
 In His interminable line,
 Nor our poor compass mete the circle all divine.

Whatever was, was God, ere time or place;
 Endless duration He, and boundless space
 Filled with Himself; where thought can
 pierce
 Alone He filled the universe,
 One, undissolved; nor ceases to be One
 Though with Him ever reigns th' eternal Son,
 In His eternal mind conceived;
 Not to be argued, but believed.
 The Father's image He; as great, as bright,
 Clothed in the same insufferable light;
 More closely joined, more intimately one
 With His great Father, than the light and sun.

Equal in goodness and in might,
 True God of God, and Light of Light ;
 Him as the Father we adore,
 Neither is after or before.

The Father loved the Son ; the Spirit came
 Forth from the mutual and conspiring flame,
 From both proceeding, yet with both the
 same ;

One with the Father and th' eternal Word,
 Eternal God, eternal Lord,
 With equal reverence His name adored.
 One God ; for what's Supreme can be but one :
 But three great persons, Father, Spirit, Son :
 Triad and Monad both—Here faith may find,
 What strikes philosophy and nature blind,
 Three great self-conscious persons, one self-con-
 scious mind.

Who made the world is God ; and He
 Who made all time must needs eternal be.
 This by the Spirit did the Son ;
 The Father's will by both was done,
 As once resolved in council of the great THREE-
 ONE.

And first the heavens He built,
 Not those above we see,
 With Luna's silver waves and Sol's fierce beauties
 gilt.
 Far more refined, far more removed than they;
 Their light would soon put out Sol's twink-
 ling ray;
 Their light is God's high throne, scattering
 eternal day.
 The angels next He made,
 In love and flame arrayed.
 The new-born angels cheerfully adore
 Their Maker and their Lord, unseen before.
 Their new-born voices and lyre they try,
 In sweet, celestial poesy,
 In lofty hymns and heavenly harmony.
 The refuse of their world doth ours compose,
 (Though yet so beautiful and bright)
 Each scattered spark of heavenly light,
 Thence falling, into sun or planet grows.
 But first the Spirit on the void descends,
 First matter wills, then form to matter lends.
 And when the orbs above were made
 And earth, and air, and sea were framed,

Th' All-high with pleasure all anticipated,
 And man the king of all proclaimed.

But ah ! how short his reign !
 Lawless and disobedient grown,
 How, seen by God who set him on the throne,
 By God, who had the power alone,
 Dethroned again.

Th' All-high, as much as God can grieve,
 Grieves o'er his fate ; and fain would save
 Both him and the fair world He gave.
 But first He must His justice show,
 Before He mercy can bestow ;
 And asks—Will any satisfy
 His wrath, that Adam may not die ?
 Angels, in trembling, signs of pity gave,
 But only *mourn* his loss they cannot save.

Then forth the Son undaunted stood ;
 And O ! how infinite His love !
 How deep must Him our ruin move !
 The weighty enterprize to prove
 To God to reconcile man by His *blood* !
 Man's form to take He'll straight prepare,
 To save the world by suffering there,

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In all but sin like man: With goodness mild,
 On His loved Son the Father smiled;
 Accepts His offer, and declares
 For Him the guilty world He spares:
 Then the spirits cursed below
 Trembling fear a deadly blow;
 And the spirits blest above,
 Who man's race protect and love,
 The great Redeemer's glory raise
 In lofty notes of godlike praise.

'Twas He who oft, in human form attired,
 Deigned to our world below;
 As He our state would better know,
 Or company desired.

He frequent with the holy patriarchs walked,
 With Him they eat, with Him they talked;
 At hospitable Abraham's feast
 He was, with angels, once a guest.

'Twas He who did the wandering Jacob guide,
 The valiant shepherd met by Jabbok's side;

'Twas He to whom the expiring father prayed
 When on his grandsons' heads his hands he
 laid.

This uncreated angel He
 Whom Moses in the bush did see.
 Him great Isaiah saw, whose lofty vein
 Excels both Pindar's dithyrambic strain ;
 Him saw and loved ; and learnt His will
 Whose glory did the temple fill ;
 Officious seraphs waited round,
 And holy ! holy ! holy ! sound ;
 And when with sacred fire they touched his tongue,
 Almost as loud as they he thus their Master sung.

" Sad Israel ! weep no more !
 Dry thy vain tears ; thy sighs give o'er !
 Thy God shall thee increase, shall thee restore !
 He comes, He comes ! Welcome as the sweet morn
 That follows tedious night, the lovely babe is born ;
 The lovely babe in whose auspicious face
 Already beams each high and heavenly grace.
 His power is equal to so vast a care ;
 Unmoved the frame of heaven and earth He 'll
 bear.

Proclaim His titles far abroad—
 Stupendous Wisdom, and All-powerful God,
 Eternal Father, for He's one
 With His Eternal Son.

O Salem's Prince! with speed thy empire gain,
And o'er the peaceful nations ever reign!"

His beams than Sol's more strong and fair,
Enlightening all and every where,
Both life and light impart;
Through error's scattered mists - like thunder
dart,

Direct the head and warm the heart :
But vain to those who in the twilight stay,
When Revelation brings in day—
Too dim to shew to these to heaven the way.

Yet have there been a wiser few,
Who knew ; and *practised* what they knew ;
Devout and pious, chaste and just,
Who still in their Creator trust ;
And these acceptance find where'er they live.
Who well improves his little store,
Kind heaven will soon afford him more,
And greater talents give.

That faint and glimmering light
Which pierces through the clouds, and shines in
spite
Of error, or of vice's night,

If followed close, shall to such beams convey,
 Such orient lustre, so divine a ray,
 As shall increase to perfect and eternal day.
 The Word divine, though not by His received,
 Was looked for by the Fathers, and believed,
 And in Messiah Great must centred be ;
 And if the holy Baptist, heaven, and we
 Can ought of faith deserve, our Lord is He.

Struck with surprise was all the audience by
 At these mysterious truths, so deep and high,
 Beyond the reach of nature's narrow rules,
 Of Roman eloquence, or Grecian schools.
 Though something not unlike in Greece (which
 you
 From older sacred Hebrew fountains drew)
 Your pleasant walks, enlightened Plato, knew.
 Hence the vain heathen world, and vainer tribe
 Of atheistic fools, to thee ascribe
 Many a noble truth and mystery
 More ancient than thy country's name or thee,

From all the darkened world before concealed,
 And only to the chosen Jews revealed;
 Nay even by them kept secret; and alone
 To a few wise and good among them known;
 But by the Saviour to His followers shown.

“And are the arts of Greece too hither spread?
 (Cried the Centurion) for you’ve Plato read?”

Gamaliel answered, and sarcastic smiled—

“Learning, who’s but at Greece and Rome a
 child,

Hath been so long among the Hebrews known,
 She’s of full age, if not decrepid grown,
 Egypt from us, from us the Grecians drew
 Their arts; and as their own they lent them you,
 Those who the Jews as barbarous contemn
 Have borrowed all from us, not we from them;
 Their very gods, their ancient history,
 Their shipping, and their boasted poetry,
 Letters and laws.”

“Half this if you could prove
 (Replied the Roman) you’d my wonder move.”

“I ask no favour, no opponent fear,
 (Rejoined the sage,) give but impartial ear.

To us their gods Phœnicia, Egypt owe,
 We only their original can shew.
 Their ancient mighty Jao was the same
 With our concealed Unutterable Name,
 And their false Jove from our Adonai came.
 And he to whom a temple you would rear
 Was only the Phœnician Thunderer ;
 Him Ammon now from ancient Cham you call,
 Now Belus, name him from our injured Baal.
 When man forgot his God, he soon began
 Himself to adore, and make a god of man.
 The wicked world grew barbarous again
 As ere the flood ; and monstrous beasts and men
 Ranged o'er the plains ; the strong the weaker
 awe,
 Love then was lost alone, and force was law.
 Among the rest some brighter spirits rose,
 To shield the weak, and force with force oppose.
 Incense as well as praise the vulgar bring,
 Nor deem enough to make a hero king.
 A centaur then the man a horse who strode,
 And he who killed a bear was made a god ;
 And of departed father, friend, or lord,
 They first an image formed, and then adored.

Others again who 'bove the rest could boast,
 Their skill and science in the heavenly host;
 How all things here by solar influence grow,
 How seas, as Luna bids them, ebb and flow;
 What influence more friendly fills the skies
 When o'er th' horizon the sweet Pleiads rise—
 These think to *them* alone; they all things owe
 Which from the first great Cause of causes flow;
Them they adore, not God who did create,
 And *their* kind properties they celebrate.
 Hence came the ancient mythologic tribe,
 Who secret, venerable names ascribe
 To what they worship; and, as time rolls on,
 Although the reason of the name be gone,
 Yet of our language traces clear remain,
 And their original they'd hide in vain.
 Fish, fowl, and beast and man their gods they
 call,
 And, to make all things sure, the fiends and all.
 Sometimes their heroes with the stars they join,
 And both to honour, make them both divine.
 Now Jove, Beelsamen the Phœnicians call,
 Great lord of heaven; now Elion, Belus, Baal;
 And clearly mean the Sun alone by all.

Moloch and Belus are with them the same ;
 Saturn with both ; the difference but in name.
 These, one inscription oft together ties,
 Alike their form, alike their sacrifice ;
 To both, the nations their Betyfia raise,
 And both from fear and not from love they praise.
 Again, that Isis, Io, Juno are
 The same, your own best writers oft declare.
 All honied their images, adopted dress
 The moon in hieroglyphic to express ;
 Though not to her confined their whole intent—
 Joseph their sacred ox doth represent ;
 Him to a star they joined ; and long before
 Your Rome was Rome, his crest their idols wore.
 E'en their astronomy by us was taught,
 By Father Abraham first from Chaldee brought ;
 Whether from Seth's eternal pillars learned,
 Or by tradition's glimmering light discerned.
 The use of letters long to them unknown,
 Ours was their boasted Hermes, not their own.
 Nay e'en the old Chaldean's sacred fire,
 Which Delphos, you, and all the world admire,
 Your Vesta, Persia's Mitra, are but one,
 The same with Moloch, Anstmon, and the Sun.

Th' Egyptian Isis (queen of heaven) you name
 By Juno ; our Astarte is the same ;
 And all the moon. In Vents all again
 Agree ; great mother she of gods and men.
 See your divinities then, whence they flow,
 From sun and moon above, or men below.
 Your vulgar e'en their images implore ;
 And the less stupid sacred blocks adore ;
 From place to place whens'er they wandering
 come
 Officious bring them, or they'd staid at home.

" From us your letters had their names and
 powers,
 Their very form not varying much from ours.
 Cadmus, who first taught Græcia's sons to write,
 What was he but a coward Cadmonite ?
 Who long in rocks and holes was stalking hid,
 Of God, and Joshua's vengeful sword afraid.
 The letters first to the Phœnicians came
 From grand sire Shem and father Abraham,
 Whose mighty prayers, and thence prevailing
 hand
 From four invading kings set free their land ;

Then arts and piety among them brought,
 Which Abraham Shem, Shem holy Noah thought.
 His story learnt; vessels like his they wrought;
 And coasting, traversed many a distant shore,
 Ere Rome was Rome, or Græcia handled oar.
 This he whose birth-place Samos boasts, well
 knew,
 Whom fame of Hebrew knowledge hither drew;
 Nor thought his blood too dear a price, to learn
 Those sacred truths which we alone discern;
 And these obtained, the precious treasure bore
 To Croton's walls, and year Calabrian shore.
 This Plato's self had owned (whose piercing eyes
 Beheld, unveiled, our deepest mysteries)
 Had but great Plato been as just as wise.
 His One and Many was from us received,
 And our mysterious Triad he believed.
 His Psyche, Logos, En, what can they be
 But Elohim's great undivided Three?
 His works who hath with careful eye surveyed,
 Hath clearly seen a world of nothing made
 By the First Cause; seen angels and the
 fall,
 And strokes of our great Moses in them all.

" First legislator Moses all must own;
 The founder he of written laws alone,
 Now was this useful art by him concealed,
 Which God to him, and he to us revealed,
 Before Troy's war (as from our books appears)
 By many a rolling century of years.
 Hence Grecian lawgivers their pandects drew,—
 Soon as they of the precious treasure knew.
 They straight to neighbouring isles from Greece
 retire,
 And steal some sparks of our celestial fire.
 To us the Attic laws (esteemed so wise)
 To them your old twelve tables, owe their rise.

" Ere aped in Greece, we poetry had here ;
 And can assign the period and the year
 When our best authors flourished ; yet we show
 Those works, which to be genuine well we know.
 Then poetry was pure ; a vestal then,
 The acts of God she sung, and godlike men ;
 By the great sacred Spirit's self inspired,
 And not by wine, or gain, or passion fired.
 Poet and prophet then *indeed* the same,
 Their inspiration not an empty name.

Past, future, present, at one glance they see.
 Fathers their children bless in poetry.
 When righteous heaven some monstrous tyrant's
 crimes
 Avenged, they sing his fall in sacred rhimes ;
 How on the clouds high Elohim conquering rode,
 And all the former mighty strength of God ;
 To wicked nations righteous plagues foretold,
 And promise to the holy all things well.
 The Arch-fiend saw ; and better to beguile
 The nations, strove to ape the sacred style.
 Some renegades to his side he drew
 Who something of our sacred learning knew.
 Old Linus first enticed across the seas,
 The master of the Tyrian Hercules ;
 Famed Orpheus next ; whose hot, unnatural blood
 Stained the wild Thracian fields and Hebrus'
 flood.
 His priests and poets, they his rites attend,
 File his rough verse, his frightful style amend ;
 And lest they should their chief ungrateful call,
 He to requite them made them laureates all.
 Aided by these, his idol-worship spread,
 And all mankind adored the stars, the dead.

Yet all by rote they sung ; the prince of night
 Had not yet taught his votaries to write,
 Nor even he who next succeeded these,
 The Grecian bard, old Melesigenes,
 (Worse than the sibyls, wandering in the wind)
 His works e'er knew to written rolls consigned ;
 But leaning on his staff (for he was blind)
 Sung to his harp ; his followers do the same,
 And *Rhapsodies* his scattered fragments name.
 But, to whatever distant regions gone,
 Our Siloam first supplied their Helicon ;
 And something of the earliest taste remains,
 Impaired indeed in passing various veins.
 Hence his famed chaos drew th' Ascræan sage,
 And many a god that fills his antick page ;
 Hence your own Ovid drew. If you admire,
 Whence we our learning ? We more just
 enquire,
 Whence *life the flood, and the last fated fire ?*"

He said and paused. The Roman—"I must own,
 Far more than I before believed you've shown.
 But surely you'll allow, the images
 They only make the properties express

Of that great Love, who fills the thunderer's
 throne,
 Whom king of heaven and earth we all must own,
 And since *at once* we scarce can mount so high
 And apprehend heaven's boundless majesty,
 (As suits weak mortals) shorter steps they take,
 And mediums these of their devotions make."

He answered—" Good they ask, and evil fear,
 With them from conquered countries these they
 bear,

Up to the very image lift their eyes,
 To it give incense, prayer and sacrifice.
 Spirit unbodied, boundless, simple, pure,
 Like Deity, can no such forms endure.
 This e'en your elder lawgivers confess,
 Old Numa's temples know no images.
 Our sacred books in every page declare,
 His glory God with others will not share ;
 All images forbids, in dread command
 Spoke by His voice, and written by his hand."

" Did not that Moses, whom you all admire,
 When God he met in Sinai's smoke and fire,

(Replied the Roman) God's direction take,
 And then by this your moving temple make?
 And did not Moses, as your books declare,
 Place glorious forms with outstretched pinnacles
 there;
 Moreover; if a final end of strife,
 A rule exact and sure of faith and life,
 These books you call, and thus the world containing,
 How comes it you yourselves appeal from them?
 Your Corban you'd unwillingly decide
 By these; but take traditions for your guide.

The Rabbi said: "The Cherubim, we know
 (By whom the form of God was never shown)
 Were there at God's express commanding
 wrought;
 But of their worship never yet we thought.
 Not visible, how should they idols be,
 How forms be worshipped which we never see?
 None of the priests themselves might enter there,
 None but great Aaron's mitred successor,
 And he himself not more than once a year.
 For Corban, Corban's self must plead, I fear;
 But, if the usual arguments you'd hear,

A youth I have, an ancient Tuscan bred,
 Of Hebrew race; whose father, lately dead,
 Him to my care committed. He is read
 In all that Rome or Athens yet have known,
 In boasted Grecian learning and our own;
 And deeply in our principles imbued,
 Although too hot we deem his zeal and blood.
 In him, his strength to try if you're inclined,
 You'll no contemptible opponent find."

"Gladly (rejoined the Roman) would I hear
 Their utmost strength; but since my own I fear,
 Lest an important cause (this highly so)
 Disgrace from a weak champion undergo,
 The argument I gladly would transmit
 To these good men, who oft have handled it,
 And oft have heard, with eloquence divine,
 The subject treated by their Friend and mine."

The fair proposal James (desired by all)
 Accepts. And, ready at Cassiell's call,
 His pupil enters. He no sooner knows
 The cause, than, glad, his art and zeal he
 shows.

"Soon can I show you, s'an from man's school,
 The word is neither clear, nor perfect rule.
 Not clear; it can't a doubtful sense declare,
 When piles meet piles contending in the air,
 Squadrons of texts drawn out on either side,
 How shall the controverted truth be tried
 Without appeal to some unerring guide?
 And where can this, search all the world
 around,
 Save in high priests and Sanhedrims be found?
 Nor perfect is the word; for much is lost
 Of what the elder Hebrew church could boast.
 Moses himself did to the guides commit
 Many a sacred truth that ne'er was writ.
 The fathers first those Cabbala receive,
 Them to the Synagogæ and Ezra leave,
 And they to us. These all disputes decide,
 By them the doubtful word itself is tried.
 They our unerring rule, the church our guide.
 Thus every age doth on another move,
 And trusts no farther than that next above.
 Our good old doctors ever took this way;
 Each asked but what he heard his father say;
 All doomed to death who dared to disobey."

Thus he, with zealous fury in his eyes ;
 And thus the saint with temperance replies.
 " What can be easier to understand
 Than God's own Word, and His express com-
 mand ?
 And what's more plain, than that on no pretence
 We ought shall add or wight take off from thence ;
 That His blest law is perfect all and pure,
 Nor can tradition's base alloy endure ;
 Perfect as well as clear, approved and tried,
 In every part of life a rule and guide ?
 The Scriptures justest views of God impart ;
 They teach to serve Him with a humble heart ;
 Set forth the terms of happiness ; and more,
 That wondrous Prince who shall the world restore,
 The Christ and true Messiah we adore ;
 By whom (if aught from ages past concealed)
 The Father's will is fully now revealed.
 If then some books be lost (and if they are,
 Where the high priests' and elders' boasted care ?)
 This not the rest corrupts ; and still we find
 A clear and perfect rule is left behind.
 Much of the Cabala, by you so prized,
 Are trifles, by the learned world despised.

Ezra, and the great Synagogue, you boast ;
But have his piety and doctrine lost.
And though high priests and Sanhedrims, *you*
say,
Can without error shew to heaven the way ;
Yet when themselves in vice or error lost
So oft we see, tis plain you *falsely* boast.
But what the Fathers told, you must believe,
Since such good men sure never could deceive ;
Since every age doth on the other move,
And trusts no farther than that next above.
Now the blind heathen takes this very way ;
Each asks but what he heard his father say ;
That father erred ; they follow and obey.
But men no false or dangerous step shall make
Who reason and the Word's safe guidance take.
If from the proper path they will not stray,
These to our Prophet shall in time convey.
His holy Spirit, with resistless might,
Shall fill the darkened world with heavenly light ;
Gentile and Jew shall His blest law receive,
And idols and as vain traditions leave.
Nay even *you* (unless amiss I see
In the reflecting glass of prophecy)

You, who so fiercely now our law oppose,
 And think us God's as well as Caesar's foes,
 The Saviour shall to gentile worlds proclaim,
 And round the globe extend the Christian name."
 He said; the disputant shot furious thence,
 Too weak and too enraged to make defence,

"From a loose court to Sadoc's sect inclined
 (Cried Chuza) still their notions haunt my
 mind.

You know full well, they future life decry,
 And immaterial substances deny;
 A spirit can't believe, unless they see—
 What they've no notion of can never be;
 All distant hopes and fears alike despise,
 And deem impossible the dead should rise."

Joseph replied—"The brutish atheists own
 They can't conceive a God. But is there none?
 Ask the acknowledged sense of all mankind.
 Is there no sun, because the beetle's blind?
 Their breath, the air, their thoughts, men may
 not see,
 And yet may breathing, thinking creatures be,

That God's a substance is confessed by all,
 Whom (save blasphemers) none material call;
 Matter's extended, passive, finite owned;
 If God be such, He is from heaven dethroned;
 He then hath parts; mutation shall prevail
 O'er the weak frame; and what can change
 can fail.

In man there is a spirit, God's own breath,
 Something divine, which shall survive his death.
 Who, who can bear to think he *all* shall die,
 And in dark nothing's chaos floating lie,
 Nor rather hope a blest eternity?
 If man (as Sadoc dreams) all matter were,
 How could he will, reflect, compound, infer?
 How sciences invent, or arts devise,
 And e'en by folly and mistake grow wise?
 If all were matter, Sadoc argues well,
 There'd no hereafter be, no heaven or hell;
 All would be fate; and man as justly then
 Might punish stones, as God could punish men.
 But sha'n't the Judge of all men justly do.
 Shall not Eternal Truth itself be true?
 That *here* He doth not *equally* dispense,
 E'en Sadoc's sons may own. *They* argue thence
 Against His justice and His providence;

But we, more fair, a future-world conclude,
 To punish wicked men, reward the good.
 This by th' inspired of old in every age
 Was fairly writ on many a sacred page ;
 By thee more legibly than all the rest
 Prophet of heaven and earth beloved, expressed.
 The Spirit says, man rather sleeps than dies
 When fate the soul and body's link unties ;
 Express Isaiah writes, the dead shall rise ;
 That those who dwell in dust shall rise and sing,
 When the last trump her joyful news shall bring.
 Though this seem strange to our short sight
 who dwell
 In mortal clay ; with God 'tis possible.
 His power can do what mortals cannot scan,
 And reproduce the same numeric man ;
 From scattered parts that body can restore
 Which His high word of nothing made before."

" Well have you argued (Cephas said) and well
 For truth have urged truth's sacred oracle.
 Some reason still evade by sophistry ;
 Some Scripture wrest ; but none can sense
 deny.

To sense our Lord by miracles appears
In all the truths which He from heaven reveals.
Whom heaven and earth obey, men must believe,
And such high testimony all receive.
Nor ever man like Him these truths hath taught ;
He immortality to light hath brought ;
Shewn, heaven the good with endless joy shall
gain,

The wicked bowl in hell with ceaseless pain.
Nor ever immaterial substance we
Can doubt, who so much hear and so much see.
Legions of fiends we see our Lord obey,
Him spitefully confess, and haste away.
This have thy walls, Capernaum, wondering seen,
This from his hills th' affrighted Gadarene.
Such truths did Truth Himself to us reveal,
Or plain, or in some lively parable.
Of one, the scene is still before my eyes,
The pains of hell, the joys of Paradise—
It was the poor Rich-man's terrific fate ;
Which, ere we part, allow me to relate.

“ See his luxurious body, covered o'er
With royal purple, brought from Tyrus' shore.

The softest linen next his tender skin,
 Perfumed, to hide a loathsome load of sin.
 Arabia's odours, bought at vast expense,
 Rich nard, amomum, sacred frankincense—
 All these, profusely smoking, scent the air.
 His table loaded with the choicest fare ;
 Attendants on attendants panting come,
 Tottering beneath their load, into the room.
 And in a stately gallery hard-by,
 Hung out with Babylonian tapestry,
 His band of music sat ; and, as they bring
 Each course, anon they sweep the sounding
 string.

Thus, on his easy couch reclined, he lay ;
 And thus, luxurious, passed the scorching day.
 Now, cooler evening come, he bids prepare
 His stately equipage, to take the air.
 When at the gate arrived, he casts his eye,
 And sees a sick and wretched beggar lie,
 Covered with sores. To his attendants near
 ' Take hence (he cries) that wretch ; what doth
 he here ? '

They soon obey ; and spurning bid him rise
 And get him thence. He lifts his fainting eyes,

And mutters in low voice—'What injury
Will 't be to you, if *here* you let me die?'
They trail him o'er the more relenting stones;
He scarce can speak, and, just expiring, groans.
From head to foot a spot is hardly sound,
A frightful ulcer all—all o'er a wound.
The curs attend him close, and will no more
Move from his side; but gently lick the sore.
'Too late your aid; whoe'er you be (he cried),
Requite you heaven!' With all his strength he
tried,
A little raised his head; then sunk and died.
His spirit had no sooner winged her way
From her untenantable house of clay,
Than fairest angels, riding in the air,
The soul to bliss on rapid pennons bear,
Safe to the realms of endless peace convey,
And in his father Abraham's bosom lay.
The rich man homeward doth in time repair,
And near his gate, the carcass lying there
At the first glance he with a start doth see;
But soon recalls himself—*What is 't to me?*
All thought to banish, bids a feast prepare.
Rich Syrian unguents scent his flowing hair;

A few choice comrades, wicked, lewd as he,
Sit round the board to heighten jollity.
A goblet huge at once he raises high,
And vows to all their healths he'll drink it dry.
But scarce it reached his lip, when sudden fall
Th' expiring master, goblet, wine and all.
Death-struck he falls ; hard comes the rattling
 breath,
His jolly face now pale and cold in death ;
Atheist no more, believes a God too late,
Trembling with horror at approaching fate.
His black and loathsome carcass they inter,
With state, in his paternal sepulchre.
But honours help him not, nor reach him, where
His soul, by the fell demons of the air,
Is seized *their own* ; on him their mark they find,
And fast in adamantine fetters bind.
And now, in torment, he lifts up his eyes
With wishful look, and sees the distant skies ;
Sees Paradise, that blest and happy ground,
Where Father Abraham sits, and patriarchs
 round,
And holy souls, enjoying boundless light,
And waiting greater bliss than infinite.

Among the rest the beggar he espied,
The happy Lazarus ; and loud he cried,
' O Father Abraham ! let him here descend,
And with a cooling drop my tongue befriend.'

' Ah miscalled son ! (Abraham severe replies,
With unrelenting justice in his eyes,)
Thy time of mercy's now for ever o'er,
No more thy friend, thy father now no more.
Before thou shouldst have sued, when long in vain
Thy pardon God did offer, thou disdain,
Nay daredst, ingrate, God's providence arraign ;
From His own goodness wouldst no God believe,
Because He suffered such a wretch to live.
Then thou in ease and opulence didst flow—
Two were too much ; thou hadst *one* heaven below ;
There Lazarus a hell. Now, all things weighed
In justest balance, retribution's made ;
He lives in joy who faithful then did mourn,
And thou, unholy, shalt in torment burn.'

' I have five brethren yet (the wretch
rejoined)
Whom in the world above I left behind.

At least half way let Lazarus descend,
Rouse them from sin, and warn of my sad end.'

'Nor e'en can this be granted (Abraham says).
If they neglect God's usual, righteous ways,
Neglect what Moses their forefathers told,
(Thundered from heaven,) what the inspired of
old ;
If they the law and prophets wont receive,
They would not the returning dead believe.'
He said ; the fiends about their prisoner came,
And sank him deep in liquid worlds of flame ;
While Lazarus forgets his miseries,
And sings triumphant hymns in Paradise."

And now the sun behind the mountains set,
Gilding with parting beams fair Siloam's well.
The rising guests take leave with one accord,
And the disciples hasten to their Lord.

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THE SAVIOUR.

BOOK VII.

And now the sun gilding the earth and skies,
O'er lofty Olivet began to rise ;
Yet gently rose ; as him some sacred awe
Had seized, when first the temple's roof he saw ;
His own reflected image scarce can bear
From the vast golden mirror flaming there.

Earlier than he, his watchful Maker rose,
And early to His Father's house He goes
With His loved twelve. The men within unfold
The mighty gates weighted with ponderous gold.

The Gentiles' and the womens' court they pass
To the third gate, of rich Corinthian brass,
And enter Israel's court ; and, prostrate, there
Adore high heaven with pious hymns and prayer.

The vested priests in proper ranks begin,
Loud answered by the full-mouthed choir within.
Music's soft notes and loud majestic sound
From the gilt roofs and vaulted courts rebound,
And distant Zion's hill returns the sound.
Nature and art in the high service join,
Voices and tuneful instruments combine ;
The concert by sweet Aijeleth begun,
Who welcomed to the world the cheerful sun.
Next, the Creator's praises they recite
On Alamoth, chaste virgins' pure delight.
Grave Jonath, soft Mahalah mix with these,
And melting harps that never fail to please,
Shrill cornets, clanging trumpets, made t' inspire
With holy rapture as with martial fire ;
The anthem this, once sung to David's lyre.

Lofty Hallelujahs sing
To th' allwise, almighty King.

Him with hearts and voices raise,
Him ye His blest servants praise,
Glorious spring of life and light,
Boundless goodness, boundless might !
Ye, O Israel's sons ! rejoice,
Your fathers His peculiar choice
Great and high ! What idol dare
With the Lord of Hosts compare ?
Heaven and earth His orders keep,
Close He seals the mighty deep ;
See His clouds make black the skies,
Lightnings glare and tempests rise !
Freed from dark and stony caves,
Hark ! th' impetuous whirlwind raves—
To Zoan's fields, with blood o'erflown,
Well His signs and wonders known.
He great nations did subdue,
Monsters quelled and tyrants slew ;
Vainly Canaan's kings combined,
He their land to Israel joined.
Still, O God ! Thou art the same,
Still we praise Thy glorious name ;
Not so, gods by mortals made,
And to them their incense paid.

For their aid in vain men come,
Mouths they have, but still are dumb,
Lifeless eyes, which see no more
Than the stocks such stocks adore.
Ye, O Israel! who alone
The great God of heaven have known ;
Ye, who guard His holy place,
Mitred Aaron's sacred race ;
Ye who from great Levi spring,
His illustrious praises sing !
Join all ye, and sing the same,
Ye who fear His holy name !
All at once our vows aspire,
Our glad voices fill the choir ;
Bless Him who doth at Salem dwell,
Great Father of His Israel !

Meanwhile rich incense feeds the sacred fire,
And odoriferous clouds to heaven aspire.
Next on the brazen altar bleeding lies
A milk-white lamb, the morning sacrifice.
To these the priests their holiest Mincha join,
A cheerful blaze of flour, and oil, and wine.
In silence, last their private prayers they make,
And then the crowd the sacred walls forsake—

The Saviour last; save those who still remain
T'adore with Israel's God their idol gain.

Scarce from their knees they rose (and worldly
care

Had held their thoughts e'en while dissembling
there)

When of the temple an exchange is made,
Religion banished, or become a trade.

Some, in the cloisters, gainful shops unfold,
And spread on tables glittering heaps of gold.

Some fair-necked doves and murmuring turtles
bring,

The poor good-man's accepted offering—

Thus the arched roofs; while the void space
between

Soon fills with dusty droves of beasts and men.

Here free-necked bullocks that disdain the yoke
Stand ready for the sacrificial stroke,

The largest that rich Basan's pasture feeds,

The choice of all that flowery Hermon breeds.

Here numerous flocks from Sharon's lovely
plain

Stand bleating by, or drag their heavy train.

While spotless lambs the next partition fill,
Driven with more ease from Carmel's fertile hill.
All eager, bent on the pursuit of gain,
Some bargain, some advise, and some complain.

The Saviour sees. His shame and anger rise.
A just resentment, sparkling in His eyes,
Breaks forth in words. "Begone, profane! (He
cries.)

Hence, sacrilegious wretches! nor disgrace
With your unhallowed feet this sacred place.
This house, whence holy prayer should reach the
skies,
Ye make a den of thieves with cheats and lies."

Thus He rebukes. His chosen twelve the while,
Wondering, survey the temple's glorious pile;
On solid rock the firm foundations laid,
Of earthquakes nor of thunder's power afraid;
The everlasting gates the porches close
Tall as the cedars which the work compose;
The spacious courts, which crowds on crowds
can hold;
The glittering pillars, and the vine of gold.

Amazed, they to the beauteous porch repair,
And find their loved and loving Master there.
“What stones, what buildings here! (they cry)
 how vast!
Sure these as long as time itself must last!”

With pensive sadness picted in His eyes,
Which boded worse event; the Lord replies—
“Not one of these proud towers, which heaven
 invade,
And whose foundations deep as hell are laid,
But soon shall kiss the dust. Not one of those
Prodigious stones which this vast pile compose,
Not one but, by a force superior borne
From its old seat, and from its brethren torn,
Shall from these walls and strong foundations go,
And sink for ever in the vale below.”

Struck with these truths, bold Cephas, as they
 went
Their well known way o'er Olivet's ascent,
Through the cool shades to pleasant Bethany,
Asks of his Lord, *what time* these things
 shall be,

What dread events His coming shall foreshow,
How they the world and temple's end shall know ?

Intent He stood ; and fixed His labouring mind
On the prodigious scene of woes behind.
“ Ah lost Jerusalem ! (He cried) how oft
Hast thou thy ruin, I thy welfare sought !
Thou didst my prophets as impostors stone,
And shed their blood who came to save thy own.
How oft would I thy wandering flocks have led
To crystal streams, in flowery pastures fed ;
Thy stubborn sons my kind protection lent,
And have preserved them safe and innocent,
As kindly cherishes beneath her wings
The hen her brood, and warmth and safety brings !
But all was *then* in vain ; *now* all too late ;
Heaven hath thy ruin sealed, and made it fate.

“ Nor may my chosen few, who firm remain,
Too sanguine dreams of pleasure entertain ;
Be ever on your guard your lamps shine clear ;
The night, the long and fatal night is near.
How unprepared are most ! Like those who fell
In Noah's flood, though not unwarned of hell.

On their rich carpets some luxurious laid ;
Some sit beneath their vineyards' leafy shade ;
Some in the busy markets toil ; and some
Joyful conduct their brides in triumph home.
The prophet all despise ; and dread no more
That plague denounced so many an age before.
Heaven righteous saw, and straight the signal gave.
Nature aghast shrunk back. The roaring wave
Rides foaming o'er the beach. New rivers flow,
By earthquakes brought from frightful gulfs
below.

Now pitchy clouds, a long continued shower,
From heaven's wide cataracts incessant pour.
O'er towers and hills th' impetuous floods arise,
Sweep the lewd earth, and vindicate the skies.
Thus sudden, thus unthought will I appear,
The change as little looked for there, as here—
Sudden to that dull world, which wont regard
The threatened wrath. But *you*, for all prepared,
Shall be secure, in my protection found,
And see unmoved the tottering world around.

“ Hated by all, despised, abused, betrayed,
My very name and yours shall crimes be made.

**Dragged to tribunals, hurried up and down,
Kings shall your judges sit, and princes frown ;
To me commit all care of your defence,
Safe in my power and your own innocence.**

**“ Fierce war, her wasting squadrons scattering
wide,
Shall o'er the guilty land triumphant ride ;
Death, rapine, murder shall compose her train,
And proudly stride o'er multitudes of slain.
They who from these disasters would be free,
Unhappy Solyma, shall fly to thee ;
To thee a just destruction with them bear,
And all the hateful miseries of war.
The powerful foe, with long successes crowned,
Thy three proud walls shall with a fourth surround.
Fly ere too late, for nothing longer stay,
Run for your lives, and on the mountains stray.
But first the cursed prophaners of your law
(As heaven-loved Daniel's piercing eye foresaw) /
The Holy Place with wicked arms shall seize,
And fill with blood and piles of carcases.
The guardians shall the mournful word receive,
And to the human fiends the temple leave—**

Leave with a voice would chill the firmest heart,
A deep and mournful voice—*Let us depart.*

“ Scarce can the dreadful sights above foreshow
Worse plagues than those shall then be felt below.
Though high in heaven a bloody sword shall glare,
A besom of destruction sweep the air,
Horses and chariots armed look threatening down,
And showers of blood stain all the trembling town,
Thunder and earthquakes then they'll scarcely
mind,
Hardened by what they've felt, and wait behind.
All these, alas! compared with what remains,
Are the *beginnings* only of their pains.

“ For now commences famine's mournful reign,
Attended by her meager, ghastly train.
Now starved, like ghosts, encountering in the
street
The citizens shall one another meet,
And, at each other horror-struck, shall fly,
And, tottering a few paces, fall, and die.
Though now you deem the barren womb a curse,
Woe to the mother then, the fruitful nurse!

That day the ill-timed parent shall become
Her tender infant's murderer and tomb,
All piety and nature banished, there
From gasping fathers bread their sons shall tear,
From these the ravening soldier—*Bread!* the cry;
Who gain it, little longer ere they die.

“ Within sedition reigns ; without, the foe ;
Above your walls, above your towers they go ;
Step after step each day resistless win,
And like a flood at last come pouring in.
And what a conquest shall their fury find,
How few by plague and famine left behind !
Yet ah ! too many shall the sword devour,
The greedy sword ! These from a half-burnt
tower,
Precipitate, th' invading soldier fly,
And rush on death because they fear to die ;
These to the altar, sacred now no more,
For refuge fly—altar prophaned before.
Here still they fight ; another war's begun ;
Till, see ! the temple's fired, the work is done.
Jerusalem's no more, one ruin all,
This the last fatal blaze before her fall ;

Salem's no more ; nor can she now repent—
Her children's and her own sad monument.
Nor e'er shall Israel's race these walls regain,
Till heaven hath closed the Gentiles' destined
reign.

“ But first must many a wondrous thing befall,
And first my doctrine fill the spacious ball.
What passes now, what here we 've done and said,
Shall be by after-ages, wondering, read ;
Scribes shall I to the needful task assign,
And the blest Spirit dictate every line.
Nor will my followers soon a calm enjoy,
Or soon the rebel's power shall I destroy ;
First he'll a rival raise, my seat to claim,
And in the church usurp my throne and name.
Between the seas his palace he shall rear
On seven proud hills ; long tyrannizing there,
The world shall wonder ; kings his train shall
bear,
And kiss his feet. My followers who refuse
The mark, he 'll treat as me the hardened Jews ;
By inquisition, torture, poison, fire,
Unnumbered thousands suffer, and expire ;

Conquerors in all, these all shall have the grace
To join their great forefathers' martyred race,
The beatific vision first enjoy,
And reign with me when Babel I destroy.
The world for the elect was primely made ;
The fate of empires by the church is swayed.
Who her defend, shall stand ; and who oppose,
In vain contend with their superior foes,
The heavenly host—arranged in bright array
Ready, their Monarch's orders they obey ;
These mine, amid a world of wolves, defend,
While those who hate them meet a dreadful end.

“ The world declines ; time, rolling down the
hill,

Shall soon the elder prophecies fulfil.
The mighty image ('twas a wondrous sight)
Which Daniel saw in visions of the night,
Now wears apace, and verges to decay ;
Soon shall his iron feet be mixed with clay.
The ponderous stone cut from the mountain's side
Shall soon th' ill-mingled policy divide,
The lifeless trunk and limbs to powder grind,
Its very dust wide scattering in the wind.

The fourth prophetic beast, foreseen afar,
Is entered now on the world's theatre,
Fiercer than all the rest—the Roman power ;
Which the contending nations shall devour.
This, hell shall to her interests soon engage ;
And you must cope with their united rage.
What devil, man, what arts and arms can do,
Bravely prepare to meet, and conquer too.

“ Ten furious tyrants, fierce as ever wore
The purple, doubly dyed in guiltless gore,
Shall their keen axes and their rods employ,
And vainly would my name and yours destroy.
A wretch the first, of man the foul disgrace,
A foe to all, nor solely to your race.
With fire and sword his infant cruelty
On his own town and mother first he'll try.
You in his festal flames shall shine, and be
The first bright martyrs burnt for heresy.
But vengeance shall the parricide attend ;
His own dire hand his hated life shall end.

“ Mixture of lewdness and of blasphemy,
The next aspiring fiend a god would be.

If in his race aught shall remain of good,
Jealous, by martyrdom he 'll purge his blood.
Thou, Beloved Friend, from distant Asia borne,
His furious rage shalt feel and bitter scorn.
But kindly banished to a desert isle,
At the weak tyrant's fury thou shalt smile.
There will I meet thee, there again relate
In wondrous types the world and church's fate ;
While the proud foe a hasty death shall seize,
And his mild successor our friends release.

“ Then restless schism, then wilder heresy
Shall all invade ; and with bold blasphemy
Some e'en the Lord who bought them shall
deny ;
To worldly domination some aspire ;
And soon my crop shall need that purging fire
Which the third time shall kindle. That dread
day
Shall sift the wheat and sweep the tares away.
Unwarned the next shall to the throne succeed :
Again in multitudes you 'll burn and bleed.
What plagues shall your vain persecutor seize,
How oft in vain he 'd fly to death for ease !

“ Who next succeeds shall the barbarians tame,
A peaceful prince ; pious in more than name.
God’s empire he ’ll without design restore,
And punish those who tortured you before.
A vain philosopher shall then arise ;
By him the Just with various torments dies,
Till to my followers his life he owe—
See ! rain and victory their prayers bestow.
This a far fiercer tyrant knows in vain ;
Swift moves his fate, nor hath he long to reign.
His wicked sons, as barbarous as lewd,
In one another’s shall avenge your blood.

“ Next a fell wolf ; who, the mild shepherd
slain,
Shall by foul treason the world’s empire gain.
Short is his rage ; the soldiers shall displace,
And rid the world of him and all his race.
The next an equal guilt and fate attend ;
Oppressed in war by an untimely end.
Another yet shall heaven and you engage ;
Cruel old man, what means thy impious rage ?
For you the hardest torments he ’ll prepare,
And little thinks the pains himself must bear.

“Two monsters next the groaning world divide,
And rule with equal cruelty and pride.
Th’ Arch-fiend with double rage and double fear
Now roams the earth, and knows his fall is near ;
Knows wiser nations shall his gods despise,
The idol-banners stoop, the cross shall rise.
The tyrants fall by justice or despair ;
And my own champion shall the purple wear.
See him the reverend confessors embrace,
And by his royal side triumphant place !
Of ills gone by the traces he ’ll remove,
Men blest in his, he in his empire’s love.

“ Yet still some signs of elder times remain ;
Still shall the lust of empire and of gain
Distract the world ; nor yet my destined reign.
Fierce Magog’s sons shall in the East embrace
A law accursed, with Ishmael’s wandering race ;
While all the West a fiercer tyrant spoils,
Hated and feared by Cittim and the isles ;
Nay the dire, mortal gangrene shall disperse
Its baneful poison round the universe.
Long shall he reign. But when he sits on high,
Sits most secure of fate, his fall is nigh.

A swan in Gomer's spacious fields shall rise,
Which shall his laws, as he doth mine, despise ;
Then e'en repenting kings shall hate the whore
As much as all, enchanted, loved before,
The ill-got empire, by degrees, decay,
Till by my sword and thunder driven away.

“ If more you ask—the day and hour precise,
When I shall come ; the Father that denies ;
For, if far off, it may prevent your care,
If nearer, sink in terror and despair.
Your task is—still be ready ; watch and pray,
Armed ever 'gainst the terrors of that day.

“ Five virgins, whom mischance could *not*
surprise,
And other five, more fair, it seems, than wise,
All ten a royal bridegroom doth invite
To a large feast, upon his wedding night.
Five had their silver lamps all clean and bright,
With purest oil supplied—not so the rest ;
Their empty lamps their negligence confessed.
They waited long ; and waiting long in vain,
With various talk each other entertain ;

Till sleep, at last, had sealed their weary eyes
Ere the pale moon had measured half her skies.
But on the downy couch they scarce were laid
When at the gate the joyful cry was made,
He comes, he comes—All starting at the sound
And rising, for their lamps they search around
Ere well awake. Theirs soon the prudent found;
Worthy their care, glorious they shone and
 bright,
And shot new day athwart the gloom of night.
Nor oil nor light in theirs the others find,
Foul, useless dregs alone are left behind;
And from the rest supplies they now entreat;
But *our own store*, they cry, *is not too great*;
And send them to the sellers, there to buy
What may their thirsty, ill-fed lamps supply,
Joining themselves the train, not yet too late;
And find a cheerful welcome at the gate.
The other five meanwhile in darkness strayed,
Till all was shut their coming they delayed.
Clamorous and vexed when closed the gates they
 found,
They knocked and called till walls and courts
 resound.

The bridegroom asked them, what ill-mannered
guest

Unseasonably thus disturbed the feast.

Bold and provoked, ' Lord ! (they reply) 'tis we,
Part of thy own invited company.'

He answered, ' Ye are strangers now to me,
And darkness only can your portion be.'

“ Holy and vigilant, be on your guard,
Lest your Judge come and find you unprepared ;
Lest such your fate as that bad servant's, whom
His angry lord doth to just torments doom.
This lord his servants' dispositions knew ;
Five talents lent he one ; another, two ;
And one, but one—this distribution makes,
And straightway his far distant journey takes.
Who five received, improved them well in trade ;
So well improved, that now five more they made.
Who two received, two talents more doth gain ;
And who but one, received that one in vain—
He digs the ground, and there his talent leaves,
And takes no pains, and no return receives.
In time their lord comes back from distant lands,
And of his servants their accounts demands.

The two with ready joy their master meet
And lay their profits humbly at his feet.
But said the third : ' I knew you ere you went
A hard exactor of the sums you lent ;
And so your talent buried in the ground,
And as I buried it, again I found.'
' Wicked and slothful servant sure thou art !
(Exclaimed his lord, whose eyes just anger dart)
And since so well thou knew'st that so austere
A lord I was, a master so severe ;
Since honest pains, like these, thou wouldst not
take,
Why might not others the advantage make ?
Thy one I'll give to those who more improve ;
And thee thy fellow-servants shall remove—
Shall hence, unprofitable wretch, convey,
And, like thy talent, hide from cheerful day
In noisome dungeon ; lone and fettered, there
Mourn thou in darkness and in deep despair.'

“ And now attend while I the scene display,
The scene so awful, of the last great day.
My harbingers, the seven archangels bright,
Hark how their trumps the guilty world affright!

The awful trumps of God ! a call they sound
That's heard through nature's universal round,
That signal made from the dissolving sky,
Decrepid nature lays her down to die.
Not so man's deathless race ; these now revive,
And shall in joy, or pain, for ever live ;
The clustering atoms, as before they were,
Together troop ; the earth, the sea and air,
Give up their dead. How different shall they
 rise !
These cheerful ; those with horror view the skies.

“ Yon splendid star, whose webs of light
 disperse
Their golden threads around the universe,
Loose from his centre down heaven's hill shall roll,
And by his fall unhinge the steady pole.
Heaps piled on heaps, orbs thick on orbs are
 hurled,
Chaos on chaos, world confused in world.
Mild was the vengeance once on Sodom fell,
The world one Tophet now, one Etna, hell.
From earth's wide womb fierce floods of flame
 shall flow,
The fiery world above meet that below.

“The thrones are set ; the conscious angels
wait,

And turn th' eternal, brazen leaves of fate.
High in the midst shall my tribunal stand ;
Apostles, prophets, saints at my right hand,
Martyrs and confessors ; a glorious train !
Content to suffer *now*, they *then* shall reign.
While on the left a dismal, hopeless band,
Bad kings, proud nobles, faithless commons stand,
Lewd priests, apostates, all men who disgrace
Their character, and stain their heaven-born
race—

Mingled no more, in two great ranks all seen ;
And thus to you shall the dread Judge begin.

‘ Come ye, by me and my great Father blest,
Come, holy souls, to endless peace and rest !
For your few years of misery and pain,
In light and joy with me for ever reign.
Yourselves while in the flesh ye 've faithful shown,
Me owned on earth, and you in heaven I'll own.
Me, faint with hunger, ye with food relieved ;
When parched with thirst, from you I drink
received ;

Wide wandering o'er the world, ye entertained ;
 Half naked, ne'er my poverty disdained,
 But kindly clothed ; when sick, your help would
 lend ;
 And, when imprisoned, slighted not your friend.'

“ With modest joy, and bright, illumined eye,
 Lowly and meek the righteous shall reply,
 ‘ Thy merits, gracious Lord, and not our own,
 Must seat us by Thee on Thy radiant throne ;
 For when, alas ! could *we* such help afford ?
 When feed, or clothe, or aid our suffering Lord ?’
 Those kindly deeds I still accounted mine,
 (Then from on high shall the great King rejoin,)
 My friends, ye gave. These did I still record ;
 And this great day shall bring their just reward.’

“ Now turning to the left—these trembling
 wait
 Their too-well known, unalterable fate.
 Justice *then* sits upon his angry brow,
 Though only mercy there and pardon *now*.
 ‘ Go ye accursed, (He says,) to torments go,
 For such your choice ; depart to worlds of woe,

At first prepared for spirits lost who fell,
 Whose crimes ye shared, now doomed to share
 their hell.

While in the flesh, your faithless hearts ye've
 shown,

Me ye denied, and now I you disown.

Me, faint with hunger, ne'er would ye relieve ;

And, parched with thirst, no cup of water give ;

Me wandering o'er the world, ne'er entertained ;

Half naked, poor and mean, ye or disdained,

Or clothed with stripes ; when sick, would curses
 lend

For balm ; imprisoned, stones for bread would
 send.'

With all the haste of impudent despair,

They shall deny ; and ask me *when* and *where* ?

And still my answer, as before, shall be,

'What's to my brethren done, is done to Me.'

“ A place there is from heaven's fair light
 debarred,

Where dismal shrieks of guilty souls are heard,

Loud yells, deep groans, thick stripes, long clanks
 of chains,

And thickest, never-ending darkness reigns ;

E'en hell's own fire affords no cheering ray :
 Hither black fiends shall snatch th' unjust away.
 Tormentors and tormented deep they fall,
 And on the ruins of this flaming ball
 Whirl to th' abyss, on waves of sulphur tost,
 In that black, direful gulf for ever lost.

“ Not so the just. These shall their Lord
 attend

To worlds of joy, unbounded, without end.
 A place there is, removed far, far away
 From that faint lamp which makes this mortal day ;
 A blissful place, which knows no cloud or night,
 But God's high throne puts forth perpetual light.
 Here angels live ; here saints, so far refined,
 The body scarce less glorious than the mind.
 Here highest love and friendship all profess ;
 Here, in the height of piety, possess
 The heaven of heaven, the height of happiness.
 Perfect their joys. Yet still those joys improve ;
 For still the Infinite they see and love.
 Here shall they enter ; here triumphant placed,
 Unutterable bliss for ever taste,
 In mine and in my Father's arms embraced.”

THE SAVIOUR.

BOOK VIII.

Now o'er the hills the paschal morn arose,
And from high towers the sacred trumpet blows,
Proclaiming the great feast. All Israel meet,
Thronging in thickest crowds through every street;
Strangers and proselytes, where'er their birth,
Whate'er their place of all the peopled earth.
Some from the isles, Crete, Rhodes, and Cyprus;
some
From double-sea'd Byzant and Corinth come,
From those fair fields with rivers circled wide,
From Elam and Euphrates' flowery side.

With all th' Arabias, to the feast repair
 The realms of Monobaze and Helen fair,
 Strong Adiabene called—well known to fame.
 But most from blest Judea's region came,
 From Dan to old Beersheba's fruitful plain,
 From Jazer's sea to the great western main,
 These from Phœnician fields their journey
 take,
 From Tyrus' stairs and the Cendevidian lake.

Herod his numerous Galileans brings
 From all his towns ; a pomp well worthy kings.
 Strong Sephoris and rich Tiberias send
 Their choicest youth. Sebaste's lords attend
 With prayers for their great founder ; who his
 guests
 On Jordan's banks at proud Herodion feasts.
 These guarded thence and honoured, wait him
~~down~~ down,
 By Jericho, to Salem's sacred town.
 His rich paternal palace they prepare,
 And, ranged before the gates, salute him there.
 Nor sooner his approach the elders know,
 Than to receive him in long state they go.

The Roman guards the same; loud shouts they
made,
Their eagle on Antonia's towers displayed.

Not so the Saviour met. He ne'er desired
Vain honours, or low worldly pomp required.
The town approached, poor harbingers He sent—
Cephas and the loved friend before him went.
These all prepare (nor can they fail success—
The embassy He sends Himself shall bless)
What Moses or the elders fore enjoin—
The lamb and herbs, the bread and sacred wine.
He rounds the walls by Sion's steep ascent
The people's loud hosannas to prevent.
But vainly the unhired pomp He'd shun;
From every part the gazing concourse run.
They press in crowds to see His heavenly face—
Nor press alone the Hebrews' sacred race;
Their demons by His light divine struck dead,
To Gentile worlds His growing fame is spread;
His heavenly doctrines more and more prevail,
And more the elders' false foundations fail.

This saw the fiend. But, since repulsed before,
The conclave he resolves to call no more,

Till some great act achieved, some mischief done,
So black that he himself the deed may own.
From every squadron silently he drew
The spirits fittest for the work he knew.
Some from blasphemous Belial he commands,
From Moloch some ; but most from envy's bands
(These best all parties in *his* cause engage)—
Some skilled in raising tumults, storms and rage ;
Some, like himself when erst he cheated Eve,
So subtle they 'd almost th' elect deceive.

The night had now relieved the weary day.
In foremost rank their leader wings his way
For Salem's towers, and as aloft he flew
On these a spiteful glance and curse he
threw ;
Straight to the high priest's palace doth repair,
And like a falling star shoots headlong there.
The guards and gates he in a moment past
Swift and invisible ; and round him cast
The form of old Hircanus, grave and sage,
The same his face, his stature, mien and age,
His voice the same ; his hands a censer bore,
The sacred mitre on his brows he wore.

Tired with the work and pleasures of the day,
 Now in profound repose the pontiff lay—
 Stern Caiaphas. The fiend approached his bed,
 And leaning on his hand his palsied head,
 In loud and lamentable voice he said :—

“Awake, my son! Is't thus your flocks you
 keep?

Awake! awake! or else for ever sleep.
 But canst thou sleep, and canst thou stoop so low,
 To yield the glorious day without a blow
 To this our nation's and our temple's foe?
 Who now, by your remissness great and proud,
 Heads dark cabals among the factious crowd.
 Was it for this my great forefathers broke
 A stranger's chains, shook off the heathen yoke?
 For this like bulwarks round their country stood,
 And shed such streams of honourable blood?
 O worthy Maccabees! too dear it cost
 To purchase what your sons have tamely lost.
 Say, did Hircanus thus your line disgrace,
 Thus act a part beneath your glorious race?
 Spite of ill fortune he preserved your fame,
 Nor trembled e'en at Pompey's mighty name.

But you for an enchanter all forsake,
And proselytes each hour you let him make ;
These shall he soon to greater things persuade.
The Sanhedrim and sacred throne invade.
Yet still he reigns not ; Israel *yet* is free,
And shall, I trust, maintain her liberty,
Quench the new flame, and pull the serpent
down,
Before he higher leaps and gains a crown.
Haste then ; and though past ills you can't redress,
Him, meditating more, secure, oppress ;
Dispatch at once ; or to his fate convey
To purge the town on this high festal day—
Call you the Sanhedrim ; I'll find the way."

He said, and sunk. The pontiff raised his eyes,
And looking anxious round, *My guards!* he cries.
His entering guards he round the city sends,
And calls to council all his trusty friends—
Pressing affairs their wisest counsels need,
They must attend with silence and with speed.
Yet not so close they with the message go
But Joseph and the wise Gamaliel know ;

And they to council with the rest repair,
 And meet their friend good Nicodemus there.
 All present ; Caiaphas ascends the chair,
 And thus begins.

“ You ’ll easily believe,
 Not without cause I this disturbance give,
 Grave fathers ! to the house ; nor need I fear,
 Th’ occasion fully known, from any here
 Reproof for this assembly. But too well
 All who are lovers of our Israel
 The growth of Nazareth’s cursed sect perceive,
 On whose impostor all the world believe.
 If no concern our country’s danger move
 (Though all good men their country ought to love)
 If we these walls can quit, and see our place
 And honour filled by a low earth-born race ;
 If we all this could kindly give away,
 Our laws, our sacred laws we *can’t* betray.
 The word, promulged by angels, he ’d repeal ;
 Than Moses, he a better law reveal.
 The crowd, ’tis true, his miracles proclaim ;
 But did not Egypt’s jugglers do the same ?
 For wondrous signs our law we must not leave ;
 Nor a false prophet, tempted thus, receive.

Could he prevail, what hath he more complete
 Than our great prophet, what sublime or great ?
 Are men superior to great deeds inclined—
 His laws the soul depress, and curb the mind,
 Would teach us basely every thing to bear,
 And him who injures us to love and spare ;
 Not e'en our thoughts, our sense or reason free,
 Clogged with unnatural laws and mystery.
 Our nation's crimes and fate his constant themes,
 God and ourselves alike the wretch blasphemes.
 Serpents and vipers our high court he calls,
 Sly hypocrites, gay tombs, and whited walls.
 Nay more ; beyond a mortal he presumes,
 And the 'dread name of God Himself assumes.
 This fatal Achan we must sacrifice,
 This restless troubler of our Israel dies.
 And if the sacred Ephod aught inspire,
 Or *I* feel but a spark of heavenly fire—
 Israel, in vain thy destined fate thou 'dst fly
 Unless one man for all devoted die."

" Few words (said Nicodemus) would I
 add
 To those with so much zeal already said.

Well was it spoke, and no man here denies
 Our laws are sacred. The blasphemer dies,
 Condemned by these ; yet the same laws take care,
 None be condemned ere their defence we hear."

“ And shall (good Joseph interrupts him) we
Ashamed of so divine a Master be ?
 Can He blaspheme the heaven He would enjoy?
 Or He God's temple *build*, and yet *destroy* ?
 How oft to law and prophets He appeals !
 Nor other truths His heavenly mouth reveals
 Than such as in our sacred volumes lie,
 Though veiled till now in clouds and mystery—
 Declares one tittle shall not pass away
 Till the vast frames of heaven and earth decay.
 We are but men. Not all things all discern.
 Are we too wise from heaven itself to learn ?
 When the oraculous Ephod used to shine,
 Did any doubt the characters divine ?
 By heaven announced, to instruct the world He
 came ;
 Could e'er impostor yet pretend the same ?
 And if heaven's attestations we deny,
 Twice spoke in thunder from the opening sky,

Why not great Moses leave in clouds and smoke ?
But *once* from heaven the ten commands were
spoke.

That Egypt's jugglers wondrous signs could show,
We own ; but could not Moses wonders do ?
Theirs for false gods and idols vain were wrought,
Our mighty chief's in truth's defence were brought.
And long it was foreshown, the chosen band
Should deep enslaved remain in Mizraim's land,
Till manumitted thence by God's right hand.
Truth, prophecies, and many a wondrous sign,
Declare this man, beyond dispute, divine.
What Rabbi e'er so clearly taught before
One God in truth and spirit to adore ?
Another teacher why did Moses show
If from *his* law mankind should *all* things know ?
How many a prophet sings both full and plain
Of the Messiah's wondrous birth and reign !
All times, all places, ages, him confess,
And wait Him now. Shall Israel then do less ?
His laws are just ; and were they but obeyed,
Soon would the world a Paradise be made.
If mean ; may I such meanness ever have !
Still may my passion be my reason's slave !

He who dare die—die scorned and tortured too,
But dare not an unworthy action do ;
He who is still superior, still secure,
And can unmoved the fiend's assaults endure,
Yea, hosts of men, almost as black, defy,
Impregnable in his own honesty,
Nought but his soul and honour cares to save—
If such as *he* be base, the world is brave.
But His worst foes ne'er *thought* His doctrines
mean ;
Else why that He requires *too much* complain ?
A spotless breast He loves ; His laws require
We tame the rage of anger and desire ;
But neither bids us practise or believe
What nature or just reason can't receive.
If sunk below our proper selves in vice,
If sunk in folly, He comes, great and wise,
To raise us to a state of Paradise.
No slander more malicious, than that He
To governments an enemy should be.
Could order e'er confusion yet approve ?
Faction suit Prince of Peace, or hate suit love ?
If He one Lord proclaims, one faith requires,
Our church the same believes, the same desires.

He bids mankind with tenderness reprove,
No argument of stronger force than love.
All that repent He'll kindly entertain,
Nor e'en the poorest publican disdain ;
At hypocrites alone offended—these,
He oft declares, heaven's righteous plagues shall
seize ;

Our guilty land, if in her crimes resolved,
(Avert it heaven !) in the same fate involved.
If then it seem that this just man be free
From the high crimes which spite or calumny
Would gladly charge Him with ; and if, still more,
He's the Messiah promised long before,
That Lord whom Israel should with joy adore ;
O ! rather kiss the Son, just presents send,
Avert the threatened wrath, the past amend ;
He'll still forgive, and prove your mighty
Friend."

While here contending minds and interests
fight ;
Beneath the shelter of the silent night,
The Lord, who knows the rage and power of hell,
Takes His last supper, and His last farewell.

First on the lamb (as use requires) they fed,
 Like their forefathers, when from Egypt led.
 The cup of blessing next, and hallowed bread,
 In His blest hands the Saviour deigns to
 take,

To the disciples gives, and thus He spake—

“ Take, eat ; this is my body, soon designed
 A painful sacrifice for lost mankind—

This my memorial, when from earth I'm gone.”

The hallowed cup He takes, and thus goes on—

“ This is my blood for man's redemption shed ;
 Drink all of this, as all have eat the bread.

I go—the traitor, and my fate I know ;

·But woe to the lost wretch by whom I go !

He's lurking here ; his hand is on the board ;

He eats my bread, and yet betrays his Lord.”

Each jealous for himself, with honest care
 And trembling asked, If *he* the traitor were ?
 Iscariot 'mong the rest ; guilt in his eyes,
 Guilt in his faltering tongue. The Lord
 replies,

“ Thou know'st thyself and canst enough divine ;
 To these my friends the sop shall be the sign.”

The sop received, Iscariot leaves the rest,
 All Satan in his avaricious breast,
 And to the Sanhedrim himself addressed.
 The fair occasion soon decides the strife,
 The traitor bargains for his Master's life.

Meanwhile their Lord, well knowing grief and
 fear

Oppressed His followers, His time so near,
 Said, that to these His words might comfort give :
 " Let not your hearts be troubled ; but believe.
 I go, so wills high heaven ; but quit your fear ;
 I'll love and guard you there, as well as here.
 I go before ; nor can I, if I stay,
 To those bright mansions mark the shining way.
 The blessed Paraclete in time I'll send,
 To be your counsellor and constant friend ;
 Him sin alone can from your breasts remove—
 Then grieve not, my beloved, that spotless dove !
 He but your friend, ye may with smiles despise
 The vain designs of all your enemies.

" Like me, the world will hate you ; and would
 you

Escape the kindest thing the world can do ?

Life's ruffling storms your greatest friends shall be
 If home they drive you to yourselves and me.
 Firm to my cause, firm to each other stand,
 Firm band of friends, a glorious, deathless band.

“ To me than to yourselves ye're better known,
 And, left unguarded, soon ye'd men be shown.
 But weak your boasted faith and courage all,
 By the prevailing tempter soon ye'd fall,
 Be led to leave my cause, forsake my side,
 Your master and your faith alike denied.”

Here Cephas interrupts Him—“ Lord, I'll die
 For Thy dear name, but won't Thy name deny.”
 And all the rest, with virtuous grief and pain,
 Declare so vile a baseness they disdain.

The Saviour answered them—“ Your hearts I
 know ;
 And who shall be deceived, events will show.
 For thee, who wouldst a champion great appear,
 More than all mortals else without a fear,
 Thrice, ere this mournful morn its beams display,
 Ere thrice the watchful cock hath warned the day,

L

(So weak when left to your own strength you are)
My very name and knowledge you'll forswear.

“ But though th' infernal foe with might assail,
And hopes o'er all my house he shall prevail—
I've prayed. Your faith may shake, but shall
not fail.

O heavenly Father! hear! Thy will I've shown
To those Thou gav'st me. O! preserve thy own!
This world I leave, to thy great will resigned ;
But these, a part of me, I leave behind.

O! guard them here! all intimately one,
Like Thee, Eternal Father, and Thy Son.

On *them* let thy bright image ever shine,
Full filled with love, and grace, and joy divine.

Let all mankind in time distinctly see

That these came forth from me, as I from thee,

And the true glories of fair virtue own,

Aye beaming bright from thy celestial throne.

When life's dull scene is past, and these poor
days,

To Thee, O Father! thy true servants raise!

The height of heaven to them, to see and share

Their earthly Friend's immortal glories there.”

He said ; and, o'er deep Kidron's brook and
plain,
To sweet Gethsemane He leads again,
With Cephas and the Zebedean pair ;
And seeks in shades a close retirement there ;
The rest without. Nor e'en to these He talks,
But in deep silent meditation walks.

At length, with deepest groan that rends the
breast,

“ O ! my distracted heart ! with grief opprest,
Heavy as death's fell weight, o'erborne with care,
Too heavy for humanity to bear !”

He cries ; and seeks alone the deepest shade,
Where prostrate on the ground in prayer He laid.
Ne'er yet such griefs as Thou for us didst prove,
Ne'er yet such woes, O ! agonizing love !

“ Great Father ! O ! if possible it be,
And what, unbounded Might, not so to Thee ?
(The Saviour cried, while on His face He lay,)
O ! take this cup, this bitter cup away !
'Tis not, alas ! death's stroke alone I dread—
How calmly could I lay my weary head

On the cold earth, the common mother's breast,
 And gladly sleep away to endless rest !
 My angry Father's wrath—here, here's the
 curse,
 Than pain and shame and death, than hell far
 worse.

Weak, disobedient man ! how great the cost
That Eden to regain which thou hast lost !
 Yet, if no other mean heaven's wrath atone,
 The victim I, and sacrifice alone
 To satisfy the Father.—Lord, I yield,
 Nor longer I decline the dreadful field."

Than hearts when trembling on the pointed
 steel,
 Worse mortal pangs doth now the Saviour feel.
 His body's comely order they displace,
 Sweat, dark with blood, streams down His
 heavenly face.
 'Twas Heaven that crushed Him ; Heaven severe,
 yet just,
 That bruised His adamant soul to dust ;
 Soul, longing freedom from its dark abode,
 Prest with man's sin, severe and hateful load.

No longer can He stand the field alone ;
 All nature shook ; the Father heard the groan.
 Fair flowers of Eden angels straight convey,
 Kneel to their Lord, while He to heaven doth
 pray,
 And wipe the drops of bloody sweat away.

Sleep had his sorrowing friends meanwhile
 opprest,
 And seized their eyes, as grief before their breast.
 Returned their Lord : “ O ! is it thus ye prove
 Your boasted constancy (He cried) and love ?
 Can ye not *one* short hour your master guard ?
 And is it *thus* ye all his care reward ?
 O watch and pray ! ne'er yet such cause for fear—
 The hour approaches, and the tempter's near.”

Again to deep retirement He repairs,
 High heaven invokes with agonizing prayers,
 And twice returns. As oft His friends He
 found
 Alike in sleep, and stubborn sorrows drowned.
 At last returning—“ Now sleep on (He cries)
 And, if ye can, indulge your heavy eyes.

I sleep no more till the great ransom paid—
 The hour is come, the Son of Man's betrayed.
 Once more, arise ! and wisely learn to fear ;
 Fate hastens onward, and the traitor 's here."

Already those without had frighted seen
 The lights approaching, and came trembling in ;
Jesus the cry—" If this your business be,
 No farther seek (He answers) I am He ;"
 And mildly adds (His friends still near His heart)
 " If only me ye seek, let these depart."

But ardent Cephas burns with fiercest rage,
 Draws out his sword, and would the crowd
 engage ;
 Rushed, and encountered Malchus without fear,
 Aimed deadly blows, and maimed him of an ear.
 The Saviour interposes—" Stay thy hand !
 Can I not legions from on high command,
 To aid my cause ? They know and love me still ;
 But 'tis not my Almighty Father's will."
 This said, He Malchus raised, and by His
 power
 The injured ear unblemished doth restore.

In friendship's mask now Judas hides his guile,
And greets his Master with a kiss and smile.
“ Ah! miscalled friend, dost thou thy Lord
betray ?” —

Is all the patient Saviour deigns to say.
This token given (as was before agreed)
They seize Him from the rest, and bind and lead
And hurry thence. His fearful followers fly,
Like timid sheep, the wolf or robber nigh,
And shepherd absent or already slain ;
E'en Cephas flies, and all his boasts are vain.

With scoffs and buffets now resounds the air,
As the meek Saviour to the hall they bear ;
Of the vile rabble's scorn the patient theme,
They spit upon Him now, and now blaspheme.
Such guards the lowly King on earth attend !
Not one poor follower near Him but the friend ;
And he at first had fled among the rest,
But soon returned, and now his Lord confest.

With pains his face from every eye to hide,
Cephas would, trembling, join his bolder
guide.

Revealed to all by his suspicious care,
Wast not (the porter asked him) *thou too there?*
“Him to this hour I never saw or knew,”
Replied the timid saint, and straight withdrew.
Charged with the same, the same again replies,
And thus a second time his Lord denies.
Ere long another doth again accuse—
His speech so varying from the other Jews,
Rustic and gross, betrayed his country; he
No doubt was bred in factious Galilee.
“Be God my help (he cries) as this is true,
The man before I never saw or knew.”

Scarce from his perjured lip the words were
borne

Ere thrice the watchful cock proclaimed the morn.
His Lord turned round to Cephas standing nigh,
And on him fixed His mild but piercing eye;
Nothing He spake. Of more there was no need,
Soon doth his wretched heart begin to bleed;
His sorrows in their banks no longer keep,
He seeks a close retirement where to weep,
There doth with seas of tears his fall deplore,
And wash his breast far whiter than before.

Now bound the guiltless criminal is brought,
 'Fore the unjust tribunal. Long they sought
 His life to take upon a *fair* pretence,
 But seek in vain a proper evidence.
 All arts they use ; now this, now that they try ;
 First charge with treason, next with blasphemy.
 Enraged, the wicked Caiaphas arose ;
 His thirst of blood each word and action shows.
 " How long shall we on this impostor wait ?
 (Foaming he cries,) confess and meet thy fate ;
 Thy blasphemies and treasons, own them all—
 There may be mercy—where thy last cabal ?
 When wilt Thou pull the Roman ensigns down ?
 And when the temple seize and fire the town ?"

He answered—" Such cabals I never sought,
 By me seditious doctrines ne'er were taught.
 My words the synagogues and temple know ;
 From these my blasphemies or treasons show."

He said ; one of the zealots' factious race
 Now with a halbert strikes His heavenly face.
 The Saviour (patient and unconquered still)—
 " Declare if aught I've uttered false, or ill.

If well I speak, why such hard usage found
In court so high ? why strike ye me when bound ?”

Again the pontiff rose. One plan may wrest
The weighty secret from His cautious breast.
“If Thou, the great and promised Seed (he
said)

From ages doomed to crush the serpent's head,
The destined Prince for Israel's mighty throne ;
Why, why so long thy glorious birth disown ?
By our concealed unutterable Name,
With whom supremest kindred Thou wouldst
claim,

I 'jure Thee speak, and the debate is done—
We'll own Thee all—art Thou the mighty Son,
The Christ of God ?”

He said : “I'll not deny
Myself, or my great parentage on High ;
He whom ye see, and, a weak mortal, scorn,
The Son of man, to *your* tribunal borne,
When He's enthroned in boundless light and
bliss,
As at *your* bar, ye then shall stand at *His*.”

With clamorous joy, "'Tis done ! (the pontiff
cried,)

He's ours. Now, fathers, are ye satisfied ?

O ! that His doating followers all were here,

His owned and public blasphemies to hear !"

The black, united suffrage rends the skies,

And the roof echoes, *The blasphemer dies.*

Adjourned, the court to Pilate's palace went

Mixed with the crowd, to charge the innocent.

Dust on their heads they fling, dust in the air,

And thence with many a curse the Lamb they

bear.

THE SAVIOUR.

BOOK IX.

O ! why was virtue made to be distrest ?
Like Noah's dove, no place of ease or rest
In this tumultuous world she ever found ;
By fortune's giddy wheel still whirled around,
Or crushed perhaps on the relentless ground.
Her sons exposed to pinching want and shame,
O ! what is virtue but an empty name ?

Presuming thoughts, no more ! no more pretend ;
BlaspHEME not what ye cannot comprehend.

What pleases God till this short life be past
 Enough for man ; 'twill not for ever last.
 And who 'd not gladly lose *short* joys, to find
 An endless course of happy years behind ?

Yet murmurs flesh, was all this paradise
 Made, but to be the kind reward of vice ?
 And would not honour on the virtuous wear
 Full as becomingly, and sit as fair
 As on the vicious brow ? Be this confest ;
 Nor is fair virtue *alway* here opprest.
 Eclipses make her only shine more bright,
 Lovelier she looks in mingled shades and light ;
 And, if all fail, there 's yet one grand reply—
 Complaining soul, did not thy Saviour die ?
 See His high merits, and His cruel pain,
 His tenderest love, here met with worst disdain ;
 Unequalled merits, virtues too sublime,
 And spotless innocence, His only crime.

How oft the ravished crowd, on wonders fed,
 And feasted high with more than angels' bread,
 Had HIM degraded to an earthly crown
 Whom all the bright ethereal kingdoms own ;

Had He not used as oft one wonder more
T' escape their kindness as their rage before,
And, veiled in clouds too thick for piercing day,
Glided unseen in secret shades away.

Not so when the dark fatal hour was come,
And heaven would call her great Messiah home.
See where the mighty Judge of angels stands,
Like vilest criminal, confined in bands !
Borne with the giddy crowd's tumultuous tide
(That very crowd which late Hosanna cried).
Hark how their clamorous voices rend the sky
No other cry *now* heard than, *Crucify !*
All pity banished, mischief fills her place ;
See murderous forms in each distorted face,
Wild foaming rage, black malice, hatred fell,
And grinning envy, darling child of hell.
The real fiends, in human figures drest,
Who thick among the thronging rabble prest,
Found no employment there ; the work was done,
No need of furies now to urge them on.

Scarce had the sun glanced on the higher skies
Ere the wild rout, so early spite can rise,
Were ready to behold the sacrifice.

At Pilate's gate the vast prætorium shakes
With noise that soon the governor awakes,
Justice the word ; *let the impostor die !*
Justice ! rebellion, treason, blasphemy !

The judge descends ; vociferous serjeants call
The loud accusers to the judgement-hall ;
But no, they cannot stir ; religious fear
Had fixed them there ; *the passover was near.*
And will not guiltless blood far worse defile?—
Wretches who strain at gnats, at murder smile.

Pilate beholds with terror and surprise
The guiltless sufferer doomed a sacrifice ;
Grief, ne'er exprest by man with better grace,
And mildest majesty marked in his face.
He asks Him, as entreaty, not command,
If He the promised King of Jury's land,
That wondrous Prince, by each prophetic sage
Foretold, who should restore the golden age ?

He mild replied : " Nor need the Romans
fear,
Or Jews suspect. My kingdom is not here ;

All earthly glories I alike disdain,
And o'er men's hearts alone desire to reign."

Again surprised, the Roman to the gate
Returns, where still the noisy rabble wait,
And asks—His crime so large, that *death* alone
Can purge His sin, and mighty guilt atone?

Then Caiaphas begins—"We're well content

To plead our cause, most worthy president,
At your tribunal; since we cannot fear
To meet that justice, we find alway here.
Nor could small crime so large a concourse draw
Against the wretch; who would our sacred law
Subvert, our glorious temple overturn,
And in unhallowed fire our altars burn.
And since the generous Romans ne'er refuse
To let their friends and happy conquests use
Their own religious rites; and since the Jews
Loud and unanimous for justice cry,
And all demand that the blasphemers die,
As by our law he ought, whose cursed design
Is, by mankind to be esteemed divine—

Let this impostor die ; we ask it all ;
Nor can our altars stand, unless he fall."

With clamours loud the people rend the sky,
"Let the cursed Galilean rebel die."
Cursed Galilean rebel?—and is he
Then (Pilate answered them) of Galilee?"
Gladly the hint he takes. "Your Paschal feast
(He adds) hath hither brought the royal guest,
Herod himself. We will not interfere ;
To *him* my guards the criminal may bear ;
Follow him, fathers, and accuse him there."

Proud Herod glad receives Him bound ; for he
Some mighty work or sign expects to see,
By the great Prophet wrought. He asks in vain
His birth and life, His mission and His reign,
What crimes the citizens against Him move,
How His authority from heaven He'll prove ?
Silent He stands. Not so th' attending crowd ;
They urge their cause with clamours fierce and
loud,
Rebellion and apostasy the charge ;
His heavy guilt too glaring and too large

For proof, or plea. Still calm His look and mind,
 To His almighty Father's will resigned,
 His eyes still fixed on yet a brighter throne,
 He pleads His cause in heaven's high court alone.

“Is this the man (the tyrant cries with scorn)
 This He, our family's proud rival born?
 How likely *He* to overturn the state!
 Below our vengeance, and below our hate.
 Heaven send no greater foe! guards, prithee bring
 A royal robe, and dress the mighty king.”
 Arrayed in robes, they mock, and bend the knee,
 And back to Pilate guard his majesty.

'Twas custom with the Roman clemency
 On this great day one prisoner to set free,
 To grace the festal joy. It chanced that then
 A wretch, alike abhorred by God and men,
 A sturdy rebel of notorious fame,
 With murder stained (Barabbas was his name)
 By justice seized, in durance doth await,
 Trembling, his well-deserved approaching fate.
 Him Pilate offers to the angry Jews,
 Jesus and him; and asks them, which they choose.

The elders urge them—"Would they save alive
Those who their temple to destroy contrive?
And would it not be madness to prefer
A black blasphemer to a murderer?"
By these and hell enflamed, they louder cry,
"No; let Barabbas live, and Jesus die."

The governor enquired (his anger moved
By their wild rage) what crimes had yet been
proved?

And now his wife to the tribunal sent,
If not too late, the murder to prevent;
For in a dreadful vision's mystic scene,
Avert the signs, she cried, whate'er they mean!
She saw the clouds break in a fatal shower
Of blood and fire, and in fierce torrents pour
Upon a proud devoted city nigh,
And heard a loud and threatening voice on high.

Proud Annas rails—"Shall woman's fears
prevail,
Her sentence stand, and law and justice fail?
Do *thus* the Romans rule; or can *he* be
Their friend, who saves their greatest enemy?"

For *this* was Cæsar's prefect hither sent ?
 Did he for *this* obtain the government,
 His rebels thus to rescue, yet pretend
 T' adorn his province and be Cæsar's friend ?
 But, let false traitors whom they will enthrone,
 All other kings than Cæsar *we* disown."

Now Pilate yields ; no longer he'll engage
 The stubborn crowd. But thus his useless rage
 He vents—"Ye 've conquered. I no more deny
 Your wish ; the innocent, it seems, must die.
 But know that speedy vengeance will pursue,
 And shall alight, light heavily on you.
 Thus, thus I wash my hands of the foul guilt,
 Bear ye his blood, by you unjustly spilt."

"Agreed (they answer all) we're well content
 To bear the blood, the guilt and punishment,
 We and our children too."—Wretches, ye shall !
 When your proud towers and boasted temple fall
 Beneath its weight ; when Nemesis divine,
 Though slow, yet sure, shall perfect heaven's
 design
 On you and all your cursed, devoted line.

Blood through your gates and down your streets
shall flow
Faster than Kidron in the vale below,
Destruction o'er the stream triumphant stride,
And death sit crowned upon the crimson tide !

Nor, wretches, can your keenest sufferings pay
For half the crimes of this black, fatal day.
To what, O vilest traitors ! will ye bring
Your own liege Lord, your Saviour, and your King?
How many wounds, how many deaths provide?
Behold those sinless hands, how rudely tied !
What furrows on His shoulders deeply ploughed,
What rents and answering streams of harmless
blood !
What strokes repeated through the hall resound !
Kind stripes ! for man they cure, though Him
they wound ;
While with the calmest patience all He bears,
And melts or tires the executioners.
O injured Heir of heaven ! O Master ! spare
Thyself all this, too much for God to bear !
Like Samson, snap the cords thy arms disgrace,
And scatter vengeance on the faithless race.

Pity, thy power; deep love, thy vengeance reins;
And stronger mercy struggling justice chains.

Scourged, mocked, and crowned with thorns
that pierced and tore
His sacred head, his body smeared with gore
And robed, a reed they for his sceptre bring,
Expose to public view and hail him king.
Nor longer will the furious rabble stay,
But their mock sovereign drag to death away;
And soon the fatal instrument prepare;
Which on his wounded back compelled to bear,
He sinks and faints, as on the tedious way
To pains yet greater they the Lamb convey.

This way by chance the traitor Judas strayed,
The wretch who basely had his Lord betrayed—
By chance; or rather by the furies sent,
Which first weak man delude, and then torment.
He saw the people's madness, heard their cry,
And saw his Master bound, and doomed to die.
How wild his thoughts; what pain reflection brings;
What deadly sores, sharp vultures, racks and
stings!

Now, urged by these, he to the elders goes,
 And at their feet the fatal money throws,
 Vile price of blood. "Here take (he madly said)
 Take that for which my master I betrayed;
 For which my soul, His blood, beyond all gold,
 Were both, O fatal bargain! basely sold."

With smiles, this answer only they afford—
 "Most worthy servant, worthy such a Lord!
 Whom if he think he wrongfully betrayed,
 See he to that; the price we justly paid."

And now his eyes he ghastly rolls around,
 All hell within; and when the sun he found
 Gilding the hills, that sun, unhappy man,
 Which blushing on him rose, he thus began.
 "O! perish thou for ever, hated light,
 And sink, like me, in long eternal night!
 Why dost thou still a cheering beam afford
 To that cursed place, where late my injured Lord
 I basely sold; and now lament in vain
 My God and honour gone for sordid gain?
 O! whither shall a wretched being run?
 Glad into hell I'd plunge, new hells to shun.

O ! to my injured Master let me fly,
 Fall humbly at His feet, and with Him die ;
 To kindest pity He may yet incline,
 He must be moved by miseries like mine,
 For He's all goodness. Go without delay ;
 He never yet a suppliant turned away,
 Nor will He thee. O ! no, I must not live,
 Nor could forgiven be, though He forgive.
 And shall I then to distant regions go,
 Endeavouring to divert or cure my woe,
 Through burning seas of sand or hills of snow ?
 Visit the southern or the frozen pole,
 Where winds can carry or where waves can roll,
 Where the ten tribes, vast seas and deserts crost,
 In unknown climes and heathen lands are lost ?
 Bear me with speed, some courteous whirlwind,
 bear
 Far, very far away, I care not where—
 But 'twere in vain, my guilt would haunt me
 there.

The image of my crimes would still pursue,
 My cruel plagues, and racks, and hell renew,
 Like Cain, a mark for every murderer made ;
 But most of all my injured Master's shade.

M

That form to meet more than all else I fear—
O ! guard me, fiends, for He's already here!
Bloody and pale, his clamorous wounds gape wide.
O earth ! within thy hollow caverns hide,
Within thy deepest cell and darkest room,
The wretch that envies happier Dathan's doom !
Seize me, ye furies ! Why this dull delay,
What hope or fear can make me lingering stay ?
Die, traitor, die ! be that resolved. But how ?"
No sooner said, than an unlucky bough
Thrust from a blasted elder's trunk descried,
Upon the tree the fatal noose he tied,
And sprang away.—In death his eye-balls roll,
And waiting fiends exult, and seize the soul.

Meanwhile the crowd the Lord to death
convey,
Sore prest with weight, and fainting by the way.
It chanced a traveller from Cyrene came
Friendless, obscure and mean, Simon by name,
Him they with cruel mercy force to bear
Of the distressing load an equal share ;
Each faithful Christian's lot, as well as his,
Through grief to joy, through pain to endless bliss.

Covered with blood, now Salem's matrons see
He climbs with pain the steep of Calvary,
His soul with grief, with stripes His body rent,
Weeping they see, and o'er His fate lament.
"Keep, matrons, your mistaken tears (He cries)
For your *own* sorrows keep those streaming eyes.
Weep for yourselves, and children yet more dear ;
For see, the day, the dreadful day is near,
By heaven's just anger on your nation brought,
When barren wombs a blessing shall be thought ;
When nature's feelings are no longer known,
Your infants' lives destroyed to save your own ;
When through your gates mad hostile troops
shall pour,
And what ye leave the greedy sword devour."

He said ; and now, with sweat and blood and
pain,
The top of fatal Golgotha they gain,
With skulls and bones and putrid limbs o'erspread,
And all the horrid ruins of the dead.
Here disembowelled bodies all around
With nauseous gore had drenched the thirsty
ground ;

There half torn carcasses unburied lay
To all ill-omened birds a feast by day,
By night to greedy howling wolves a prey.

Of his o'erpowering load unburdened here,
From his fresh wounds his humble robes they tear;
Their eager fury can no longer stay,
And on the altar they their victim lay,
His spotless hands upon the wood distend,
And with huge spikes unmercifully rend.
Both hands and feet, with many a sounding stroke
Nailed to the tree accursed, are mangled, broke;
On these the weight of all the body laid,
By these alone aloft in air He's staid;
Dying through these, He lingers half the day,
And drop by drop He bleeds his life away.

Now, thus transfixed, they raise the cross on high,
And with insulting voices rend the sky;
Both priests and people with rude scoffs assail,
And loud salute him, "King of Jury, hail!
To all the past but add one wonder more,
Save but thyself, who others saved before ;

Then as our king we'll gladly still receive,
And Thee the promised Prophet yet believe."

All this and more the Saviour mildly bears,
Yea, prays for mercy on His murderers.
But still Thou hast to suffer, boundless Love!
From the rude crowd below, and those above—
Those thieves, each mounted on his cursed tree,
Groaning in woe; O! how unlike to Thee!

Yet one some marks of penitence displays,
Laments his crimes, and hates his sinful ways;
While stubborn guilt distorts the other's face—
Repentance never shall *his* name disgrace;
Amid his pains he curses God and man,
And, scoffing, to the Saviour thus began.
"Now, if thou canst, thy boasted power display,
And from our woes thyself and us convey,
Or vainly thou art Christ, thy flatterers say;
Some slave like us, impostor vile, I trow,
Nor God thy father, nor Messiah thou."

To him his partner from the other side,
With righteous indignation, thus replied;

“ Why name the mighty God thou dost not fear,
Whose certain vengeance overtakes thee here?
O Thou ! who e’en upon the cross dost reign !
I ask no rescue from my shame and pain
Justly endured. But my petition is,
When Thou’rt enthroned on high in boundless
bliss,
Remember *me*. O ! let Thy angels bear
My soul to Abraham’s bosom ! Hear my prayer !”

“ Yes (said his Lord) thy fate no longer fear,
I’ll own thee there, as thou hast owned me here ;
This very day thy soul shall mount the skies,
And reign with me in blissful paradise.”

Meanwhile the fatal tidings are conveyed,
By noisy rumour, to the holy Maid,
That, by false Judas to the priests betrayed,
Her loved and wondrous offspring, doomed to die,
Was by the soldiers dragged to Calvary.
And now from street to street she hurries on,
Once more to see her dear lamented son.
Thus Philomel repeats her mournful song,
When robbed at once of all her tender young,

Near the dire place where first she lost them
 waits,
And, fluttering round the tree, laments their
 fates;
And, while of their recovery she despairs,
Pursues with loudest plaints the ravishers.

Thus the blest maid on love's swift wing doth fly,
Love mixed with fear, to fatal Calvary ;
Prest through the crowd, and at the fatal tree
Arrived, exclaimed in agony, 'Tis He ;
Then fell to earth ; she could no longer bear,
Thrice happy had she still continued there.
But the officious crowd the wretch revive,
And now she groans to find herself alive,
Straight to the wood accursed doth madly run,
On whose high top she saw her bleeding Son,
And grovelling low she hugged the fatal base,
And prest it closely to her weeping face.

With pain His heavy eyes and dying head
Once more He slowly raised, and thus He said :
" No more ! let each tumultuous thought be still ;
Resign me all to my great Father's will,

As I myself. Of thee He'll still take care,
Behold thy son."—The faithful friend was there
Lamenting near the cross. Of all the rest
Who late such zeal and ardent love profess,
He only came; and him He thus address:
"Ere I to heaven my parting breath resign,
Behold thy mother—be she henceforth thine.
Of our true friendship this dear pledge receive,
The last that thou canst take or I can give."

Now deep she mourns: "Is *this* the kingdom given,
This the high throne of the great heir of heaven?
Thus, Prince, do Thee Thy subjects entertain,
And is it thus Messiah's meant to reign?
For this did God's bright messenger descend,
For this the hymning heavenly host attend,
And hail Thy birth with miracles? O! why
All this vain pomp for one *thus* doomed to die?
Too plain, alas! too late the truth I see,
Of aged Simeon's mystic prophecy!
Now through my wounded soul the sword doth
glide,
Now pierce the mother through her offspring's
side."

And now the crowd themselves, though now
too late,

Help her to mourn her lamentable fate ;
Now thickest darkness hangs the heavy day,
And nature, frightened, mourns as much as they ;
The conscious sun no more the scene can bear,
But shuts his eye and leaves the widowed air,
Unnatural clouds obscure his radiant face,
E'en near the midst of his diurnal race.
From baleful caves once more set free to light,
Forth sallies primitive, substantial night—
Night black as that which once on Egypt fell,
Full of the dark inhabitants of hell :
Thin glaring ghosts glide by, loose forms appear,
Shrill shrieks, deep groans, and mournful sounds
they hear.

Bellows the troubled earth ; in her dark womb
Pent whirlwinds fight. From many a silent tomb,
Disturbed, in haste the dusty tenants rise,
Though all be dark, and vain they seek the skies ;
Save when the skies with twisted lightnings glow,
In thunder echoing to the groans below.
The world no more expects her wonted light,
And guilty nations fear eternal night.

But most, Judea, thy devoted land,
Too late their wickedness they understand.
They knew what all these dire convulsions meant,
And knew to them the prodigies were sent ;
And now as loud to heaven for mercy cry,
As late their voices echoed, *Crucify.*

Matrons and maids in solemn order go,
And trembling youths. Prostrate themselves
they throw
Before the temple gates, would heaven atone,
Avert their country's ruin, and their own.
The altar shakes, the ashes scattered lay,
The victim from the temple breaks away,
Or drops before the stroke, and bellowing dies ;
In lowering curls the incense from the skies,
Rejected there, beats back to earth again,
Like clouds of smoke repelled by falling rain.
Deep hollow groans from the foundations came,
And from the roof shot streaks of angry flame.
The solid pillars trembled ; and inclined
Their lofty heads, like cedars in the wind.
Twice shook the rumbling earth, and thunders
broke

From the vast gulf ; the third terrific shock,
Thrice armed with rage, rent e'en the solid rock,
Rent, to the trembling centre rent the veil,
Wide laying bare the sacred oracle—
Holy of holies ; naked all it lies
Exposed profane, and bare to vulgar eyes ;
The lamps of gold or now extinguished quite,
Or yielding weakest and unnatural light,
More dreadful by succeeding lightnings made ;
The priests run frightened through the ghastly shade.

And now the Lamb of God expiring see
Upon the top of trembling Calvary.
Far heavier weight than death His soul opprest,
Far worse than mortal pangs, His tortured breast.
No more the beauteous rays of love divine,
No more the Father's glories on Him shine.
He raised His eyes for His accustomed train,
But looked, alas ! for them and heaven in vain ;
Heaven and her glories can no more be seen,
The heavy crimes of earth so thick between.
He cries, as if Himself He doth mistake,
" My God, my God ! why dost Thou me for-
sake ?"

The Father heard unmoved His suffering Son ;
By His eternal counsel all was done.
But the high host each from his throne arose ;
Their heavenly warmth to ruddy vengeance
glows.

Among the rest a fire-winged seraph saw,
Of those at trembling Sinai gave the law ;
Nor had he yet forgot his task ; but flies,
Through worlds unknown and undiscovered skies,
Where erst the signal was for battle given,
The highest tower on all the walls of heaven.

Here with his loudest strength he blew a blast,
Which through interminable spaces past,
And chaos moved. Its frightened surges fell,
Trembled the ghastly Sanhedrim of hell ;
While heaven's winged watchers at the signal run,
And almost leave their dread commands
undone.

The wandering orbs stand still, or wildly roll,
Forgetting both the axle and the pole ;
So vast the wreck of heaven, the storm so high,
As chaos had broke in upon the sky ;
The spheres, untuned, forget their harmony.

Arm, arm! through every bright battalion went,
The adamantine gates of the firmament,
Wide open thrown with a tremendous crack
Louder than thunder. (more the poles they shake)
The pomp of war discover deep and wide ;
Each angel close by brother angel's side ;
Troops, cohorts, legions, glittering dreadful bright,
Armed cap-a-pie, in more than lambent light.

Great Michael then himself was on the guard,
The mount of God his own peculiar ward.
Here peace and joy roll on eternally,
Here no disturbance, no complaint or cry—
None since the angels fell. But when afar
He heard the harsh, unwonted noise of war,
He drew his sword, by skilful angel made
Of a portentous comet's flaming blade,
Condensed his noble form to bulk and sight,
Put on his dreadful arms and helmet bright,
Th' old dragon's spoils the crest, in battle bold
Conquered and stripped, terrific to behold,
The claws all horrid with ethereal gold ;
As on a cloud, with thunder charged, he rode
'Bove all the rest, and only not a God.

All thus arrayed, they but await the word
 To sally forth and aid their injured Lord,
 The city cursed or into atoms tear,
 Or scatter globe itself in boundless air.

Th' All-seeing saw ; and doth their haste
 prevent.

With awful nod He shook the firmament.
 One motion of His will their rage repress.
 He looked calm-peace into each warlike breast ;
 Unveiled the rolls of fate ; and let them see
 Th' inscrutable, tremendous mystery—
 That 'twas before all worlds resolved on High,
 The mighty Maker of the world must die ;
 In council of the great THREE-ONE decreed,
 A sinless God for sinful man must bleed,
 His injured Father's wrath atone and bear,
 To free offending rebels from despair,
 Supply the number of the heavenly host
 And fill the seats th' apostate angels lost.

Silence profound awhile all heaven possess ;
 And wonder too profound to be express.
 Now, dropped their arms, their harps again
 they try,
 New songs are heard, and wonted harmony.

Muse, too return, and hover on the wing,
Around thy bleeding Love, thy wounded King.
Go weep, like Magdalen before He died,
Ne'er yet such cause—thy Love is crucified ;
Bathe His wide wounds, as that repenting fair
His sacred feet, and dry them with thy hair.

On the cursed tree, behold, He bends His
head,
From His pale cheeks each lovely rose is fled,
His swimming eyes now night and darkness cloud,
His heavenly face suffused with tears and blood.
Hail, ye essential drops of precious gore,
Hail, mystic drops, each worth a world and more !

And now by sweat and blood exhausted, dried,
Fevered with pain, *I thirst*, He faintly cried.
For vinegar (last acid gift) they run,
And straight present. He tastes, and cries, '*Tis*
done.

Bowing his head, "Receive my soul (He cried)
O Father! to thy arms:"—He bowed and died.

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THE SAVIOUR.

BOOK X.

O how refreshing and how dear a sight,
When virtue merges out of clouds and night,
To see her all her grovelling foes despise,
To see the tyrant fall, the hero rise!
True worth outlives the grave. Rude winds the
fruit

May blast, but 'tis immortal at the root.
Beat on, affliction's billows, beat in vain!
The rock shall still impregnable remain;
The storm, though strong, shall soon or late blow
o'er,

And we with joy shall reach the happy shore
Where our great Captain is arrived before.

And now true night, in the disordered skies,
Prepares at her appointed hour to rise,
And wonders at her task performed before—
Nay, blacker veils spread all th' ethereal o'er.
Still high in gloomy air the bodies stood
Exposed ; still tortured on the fatal wood—
Tortured the two ; but from His spotless breast
The Third's bright soul had fled to endless rest.

Nor longer can the generous Joseph bear
To see the Saviour's mangled reliques there.
He, while afar the scattered household fled,
(Their faith and courage with their Master dead)
With Nicodemus, his old prudent friend,
No more afraid, doth down the steep descend
To beg the body boldly, and inter
In private, in his own new sepulchre.
With pious haste they both to Pilate ran ;
To whom, undaunted, Joseph thus began.

“ Brave Roman, whom our nation's spiteful rage
Reluctant did in cruelty engage,
As you would bear to distant years and lands
Your fame, as clean and spotless as your hands,

O! grant to us your suppliants be restored
The breathless reliques of our injured Lord!
He's cold and lifeless now, all fear is o'er,
Nor can He injure priests or Cæsar more.
O! grant that for His body we return,
Due honours pay, and at His funeral mourn,
And sprinkle tears and flowers around His urn!"

“Witness (the Roman cried) each sacred
power,
Witness the common Jove we all adore,
How gladly I'd restore your friend! whom strife
And rage and spite have madly robbed of life.
Take what remains, this freely I restore,
And take my grief that I can give no more.”

Well pleased, they onward sped with pious
haste,
And through the thronging crowds undaunted
past,
Till at the fatal scene of death arrived.
Here new barbarities are still contrived—
Exposed no longer may the bodies stay
And thus unhallow the great Paschal day,

Damping the festal joy: New arts they try,
 And by fresh torments make them more than die.
 With staves and sledges now they crush the bones;
 The mountain echoes with the strokes and groans;
 The tortured wretches supplicate in vain
 For some kind stab to ease their lingering pain.

Jesus alone had His meek soul resigned,
 And spared their cruelty. His head, reclined,
 On His torn shoulder lay. Enraged, they cried
 He had deceived them, and too mildly died.
 A soldier, blind with fury, snatched a spear,
 Which vainly on its point sharp death would
 wear,
 And darted at His side. Forth sprang a flood
 Of purest limpid water, joined with blood—
 Joined, not confused; as through thin crystal
 shine
 The sparkling drops of Gaza's noble vine—
 True types of those kind streams, which ever flow
 From God's high throne, to bless the world
 below;
 That sacred laver, and that banquet high,
 In which who bathe and feast shall never die.

Joseph ascends ; and from th' accursed wood
Takes down the corpse, defiled with wounds and
blood.

To his own garden the dear weight he bore,
Scene of such happy meetings oft before,
And near the tomb he laid the precious load,
Great awful reliques of a suffering God.
Hither, bright heavenly youths, O ! hither bring
The glories of your own eternal spring !
Of every flower that in fair Eden grows,
The dying Saviour's funeral pomp compose,
Mixed with Engedi's spice and Sharon's rose.
And when your sweets are all around Him spread,
Though ne'er to this sad hour a tear ye've shed,
Weep, O immortals, weep ! your Lord is dead !

Or if to hateful man ye grudge your aid,
No more we seek ; for lo ! the heavenly Maid
On the hard rock ! Behold her seated there,
While all her sad companions rend the air.
Silent and still, as deepest waters flow ;
What breast but hers could hold the mighty woe ?
From the pale corpse the soul she sees is fled,
She sees her life and hope and Saviour dead—

Her wondrous Son—no pangs at His first breath,
But ah ! now more than doubled at His death !
In her bathed arms a carcass sad He lies ?
Death's heavy iron slumber seals his eyes—
Eyes fastly closed ; but wounds, still gaping wide,
Rending his sacred feet and hands and side.
She kisses all ; and her companions tear,
With loud laments, their homely robes and hair,
To his pale corpse the latest honours pay,
And in the marble vault with sorrow lay.

The world around its heavy grief exprest,
All nature's family in mourning drest.
In hell alone was mirth and cursed delight,
Our happiness their woe, our day their night.
Here scarce such joy and revelry were known
When first their prince our father did dethrone,
And nearly made a second world his own.
The Pandæmonium fills ; the iron gate
Is thronged with many a dusky potentate.
High in the midst dire Lucifer ascends
His glowing throne. A horrid guard of fiends
Flock round ; the spirits bold who with him fell,
Infernal host, worthy the prince of hell.

His lofty brow and haughty eye express
 Highest of ills, majestic wickedness ;
 Great, but not good. Such earthly tyrants are,
 Who hell's black brand, not heaven's bright
 image wear.

Servile, and yet imperious ; proud, yet base ;
 A wicked joy glares on his dusky face.

“Dominions (he began) and thrones and
 powers,
 Possessors once of half heaven's crystal towers !
 And had fate smiled, long since they'd ALL been
 ours.
 'Twas fate, not valour, crushed us. We are still
 Unconquered in our own almighty will.
 What since against heaven's tyranny we've
 done
 Ye all well know ; nor need we blush to own.
 How man, for whom that beauteous world was
 made
 (A heaven to our uncomfortable shade)
 We by an easy stratagem betrayed ;
 Threw on the mighty workmanship disgrace,
 And in one moment ruined all the race.

We more than half his world have since possess'd,
 He the poor Jews, and we had all the rest ;
 To us his own proud kings for counsel come,
 And Endor speaks when sacred Shilo's dumb.
 Tis true, his dreaming prophets would foretell,
 In many a mystic type and oracle,
 The ruins of the world again should rise,
 Th' eternal Word descending from the skies.
 And when the late great Hebrew prophet came,
 Whose birth and life, and miracles and fame,
 Have filled the world ; from whom our legions fled
 At first command (command which raised the
 dead,
 Chased every stubborn pain and strong disease,
 Rebuked the winds, and stilled the raging seas)—
 When thus He to the wondering world appeared,
 I own I for our empire something feared,
 Feared it might totter and was doomed to fall—
 For Him the Jews Messiah, Saviour, call,
 And would have crowned Him king. Him first
 I tried
 (You saw th' event) with every bait of pride,
 With all that nature boasts of fair and good ;
 But all in vain ; impregnable He stood.

Not such our Judas ; him bright gold o'erpowers
At first attack. And the high priest was ours.
And now all danger's past, our fear is o'er,
This mighty Prince shall drive us now no more ;
I saw the Heir of heaven exposed on high,
The cross His throne ; I saw th' Immortal die.
What's past is fate. The glorious work is done ;
And now our conqueror mourns His conquered son ;
On all the tottering world may vengeance take,
At which we'll smile. He can't what's past
unmake ;

That, that's beyond His boasted mighty power,
Too feeble to recall one fleeting hour.
Then thunder rend the poles, the centre shake,
And sink us deeper in our noisome lake,
Still will we revel here. Let envy stay
Her eating cares, and know no grief to day ;
E'en *she* shall smile, her greatest foe is dead.
Let bashful error raise her hydra-head,
She, and my own dear discord, lately fled
From this great prophet's words and heavenly air—
Let them, with all their snaky train, prepare
For earth again ; and our new conquests tell
To every holy fane and oracle,

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To all our demons that in ether rove,
 From Delphos' rock to wise Dodona's grove;
 Tell them"—

But here his speech abruptly ends ;
 Confused, he from his iron throne descends ;
 For wide away, through his own darksome cell,
 He sees strange light ; he sees a heaven, in hell.
 The walls and gates are down ; and death, and sin,
 Through the wide yawning breach, come tum-
 bling in,
 The Conqueror after, who the blow had given,
 'Twas He Himself, th' illustrious Heir of heaven,
 Jesus the God. A guard of angels stands
 Around, with kindled thunders in their hands.

The trembling chief doth first his post forsake ;
 Wildly he plunges headlong in the lake.
 Innumerable legions after run,
 Seeking new hells, the Lamb's fierce wrath to
 shun ;
 Headlong they fall, and from th' embankment
 steep
 Strike through the bosom of the boundless deep,

Wide circles in the liquid flame they make,
And with hoarse murmurs boils the brimstone
lake.

The fiends on earth too feel the fatal blow,
Full soon they sympathize with those below ;
Lamenting sounds are heard ; they take their
flight,
Wide wandering in their own eternal night.

Thus doth the woman's promised Offspring tread
Triumphant, on the hateful serpent's head,
And thus captivity He captive led ;
The guilty, trembling jailors puts to flight,
Exposing their dark cells to hated light ;
From the old greedy lion wrests his prey,
And with Him leads again to cheerful day.

And with Him, Muse, do thou to earth return,
Where His sad death His friends, mistaken, mourn ;
His death, who cannot die ; or if before
He left His house of clay, can die no more.
His body now, more spirit, more refined,
Fitter companion for the heavenly mind,

Active and volatile, and ready stands
As swift as thought to serve the soul's commands,

This know not they who, still lamenting there
And lost in stupid sorrow and despair,
Forget the promise of His sure return—
Still without faith and without hope they mourn.
Sad was the feast to them ; no cheerful ray
It wore ; as sad the night that closed the day.
But with kind omen the third morn appears,
Twice happy morn ! which dawns to dry their
tears.

Kind Phosphor, bring the morn ! Why this delay ?
Jesus is rising. Phosphor, bring the day !
Haste the dull steeds ! If the sun longer stay,
Another Sun shall rise ; a Sun so bright,
The world no more shall need his weaker light.

Earlier than he fair Magdalena rose,
And to the tomb with spice and unguents goes,
Him to embalm who no corruption knew.
The same officious kindness others drew,
Who loved their Lord. And now at length
they come
To the ascent ; the garden and the tomb

Not far before. The fearful Jews, they heard,
 As guilt is still suspicious, placed a guard
 Around the sepulchre ; a seal secured,
 The ponderous stone their mighty foe immured ;
 Nor think yet safe or deep enough He lies.
They too had heard, on the third morn He'd rise,
 Whose mighty word had others raised ; nor yet
 Could they the wondrous Lazarus forget,
 Or twice-born Nain's youth—their fears not vain.
 No longer Hades can her guest retain ;
 A conqueror thence He rose, as late He fell,
 And with Him drags in triumph death and hell.

He rose and came. All nature must obey
 Her sovereign Lord. He willed the stone away.
 Jesus is risen ; songs of triumph sing !
 Thus from dead winter rises sprightly spring ;
 Thus doth bright Sol from night's dark shade
 return ;
 Thus wings thy bird, Arabia, from her urn
 Jesus is risen, who' ll the world restore !
 Awake, ye dead ! dull sinners, sleep no more,
 In pleasure's soft enchantments slumbering deep !
 O ! sleep no more, or else for ever sleep !

But though Himself He's gone, His tender
care

Still leaves His bright attendant angels there,
Those early pious pilgrims to console
Who with mistaken tears His loss condole.
And to the women kindly doth appear
A heavenly youth—"Dispel (he says) your fear.
We in your cause employ celestial powers,
And know you seek your suffering Lord and ours.
Dry your vain tears ; your friend no more deplore ;
Your mighty Saviour lives, to die no more.
'Tis the third morn. He promised then to rise,
And ne'er deceived. Behold, and trust your eyes.
See where He by yourselves was laid. See there
The linen, and the empty sepulchre.
Be ye the first apostles. Quickly go,
And let the rest the happy tidings know."

With joy and mingled fear they haste away,
All but fair Magdalen—resolved to stay
If possible her dear loved Lord to find,
And with his sight to soothe her anxious mind.
An angel's witness she had scarce received,
Too good she deems the news to be believed.

Musing; and fixed her eyes upon the ground ;
At sudden noise she woke ; and, turning round,
She saw, or thought she saw, the gardener near,
And thus, abrupt, with many a sigh and tear
Accosts him. “ Sir, if you have borne Him hence,
The dear remains of murdered Innocence,
My last just tears and sighs as yet not paid,
O ! tell, in pity tell me where He’s laid ?
Where I”—The God Himself no more can bear—
And it was He ; bright shone the lightened air
Around His sacred head ; her Lord she knew,
And at His feet herself in transport threw ;
Too great her crowding joys to be expressed—
MASTER ! she cried, and spoke in looks the rest.

He, mild, repels her with His radiant eyes,
And adds, There’s yet no time for ecstasies.
To His loved brethren bids the tidings bear,
And glides, unseen, away in trackless air.

She comes, and tells ; but still they all refuse,
Incredulous, to hearken to her news ;
Day-dream, by sickly female fancy made,
They count the tale, or some delusive shade.

But to her words more kind attention lends
The Loved and loving of the Saviour's friends ;
And with him Cephas ; who (deplored his fall)
In faith and courage now surpassed them all.
This his warm zeal, and that his friendship bear,
Without more dallying, to the sepulchre.
Entering, they here, surprised, can nothing find,
Nothing beside the linen left behind,
The spice with which the Jews embalm the dead,
And blood-stained napkin from His sacred head.
They see, believing ; and no longer mourn
His death ; but joyful to the rest return—
Return with speed ; yet gain no credit there,
For all are filled with terror and despair.
Black, sullen grief hangs o'er them ; all is night,
Without one smiling gleam of hope or light.
Their sun is set ; what can they, but deplore ?
He's set in death's dark shade, to rise no more.

Now lo! their Lord Himself, mirac'ous
sight!
The God Himself, in His own lambent light
Arrayed, appears i'th' midst ; His form and dress,
His more than mortal mien the God confess.

Divinely doth He look, divinely move,
 His voice divine expressing peace and love ;
 That wondrous voice, which light and life con-
 veyed,
 Like the first word, by which the world He made.
 Throughout their inmost soul 'twas swiftly sent,
 And struck new beams of joy where'er it went.
 Mildly He chides their unbelief and fear ;
 Shews them the glorious wounds the nails and
 spear
 So late had made ; and farther to complete
 Their faith, of their poor fare He deigns to eat.
 Thus banishes their sorrow and their tears,
 Again salutes with PEACE, and disappears.

Thomas it chanced was absent ; either fear
 Or luckless business took him up elsewhere.
 And great his loss the while. Scarce less they
 lose,
 Who, kindly bid, ungratefully refuse
 To meet their Saviour at the church's feast.
 In vain is he assured by all the rest
 Of the glad tidings. Cephas doth declare,
 With warmth and zeal, what all can witness there,

They saw and heard Him all.

“ You must forgive,
 If what's incredible I can't believe,”
 Cries the weak saint. And, while he thus replies,
 In rushes Cleophas with glad surprise—
 “ He lives, he lives ! Grief vanish, cares away !
 Our dear-loved Master lives ! This happy day
 We saw Him both—he can attest the same.”
 And the companion speaks who with him came.

“ To Emmaus we went ; you know it all,
 Seated beneath an easy mountain's fall.
 To Baal-Perazim come ; we thence descry
 To left the house of aged Zachary,
 The Baptist's happy sire. No sooner seen,
 Than new tormenting thoughts came stealing
 in—

What attestation that great prophet gave
 Our greater Lord, by Jordan's sacred wave ;
 Both good and just and innocent in vain,
 By Herod one, and one by Pilate slain.
 An unknown traveller joined us, whom we guessed
 Some proselyte, returning from the feast.

In vain at his approach we wiped our eyes
And wiped again ; fresh stubborn tears arise.
He saw, and thus began—" Were it not rude
That in your thoughts a stranger should intrude,
As sorrow, shared with others, weaker grows,
I'd ask the *cause* whence all your sorrow
flows."

" Stranger indeed ! my sighing friend replies,
That hath not heard the cause, which from our
eyes
Doth these just tributes draw. But can it be ?
Have you not heard the elders' cruelty,
And our great Master's fate ? Such wonders
shown,
To what dark corner is His name unknown
In our Jerusalem ? Such none before,
No *man* could do. Than man we deemed Him
more ;
Thought Him the wondrous promised Prince,
foretold
So oft in holy oracles of old ;
Thought Him Messiah, the great Christ of God,
Who'd bruise the nations with His iron rod.

But ah! by our false flattering hopes misled,
We're undeceived at last, and mourn Him dead;
And sure we've cause."—He can no longer bear
Our blasphemies; and thus reproves severe:—

“Mistaken men, with minds immersed in
night!

And were not these things all, by heaven's fore-
sight,

Thus ordered and appointed ages since?

Was not Messiah still a suffering prince

Described: did not these truths the prophets tell

In many a mystic type and oracle—

That the eternal Father had ordained

His Son should suffer first before He reigned?

Why else from faithful Abraham's bosom, why

Was his loved only Isaac drawn to die,

And why the offering brought near Calvary?

What meant the paschal lamb, and wherefore dies

The harmless herd a daily sacrifice?

The brazen serpent Moses doth prepare

Fixed on a pole, and mounts it high in air;

Relief to every wounded wretch it gives,

He turns his closing eyes, and looks and lives.

What's this, and many a mighty shadow more ;
 What, all the wounds the royal prophet bore ;
 What, truths dark-folded in the Psalms and Law ;
 What, all the visions great Isaiah saw ?
 High evangelic prophet, full and clear !
 Scarce prophecy, but history you hear,
 When he is read. Now Jesse's noble stem,
 And now the Prince of peace's diadem
 And royal purple robes declaring plain—
 Not robes of Tyre, but dyed in nobler grain,
 His own pure blood. Abused, despised, betrayed,
 For all mankind a sinless victim made,
Thus see Him there triumphant ! See Him come
 From Bozra's rock a bleeding Conqueror home !”

“ While thus he spake, truth warms with
 cheerful ray
 Our ravished souls, and drives our cares away.
 Come to our journey's end, we both entreat
 He 'll not disdain our humble country seat.
 Mildly he grants. He blest and brake the bread,
 And suddenly the envious cloud was fled,
 And well-known glories beamed around His
 head.

Jesus ! 'twas He—our lost, lamented Lord !
Low at His feet we trembled and adored ;
But for our homage He'll no longer stay,
And glides unseen in secret shades away."

Ye happy souls who feed on angels' fare,
No wonder if ye meet your Master there !
Let prodigals and swine on husks be fed,
Jesus shall still be known in breaking bread.

But yet in vain they all these wonders tell,
And Thomas still remains an infidel ;
Argues, and asks, why yet He never staid,
But always vanished like a fleeting shade ?
He must have demonstration full and clear,
Nor trusts unless himself he saw Him here.

He said ; and all, surprised, again behold
Th' apartment deluged with ethereal gold ;
Clear waves of glory gild th' illumined air,
A flood of lambent light, and Jesus there ;
His sacred wounds, the sources whence it
 flowed,
Prolific now of light as once of blood.

All kneel adoring—Thomas only stands,
Till forth He gently stretched His wounded hands,
And showed the nails' rude prints that yet abide
In glorious scars ; showed him His mangled side.
Now, prostrate at His feet, he doth adore—
MY LORD, MY GOD ! he cries, and can no more.

Him gently from the ground the Saviour raised,
And blest ; though more their higher faith He
praised.

Who to the church's witness credit give,
And, without sense's grosser aid, believe,
That shall not want. He bids them all repair
In time to Galilee, and meet Him there.
On Tabor's holy mount, where once before
The blest above did their blest Lord adore,
Gives them His word that He'll again appear,
Strengthen their faith, and shew new wonders
there.

It chances, on a dark and silent night,
Good Peter his companions doth invite,
The heedless fish in flaxen toils to take,
Royal Tiberias, on thy neighbouring lake:

To fruitless pains they long themselves expose,
 And toil until the morning's dawn arose ;
 And now a man of stature, face, and dress
 Unknown, they see. He asks them what success
 The night had brought. They sighing, *none*
 replied.

He answered, " Try the right, the luckier side."
 His kind advice they follow straight ; and caught,
 As once before, a vast and wondrous draught.
 When now their net with much ado they 'd towed
 (Their little bark half sunk beneath the load)
 Nearer the land ; the loved disciple cries,
 'Tis He, 'tis He ! How sharp are friendship's
 eyes !

'Tis our loved Lord ! Th' alarm good Peter
 takes,

And o'er the waves a wondrous voyage makes,
 Sets foot the first upon the oozy shore,
 And humbly doth his well known Lord adore—
 He first ; the other ten not far behind ;
 And on the sand a feast prepared they find.

All now refreshed ; the Saviour thus began
 To him whose zeal his faith so far outran :

"Thou whose warm zeal can death's dire threats
 outbrave,
 And without sinking tread the slippery wave,
 Say, as thou wouldst thy heart to heaven approve,
 If more than these thou dost thy Master love?"

"Dare I (said he) who little love have shown,
 Or question theirs, or once commend my own?
 Then how I love let me no witness be,
 Thou know'st it Lord, and I appeal to Thee."

"Then feed my lambs (his Master straight replied)
 In pastures green, by some still water's side."

The searching question is repeated thrice ;
 For thrice shall he be tried, who thrice denies.
 He, tortured with ingenuous grief and pain
 Thus to be questioned, thus replies again.

"O ! why, Thou who so well dost all things know,
 Must I these cruel trials undergo ?
 How much I love let me no witness be,
 Thou know'st it Lord, and I appeal to Thee."

"Then feed my lambs (his Lord again replied)
 In pastures green, by some still water's side ;
 Now, while thou may'st, defend the sacred fold,
 For time rolls on apace, and thou grow'st old."

When hoary age with palsied step draws near,
And warns thee thou shalt stay no longer here ;
Then the rude soldier, with his cruel bands,
Shall tie thy withered arms and trembling hands,
And, unrelenting, to that place convey,
Whence struggling nature fain would shrink away.
I warn thee well ; nor unprovided be,
But, when I call, prepare to follow me."

He said ; nor longer on the shore would stay,
But to fair Tabor's mountain leads the way.
There to a company of friends appears,
Confirms their faith, and dissipates their fears ;
Instructs in His pure law each wavering mind,
And warns of all their dangers yet behind.
Then promises once more to bless their sight
Ere to His Father's house He wings his flight.

Dismissed in peace, their steps they backward
bend,
And wait in time at Solyma their Friend ;
For His appearing all their minds prepare
With heavenly aspirations, hymns and prayer ;
And while this work His infant church employs,
He comes *indeed*, with all his train of joys.

Then, with His little troop of happy friends,
He leaves the town; the neighbouring hill
ascends;

Thee, lovely Bethany, for ever leaves,
And thee, Gethsemane; from both receives
Still new supplies to swell His humble train,
Till from the top they see the distant plain
O'er whose smooth bosom murmuring Kidron ran;
When thus the Saviour to His friends began.

“ My Father calls; and I obey, and go.
Farewell, ye dear companions of my woe!
Heaven shall your friend till the great day receive.
Peace be the legacy I with you leave;
Be this the mark of mine; by this alone
My little flock from all the world be known.
Gall-less as doves, yet wise as serpents too,
As me my Father sent, so send I you.
All power in heaven and earth His word secures
To His loved Son; and be that portion yours,
Those to condemn who my soft yoke refuse,
And both in earth and heaven to bind and loose.
Go, to whatever distant regions hurled,
Go in my name and proselyte the world—

Mine and my Father's name (for we are One)
And Spirit's blest, from Father and from Son
Eternally proceeding. Boldly go
As far as land is fixed or waters flow ;
Till utmost East your Lord their Saviour style ;
Till utmost West, and Albion's favoured isle ;
There still new worlds await you, yet concealed,
In time's revolving race to be revealed,
And unborn millions shall through her receive
My light in darkness, and for ever live.
Those who your words believe, and mine obey,
Let sacred water wash their sins away ;
They, happy souls, who thus for heaven prepare
Shall, when I come in triumph, enter there.
While those who mercy scorn, ah hapless race !
For whom, I died in vain, and purchased grace
From my forgiving Father—they must go,
The choice their own, to endless worlds of woe.
And not without accedence would I send—
Angels shall guard you, miracles attend ;
And when the blessed Paraclete shall fall
And with high powers from heaven endue you all,
All tongues, and more than all at Babel known,
Shall then be yours, familiar as your own ;

The thoughts of many a heart ye shall reveal,
Your touch, your word, your very shade shall
 heal.

Nor of your safety, when I'm gone, despair ;
I'll still be with you, for I'm everywhere ;
Be with you to protect, sustain, defend,
Till this frail world, but not my kindness, end ;
Till each reviving dust forsake its urn,
And in the clouds ye see your Lord return."

He said ; and lo ! a trembling purple light
The olive-bearing mountain's proudest height
Begins to gild. As farther now it spreads,
The lofty cedars bend their leafy heads ;
The humbler palms are seized with trembling fear,
And all declare a work divine is near.
Soft music's heard, from a far distant cloud
Descending slow. Now, more distinct and loud.
Then warlike trumpets echo round the sky
Triumphal notes, and sounds of victory,
Mixed with the melting harp. And these among
Is clearly heard a noble, festal song.
And thus alternately they sung and played,
The words a king, the tune an angel made.

Prepare, prepare, ye splendid orbs above !
 At distance proper roll away !
 Let purest ether only stay,
 And envious clouds remove !
 All ye, bright guards, his way prepare !
 Sweep with your purple wings the air,
 The King of Glory enters there !

Say ye, and surely ye must know,
 Say ye who hold the guard below,
 What God, what Hero 'tis ye bring,
 What wondrous King ?

'Tis He who lately triumphed o'er the grave,
 And drags the king of pride along—
 With ease the stronger binds the strong—
 Both death and hell His slave ;
 Whom all the heavenly warriors sing,
 Their trophies to His footstool bring,
 Great conquering God and wondrous King !

While thus they hymn, the Saviour mounts alone,
Nor needs their power, for greater is His own ;
And our low earth's attraction when He leaves,
A radiant cloud, in state, the Lord receives ;
Swifter than thought doth the bright chariot move,
And bears Him to expecting realms above.
Innumerable hosts their Leader wait,
Drawn out before heaven's adamant gate ;
From east to west the glittering squadrons shine
And 'cross the gulf compose a glorious line.
He comes ; at His approach a shout is given,
And triumphs shake th' eternal walls of heaven.

Nor doth the pomp of this triumphal show
Win from His care His humbler friends below.
In joy and wonder rapt, He left them there,
Kneeling, and gazing on through trackless air.
But ere the everlasting gates divide,
And He's to them, not they to Him denied,
In glory seated by His Father's side,
One look He gave which wonted love exprest,
And sent two angels down to tell the rest.
Bids them nor idly gaze, nor vainly mourn ;
He (clouds his chariot) shall to earth return

To judge the trembling world ; nor Judge *alone*,
They all companions of His lofty throne—
When the last fire in atoms shall disperse
This lovely fabric of the universe ;
Which heavenly art still lovelier shall restore,
When death and time itself shall be no more.

THE END.



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