

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES,

I N

V E R S E and P R O S E,

By T H E O D O S I A.

“ One labor more indulge, then sleep my strain,
“Till haply wak'd by Raphael's golden lyre,
To bear a part in everlasting lays;
Tho' far, far higher set, in aim, I trust,
Symphonious to this humble prelude here.”

YOUNG.

B R I S T O L:

Printed by W. PINE. Sold by T. CADELL, T. MILLS,
and T. EVANS;—and by J. BUCKLAND, *Pater-*
noster-Row, and J. JOHNSON, *St. Paul's Church*
Yard, LONDON, 1780.



Norton del

H. Smith sc

Forgive the wish that would have kept thee here,
Fond wish! have kept thee from the seats of bliss.

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES,

I N

V E R S E A N D P R O S E.

VOL. III.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

THE miscellaneous pieces which compose the volume, which is here presented to the public, it will soon be perceived by the intelligent reader, are the productions of the same pious and elegant pen, to which the world is indebted for the two former volumes of Poems on Subjects chiefly devotional; and will be found not inferior in merit to those justly admired compositions. Some few of the Hymns have already appeared in a collection adapted to public worship, and have been considered by the best judges of sacred poesy, as no inconsiderable ornament to that publication; the editors of which are under great obligations to our authoress for many of those truly sublime compositions which adorned her former volumes, and were thence transferred by her permission, to their collection. The other pieces which constitute the present volume, are such as were never before published. They were however all prepared for the press, and in the form and order in which they now appear, put into the hands of the

editor for publication, by the ingenious authoreſs herſelf, ſome months before her deceaſe, and were intended, as the expreſſive motto intimates, to be her laſt legacy to her ſurviving friends.

“ One labor more indulge, then ſleep my ſtrain,
 ‘Till haply wak’d by Raphael’s golden lyre,
 To bear a part in everlaſting lays ;
 Tho’ far, far higher ſet, in aim, I truſt,
 Symphonious to this humble prelude here.”

YOUNG.

It may poſſibly be ſome gratification to thoſe who have hitherto been ignorant of the real name and character of the pious Theodoſia, whoſe writings have ſo often cheered their hours of ſolitude, warmed their hearts with the love of virtue, and the glow of friendſhip, and animated their devotions in the cloſet and congregation ; to be informed that ſhe was known to her more intimate friends under the name of Mrs. Anne Steele. Her father was a Diſſenting Miniſter, a man of primitive piety, the ſtricteſt integrity and benevolence, and the moſt amiable ſimplicity of manners. He was for many years the affectionate and faithful paſtor of an affectionate and harmonious congregation at Broughton in Hampſhire, where he lived all his days greatly beloved, and died univerſally lamented.

ed. Mrs. Anne Steele his eldest daughter, discovered in early life her love of the muses, and often entertained her friends with the truly poetical and pious productions of her pen : But it was not without extreme reluctance she was prevailed on to submit any of them to the public eye. This new edition of her works, accompanied with the volume which is now first offered to the public, would have appeared long since, had the health of our Theodosia admitted of her paying that attention to it which was necessary. But it was her infelicity, as it has been of many of her kindred spirits, to have a capacious soaring mind inclosed in a very weak and languid body. Her health was never firm, but the death of her honoured father, to whom she was united by the strongest ties of affectionate duty and gratitude, gave such a shock to her feeble frame, that she never entirely recovered it, though she survived him some years.

Her state of mind upon that awful occasion will best be conceived of, from the following affecting description of it by herself, and which, with the permission of the family, I am at liberty to present to the public.

“ Still bleeds the deep, deep wound!—Where is
the friend

To pour with tender, kind indulgent hand,
The lenient balm of comfort on my heart?

Alas, that friend is gone!—Ye angels say
 (Who bore him raptur'd to your blest abodes)
 Can ought on earth compensate for my loss!
 Ah, no! the world is poor, and what am I?
 A helpless, solitary worm, that creeps
 Complaining on the earth! Yet ev'n to worms
 The care of heaven extends, and can I doubt
 If that indulgent care extends to me?
 Father of mercies, trembling at thy feet,
 Give me to vent the heart oppressing grief,
 And ask for comfort!—can I ask in vain
 Of him whose name is Love?—But O the boon
 My craving wishes ask is large indeed!
 Yet less will leave me wretched—Gracious God
 Give me to say without a rising doubt,
 “Thou art my Father”—thy paternal love
 Alone can cheer my soul, thy kind compassion,
 Can ease the load of heart oppressing grief.
 O may I know my father pities me!
 And if he pities sure he will support:
 What cannot love omnipotent effect!—
 Ah! now one tender, one endearing tie
 That held me down to earth, death has torn off,
 And with it rent my heart strings—bid me come,
 To thee my refuge; prostrate at thy feet,
 O bid me say, with faith and humble hope,
 Heal, gracious father, heal my bleeding heart!
 Thy healing hand alone can bring relief
 For woes like mine; can bring what most I want,
 An humble resignation to thy will.

How hard the lesson! (yet it must be learn'd)
 With full consent to say "Thy will be done."

As the life of Theodosia was for the most part a life of retirement in the peaceful village where she began and ended her days, it cannot be expected to furnish such a variety of incidents as arise in the history of those who have moved in circles of greater activity. The duties of friendship and religion occupied her time, and the pleasures of both constituted her delight. Her heart was, "apt to feel" too often to a degree too painful for her own felicity, but always with the most tender and generous sympathies for her friends. Yet united with this exquisite sensibility, she possessed a native cheerfulness of disposition, which not even the uncommon and agonizing pains she endured in the latter part of her life could deprive her of. In every short interval of abated suffering, she would in a variety of ways, as well as by her enlivening conversation, give pleasure to all around her. Her life was a life of unaffected humility, warm benevolence, sincere friendship and genuine devotion. A life, which it is not easy truly to describe, or faithfully to imitate.

Having been confined to her chamber some years before her death, she had long waited with christian dignity for the awful hour of her departure. She often spoke, not merely with tranquility

ty but joy, of her decease. When the interesting hour came, she welcomed its arrival, and though her feeble body was excruciated with pain, her mind was perfectly serene. She uttered not a murmuring word, but was all resignation, peace and holy joy. She took the most affectionate leave of her weeping friends around her, and at length, the happy moment of her dismissal arriving, she closed her eyes, and with these animating words on her dying lips, " I know that my Redeemer liveth," gently fell asleep in Jesus.

Her excellent writings, by which though dead, she still speaketh, and which are the faithful counterpart of her amiable mind, exhibit to us the fairest picture of the original.—The following lines are inscribed on her tomb.—

Silent the lyre, and dumb the tuneful tongue,
That sung on earth her great Redeemer's praise;
But now in heaven she joins the angelic song,
In more harmonious more exalted lays.

I shall only add, that as Theodosia was placed by providence in a state of independence, and religiously devoted the profits arising from the sale of the former edition of her works, to the purposes of benevolence; so the profits which may arise from this edition are appropriated by her surviving

surviving relatives, to the use of The BRISTOL
EDUCATION SOCIETY. An institution worthy
of such patronage, and which thinks itself ho-
noured in receiving it.

BRISTOL, May 12,
1780.

CALEB EVANS.



THE insertion of the following lines may perhaps need some apology, as they are merely the effusions of a heart deeply penetrated with a sense of its own loss; written at different times, for its private relief, and contain nothing more concerning the dear deceased than has been already said in the preceding pages.—But it is the last, the only expression of gratitude and affection, that can ever be paid to her memory by one whom she fondly loved, and who in losing her, has lost one of her chief sources of happiness in this world; this thought alone has occasioned their publication, and it is hoped will be a sufficient excuse for it to every feeling mind.

O for a gush of soul-relieving tears
 To ease my swelling heart!—Alas in vain
 I look around for comfort! every place
 Recalls some circumstance that gives to grief
 A keener edge!—The hour, the dreaded hour
 My soul has shuddered at so long, is come!
 Ah! where is now that friend, to whom my heart
 In every past distress was wont to fly,

While

While the dear sufferer, her own pains forgot,
 Would gently sooth my passions into peace?
 Where that maternal friend, whose watchful care,
 Whose fond, assiduous tenderness sustai n'd
 My helpless childhood? whose instructive voice,
 (Sweet as the song of seraphs) mildly taught
 My heedless feet the sacred path of virtue;
 That sacred path of pleasantness and peace
 She long had trod. And shall I never, never
 Hear that lov'd voice—that venerable form
 No more behold?—Now on one single thread,
 Hangs all my desolated soul's support;
 That broken too, and every earthly hope
 Sinks in eternal night.

But has the sorrowing heart no other refuge?
 Methinks I hear that lov'd, that well-known voice,
 Ev'n from the grave, direct my erring mind
 Beyond death's dreary realms to fairer scenes.
 Yes, 'tis her gentle language—"Seek a friend
 That lives for ever."—Shall I not obey
 Her last command, her dying admonition?
 (Compassionate Redeemer! lead O lead
 My heart to thee and teach it to repose
 Its hope, its trust, its all on thee alone!)
 O let me, with a miser's care, recall
 And treasure up each dear instructive sentence!
 Still let me dwell on her inspiring page,
 And bathe it with the grateful tears of love!

'Tis

'Tis all I now have left!—O had one ray
 Of her ascended genius beam'd on me!
 Then had this trembling hand, by grief unnerv'd,
 Faithful to truth, to gratitude, pourtray'd
 The lovely lineaments of her fair mind.
 Vain wish!—a thousand sad ideas rise,
 Daily and hourly rise, a thousand acts
 Of tenderness too slightly felt before,
 Rush o'er my soul with anguish ever new.
 How shall I learn to live without her aid!
 My dearest pleasures, my most lov'd employments
 She taught me first to relish, first awak'd
 The wish for knowledge—with her too expir'd!
 Still, still to her indulgent eye was shewn
 The artless lay, still her ethereal touch
 Gave life and beauty to the languid line,
 Its dearest meed her animating smile.
 Now all is o'er—in vain that artless lay
 Hath ventur'd into light, in vain I hop'd
 To give her pleasure, that indulgent eye,
 Is clos'd for ever! her complacent smile
 Shall animate my drooping heart no more.

Nature be calm—ye streaming tears be dry!
 Think of her bliss and check this selfish sorrow.
 Torture is chang'd to transport, faith to sight,
 And hope absorb'd in full felicity.
 Ah with what resignation, what composure,

Have

Have I beheld her suffer pains unknown!
Anguish unspeakable!—her faith, her patience
Still unsubdu'd! unquench'd the vivid flame,
Of warm benevolence!—to others woes,
In agony attentive,—anxious still
For others happiness,—how would she strive
(Her gentle hand all tremulous with pain)
To please or to instruct!—how have I hung
In silent sorrow o'er her painful couch,
And wept the impotence of mortal friendship!
While season after season, years on years,
Revolv'd in vain!—revolv'd but to confute,
The flattering dreams of hope, while added suf-
ferings,

But bound her closer to this bleeding bosom.
O the keen pangs of parting!—Still I feel
The gentle pressure of her clay-cold hand!
Still present to my heart, I hear her voice!
I see that smile by dawning heaven impress'd
On her dear countenance! when all serene,
She clos'd her willing eyes—to wake in heaven!
O could I, could I raise my languid thoughts
To that bright world of glory! Could I view her
For ever reunited to that friend,
So lov'd, and so lamented! (the deep wound,
The lenient hand of time could never heal.)

“ Now

“ Now parting pangs shall rend their hearts no
more,”

For ever present with a smiling God!

For ever tuning the seraphic lyre!

There only sweeter than her notes below.

Ah whence this pause! My bleeding heart in vain
Attempts to soar, but sinks to earth and sorrow.

Dwells on the past, and sharpens every thought

With fruitless self-upbraidings — O the chaos

Of wild distracted thought! forgive me heaven!

Teach me, like her, to say, “ Thy will be done!”

“ If happy minds regard the scenes below,”

(Soothing idea!—By thyself inspir’d)

Dear spotless saint, O look with pity down

On her whom thy maternal care sustain’d,

And thy affection bless’d! and though unseen,

Be thou my guardian-angel as while here!

And when I feel a wish for virtue rise,

I’ll tell my heart my Theodosia prompts it.

O may thy precepts, thy example guide

My steps through life’s dark maze! teach me, like
thee,

With dutious love to cheer a father’s life!

(A father, late thy all as well as mine;)

That one dear hope alone could prompt a wish

To linger in that world which thou hast left.

That one dear hope fulfill’d, O may my dust

Repose

Repose with thine, and (mercy hear the prayer!)
My deathless spirit freed, for ever freed
From all its sins and frailties, once again
Behold, (ah not as when on earth oppress'd
With pungent pain) behold my Theodosia!
My Theodosia! let me, let me still
Repeat the much-lov'd name! Still must her image
Dwell in my heart while gratitude exists,
Cherish'd with life, and but with life expire.

C O N T E N T S.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

	Page
O DE to spring, written in March	1
The Sickly Mind	8
To a Flower	10
The Salutary Disappointment	11
The Butterfly	12
Ode to Melancholy	13
Ode to Hope	16
To Amira on the death of her son	18
Desiring to love Christ and obey him	19
On hearing the Funeral Bell	21
True happiness	25
Waiting for Morning	26
To Amira on her Mother's illness	28
The Happy Man	30
To Philander	32
	Support

			Page
Support in Trouble	—	—	34
The restless Mind	—	—	35
On receiving a Mourning Ring for a young Relative	—	—	37
To Amira on the sudden death of her Mother			39
Ode on a rural prospect in June		—	42
The complaint of the Mind		—	48
To Silvia	—	—	50
To Silvia pensive	—	—	52
Written in a painful Illness	—	—	54
Desiring a thankful Devotion to God		—	56
The happiness of the Children of God		—	58
A reflection on hearing the Bell at the inter- ment of a neighbour		—	61
Desiring the gracious presence of God			63
The presence of God, the only comfort in af- fliction	—	—	65
Faith and Hope in divine goodness, encourag- ed by past experience		—	67
A thought of life and death		—	68
Desiring a firmer affiance in God under af- flictions	—	—	70
Trusting in his mercy with humble submission and hope	—	—	72
Intreating the presence of God in affliction			73
Acknowledging his goodness in supporting and restoring	—	—	75
			Desiring

C O N T E N T S.

xxi

	Page
Desiring to praise God for the experience of his goodness	77
Penitence and Hope	79
Devoting the heart to Jesus	81
The love of Christ exciting thankful devotion	82
On recovery from sickness	84
Occasioned by hearing a friend commend my verses	86
To Silvia	87
Wishing for real pleasure	89
To Amira	91
A reflection on the close of the year, occasioned by hearing the bells at midnight	94
Desiring a cheerful resignation to the divine will	96
To Silvia	97
To Emilia	99
To Silvia	102
Retirement	103
On the sudden death of a libertine	104
To my Watch	106
The third chapter of Daniel paraphrased	107
Messiah, an Ode	112
The Blind Man's Petition	118
Rest and comfort in Christ alone	119
On the Fifth of November	121
On a day of prayer for success in war	123
	Hymn

	Page
Hymn for a day of public thanksgiving for peace — —	125
To —————, on the death of her father	127
To Myra — —	128
To an Infant three weeks old —	129
Breathing after God — —	130
Filial Submission — —	132
Humble Trust — —	133
Hymn to Jesus — —	134
The King of Saints — —	136
Hymn for the Lord's Day Morning —	138
Happy Poverty, or the Poor in Spirit blessed	139
The necessity of renewing grace —	141
The Pearl of great price — —	142

Miscellaneous Pieces in Prose.

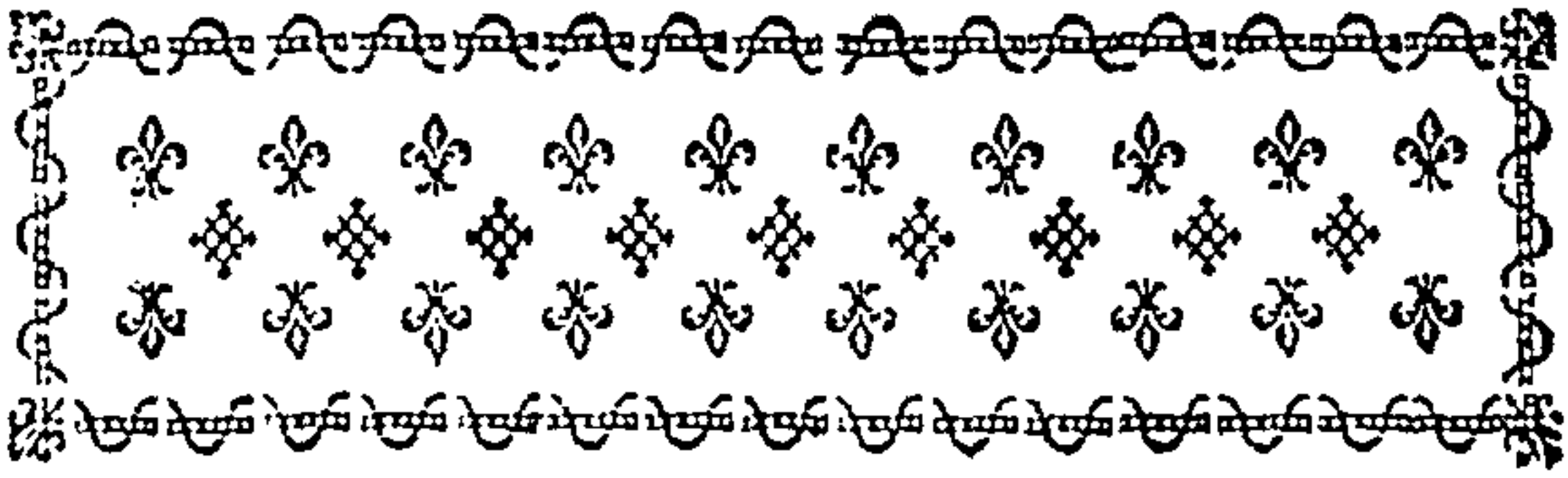
The Journey of Life — —	147
All thy works praise thee — —	156
Human Frailty — —	157
Of the knowledge of ourselves —	160
Humility — —	163
Acquaintance with God the supreme good	165
Content — — —	168
True Honour — —	170
Friendship — — —	174
An Evening Reflection — —	180

Absence

C O N T E N T S

xxiii

			Page
Absence from God	—	—	183
The evil of sin	—	—	185
Breathing after God	—	—	188
Seeking Rest	—	—	191
God's Omnipresence	—	—	194
Self-contradiction	—	—	199
Comfort under the painful sense of frailty, in the unchangeable goodness of God			202
Longing for the manifestation of divine love			205
Wearry souls invited to rest	—	—	208
Motives to divine Meditation		—	213
Thoughts in sickness, and on recovery			217



OCCASIONAL POEMS.



ODE to SPRING, written in March.

I.

QUEEN of seasons, lovely spring,
What distant happy clime detains
The lingering wheels of thy resulgent car?
What unknown charm detains thee far
From these expecting, mourning plains?
What soft enchantment binds thy zephyr's wing?
Silent on the leafless tree
Hangs the rural muses lyre ;

VOL. III.

B

Still

Still she waits in vain for thee,
 Waits till thou the song inspire.
 The field, the grove, the garden mourn thy stay :
 O lovely queen of seasons, come away !

II.

Gentle zephyrs wake and rise
 Spread your silken wings, and bear
 On her bright enamel'd car,
 The beauteous nymph to our desiring eyes !
 Come beauteous nymph in all thy charms array'd,
 And bless the field, and bless the rural shade !
 Stern winter with his dreary train
 At thy approach shall leave the plain ;
 And nature o'er the ruffet mead
 Again her verdant mantle spread ;
 Thy presence shall the grove inspire,
 And bid the various, artless choir,
 Sweet warbling pour the gratulating strain.

III.

Queen of seasons come away !
 Time invites, and nature sues ;
 Fancy spreads her wing to meet thee,
 Fancy, handmaid of the muse ;
 Rural muse that waits to greet thee ;

While

While reclin'd in pensive guise,
 Silent she deplures thy stay,
 Oft she lifts her longing eyes,
 And now she ruminates the long-neglected lay.

IV.

Fancy never waiting long,
 Ever active, ever young,
 Now with wild ungovern'd fire
 Snatches quick the muses lyre,
 And come ye powers of harmony she cries;
 Come bring the song to hail your queen;
 Bid every tuneful accent rise:
 I see afar her radiant car;
 She comes! she comes to bless the rural scene!

V.

O'er yon wide extended lawn,
 See! by gentle zephyrs drawn,
 With easy grace her glittering chariot glides:
 A thousand gems resplendent from its sides,
 Reflect the lustre of the solar ray:
 Fair treasure of the vernal morn,
 Which bounteous nature bids adorn
 With purest elegance the rising day.

VI.

And now behold the beauteous queen!
 Drest in a robe of lively green
 That cheers the gazing eye:
 Green is the ground, but o'er it spread,
 Wrought with inimitable skill,
 Beyond description's boldest quill,
 By nature's animating hand,
 A various rich embroidery glows;
 And though the work no real error knows,
 All with the nicest care exactly plann'd;
 The tints in seeming, sweet confusion lie;
 Here shines the purple, there the red,
 Here yellow, snowy white, and azure's lovely die.

VII.

While irregularly gay,
 Fancy thus attun'd the lay,
 The muse arose (with brow severe)
 In all her dignity, and said,
 Fancy, stop thy wild career,
 Behold, impetuous, heedless maid:
 With erring hand would'st thou presume
 The laws of nature to controul?
 Dost thou accuse the lingering spring,
 Who canst not cause one flower to bloom,
 Or paint one summer insect's wing?

The

The circling seasons all fulfill
 With steady course, his sovereign will,
 Whose awful mandate bade them roll,
 Whose orders nature hears from pole to pole.

VIII.

At his command, returning spring
 Shall pour her blessings o'er the plain:
 Till then thy airy flights restrain,
 Nor touch my darling lyre again
 Till nature bids thee sing.
 Then shall the fields their charms resume,
 The flowery tribes renew their bloom;
 Soft warbling from the fragrant spray,
 To hail the lovely vernal day,
 Sweet music rise from birds of various wing.
 Their tribute to the hand divine,
 The rural scenes shall gladly raise;
 And nature's every voice shall join
 The hymn of undissembled praise.
 Then shall my long-neglected lyre,
 (If nature's Lord the song inspire,)
 Awake to rapture every tuneful string.



Written in MAY,

After a seasonable Shower of RAIN.

HOW chang'd the face of nature shows,
 How gay the rural scene!
 A fairer bloom the flowers disclose,
 The meads a livelier green.

While beauty clothes the fertile vale,
 And blossoms on the spray,
 And fragrance breathes in every gale,
 How sweet the vernal day!

And hark! the feather'd warblers sing!
 'Tis nature's cheerful voice;
 Soft music hails the lovely spring,
 And woods and fields rejoice.

How kind the influence of the skies!
 These showers, with blessings fraught,
 Bid verdure, beauty, fragrance rise,
 And fix the roving thought.

O let my wondering heart confess,
 With gratitude and love,
 The bounteous hand that deigns to bless
 The garden, field, and grove.

That

That bounteous hand my thoughts adore,
 Beyond expression kind,
 Hath sweeter, nobler gifts in store,
 To bless the craving mind.

That hand, in this hard heart of mine
 Can make each virtue live,
 And kindly showers of grace divine
 Life, beauty, fragrance give.

O God of nature, God of grace,
 Thy heavenly gifts impart!
 And bid sweet meditation trace
 Spring blooming in my heart!

Inspir'd to praise I then shall join
 Glad nature's cheerful song:
 And love and gratitude divine
 Attune my joyful tongue.



The SICKLY MIND.

WHERE are the happy moments fled?
 Where are the joys that once were
 mine?

When meditation kindly spread
 The sweet repast,
 And bade me taste
 Of mental food, varieties divine?
 Reflection thus enquiring sighs,
 But hope with cheerful air replies,
 Again those happy moments may be thine:
 Meditation ever kind,
 Still invites the longing mind;
 And see! she spreads her banquet full in view,
 Such food the sons of luxury never knew.

Alas! in vain, my heart replies,
 In vain her rich varieties
 A languid, a distemper'd taste invite!
 Gentle hope, thy friendly power
 Soothes in vain the mournful hour.

Till

Till thy fair sister come and bless my sight ;
 She can point a sovereign cure
 For disorders of the mind,
 Health, vigor, and delight she can ensure
 From that blest hand which heal'd the lame and
 blind.

Come radiant faith, and guide my way !
 Hope, on thy kind arm I stay,
 Lead, O lead me to my Lord !
 If he pronounce the healing word,
 This mental languor shall depart,
 And health and vigor animate my heart.

Alas! my guide—how dim her eye !
 How feeble my supporter's arm !
 But he can purge the mist away,
 And clear the intellectual ray ;
 His vital word this fainting heart can warm,
 And bid my hope be strong, and teach my faith to fly.

Great Physician, gracious Lord,
 Speak the life-restoring word,
 My drooping powers renew!
 Meditation then shall spread,
 Not in vain, the various feast,
 All her sweets the mind shall taste,

While

While still new dainties rise to view ;
 (With dainties such as her's are angels fed)
 Nor can the sacred banquet ever cloy,
 Unlike to sensual food, akin to heavenly joy.



To a FLOWER.

EMBLEM of Aminta's form,
 Blossom elegant and fair,
 Young Aminta has a charm
 Flowers like thee can never wear.

In her mind good nature blooms,
 Fairer than thy spotless white ;
 Flower diffusing sweet perfumes
 While it glads the gazers sight.

Though the Lilly and the Rose
 Mix their beauties in her face,
 This with sweeter lustre glows,
 Lustre heightening every grace.

Nor be this alone her praise,
 While the muse's friendly eye
 Many a fragrant bud surveys,
 Bud where latent beauties lie.

O may

O may every mental grace
 Ripening fair its bloom display,
 More than emulate her face,
 Bloom which never can decay.



The SALUTARY DISAPPOINTMENT.

WITH anxious thought an author pil'd
 His labour'd volumes high and fair,
 And now he sigh'd, and now he smil'd,
 As rul'd alternate, hope and care.

At length confirm'd, erect he rose,
 For lo! inspiring pride appears,
 With all her fire his bosom glows,
 While the bold wish he thus declares.

This monument shall bear my name
 In spite of time's destroying hand,
 Thy votary hear, auspicious fame,
 To future ages let it stand!

Old time was posting by in haste,
 Not complaisant enough to stay,
 His wing just touch'd it as he past,
 In dust the boasted trophy lay.

The

The author fainted at the sight,
 But virtue came forgiving, kind,
 When pride retreats 'tis her delight
 To animate the drooping mind.

No more, mistaken youth (she cries)
 No more invoke deluding fame,
 But let thy nobler wishes rise,
 Heaven only gives a deathless name.



The BUTTERFLY.

PRETTY vagrant of the air,
 Emblem of the thoughtless fair:
 Near akin their life and thine,
 Both a fleeting summer shine.
 Short delight your charms impart,
 Charms to catch the human heart:
 Hearts that can be caught with show,
 The virtuoso or the beau.
 Thoughtless nymphs are butterflies,
 Different species, larger size;
 Strangers both to needful care,
 Fluttering, roving here and there;

Basking

Basking in the vernal ray,
 Trifling out the summer's day :
 Summer's day, from youth to age,
 Trifles all their cares engage :
 But when wintry storms arise,
 Beauty fades, and pleasure dies.

Me let nobler cares employ,
 Cares which terminate in joy.
 Ere the summer sunbeams flee,
 Let me, like the frugal bee,
 Well improve the smiling hour,
 Gathering sweets from every flower.

O may virtue's charms be mine,
 Charms that still increasing shine !
 These will cheer the wintry gloom,
 These will last beyond the tomb.



ODE TO MELANCHOLY.

DAUGHTER of grave reflection, gentle power,
 Whose dictates oft improve the lonely hour,
 Kind melancholy come!
 I seek thy friendly aid ;
 Beneath thy hallow'd shade

(Still

(Still, unmolested gloom,)
 Gay mirth's amusing trifles disappear,
 Nor art thou far away,
 Witness the starting tear
 That trembles in my eye;
 Kind melancholy say,

Does not the involuntary sigh
 Proclaim thy salutary influence near?

Friend to virtue, foe to pride,
 Come, and place thee near my side,
 And teach my heart how vain are all the toys
 Which wear the smiling form of earthly joys!
 Yonder see, the phantoms rising,
 In alluring colours drest!
 See them fleeting from the view!
 See deluded crowds pursue!
 Danger braving, toil despising,
 Till, at length they catch—the air!
 The tempting forms that smil'd so fair
 Elude their grasp, and leave the heart unblest.

Gentle melancholy, say,
 Didst thou never softly steal
 Into th' assemblies of the gay,
 And the truth, in whispers tell?
 When mirth and thoughtless pleasure smiling,
 Music's charms the heart beguiling,
 Unheeded bore the midnight hour away.

Didst

Didst thou not whisper, "you must die?"
 Did not the bosom heave a sigh,
 And for one serious minute banish mirth?
 That minute, were enough to show
 That pleasure terminates in woe,
 That vain are all the boasted joys of earth!
 But mirth intrudes with fatal art
 To seize the half-relenting heart,
 And stifle young conviction in its birth.

Melancholy, friendly power,
 Oft beneath thy awful gloom,
 (Heart-affecting thoughts inspiring)
 From the busy world retiring,
 Let me spend the solemn hour!
 Let me meditate the tomb!
 Meditate, but not alone,
 Lest my heart should sink dismay'd;
 Let religion ever near,
 (Sacred guardian) banish fear,
 Let my heart, her presence own,
 While through the over-spreading shade
 (Excluding every glimpse of day)
 Her smiles diffuse a cheering ray,
 And gild the dark, cold mansions of the dead.



ODE TO HOPE.

FRIEND of the fainting mind, whose kindly ray,
 Soft rising o'er affliction's dreary shade,
 Foretells the sweet approach of day,
 And cheers the weary darksome way,
 And bids dejection raise her languid head.

Celestial hope, on thy propitious smile
 Calm patience waits, by thee sustain'd
 She ne'er repines, though often pain'd ;
 Untiring through life's various toil,
 She knows to bear
 With placid air
 Cold wintry storms, and treads down thorny care.

Dear faithful friend, thy lenient hand allays
 The pangs of grief, and smooths the frowning brow
 Of rough adversity, thy voice conveys
 Reviving comfort to the sons of woe ;
 Thy gentle voice rebukes their fears,
 The sigh, suspended, listening dies,
 And sorrow stays her flowing tears
 While happier scenes in distant prospect rise.

Thou

Thou last, kind solace of distress,
 Whose smile retains a power to bless
 Though every friend besides, depart;
 Still kind, still faithful to thy trust,
 Thy influence hovers o'er the panting heart,
 While reason lives to wake desire,
 Till life's pale trembling lamp expire,
 Till the pain'd, prison'd mind shall rise,
 And drop her feeble mansion in the dust,
 To claim thy promis'd bliss beyond the skies.

Celestial hope, fair child of truth divine !

O may thy heavenly ray,
 Bright harbinger of day,
 Still on my heart with cheering lustre shine !
 Through each dark scene, each mournful
 shade,
 Till I no more shall need thy aid ;
 Till that bright hour, when to my raptur'd eyes
 (O may I call the unknown transport mine !)
 The morning of immortal day shall rise,
 And thou to perfect joy thy charge resign.



To AMIRA on the death of her Son.

ENOUGH to nature and to grief is paid,
 Indulge no more these unavailing tears;
 Not all your comforts in the grave are laid,
 Through grief's dark shade a lucid ray appears.

A ray of heaven fair beaming through the gloom!
 Bids fainting hope lift up her languid eyes;
 While faith directs her view beyond the tomb,
 To those bright scenes where joys immortal rise.

Cleans'd, in the Saviour's blood, from every stain,
 Think with what transport you will meet above,
 (For ever free from sin and grief and pain)
 The dear, departed object of your love!

Then, though your bleeding heart its loss deplore;
 O yet be each repining thought suppress'd,
 That sovereign hand, which cannot err, adore,
 Here, may your heart with full assiance rest.

Indulgent mercy blends, with lenient skill,
 Sweet cordials with the bitter cup of woe:
 And many a friend, and many a comfort still,
 Are kindly spar'd to cheer your stay below.

Your

Your stay, perhaps for high important ends,
 May be prolong'd through many circling years,
 A blessing to your partner, children, friends,
 And future comfort pay your present tears.

May humble resignation calm your breast,
 And faith enjoy, with heaven illumin'd eye,
 A prospect of the regions of the blest,
 Where pleasures bloom, that never, never die !



Desiring to love CHRIST and obey him.

If ye love me, keep my commandments.

JESUS my Lord, in thy dear name unite,
 All that my heart calls great, or good, or
 sweet ;

Whate'er inspires with wonder or delight,
 In thee, thou fairest of ten thousand, meet.

Do I not love thee? ah my conscious heart
 Nor boldly dares affirm, nor can deny ;
 ☉ bid these clouds of gloomy fear depart,
 With one bright ray from thy propitious eye !

Do I not love thee? can I then allow,
 Within my breast pretenders to thy throne?
 O take my homage, at thy feet I bow!
 No other Lord my heart desires to own.

Take, take my passions in thy sovereign hand,
 Refine and mould them with almighty skill;
 Then shall I love the voice of thy command,
 And all my powers rejoice to do thy will.

Thy love inspires the active sons of light,
 With swift-wing'd zeal, they wait upon thy word;
 O let that love, in these abodes of night,
 Bid my heart glow to serve my dearest Lord!

Come love divine, my languid wishes raise!
 With heavenly zeal this faint cold heart inflame,
 To join with angels in my Saviour's praise,
 Like them, obey his will, adore his name!

But can the mind, with heavy clay oppress'd,
 To emulate seraphic ardour rise?
 While sin pollutes her joys, forbids her rest,
 How can she join the worship of the skies?

Yet he commands to love and to obey,
 Whose hand sustains those happy spirits there;
 In him, my soul, who is thy guide, thy stay,
 In him confide, to him commit thy care.

Jesus

Jesus my Lord, O give me strength divine!
 Then shall my powers in glad obedience move;
 Receive the heart that wishes to be thine,
 And teach, O teach me to obey and love!



On hearing the FUNERAL BELL,

After frequent deaths in the neighbourhood.

A GAIN, the solemn warning strikes my ear!
 The solemn warning that so oft of late
 Hath bid my soul be ready! shall the call,
 Loud, frequent, pressing, awful, sound in vain?
 Around me, death selects his fated prey;
 On silent wing, commission'd, fly his shafts,
 Nor ever miss their mark, a victim here
 By age enfeebled, faintly struggling, falls
 An easy conquest! there in manhood's prime,
 Transfix'd, and raging with the venom'd dart,
 Another groans, strength ministering to pain,
 Contending long, unequal to the fight,
 At length, in agonizing pangs expires!
 Another here, and there another falls
 In early bloom, the ruthless stroke at once

Cuts off the parent's hope, and leaves a wound,
 Which lenient time, slow healing, hardly cures !
 Where, next, will light his arrows ? vain demand !
 That awful power, who points them, only knows.
 Perhaps some lov'd, perhaps some honour'd life,
 Dear as my own, invites his present aim :
 How will my bleeding heart outlive the stroke,
 When ev'n the apprehension wounds so deep ?
 Yet, this anticipated woe, a care
 Still nearer, more important, supercedes !
 O let me ask my conscious, trembling heart,
 While yet the solemn question may avail,
 Canst thou, undaunted, meet the King of terrors ?
 In his commission, for this night, this hour,
 My name may be contain'd—suppose it spread
 Before thy view—rouze, instant rouze thy powers
 To meet, with fortitude, the potent foe !
 Alas ! how weak, how helpless ! soon I fall,
 The insulting victor triumphs—no, behold
 An arm superior, stretch'd for my support !
 O death where is thy sting ? the Lord of life,
 In whom I trust, can disappoint thy power ;
 Can bid my soul defy thy keenest dart,
 And triumph o'er thy terrors ! he bestows
 (O gift immense !) a life beyond thy reach,
 Eternal life ! reveal'd by truth divine
 The glorious promise stands, confirm'd by oath,
 The awful sanction of omnipotence !

Here,

Here, then, my soul, let thy enquiry fix,
 Deliberate, serious, ardent! on this point,
 This interesting point, depends thy all!
 Is death disarm'd for thee? is life begun?
 For all who live for ever, must, new born
 Begin to breathe that life divine on earth.
 O thou, whose potent word, from nothing rais'd
 Unnumber'd worlds, whose all-inspiring breath
 Gives life to nature in her countless forms!
 Great source of life divine! whose quickning power
 Recalls from death's domain, the heirs of bliss,
 Once, heirs of woe, a new created race,
 Form'd for thy praise, to life immortal form'd;
 Assist my search! thy piercing eye surveys
 The close recesses of my inmost heart,
 And marks its every motion, do I breathe
 Warm'd by thy vital ray? are these desires,
 Which nought below thy favour can suffice,
 A proof of that immortal life begun,
 Which nought below omnipotence can give?
 Is not the rising hope which cheers my soul,
 Sweet beaming through the gloomy fears of death,
 The dawn of life? O teach my trembling heart
 To trace it to its source, the Saviour's cross!
 That wondrous cross, where death resign'd his arms,
 And own'd the conqueror God! where life divine
 Breath'd in the great Redeemer's dying groans,
 And pour'd its influence from his bleeding veins

To quicken, cleanse, illuminate, and raise
 To immortality, the blind, polluted,
 The helpless, hopeless, wretched prey of death !
 Stupendous work of love, almighty love !
 Yes, dearest Lord, from thee my soul derives
 Her only hope, from thee these faint desires
 Which thou canst raise, invigorate, and fill.
 O teach my faith on stronger wing to rise
 To those bright regions, where eternal life
 In full perfection glows, and bid my hope
 With firmer confidence on thee recline,
 My guardian, my defence ! by thee sustain'd,
 My heart shall meet, serene, ~~the~~ dreaded foe,
 And smile to see his harmless arrows fly.
 Secure of conquest in my Saviour's might
 Secure of life beyond this narrow span !
 A life unbounded as the glorious hope
 Thy love inspires, and fill'd with all the joy
 Thy blissful presence gives, commensurate
 The life, the joy, with vast eternity.



TRUE HAPPINESS.

CELESTIAL content, inexhaustible treasure!
 The man that enjoys thee requires no addition;
 In thee he possesses wealth, honour, and pleasure:
 O happy condition!

With pity he looks on the many, pursuing
 The trifles of earth with such eager attention,
 And straining, in chase of their utter undoing,
 Their tortur'd invention.

Then upward on faith's friendly pinion he rises,
 With rapture the glorious reversion beholding;
 The gates to that bliss, which his longing heart prizes
 (Tho' distant) unfolding.

On inviolate truth while his hopes are depending,
 Nor terrors affright, nor afflictions depress him;
 Assur'd, tho' to death's gloomy mansions fast tending
 His God will still bless him.

Releas'd from the sorrows of time his glad spirit
 Shall leave its weak partner, and joyfully soaring,
 The promis'd possession begin to inherit;
 With angels adoring.

He

He knows that his body, the grave now detaining,
 In Jesus' bright image hereafter arising,
 Shall surely rejoin him, no sorrow remaining,
 Corruption despising.

Then with heaven's fair armies in triumph ascending
 Partake of delights ever new and abounding ;
 Enraptur'd before the bright throne lowly bending
 Salvation resounding.



WAITING FOR MORNING.

Pfalm xxx. 5.

LONG and mournful is the night,
 Mental night of gloomy fear :
 Source of comfort, source of light
 When, O when wilt thou appear !
 Thy beams alone can bid the gloom depart,
 And spread celestial morning o'er my heart.

Morning

Morning of that glorious day
 Which the blest enjoy above,
 Where with full unclouded ray
 Shines thy everlasting love:
 Where joy triumphant fills the bright abode,
 O happy world! fair paradise of God!

Thither if the heart aspire,
 Shall it, Lord, aspire in vain?
 Shall the breathings of desire
 Rise with unavailing pain?
 O thou my guide, my solace, and my rest,
 In this sad desert shall I rove unblest?

Sure the Lord of life is near
 Though a cloud his face conceal:
 Jesus, when wilt thou appear,
 When thy cheering beams reveal?
 When shall thy beams of soul-reviving light
 Dispel this gloomy cloud this mental night?

Not in vain aspires the heart
 That depends on thee alone;
 Light and joy thou wilt impart,
 Radiant dawn of bliss unknown.
 Here let me wait beneath thy guardian wing
 Till from thy smile celestial morning spring.

To



TO AMIRA ON HER MOTHER'S ILLNESS.

SAY, dear Amira, while this bosom shares
 Your load of grief, and heaves the filial sigh ;
 Shall Christians sink beneath time's transient cares,
 And fainting hope scarce lift her languid eye ?

While o'er affliction's gloom, a deeper night
 Dark apprehension spreads, and woes unborn
 Rise visionary to the mental sight,
 The present grief we feel, the future mourn.

Indulge, forgive the sister and the friend,
 Permit reflection to present to view
 The secret cause that thus oppres'd we bend,
 And to their source these tyrant fears pursue.

Their source is unbelief, a foe confess'd,
 And yet, how close connected with the heart,
 We lodge the traitor that betrays our rest,
 And stabs our comforts in the vital part.

What

What is the Christian's portion? blifs terrene,
 Health, riches, friends? alas, how light they weigh!
 Can we, contented with a lot so mean
 Pronounce it blifs? frail tenure of a day!

No, says the soul whom heaven-born faith inspires,
 Jehovah is the portion of my choice,
 In him, who fills, alone, my vast desires,
 Though health, wealth, friends forsake me, I rejoice.

The blessings God hath lent, when he recalls
 Faith bids the heart with full consent resign,
 Low at his feet the heart adoring falls!
 "Lord, 'tis enough, I'm blest while thou art mine!"

Should he recall (we tremble at the thought)
 A parent honour'd, lov'd: Faith lifts her eye,
 And, "See (she cries) the hour, with transport
 fraught,
 "That joins your souls in blifs beyond the sky!"

The sorrow-shaded scenes that rise between,
 Time's friendly wing will quickly bear away;
 And hope with placid air shall wait serene,
 While faith points forward to eternal day.

Then

Then join, my dear Amira, join your friend,
 To combat unbelief, his aid implore
 On whose kind arm our faith and hope depend,
 Here may we rest, desire, expect, adore.



The HAPPY MAN.

From the 23d Psalm.

HAPPY the man of heavenly birth,
 Beyond the proudest boast of earth,
 Whom mercy thus sustains :
 To scenes of living verdure led,
 Plenty and peace their blessings spread,
 And not a thought complains.

Conducted by his gracious guide
 Where streams of sweet refreshment glide,
 And fed with food divine ;
 God is the guardian of his rest,
 Beneath his smile, serenely blest,
 He bids his soul recline.

Yet,

Yet, should his feet forgetful stray,
 His guide restores, and points the way
 To safety, life, and peace ;
 Still mindful of his glorious name,
 A faithful God is still the same,
 His paths are righteousness.

Should gloomy shades the path o'erspread,
 Dark as the mansions of the dead,
 His heart no terrors wound :
 His heavenly guardian ever near,
 Sustains his hope, forbids his fear,
 And comfort smiles around.

The constant bounty of his Lord,
 With rich provision spreads his board,
 Amid repining foes :
 While peace and gladness on his head
 Their sweetest odours hourly shed,
 His cup with bliss o'erflows :

O happy portion ! lot divine !
 Thus shall indulgent goodness shine
 On all his future days ;
 For ever near his guardian God
 Shall mercy fix his blest abode,
 And tune his soul to praise.



TO PHILANDER.

WHILE in the arms of death your Delia sleeps
 And o'er her ashes fond remembrance
 weeps;

In tender grief let friendship claim a share,
 Friendship, that fain would ease Philander's care.
 But say, is this the whole of friendship's lore,
 To sympathize, to pity, to deplore?
 Be her's the effort (else how weakly kind)
 To cheer, to elevate the drooping mind.
 And weak (unaided) would the effort prove;
 But heaven-born hope assists the voice of love.
 See my Philander o'er your Delia's tomb
 Hope smiles and dissipates the dreary gloom.
 Celestial comforter! she points your eye
 To life, to happiness beyond the sky.
 Attend her cheering whisper to your heart!
 " There lives your once-lov'd Delia's nobler part.
 " Can you regret that from the scenes of woe,
 " The long affliction she sustain'd below,
 " Heaven call'd her spirit from its dark abode
 " To the bright mansions of her Saviour God?

“ Her

“ Her mortal part, beneath his watchful eye,
 “ Secure (though mouldering in the grave) shall lie,
 “ Till the last trumpet’s animating breath
 “ Pierce through the boundless monarchy of death;
 “ Collect each atom of the sleeping dust
 “ And in immortal vigour raise the just.
 “ The body then, restor’d, renew’d, refin’d,
 “ Shall join in perfect bliss, its partner mind;
 “ Array’d in pure ethereal radiance rise,
 “ Mix with the bright assembly of the skies;
 “ In joys unknown to thought for ever prove
 “ The boundless blessings of redeeming love;
 “ And every tongue, to rapture tun’d, proclaim
 “ The endless glories of the Saviour’s name.
 “ Then shall Philander and his Delia join
 “ With heaven’s immortal choir, the song divine—
 “ Look forward to the bright, the glorious hour
 “ And trust your Saviour’s mercy, truth and power.”

O my Philander, may the blissful ray
 Which points our wishes to the seats of day,
 Still on our hearts its healing lustre shed,
 Amid the gloomy mansions of the dead!
 In all her force may hope celestial glow
 Till heaven’s fair dawn beam o’er the shades of woe;
 Till faith shall with seraphic ardour rise,
 And claim the promis’d glories of the skies;
 Till that illustrious, that transporting hour,
 When death for ever shall resign his power;

When joy shall wipe the tear from every eye
And faith and hope in perfect vision die.



SUPPORT in TROUBLE.

THOUGH terrors late alarm'd my breast,
And rais'd a threatening tempest there,
Yet, Lord, my passions own thy hand,
The storm subsides at thy command,
And now my calmer thoughts attest
Thy well-try'd love, thy long experienc'd care.

Faith, scarce discern'd a glimpse of light,
Hope languish'd with dejected eye,
Reason, (weak empress of the mind)
To passion had the helm consign'd,
Loud was the storm and dark the night,
But thy supporting, guardian hand was nigh.

Almighty Saviour, gracious Lord,
Thou only refuge of my soul,
Thy sovereign voice when I can hear,
I gain new strength to combat fear,
Hope rests on thy unchanging word,
Thy word can every rising fear controul.

Hence

Hence, guilty diffidence be gone,
 With all thy train of boding fears ;
 Let faith and calm expectance wait,
 And cheerful hope, with eye sedate,
 Look up and watch the smiling dawn
 That through the sable veil of night appears.

That smiling dawn derives its ray
 From the full source of light divine ;
 O sun of righteousness, impart
 Thy healing radiance to my heart !
 Increasing till celestial day
 Dispel the gloom, and joy unclouded shine.



THE RESTLESS MIND.

ACTIVE, busy, restless mind
 That canst never be confin'd ;
 Whither, whither dost thou stray ?
 Seek a guide that knows the way
 To the fair, the happy shore,
 Which thy wing would fain explore :
 Fancy sees the angels stand
 Beckoning on the distant land :

Gentle spirits, can you guide
 O'er the ocean deep and wide,
 Winds impetuous, seas untry'd?
 Can you point the port of rest?
 Aid a stranger to be blest?
 Vain enquiry!—silent all—
 Quite regardless of my call!
 Will no kind, no able friend
 Hear, on whom I may depend?
 Hear, and teach this restless mind
 How, the seats of blifs to find?
 Yes, behold that friend appears!
 Friend of mortals, Jesus hears:
 Kindly smiling, see, he stands!
 See, his stretch'd, inviting hands!
 Hark! he wooes thee to be blest!
 Calls thee to the port of rest!
 He can teach thee to explore,
 He alone, that happy shore.
 Though the dull, incumbent air
 Frown with heavy clouds of care;
 He can aid and point thy flight;
 Give thee strength, and give thee light.
 O'er the ocean, deep, and wide,
 Winds impetuous, seas untry'd,
 He thy passage can sustain;
 Winds and waves shall rage in vain.

Gracious

Gracious Saviour, guide divine!
 To thy conduct I resign
 This enquiring restless mind;
 Happy, if her Lord is kind:
 Happy, if amid her way,
 Now and then a heavenly ray
 Open to her longing eye
 That fair paradise on high,
 Whither her best wishes tend,
 Where her toils and cares shall end.



ON RECEIVING A MOURNING RING
 FOR A YOUNG RELATIVE.

THE mournful gift, attentive, while I view,
 My once-lov'd Nancy rises to my thought;
 The sigh of friendship, to her memory due,
 Breathes from my heart, with tender anguish fraught.

Young, blooming, amiable, lamented maid!
 When life's gay, flattering prospect open'd fair;
 Down sunk the scene in death's cold dismal shade,
 And the fond parent mourns his frustrate care.

Ye sad survivors, while each bleeding heart
 Hangs on her lov'd idea, may you know
 The heaven-taught lesson, the celestial art
 To gather blessings in the shades of woe!

Perhaps the awful stroke may seem severe;
 But let reflection speak, her voice attend!
 While grief supplies the unavailing tear,
 Reflection points our own approaching end.

That end approaching is our chief concern,
 Life's most important business is, to die;
 This truth, each friend expiring bids us learn,
 Which, while we mourn, impels a deeper sigh.

O may the needful sigh be unsupprest,
 Till kind reflection lead the restless heart
 To that bright world where only, life is blest,
 And conquer'd death resigns his fatal dart!

To life immortal, he reveals the way
 Who dying triumph'd over nature's foe:
 His word, if we receive, believe, obey,
 Fair hope shall bloom amid the shades of woe.

Ye flattering scenes of earthly bliss, adieu !
 You smile, and promise, but deceive the mind :
 Celestial hope directs our upward view
 To pleasures real, lasting and refin'd.



TO AMIRA ON THE SUDDEN DEATH
 OF HER MOTHER.

THOUGH nature, friendship, filial love awake
 The springs of grief, and though the sudden
 shock
 O'erpower'd the mind, (too weak to meet surprize!)
 At length my dear Amira, be our griefs
 Restrain'd, obedient to the voice divine
 Which calms the winds and seas, that sovereign voice
 Which bids the tempest of the mind—"Be still."
 Reflection now returning, may our souls
 Adore submissive his disposing hand,
 Who gives and takes our comforts as he pleases,
 Still wise and good in all. O let our hearts
 Complain no more, for through the cloud of woe
 Kind mercy shines, her beams disperse the gloom,
 As sun-beams chase the fragments of a storm.
 Look up, Amira, see the father's hand,

Indulgent, tender, in the stroke we mourn !
 Say, could the awful messenger appear
 In a more gentle form ? how soft the touch
 That loosen'd nature's bands, dissolv'd the tie
 That held the weary spirit, prison'd long,
 In a frail, ruin'd tenement below,
 And bade her rise to liberty and joy !
 Say do we mourn the friend, the parent lost ?—
 —Ah no, retract the word, she is but call'd,
 Before us call'd to her celestial home,
 That blissful home, so long, so much desir'd ;
 And hope soft whispers we shall meet her there.
 Meet her—but how ? enfeebled, bent with years,
 Worn out with pains, her mental powers decay'd
 And lost to social joys ? though hope, and trust,
 And patient resignation shone serene,
 The christian's pattern, and the friend's support :
 Their work fulfill'd, those graces have resign'd
 Their seat to perfect joy and endless praise.
 How shall we meet her in the blest abode ?
 Urania, come, thy fairest colours bring,
 Present the dear departed to our view
 Such as she shines amid the blissful choir.
 Let youth immortal, dress'd in heavenly smiles,
 And winning graces, o'er her form diffuse
 Its lively bloom ; while dignity and love
 Sit on her aspect, such as angels wear !

But

But not thy noblest strokes, thy sweetest force,
 In equal colours e'er can represent
 A soul made perfect in the realms of light,
 And in her favour's lovely image drest.
 Nor can thy tints, though borrow'd from the sky,
 Describe the vigorous life, the active joy
 Which animates a citizen of heaven.
 Urania, drop thy pencil, take the lyre,
 Not to deplore the friend, the parent lost;
 But to congratulate the saint arriv'd,
 From life's long, painful voyage safe arriv'd,
 And crown'd, triumphant, on the blissful shore,
 With perfect pleasure, and eternal peace.
 O could thy lyre but faintly emulate
 On earth, the strains which her rapt ear imbibes,
 Her voice melodious joins; the notes would charm
 The mournful memory of her loss to rest,
 And bid desire, and faith, and hope arise
 To share her transports in that world of joy.
 O may that glorious, happy world emit
 Its sweet, though distant radiance to our hearts,
 And raise, and fix our hopes and wishes there!
 Has not the dawn of that eternal day
 Which God's unclouded smile diffuses there,
 Sometimes, Amira, beam'd a cheering ray
 On these dark scenes? and shall that dawn be lost
 To shine no more?—impossible—as soon
 The sun shall faint amid his morning way,

And

And leave the world to everlasting night:
 That grace omnipotent, that steadfast truth
 On which, below, her heaven-born hope reclin'd,
 Who now rejoices in that hope fulfill'd,
 Invites our humble trust, forbids our fear.
 May the same grace that led her safely through
 The cares, the dangers, and the pains of time,
 Preserve, support, and guide us in the way,
 The living way by which she reach'd the skies!
 Then shall we join with her the heavenly choir,
 Partake the bliss, and tune the raptur'd song
 To Jesus, who prepares a mansion there
 For all who love his name, and trust his grace:
 To Jesus, who from death's envenom'd dart
 Extracts the poison, fatal now no more:
 That foe to nature is become a friend;
 He at his Lord's command, unfolds the gate
 To life, and liberty, and endless joy.



ODE ON A RURAL PROSPECT IN JUNE.

I.

AT length she deigns, (indulgent power!)
 To bless the solitary hour:

Divine

Divine Urania, pleasing guest !
 My passions own thy soft controul ;
 Welcome to my grateful breast,
 Sooth my every care to rest ;
 O pour thy kindest influence on my soul !

II.

Touch the sweet, the charming lyre,
 'Tis thine to harmonize the mind !
 Thou canst calm delight inspire ;
 Exalted pleasure, joy refin'd !
 Thy lov'd employ thy darling theme
 My panting soul aspires to try ;
 To sing the great the glorious name
 Who gives thee all thy pleasing art
 To calm to animate the heart ;
 Creation's lord, and sovereign of the sky !

III.

But aim not, my ambitious song,
 To rise with Milton, or with Young,
 To whom Urania brought celestial fire ;
 A living ray from heaven's immortal choir,
 That darted through the solid veil of night :
 Inspiring ray, that bade them soar
 Where mortals never rose before,
 While nature wonder'd at the daring flight.

IV.

VI.

Unequal to so bold a choice,
 A humbler, safer lot be mine!
 Urania, tune my trembling voice
 To subjects less exalted, yet divine!
 Thy softest, gentlest aid impart,
 Teach, O teach my longing heart
 To trace the radiant footsteps of the God;
 To the mind's enraptur'd eyes
 Where his milder glories rise,
 O'er nature's ample frame diffus'd abroad!

V.

Nature, o'er her ample frame
 Shews her great creator's name
 Inscrib'd in characters divine!
 Every plant, and every flower
 Speak his wisdom, goodness, power:
 With sweet attractive lustre how they shine!
 Ye beauteous scenes, 'tis yours to show
 The hand from whence your blessings flow:
 To wonder, love, adore, and praise be mine!

VI.

While yonder wide-extended fields,
 With eager gaze my eye surveys;
 The scene a thousand beauties yields,
 A thousand blessings claim my praise.

In nature's lap, see, plenty pours,
 With hand profuse, her richest stores!
 A lively green arrays the scene,
 Impearl'd with soft-descending showers:
 Fair vegetation smiles around,
 By kindly rains and sunshine fed;
 The fertile vales, with beauty crown'd,
 Nurse, with indulgent care, the future bread:

VII.

Ye diffident, desponding hearts,
 Who forward look with anxious pain,
 See, how the hand of providence imparts
 Its constant kindness to the foodful grain!
 And shall the power that bids the teeming earth
 Produce the infant-blade, that bids arise
 To full maturity, the tender birth,
 Look down on you with less regardful eyes?

VIII.

Hark! how the birds sweet-warbling from the spray,
 Enjoy the bounties of the present day:
 Their future food, the hedge or wood,
 Directed by that gracious hand, provides,
 Which with paternal care all nature guides.

That

That gracious hand, to day adore,
 And leave to heaven, to-morrow's care;
 Enjoy the present, hope for more;
 The power who hears the birds, will hear your prayer.

IX.

Ye trembling souls, with fear oppress'd,
 On whose enfeebled, fainting thought
 Hang heavy clouds, with sorrow fraught;
 See, smiling hope appear, (celestial guest!)
 She speaks, her gentle voice attend!
 "No more to earth, ye mourners bend,
 " Raise your downcast, weeping eyes,
 " See what cheerful prospects rise!
 " The corn now ripening in the ear,
 " Declares a plenteous harvest near.
 " Long has expectant toil, with patience stay'd!
 " At length behold expectant toil repaid!
 " And shall your weary spirit faint?
 " Your nobler expectations die?
 " Let patience soften your complaint!
 " Trust in his word who rules the earth and sky:
 " That sure, that never-failing word declares,
 " That those shall reap in joy, who sow in tears."

X.

Kind hope, the mourner's faithful friend,
 Thy peace-inspiring lore
 O let my drooping heart attend,
 And while I trust adore!

Adore, with thankful love, the hand divine,
That bids through grief's dark shade, thy comforts
shine!

That bids, amid this vale of tears,
Flowers of celestial fragrance rise,
That guides, defends, sustains, and cheers,
And points to fairer scenes beyond the skies! .

XI.

Lord of my life! to thee I owe
A thousand gifts enjoy'd below,
Of providence and grace:
While nature in her various forms,
My heart enlivens, raises, warms;
Thy hand, O bid my heart with rapture trace!
From thy kind hand, my ever-gracious Lord,
Unnumber'd blessings daily, hourly flow;
To crown them all, does not thy sacred word
Bid hope celestial in my bosom glow?
What more have I to wish? that hope divine,
And faith (kind seraph!) may be ever nigh!
Beneath their influence may my heart refine,
Till the fair dawn of heavenly day
Diffuse its soul-attracting ray,
Disperse the shades, and fix my longing eye,
On scenes of perfect bliss beyond the sky.



THE COMPLAINT OF THE MIND.

WHY is the heaven-descended mind
 (For nobler purposes design'd)
 So close attach'd to frail unthinking clay?
 Fain would she taste the joys of light
 And meditate her upward flight;
 But her weak partner cannot bear the day.

If now and then a ray divine
 With sweet attractive lustre shine,
 And upward tempt her half expanded wings:
 The pains or appetites of sense
 Retard her flight with fair pretence,
 And chain her joyless down to trifling things:

How blest the unbodied minds above,
 Who still desire, delight, and love,
 And nought impedes the work, or clouds the joy!
 No listless inattention there,
 Nor tempting toy, nor gloomy care;
 Celestial pleasure smiles without alloy!

O happy

O happy period ! blifsful day !
 (Hope, cheerful hails its diftant ray,
 Though rifing tears ftand trembling in her eyes)
 When this grofs heavy clay refin'd,
 A fit companion for the mind,
 To active, joyful, endless life fhall rife !

Jesus, to thee alone I owe
 Each cheering glimpfe of heaven below,
 And thou canft bid the longing mind afcend :
 Though dull mortality impede,
 She fpurns the weight if thou but lead ;
 On thee alone her ftrength and hope depend.

O fpeak the word ! her joyful wings
 Shall leave this fcene of little things
 For the fair regions of immense delight !
 One kind affuring word of thine
 Confirms the bright reverfion mine,
 And faith fhall bid adieu to earth and night.



TO SILVIA.

WHILE musing in the solitary hour,
 My Silvia rises fair to fancy's eye :
 Soft, soothing melancholy, pensive power !
 Awakes for her the anxious tender sigh.

Ah ! how when entering on a world of snares,
 Shall innocence preserve the artless maid ?
 Ah ! who shall guide, through life's bewildering cares,
 Her steps in safety to some hallow'd shade ?

Paternal love with ever-watchful eye
 Shall guard from cares, if near her cares should press ;
 Shall kindly warn of every danger nigh,
 And point the path of safety and of peace.

Friendship, for Silvia, shall collect her powers,
 And o'er the scene diffuse a lucid ray,
 Around her path shall strew the sweetest flowers,
 And bid the muse attune her softest lay.

Delusive hope! what dangers rise unseen!
 What unsuspected sorrows wait around!
 And can a friend or parent step between,
 When the wing'd arrow may so quickly wound?

Alas! not friendship's tenderest, kindest art
 Can gild affliction's heart-oppressing gloom:
 Nor can paternal love repel the dart,
 If death stand threatening o'er the gaping tomb.

O for a friend whose life-inspiring smile
 Can brighten dark affliction's darkest hours;
 Ease every pain, and soften every toil,
 And spread new life through nature's fainting powers?

O for a friend whose all-sustaining arm
 Can make the heart serenely view the tomb:
 Can death of all his dread array disarm,
 And place a smiling angel in his room!

And see, my Silvia, see that friend appears!
 And hark! he calls you to his guardian arms!
 Jesus, that friend indeed! for ever near,
 When grief approaches, or when death alarms.

O hear his voice! for heaven attends the sound!
 To him alone devote your blooming days:
 So shall your life with happiness be crown'd,
 So shall you join with angels in his praise.



TO SILVIA PENSIVE.

TELL me, Silvia, why the sigh
 Heaves your bosom, why the tear
 Steals unbidden from your eye?
 Tell me what you wish or fear?

Providence profusely kind,
 Wherefoe'er you turn your eyes,
 Bids you with a grateful mind
 View a thousand blessings rise.

Round you affluence spreads her stores,
 Young health sparkles in your eye,
 Tenderest, kindest friends are yours,
 Tell me, Silvia, why you sigh?

'Tis, perhaps, some friendly voice
 Softly whispers to your mind,
 "Make not these alone your choice
 "Heaven has blessings more refin'd.

Thankful

“ Thankful own what you enjoy,
“ But a changing world like this,
“ Where a thousand fears annoy,
“ Cannot give you perfect blifs.

“ Perfect blifs resides above,
“ Far above yon azure fky;
“ Blifs that merits all your love,
“ Merits every anxious figh.”

What, like this, has earth to give ?
O my Silvia, in your breast
Let the admonition live,
Nor on earth desire to rest.

When your bosom breathes a figh,
Or your eye emits a tear,
Let your wishes rise on high,
Ardent rise to blifs sincere.



WRITTEN IN A PAINFUL ILLNESS.

INDULGENT father, ever gracious God,
 Low at thy feet submissive I adore
 Thy chastening hand, nor murmur at the rod;
 Yet thy supporting arm, I must implore.

Thou holy, wise, and kind, O bid my heart
 In patient silence wait thy sovereign will!
 Sweet consolation let thy voice impart,
 And say to every anxious thought "be still."

Say to my heart, that oft hath prefer'd
 To thy kind ear, the supplicating sigh;
 "Be comforted, be strong, thy suit is heard;
 "Behold my all-sufficient grace is nigh!"

Oft have I wish'd to have my heart refin'd
 By cleansing grace; desir'd, and long'd to wear
 The bright resemblance of my Saviour's mind,
 His gentle, humble virtues copied there.

O may

O may the rod the happy end promote
 To humble, cleanse, renew this heart of mine !
 And may thy grace assist me to devote
 Its powers to thee alone for they are thine !

If the short remnant of my fleeting time
 Be near it's period ; teach, O teach my soul
 On faith's fair wing, to reach that blisful clime
 Where time's quick-circling wheels no more shall
 roll !

Oppress'd with pain my feeble powers decay,
 The springs of life wear out, the vital flame
 Seems quivering near its exit. Is the day
 At hand which shall dissolve this mortal frame ?

If this frail tottering mansion soon should fail,
 Art thou, my soul, prepar'd to take thy flight ?
 Prepar'd, at thy almighty Father's call,
 To quit, with joy, the scenes of mortal night ?

Or canst thou patient see death's threatening dart,
 And o'er the expecting grave long-lingering bend,
 To drop thy dying partner, loth to part,
 While yet thy hopes and wishes upward tend ?

What mean these questions ?—all depends on thee
 My Saviour God : speak to my trembling heart :

Say "thou art mine," that word is life to me,
And I can smile at death's tremendous dart!

Whether he threaten long, or sudden rend
This mortal frame, and set my spirit free;
That moment let thy angel guards attend,
And bear me safe to life, to heaven and thee.



Desiring a thankful Devotion to God.

MY great preserver, to thy gracious hand
My life, my safety, and my all I owe;
New gratitude thy favours still demand,
And still my numerous obligations grow.

Oft hast thou listen'd to my humble prayer,
Oft, at my cry, unwearied mercy came:
O be thy goodness, thy indulgent care,
My constant refuge, my delightful theme!

When warm'd with grateful love to thee my Lord
My thoughts begin to count thy favours o'er,
The boundless sum, what numbers can record?
How vain the attempt! astonish'd I adore!

Yet

Yet I may love thee, this is thy command,
 Thy kind command, O make me all thy own!
 My powers, my passions, Lord, are in thy hand,
 And thou canst mould them for thy use alone.

This worthless heart, to thee I would resign,
 Poor as it is, thy sovereign hand can raise
 A monument to thee, enrich, refine,
 And there inscribe thy mercies and thy praise.

Thy wonderous praise, not all creation's tongues
 In one harmonious concert, can display;
 Not the celestial choir's enraptur'd songs,
 Through vast eternity's unbounded day.

And shall a reptile of the dust, aspire
 To join with angels in their high employ?
 Lord, at thy feet, I lay my trembling lyre
 In silent awe, yet mix'd with humble joy.

Yet, if thou bid me try the heavenly theme,
 And bless me with thy smile, my lyre again
 On every string shall sound thy glorious name,
 Thy smile shall animate the feeble strain!

If thou accept, and aid my wish to praise,
 Then shall my heart with glad devotion bring
 (But ah, how mean thy gift!) her sweetest lays
 To thee, my gracious God, my glorious King.

All

All I enjoy, and all I hope is thine,
 Unworthiness, alone, belongs to me ;
 Inspire me, O my God, with love divine,
 And make my life, a hymn of praise to thee.



The Happiness of the Children of God.

*And will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my
 sons and daughters saith the Lord Almighty.
 2 Cor. vi. 18.*

EXTENSIVE promise ! O what hopes divine,
 What rich delight, the gracious words im-
 part !

My father ! when my faith can call thee mine,
 A ray of heaven illuminates my heart.

Lord, if thy word confirm my heavenly birth,
 And bid me say " my Father," then I live ;
 Not all the tenderest, dearest names on earth,
 Can half the pleasure, half the transport give.

The

The Lord Almighty deigns (amazing thought!)
 To call us children, (once the heirs of woe,)
 Sweet words of consolation, richly fraught
 With all the blessings mercy can bestow.

His eye, attentive marks his childrens way,
 He guides them safe though dangers lurk unseen :
 Though sorrow's gloomy clouds o'ershade the day,
 Secure, on his Almighty arm they lean.

His ear, indulgent to their feeble prayer,
 Receives each rising wish, each plaintive sigh ;
 His kind, compassionate, paternal care
 Knows all their wants, and will those wants supply.

When foes unnumber'd rise, and fear alarms,
 His constant love immediate succour lends,
 Encircled in their father's guardian arms,
 Foes rise in vain, omnipotence defends.

All needful, present good, his hand provides,
 But what their future portion ? Angels tell,
 (For mortal language fails,) where he resides,
 What blooming joys, what boundless raptures dwell.

But not the natives of that glorious place,
 Not all the blis resounding songs above,
 Can e'er display the riches of his grace ;
 Or count the endless wonders of his love.

O could

O could those distant seats of joy impart
 A moment of their bliss! how would it raise,
 How would it animate this languid heart,
 In these dark regions, to begin his praise!

Yet from his word, a bright enlivening ray
 Shines on my heart, while all my powers adore;
 Jesus, whose wonderful love mark'd out the way,
 Jesus, the heavenly friend, is gone before.

Fair mansions in his father's blest abode
 That heavenly friend prepares, and joys unknown
 By him presented to their Father God,
 His children bow before the eternal throne.

In his prevailing, his accepted name,
 Father, my soul adores beneath thy feet;
 Let his full merits plead my humble claim,
 And raise my hope to joy divinely sweet.

A reflection



A reflection on hearing the BELL at the
interment of a neighbour.

THAT sound e'er long shall mark the solemn
hour

When this weak frame, inanimate and cold,
By fellow mortals borne, shall be consign'd
To its dark mansion in the silent grave.
Perhaps, the sigh of tender grief shall heave,
The tear of friendship flow : in sable clad,
Perhaps surviving relatives will move
In slow procession to the house of death ;
While sad reflection speaks - " Behold your home !"
But what avails or friendship's tenderest tear,
Or sorrow's deepest groan, or sable robes,
Or all the sad solemnity of woe
Which grief, or custom waste on senseless clay ?
Where will my spirit be ? — O ye kind few !
Whose faithful hearts shall mourn the friend you
lov'd,
Whose thoughts, while nature prompts the tender
sigh,

Shall

Shall rise, perhaps, beyond the gloomy scene,
 By cheerful hope invited, and pursue
 That part which cannot die—assist me now!
 Now while your love may profit, teach my heart
 All that your brighter hope or stronger faith
 Hath seen or tasted of the joys to come!
 The inevitable hour demands it all.
 Lead me! O lead me to that sovereign balm
 For death's keen pang, that only antidote
 Against the mortal poison, blood divine!
 Lead me—ah no—that dear, almighty friend,
 Whose bleeding veins pour'd health and life and bliss
 For wretches guilty, perishing, undone,
 Alone can lead, support, and cheer my soul!
 Jesus, my Lord, on thee my all depends,
 My everlasting all! O let me feel,
 In that dread hour when earthly comforts fail,
 Thy love, sweet cordial to my fainting heart!
 Infusing strength divine; its vital force
 Shall bid me rise superior in the conflict
 With nature's foe, and tune my quivering lips
 To holy rapture! let thy glorious name,
 My Lord, my Saviour, dwell upon my tongue!
 While guardian angels join the blissful theme,
 Till my glad spirit quits her house of clay,
 And rises, with the messengers of heaven,
 To join the blest assembly which thy love

Hath

Hath ransom'd, cleans'd, and rais'd beyond the reach
 Of sin and death, in transports all unknown
 To frail mortality ! to join the song
 For ever new, to thy almighty love.



Desiring the gracious presence of God.

ALAS ! my heart where is thy absent God,
 Arise and search, nor languish hopeless here,
 See o'er creation's frame diffus'd abroad,
 His power, his wisdom and his love appear !

But chiefly of his sacred word enquire,
 There faith and hope diviner glories trace,
 Seek with the ardor of sincere desire,
 For nature's father is the God of grace.

His sacred word invites me to his feet,
 Reveals forgiveness rich and full and free,
 The voice of mercy, how divinely sweet !
 O be the heavenly accents spoke to me !

God

God of my life, thy radiant face reveal !
 For thou art near though clouds obstruct my sight
 Thy voice divine can every cloud dispel,
 O speak and give me comfort, give me light !

Thy word permits, commands to seek thy face,
 Nor shall the humble mourner seek in vain :
 Thou wilt reward the search, thy word of grace
 Inviolable for ever must remain.

Thy word of grace—rich treasure of delight !
 (O let my soul recall her comforts past)
 Not morn's fair dawn is dearer to the sight !
 Nor honey sweeter to the longing taste.

And shall those heavenly sweets no more be mine?
 Return ye, blissful moments to my heart !
 Dispel the cloud, O God of mercy, shine,
 And life and peace and happiness impart !



The presence of God, the only comfort
in affliction.

IN vain, while dark affliction spreads
Her melancholy gloom,
Kind providence its blessings sheds
And nature's beauties bloom.

For all that charms the taste or sight
My heart no wish respire ;
O for a beam of heavenly light
When earthly hope expires

Thou only center of my rest,
Look down with pitying eye,
While with protracted pain oppress
I breathe the plaintive sigh

Thy gracious presence, O my God,
My every wish contains,
With this, beneath affliction's load
My heart no more complains.

This can my every care controul,
 Gild each dark scene with light ;
 This is the sunshine of the soul,
 Without it all is night.

My Lord, my life, O cheer my heart
 With thy reviving ray,
 And bid these mournful shades depart
 And bring the dawn of day !

O happy scenes of pure delight !
 Where thy full beams impart
 Unclouded beauty to the sight,
 And rapture to the heart.

Her part in those fair realms of bliss
 My spirit longs to know :
 My wishes terminate in this,
 Nor can they rest below.

Lord, shall the breathings of my heart
 Aspire in vain to thee ?
 Confirm my hope, that where thou art
 I shall for ever be.

Then shall my cheerful spirit sing
 The darksome hours away,
 And rise on Faith's expanded wing
 To everlasting day.



FAITH and HOPE in divine goodness,
encouraged by past experience.

Psalm xxiii: 6.

LORD while my thoughts with wonder trace
Thy favours past through all my days;
My thankful heart adores thy grace,
I trust that goodness which I praise.

Still from the same eternal spring
Thy various, constant bounties flow ;
Beneath the shelter of thy wing
I view serene the shades of woe.

Ev'n death's tremendous vale appears
No more in gloomy terrors drest ;
Thy smile, my God, forbids my fears
While on thy gracious hand I rest.

Through the dark scenes of mortal care,
To humble faith's enraptur'd eye
The distant prospect opens fair,
Of radiant mansions in the sky.

Yes, Lord, in thy divine abode
 My soul desires, and hopes a place,
 To dwell for ever near my God,
 And view unveil'd thy lovely face.

With all my powers renew'd, refin'd,
 To join the blisful choir above;
 In strains immortal, unconfined
 To celebrate my Saviour's love.



A Thought of LIFE and DEATH.

THE cares of mortal life, how vain!
 How empty every joy!
 While grief, and weariness, and pain
 The fainting mind employ.

But O, that nobler life on high,
 To which my hopes aspire!
 Does it not prompt the frequent sigh,
 And wake the warm desire?

When

When now and then a heavenly ray
 Attracts my upward view,
 Almost I hail the approach of day,
 And bid the world adieu.

Those happy realms of joy and peace
 Fain would my heart explore,
 Where grief and pain for ever cease,
 And I shall sin no more.

No darkness there shall cloud the eyes,
 No languor seize the frame;
 But ever active vigor rise
 To feed the vital flame.

But ah!—a dreary vale between
 Extends its awful gloom;
 Fear spreads, to hide the distant scene,
 The horrors of the tomb.

The thoughts of death's envenom'd dart,
 The parting pangs I fear,
 Alarm this timorous, fainting heart,
 And still it lingers here.

O for the eye of faith divine,
 To pierce beyond the grave!
 To see that friend, and call him mine,
 Whose arm is strong to save!

That friend who left his throne above,
 Who met the tyrant's dart,
 And (O, amazing power of love!)
 Receiv'd it in his heart.

Here fix my soul, for life is here,
 Light breaks amid the gloom;
 Trust in the Saviour's love, nor fear
 The horrors of the tomb.

Jesus, in thee alone I trust,
 O tell me I am thine!
 I yield this mortal frame to dust,
 Eternal life is mine.



Desiring a firmer affiance in GOD
 under afflictions.

WHY is my heart with grief oppress'd?
 Can all the pains I feel or fear,
 Make thee, my soul, forget thy rest,
 Forget that God, thy God is near?

Hast

Hast thou not often call'd the Lord
 Thy refuge, thy almighty friend?
 And canst thou fear to trust that word
 On which thy hopes of heaven depend?

Mortality's unnumber'd ills
 Are all beneath his sovereign hand;
 Each pain which this frail body feels
 Attends, obedient, his command.

Lord, form my temper to thy will!
 If thou my faith and patience prove,
 May every painful stroke fulfill
 Thy purposes of faithful love.

O may this weak, this fainting mind,
 A father's hand adoring see;
 Confess thee just, and wise, and kind,
 And trust thy word and cleave to thee.



Trusting in his mercy with humble
submission and hope.

INDULGENT still to my request,
How free thy tender mercies are !
With full consent my thoughts attest,
My gracious God, thy faithful care.

The hand that holds the rod I see ;
That gentle hand I must adore ;
That goodness, how divinely free,
Which my expectant hopes implore !

'Thy hand sustains me lest I faint,
Or at the needful stroke repine ;
Thy ear attends to my complaint ;
The tenderest pity, Lord, is thine.

And can my heart desire in vain,
When he who chastens bids me sue,
That every sorrow, every pain
Be blest to teach, reclaim, renew ?

O yet

O yet support thy feeble child,
 Till thy correcting hand remove!
 Be all thy purposes fulfill'd,
 And bid me sing thy sparing love.



Intreating the presence of God in
 affliction.

LOW at thy gracious feet I bend,
 My God, my everlasting friend,
 Permit the claim, O let thy ear
 My humble suit indulgent hear!

No earthly good my wish inspires;
 Great is the boon my soul desires,
 But thou hast bid me seek thy face,
 Hast bid me ask thy promis'd grace.

O may thy favour (bliss divine!)
 With fuller, clearer radiance shine!
 Brighten my hopes, dispel my fears,
 Till not a cloud of grief appears!

But

But O my heart, reflect with shame,
 Canst thou prefer so bold a claim?
 Conscious how often thou hast stray'd,
 By empty vanities betray'd.

How oft, ungrateful to thy God,
 Have trifles call'd thy thoughts abroad;
 Till heavenly pity saw thee roam,
 And bade affliction bring thee home.

And when the snares of earth were broke
 By kind affliction's needful stroke,
 Hast thou not own'd, with humble praise,
 That just and right are all his ways?

Yes, gracious God, before thy throne
 My vileness, and thy love I own;
 O let that love with beams divine,
 Forgiving, healing, round me shine!

Whene'er, ungrateful to my God,
 This heedless heart requires the rod,
 Thy arm, supporting, I implore,
 The hand that chastens can restore.

O may the kind correction prove
 A fruit of thy paternal love!
 Wean me from earth, from sin refine,
 And make my heart entirely thine!

Then

Then shall my thankful powers rejoice,
 And wake to praise this feeble voice :
 While mercy, power, and truth employ
 My love, my wonder, and my joy.



Acknowledging his goodness in sup-
 porting and restoring.

NOW to thy heavenly Father's praise,
 My heart thy tribute bring :
 That goodness which prolongs my days
 With grateful pleasure sing.

Ye humble souls, who love the Lord,
 Come join the pleasing theme ;
 His mercy, power, and truth record
 And bless his glorious name.

Whene'er he sends afflicting pains,
 His mercy holds the rod ;
 His powerful word the heart sustains,
 And speaks a faithful God.

A faithful

A faithful God is ever nigh
 When humble grief implores ;
 His ear attends each plaintive sigh,
 He pities and restores.

No more let diffidence prevail
 Our comforts to destroy :
 His tender mercies never fail,
 Be these our sweet employ.

Ah ! how unequal to the theme
 Our feeble efforts prove !
 Ye heavens resound his glorious name,
 While we adore and love.

Yet fain my grateful soul would bring
 Her tribute to thy throne ;
 Accept the wish, my God, my King,
 To make thy goodness known !

O be the life thy hand restores
 Devoted to thy praise !
 To thee, be sacred all my powers,
 To thee, my future days !

Thy soul-enlivening grace impart,
 A warmer love inspire ;
 And teach the breathings of my heart
 Dependance and desire.

Desiring



Desiring to praise God for the experience of his goodness.

PSALM XXXVI. 7.

THE loving kindness of the Lord,
 (Delightful theme!) demands my lays:
 Thou, worthy to be lov'd, ador'd,
 O teach my heart to sing thy praise!

In vain my heart with pleasure tries,
 My God, to count thy mercies o'er;
 So numerous and so bright they rise,
 I gaze, I wonder, I adore!

Yet, all the powers I have are thine,
 For thee, those powers I would employ;
 And dedicate to love divine,
 With humble gratitude and joy.

The sweet experience of thy grace
 Which animates my voice to sing;
 Incites my soul to seek thy face,
 And trust the shelter of thy wing.

Thy

Thy guardian wing alone can bless :
 I find repose and safety there ;
 The kindest refuge of distress
 A sure relief in every care.

O let the wretched sons of woe
 To thee apply, on thee depend :
 And bid the drooping mourners know
 In thee a never-failing friend.

Could e'er one soul in deep distress
 That fled to thee for refuge say,
 " Indulgent mercy would not bless,
 " And justice frown'd my hopes away?"

Ah no, a thousand, thousand tongues
 Thy love and truth, adoring own,
 And offer their united songs
 With grateful joy before thy throne.

Not e'en those happy minds can trace,
 With all their powers renew'd, refin'd,
 The boundless glories of thy grace,
 O thou omnipotently kind !

Ah how shall these poor languid powers
 With frail mortality oppress,
 Display the grace my soul adores?
 How speak the transports of the blest?

Dear Lord, accept my heart's desire,
 Till death shall close these mortal days!
 'Then bid me join the heavenly choir,
 And sing thy everlasting praise!



PENITENCE and HOPE.

DEAR Saviour, when my thoughts recall
 The wonders of thy grace;
 Low at thy feet asham'd I fall,
 And hide this wretched face.

Shall love like thine be thus repaid?
 Ah vile, ungrateful heart!
 By earth's low cares detain'd, betray'd,
 From Jesus to depart.

From

From Jesus, who alone can give
 True pleasure, peace, and rest:
 When absent from my Lord, I live
 Unsatisfy'd, unblest.

But he, for his own mercy's sake,
 My wandering soul restores :
 He bids the mourning heart partake
 The pardon it implores.

O, while I breathe to thee, my Lord,
 The penitential sigh,
 Confirm the kind, forgiving word
 With pity in thine eye!

Then shall the mourner at thy feet,
 Rejoice to seek thy face ;
 And grateful own how kind ! how sweet !
 Thy condescending grace.



DEVOTING THE HEART TO JESUS.

JESUS, what shall I do to show
 How much I love thy glorious name?
 Let my whole heart with rapture glow
 Thy boundless goodness to proclaim.

Yes, dearest Lord, my heart is thine,
 Sacred to thee be all its powers!
 O bid me give to love divine
 The little remnant of my hours!

Thou narrow heart, ye fleeting hours,
 How mean the tribute you can raise!
 The grace my thankful soul adores,
 Claims an eternity of praise!

Lord, if a distant glimpse of thee
 Can give such sweet, such rich delight;
 What must their joy, their transport be
 Who dwell for ever in thy sight?

To that bright world my heart aspires,
 Where all the glories of thy face
 Unveil'd, shall fill the soul's desires,
 And tune the song to boundless grace !

O teach my heart, my life, my voice
 To celebrate thy wonderous love !
 Fulfil my hopes, compleat my joys,
 And bid me join the songs above.



The love of CHRIST exciting thankful
 devotion.

O DEARER to my thankful heart
 Than all the circling sun surveys !
 Thy presence only can impart
 Light, peace, and gladness to my days.

Beneath thy soul-reviving ray,
 Ev'n cold affliction's wintery gloom
 Shall brighten into vernal day,
 And hopes and joys immortal bloom.

Vain

Vain world, be gone with all thy toys;
 I have no room for trifles here:
 My heart aspires to nobler joys;
 Thy fairest glories disappear.

Bright realms of bliss, where Jesus reigns,
 My wish, my care, my hope invite:
 Where raptur'd seraphs tune their strains
 To themes of infinite delight.

See, Lord, thy willing subject bows
 Adoring low before thy throne:
 To thee, I gladly pay my vows;
 Thou art my sovereign, thou alone.

Smile on my soul, and bid me sing,
 In concert with the choir above,
 The glories of my Saviour King,
 The condescensions of his love.

Amazing love! that stoop'd so low,
 To view with pity's melting eye
 A wretch deserving endless woe!
 Amazing love!—did Jesus die?—

He died, to raise to life and joy
 The vile, the guilty, the undone,
 O let his praise my hours employ,
 Till hours no more their circles run!

He died!—ye seraphs tune your songs;
 Refound, refound the Saviour's name :
 For nought below immortal tongues
 Can ever reach the wonderful theme.



ON RECOVERY FROM SICKNESS.

LORD of my life to thee my powers belong,
 Thy mercies are my chief my darling theme ;
 To thee be first inscrib'd the votive song
 With warmest gratitude, with love supreme ;
 On thee my life and all its powers depend,
 My gracious guardian, my unchanging friend.

O be that life, which thy indulgent hand
 Sustain'd when sinking to the shades of death,
 Devoted to thy praise, whose kind command
 Restores my wasting strength and shortening breath.
 Be my remaining hours entirely thine,
 My strength and breath employ'd in work divine.

Yet

Yet next to heaven to friendship's honour'd name
 The lay which grateful love inspires is due ;
 With lenient hand she nurs'd the vital flame,
 When faintly glimmering it almost withdrew :
 Heaven smil'd indulgent on her tender care,
 Blest were her efforts, answer'd was her prayer.

The lay which friendship claims heaven will approve,
 Since first to heaven the grateful strains aspire :
 Sacred to filial and fraternal love,
 Be the next labours of the tuneful lyre.
 O may the love that animates my lay
 Procure acceptance for the thanks I pay.

But never can these languid notes express
 My heart's warm wishes ardent as they rise ;
 Yet he, who knows their meaning, he can bless ;
 Unmeasur'd bounty every good supplies.
 O be the friends who claim my grateful love,
 A blessing here, compleatly blest above.



Occasioned by hearing a friend commend
my verses.

COULD all the powers of eloquence divine
But half the glories of my Lord display,
How I should wish those unknown powers were mine
To animate and raise the votive lay.

O could I rise, one happy minute rise!
And hear the music of the blisful choir,
Would not my heaven-enraptur'd mind despise
The sweetest notes that tune this feeble lyre.

Yet is the subject of their song the same,
Not angels know a nobler theme than mine;
Thy grace Emmanuel, blis-inspiring name!
Awakes the strain to extasy divine.

That grace, which smiles approving on their lays,
Bends lower still and kindly deigns to own
A mortal's wishes to attempt thy praise,
When humble love presents them at thy throne.

My

My Lord, my life, does not thy love inspire
 The warmest highest with this bosom knows ?
 O let that love employ this feeble lyre
 Till with diviner force the passion glows !

Till (every mortal weakness left in dust)
 Immortal life commences, then my tongue
 To thee, dear object of my hope and trust,
 With heaven's full choir shall tune a nobler song.



TO SILVIA.

MY lovely Silvia, while in blooming youth
 Your mental powers are active, sprightly,
 gay,

Attend the voice of friendship and of truth,
 That courts your notice in the moral lay.

Those active powers the Lord of nature gave
 To reason's rule by choice alone confin'd,
 For reason's empire never knew a slave,
 Her sway is gentle and her laws are kind.

Her subjects take their orders from her eye,
 While she to each their various task assigns ;
 And now o'er nature's ample field they fly,
 A field far richer than Peruvian mines.

Here with unweary'd diligence they rove,
 Collecting treasures to enrich the mind :
 And many a flower and plant in dale or grove,
 Of virtues rare and fadeless bloom they find.

And now with treasures fraught returning home,
 Before their queen display the shining spoil,
 Arrang'd in beauteous order round the dome,
 Her approbation crowns the pleasing toil.

When chill'd by time's cold hand, those sprightly
 powers
 Inclined to rest, inactive, cease to roam,
 Those mental stores shall cheer the wintery hours,
 And flowers unfading breathe their sweets at home.

Extracting food amid the vernal bloom,
 So flies the industrious bee around the vale,
 With native skill she forms the waxen comb,
 To keep for wintery days the rich regale.



Wishing for real PLEASURE.

HOW long, forgetful of thy heavenly birth,
 Wilt thou my soul so fondly cleave to earth?
 How long low-hovering o'er these seats of pain,
 Wilt thou expect felicity in vain?
 The joys of time could never be design'd
 A portion worthy of the immortal mind.
 What is it thus detains these wretched eyes,
 Detains my heart whene'er it seeks to rise,
 And holds back half my wishes from the skies? }

When soothing fancy paints, with mimic art,
 Her pictur'd joys to catch my cheated heart,
 So fair, so bright the varied colours glow,
 Almost they can disguise the blended woe.
 But soon the momentary forms decay,
 Steal from my gaze, and vanish quite away.
 Convinc'd the flattering scenes are empty air,
 Beneath my thought unworthy of my care,
 Can I pronounce the gay delusions fair? }

Earth's

Earth's fairest pleasures which allure my sight,
 Are but the fleeting shadows of delight !
 Shall airy phantoms thus my powers employ,
 Powers that were form'd to grasp substantial joy ?
 Shall vanity enslave this freeborn mind,
 And chains of sense my nobler passions bind ?
 Alas in vain I strive, in vain I sigh,
 In vain my fetter'd thoughts attempt to fly }
 And weakly fluttering mean the distant sky ! }

O thou whose eye surveys my inmost heart,
 Thy grace, thy all-prevailing grace impart,
 Dissolve these chains which keep my soul from thee,
 And bid this wretched struggling heart be free.
 O come thou bright, thou everlasting fair,
 Thou only worthy object of my care !
 Thy dazzling beauties to my view display,
 And earth shall vanish at the blisful ray, }
 Like night's dark shades before the rising day. }

Immortal charms shall all my powers controul,
 And fix each wandering passion of my soul,
 Thy love the sacred source of endless joy
 Shall all my heart and all my thoughts employ.
 Earth would be heaven in such a state as this,
 And time a foretaste of eternal blifs.

But

But ah! how soon the charming vision flies!
 Stay blest ideas, teach my soul to rise,
 Nor let me wish in vain for heaven below the skies!



TO AMIRA.

FRIENDSHIP disdains the studied forms of
 speech,
 She speaks a language forms can never teach.
 Let friendship to Amira's thought impart
 The grateful joy that warms a sister's heart.
 O may the grateful joy aspire in praise,
 And love divine the sacred ardour raise;
 To him whose ear our humble prayer attends,
 Whose mercy spares Amira to her friends!
 To them the boon indulgent mercy gives;
 Not for herself alone Amira lives.

Long be your life preserv'd, long may you share
 Your partner's comforts, and partake his care!
 By heaven instructed, may you know to raise
 Your infant offspring to their maker's praise!
 To you is the maternal task assign'd,

To form

To form with gentle hand the tender mind:
 To plant the seeds of moral goodness there,
 To watch, to cherish with assiduous care
 The growth of every virtue, (pleasing toil!)
 On the kind task may heaven approving smile!
 That smile alone can animate, can bless,
 And crown your labour with desir'd success.

To me hath providence assign'd a part
 Which claim the tenderest passions of the heart,
 No less than yours: to sooth a parent's care
 In life's decline, his every grief to share,
 By every act of cheerful duty prove
 Sincerest gratitude and filial love.
 O long, (propitious to my ardent prayer,)
 To me, to you may heaven indulgent spare
 His valued life! and when we must, must part,
 Sustain the sad survivor's fainting heart!
 Before the mental eye may he display
 A blissful prospect of the realms of day,
 Whose presence cheers affliction's deepest gloom,
 And sheds a ray of glory on the tomb!
 While faith beholds her dying, rising Lord,
 And cheerful hope reclines upon his word.
 O be that word confirm'd to you, to me,
 "Where Jesus is, there shall his servants be!"
 Then shall our thoughts that happy world explore,
 Where we shall meet our friends to part no more.

Think

Think not these lines (my dear Amira) fraught
 With the dark boadings of dejected thought :
 Since nought but prospects future and divine,
 Life's toils can cheer, its pleasures can refine.
 Yet heaven, on us, shines with indulgent ray,
 And with peculiar blessings marks our way.
 Why are our steps by sovereign goodness led,
 Far from the thorny wilds where many tread ?
 Nor with dark care, nor pining want oppress'd,
 Why with a thousand comforts are we blest ?
 Our lives protected from a thousand woes ?
 O why the various gifts which heaven bestows ?
 Its various gifts should stimulate, should raise
 To active duty, to obedient praise.
 True we are weak, but do we not depend
 On the kind arm of an almighty friend ?
 That arm invigorates, directs, sustains,
 And gives sweet hope to soften all our pains :
 Sweet hope, that whispers to the humble mind,
 " Look up, the ever wise, the ever kind
 " Is near you still, attentive to your prayer,
 " Proportions every trial, every care
 " To suit the strength he gives, he will impart
 " Celestial comforts, to sustain your heart.
 " Behold ! display'd to faith's expecting eye,
 " A crown reserv'd for you beyond the sky :
 " Treasures of bliss which never can decay
 " And realms resplendent with eternal day."

If faith and hope, fix'd on the word divine,
 Pronounce the bright reversion yours, and mine,
 O my Amira this is blifs below,
 The highest blifs which mortals here can know.



A REFLECTION on the close of the YEAR,
 Occasioned by hearing the bells at midnight.

IS this a theme of mirth? who can rejoice
 That time, important time so swiftly flies;
 And scorn reflection's monitory voice,
 The friendly power that woos us to be wise?

For ever ye departed months, adieu!
 What heart that knows your value can be gay?
 What heart that asks reflection's conscious view,
 How many hours fled unimprov'd away?

Yet oft her warning voice, e'er yet they pass,
 Cry'd, "seize the precious minutes make them thine:
 Ah how wilt thou account for so much waste
 Of treasure lent for purposes divine?"

O let

O let my heart her needful dictates hear,
 To her the solemn midnight hour I give,
 And ask, while musing on the finish'd year,
 How I have spent the time, and why I live?

How have I spent the time? reflection say?
 She answers "wasted many a precious hour,
 " In careless indolence lost many a day,
 " When heaven demanded every active power.

Why do I live? " Past errors to deplore,
 " Low at the feet of sovereign grace to bow,
 " For strength divine intreat (while I adore,)
 " To dedicate to heaven the fleeting now.

Jesus, to thee, to thy atoning blood,
 To thy unfully'd righteousness I fly:
 O thou, my judge, my saviour, and my God,
 Instruct me how to live and how to die.



Desiring a cheerful RESIGNATION to the
DIVINE WILL.

WHY breathes my anxious heart the frequent sigh?

Why from my weak eye drops the ready tear?

Is it to mark how present blessings fly?

Is it that grieves to come awake my fear?

O may I still with thankful heart enjoy

The various gifts indulgent heaven bestows!

Nor let ungrateful diffidence destroy

The present good with fears of future woes.

Nor let me curious ask if dark or fair

My future hours, but in the hand divine

With full affiance leave my every care,

Be hope, and humble resignation mine.

Celestial guests! your smile can cheer the heart

When melancholy spreads her deepening gloom:

O come, your animating power impart,

And bid sweet flowers amid the desert bloom.

Yes,

Yes, here and there, amid the dreary wild,
 A spot of verdure cheers the languid eye:
 And now and then, a sun-beam warm and mild,
 Sheds its kind influence from a clement sky.

My God, my guide, be thou for ever near,
 Support my steps, point out my devious way;
 Preserve my heart from every anxious fear,
 Gild each dark scene with thy enlivening ray.

Be earth's quick changing scenes or dark, or fair,
 On thy kind arm, O bid my soul recline:
 Be heaven-born hope (kind antidote of care)
 And humble cheerful resignation mine.



TO SILVIA.

COME friendship, with thy sweetly-pleasing
 power,

Teach me to calm my dear-lov'd Silvia's breast:
 Shed thy kind influence o'er the gloomy hour,
 And sooth her every anxious care to rest.

Tell her that providence, immensely kind,
 Through all events its guardian care extends ;
 Nor can a real grief oppress her mind
 But ev'n that grief unerring wisdom sends.

Oft, when imaginary woes oppress,
 A dark cloud rises, and we shrink with fear ;
 Perhaps that very cloud is meant to bless,
 And shed rich comforts on the coming year.

The ways of providence, how kind ! how wise !
 From seeming ills what real good is born !
 Nor can the heart its blessings learn to prize
 That, gay and thoughtless, never knew to mourn.

O may my Silvia raise her wishes high !
 With warm devotion may her bosom glow !
 Pant for unmingled bliss beyond the sky
 And thankful own the gifts enjoy'd below !



TO EMILIA.

IF native sense, and unaffected ease,
 Goodnature and benevolence can please;
 Emilia claims, without the help of art,
 Her share of friendship in the social heart,
 But real friendship should not, must not bear
 A fault uncensur'd in a mind so fair:
 Let censure in her gentlest form persuade;
 Nor frown indignant on the lovely maid:
 And let Emilia unoffended hear,
 While friendship softly thus accosts her ear.

My dear Emilia, would you always know
 The peaceful joys which virtue can bestow:
 Those joys from grave reflection have their birth,
 Begun by heaven, nor terminate on earth.
 Then be reflection cherish'd in your breast,
 She gives you counsel needful to your rest.
 When gay amusement spreads her net for hearts
 And softly woos you with her syren arts;
 Has not reflection whisper'd?—"Ah beware
 "Fly, fly the midnight ball—mirth revels there,

“ With dissipation and her idle train ;
 “ A thousand follies fluttering, light and vain :
 “ The unmeaning compliment, the study’d smile,
 “ The sneer of malice, the smooth brow of guile,
 “ Mix in the dance, and should detraction rude,
 “ Remorseless, arm’d with venom’d darts intrude,
 “ (Vile foe to virtue, and to honest fame)
 “ Then bleeds some hapless virgin’s wounded name.
 “ Fly, fly the danger, and with me retreat
 “ Where innocence, and peace, and safety meet.”

And did the friendly monitor in vain
 Dissuade Emilia from the dangerous scene ?
 Where was her guardian angel ? could he bear
 To be confin’d in such polluted air ?
 Or did the gentle spirit, with a sigh,
 Resign his charge and seek his native sky ?
 Vain questions ! His omniscient eye was there,
 Who trusted time’s rich talent to your care ;
 And he requires improvement at your hands ;
 A strict account his holy law demands.
 O, squander not the precious hours away,
 No more in such amusements close a day,
 As will not bear reflection’s sober test,
 Nor add calm pleasure to your nightly rest.

While your almighty benefactor pours
 His various blessings on your circling hours ;

For all the gifts his bounteous hands impart
 He claims the tribute of a thankful heart :
 O be your sprightly powers your blooming days
 With grateful joy devoted to his praise.

Think in that awful, that tremendous hour,
 When earth's alluring toys will please no more,
 When trembling, on life's utmost verge you tread,
 With vast eternity before you spread ;
 Think, what will be your wish, your ardent prayer,
 And make it now your first, your constant care.
 To that almighty Saviour now apply,
 On whom alone you safely can rely :
 Whose smile can cheer you in that awful scene,
 And make the boundless prospect all serene.

Let not my dear Emilia call severe,
 The friendly dictates of a heart sincere :
 A heart that wishes real bliss for you
 Beyond this narrow world's contracted view.
 O may you, taught by grace divine, aspire
 (With all the ardour of sincere desire)
 To that bright world, where pleasure dwells refin'd,
 To charm, to fix, to satisfy the mind ;
 Till joyful, you from earth's allurements part,
 And heaven that claims, possesses all your heart.



TO SILVIA.

HOW faint the joy the blooming season yields,
 To spirits worn with grief and nerves unstrung!
 Yet sweet the flowers, yet verdant are the fields,
 As when those flowers and fields I raptur'd sung.

Around me nature spreads her charms in vain,
 Those charms no more my languid breast inspire:
 In vain I try to raise one cheerful strain,
 No sound of joy awakes the silent lyre.

Come Silvia, come, for you the muses wait,
 For you the flowers unfold their beauteous dyes;
 O come, with lively youth and health replete,
 And bid to heaven the grateful transport rise.

Methinks in Silvia I revive again,
 And led by fancy's magic power, I stray
 O'er the green corn field and the flowery plain,
 And call the birds to join the artless lay.

Yes

Yes, in my Silvia I again enjoy
 Those long-lost pleasures oft with sighs deplor'd :
 Come then, dear maid, resume the sweet employ,
 And tune the votive song to nature's bounteous Lord.



RETIREMENT.

HAIL peaceful retirement, thy shades how
 serene !

With thee in all ages the wise have sought pleasure,
 Meditation and converse the sweet varied scene
 Alternately measure.

Here freely expatiate the rational powers,
 Thy aid, O divine contemplation, inspiring ;
 While wisdom and knowledge unlock their bright
 stores,

The mind still desiring.

Ye votaries of pleasure, of grandeur and fame,
 Leave your eager pursuit of the shadows before ye ;
 Seek peaceful retirement, where more than in name
 Dwell pleasure and glory.

'Tis here, when content from the seats of delight
 Descends, to give mortals a blest prelibation
 Of permanent pleasure and joys ever bright,
 She fixes her station.

Sweet guest of retirement, O come to my breast!
 I can pity the minds which deluded pursuing
 Their phantoms gay-smiling, refuse to be blest
 And choose their undoing.



ON THE SUDDEN DEATH OF A LIBERTINE.

Addressed to his FRIEND.

BY lawless pleasure led, whose syren song
 Had sooth'd to rest the faithful monitor
 That would, long since, have warn'd them to beware,
 Lorenzo and his gay companion stray'd:
 Till to a dangerous eminence they rose,
 Whose fatal brow o'erhangs a dark, deep gulph,
 Where tempest reigns, and night eternal frowns.
 Here guilty riot drove the hours along;
 Reflection banish'd, reason's dictates scorn'd:
 Tho' oft the voice of friendship call'd, return;
 And

And oft maternal tenderness implor'd :
 In vain was every warning—plung'd in vice
 They bade defiance to the censuring world,
 And boldly dar'd the vengeance of the skies ;
 Nor dar'd unpunish'd long—for now they drew
 Too near the dreadful brink, nor dream'd of ought
 But flowery pleasures ; round them hung a cloud,
 Spread by some demon, which confin'd their view,
 And hid the terrors of the gulph below.
 Here as they laughing stood, swift flew the shaft
 Of awful vengeance !—O ! Lorenzo say ?
 What were thy thoughts when instant from thy side,
 The gay companion of thy guilty hours
 Plung'd headlong in the unfathomable deep ?—
 And art thou spar'd ? and will astonishment
 And terror let thee ask, “ why am I spar'd ?
 “ Why did the fatal shaft that pierc'd my friend
 “ Not reach this guilty bosom ?” Mercy spread
 Her shield before thee—Hark ! she calls—“ Retreat,
 “ Retreat this instant, e'er commission'd flies
 “ A second arrow—heaven may not vouchsafe
 “ Another warning.”—May her heavenly voice,
 Lorenzo, reach thy heart ! In time reflect
 While time is lent, and humbly deprecate
 The awful vengeance of offended heaven !
 Fly to that Saviour, whose atoning blood
 Alone can expiate guilt, whose boundless grace

Alone

Alone can seal thy pardon, cleanse, renew
 Thy wretched heart, and guide thy erring steps
 Far from the paths of danger, where too long
 Thy feet have stray'd, and point the narrow way
 To peace, to safety, to eternal life.



TO MY WATCH.

LITTLE Monitor, by thee
 Let me learn what I should be;
 Learn the round of life to fill,
 Useful and progressive still.
 Thou canst gentle hints impart
 How to regulate the heart:
 When I wind thee up at night,
 Mark each fault, and set thee right:
 Let me search my bosom too,
 And my daily thoughts review;
 Mark the movements of my mind,
 Nor be easy when I find
 Latent errors rise to view,
 Till all be regular and true.

The



The third chapter of DANIEL paraphrased.

WHERE Babylon, the seat of empire, shone,
 Proud tyranny had fix'd her lawless throne,
 The cruel power, with unrelenting hand,
 Rul'd o'er a race of slaves, an abject land:
 Oppression fill'd the arbitrary reign,
 And blind idolatry confirm'd the chain.

The prince, who late in a surprizing hour,
 Had felt conviction's strong, resistless power,
 Impell'd by conscience, own'd the God supreme;
 Confess'd his hand, almost ador'd his name;
 Retracting all, to idol-gods returns,
 Again with impious zeal his bosom burns.
 New rites his wild idolatry demands,
 In Dura's plain a golden image stands:
 Wanton in wealth, he bids the idol rise,
 And with its monstrous height affront the skies:
 Assembled here in all the pomp of state,
 Princes and peers their monarch's pleasure wait:
 A herald now with sounding voice proclaims,
 Nations of various tongues of various names,

“ Attend

“ Attend the king’s decree, which thus ordains,
 “ That instant, when you hear the sacred strains
 “ From instruments of every tuneful sound,
 “ Adore with prostrate homage on the ground,
 “ The golden image, which the king’s command
 “ Ordains the God, the guardian of your land.
 “ Whoe’er the royal edict disobey,
 “ Or to perform the solemn rite delays,
 “ A dreadful doom the hapless wretch attends,
 “ His life, that hour, the flaming furnace ends.”

Now sounds the various strain; the solemn call
 The trembling nations hear, and prostrate fall.
 Elate with pride the monarch now beheld
 His will obey’d, the impious rite fulfill’d :
 When lo with flattering zeal his slaves appear,
 And lowly bending thus accost his ear;
 “ O King, for ever may thy throne remain!
 “ Unrivall’d be the glories of thy reign!
 “ Their zeal when all thy faithful people show’d
 “ And at the sacred call adoring bow’d ;
 “ Three haughty Jews whom thy indulgent hand
 “ Hath rais’d to rank and honours in the land,
 “ Thy bounty have ungratefully abus’d,
 “ And just obedience to thy law refus’d :
 “ Proudly refus’d, to bend the stubborn knee,
 “ And bade defiance to thy gods and thee.”

Rage,

Rage, flash'd vindictive from the tyrant's eyes!

“ This moment bring the rebels here” he cries;

Swift fly the guards, their duty taught by fear,

And now the accused innocents appear :

When thus the king the hoding silence broke,

(His aw'd attendants trembling as he spoke)

“ Say, ye perverse, rebellious wretches say,

“ My will do you presume to disobey?

“ You knew the law, the penalty you heard;

“ Your fate is just since wilfully you err'd;

“ Nor vainly on celestial aid presume;

“ What God shall save, when I pronounce your
doom?

The men, to this high strain of impious pride,

Serene in conscious innocence reply'd;

“ At no defence, at no excuse we aim,

“ Our trust, O king, is in the power supreme :

“ The God, the awful God whom we adore

“ We know can save us from thy tyrant power,

“ We trust he will : but should his wise command

“ Ordain our death by thy remorseless hand ;

“ A firm obedience to his laws we vow,

“ Nor will to thy detested idols bow.”

To madness now the tyrant's passions rise :

“ Seven times increase the flame” (he furious cries)

“ Soon shall the traitors meet a fate severe,

“ And feel that vengeance which they scorn to fear”

His

His hardy soldiers now the victims seize,
 (Strange heart that such a sacrifice could please !)
 The victims bound are to their fate convey'd,
 Plung'd in the flames, depriv'd of mortal aid :
 Fierce was the king, and fierce the raging fire,
 The soldiers in the cruel act expire.

In view the tyrant fate to feast his eyes
 (Inhuman pleasure ! horrid sacrifice !)

When sudden flating from his seat, he cries,
 (Amazement in his looks, and wild dismay,)

“ What do I see ? ye peers, ye princes say !

“ Were not three criminals, some moments past,

“ With fetters bound, in yonder furnace cast ?

“ 'Tis certain fact, O king, (the courtiers said)

“ We all beheld thy royal will obey'd :”

When thus the king, (with inward anguish prest,
 For full conviction now his heart possess'd)

“ Amid the flames they walk, unhurt and free,

“ And lo a fourth of form divine I see !

“ Some angel makes the innocents his care,

“ Perhaps their deity himself is there.

The humbled monarch now renounc'd his pride
 And near advancing to the furnace cry'd

“ Come forth, ye servants of the God supreme,

“ Come forth, and teach me to adore his name.”

Forth came the prisoners at the royal word,

Sav'd by the power they trusted and ador'd :

Not ev'n their cloaths were scorch'd, nor sing'd their
hair,

Serene their looks, and cheerful was their air.

The strange event around the country flew ;
The concourse, still increasing, round them drew,
Peers, princes, people, gazing, wondering stand,
Compell'd to witness an almighty hand.

An aw'd attention bade the croud be still,

While thus the King aloud declar'd his will :

“ Ador'd for ever be his wonderous name !

“ Who sav'd his servants from the raging flame ;

“ His angels sent (the heavenly form I saw,)

“ To guard these blest observers of his law :

“ The awful power, omnipotent and just,

“ Hath well rewarded their religious trust.

“ Be this decree, in honour to their God,

“ Through my extensive empire sent abroad :

“ Whoever dares his sacred name prophane,

“ In impious folly arrogantly vain ;

“ Death without mercy is the wretches lot,

“ His house a dunghill made, his name forgot,

“ This miracle which strikes each wondering breast

“ And which a thousand witnesses attest,

“ Proclaims the God superior far in power

“ To all the deities whom we adore.

Here ceas'd the king : yet farther to atone
The cruel act his impious rage had done,

The

The heaven-protected youths his favour shar'd,
 Of faithful piety the just reward:
 To eminence and power he bade them rise,
 Rever'd by men, as favour'd of the skies.



MESSIAH, AN ODE.

From the 35th Chapter of ISAIAH,

I.

MESSIAH comes! glad nature hails
 Her long-expected king:
 She wakes to praise her every tongue,
 Wakes every note to raise the song,
 Joy, universal joy prevails,
 Earth blooms with sudden spring.
 Messiah comes! the hills resound,
 The wide-extended vales around,
 Messiah comes! in tuneful notes reply.
 Attentive echo learns his name,
 Repeats the pleasurable theme,
 And bears the joyful accents to the sky.

The

II.

The desert through her vast domain,
 Hears, and wonders at the strain,
 The strain, her hard, cold bosom warms ;
 She sees, and wonders at her new-born charms ;

While indulgent plenty pours
 Gifts profuse, and fruits, and flowers
 With various beauty glow :

Pining travellers no more

With weary feet, and longing eyes,

Now the thorny brake explore,

Or the sandy waste in vain ;

See, the bubbling fountain rise !

See, the copious river flow !

Adieu thirst, weariness, and pain,

The cheerless desert owns Messiah's reign.

With Lebanon's tall shades the desert vies,

And verdure cloaths the grove, and decks the vale ;

Here fragrant Carmel's flowery beauties rise,

And Sharon breathes the aromatic gale.

III.

Messiah comes ! let every heart be glad,

Let sounds of joy be heard from every voice ;

With power, with majesty, with glory clad,

He comes to bid the sons of woe rejoice.

No more the hopeless heart shall languish

On the confines of despair ;

No more be heard the groan of anguish,
Or be felt the pang of care.

Ye sons of woe, resign your load,
Ye trembling hearts be strong ;

Omnipotence

Is your defence :

Behold your King, your Saviour God !

He comes, with vengeance on his arm,

In vain your threatening foes alarm ;

Forget your fear,

Salvation near

Demands the grateful song :

His arm shall crush your threatening foes to dust,
An awful recompense, divinely just !

IV.

See, the eyelids of the blind

Open to the heavenly ray !

See the prospect bright and new

Rise to the astonish'd view,

Boundless wonder fills the mind,

All is transport ! all is day !

The hapless ear, of social bliss unknowing,

Receives the healing music of his voice :

Celestial harmony, soft, sweetly flowing,

Bids charm'd attention listen and rejoice.

See,

V.

See, the helpless cripple rise,
 Bounding like the mountain roe!
 If nature's Lord
 Pronounce the word,
 New strength, that word supplies;
 Life's active flame
 Informs the frame,
 And bids each nerve with native vigor glow.
 The tongue that never could reveal
 Heart-felt woe, or pleasure tell,
 Held in the chains of mournful silence long;
 Now bursts the chains at his command,
 Aloud proclaims Messiah's hand,
 And raptur'd joins the universal song!

VI.

Join the universal song,
 Every heart and every tongue!
 Spread all your wings, ye winds and bear
 The blest glad tidings through the air,
 To earth's remotest plains:
 Let every mournful scene be gay,
 Let every gloomy night be day;
 Nature raise thy various choir,
 Wake the voice, and wake the lyre,
 To extasy attune the joyful strains,
 Resound Messiah comes! Messiah reigns!

VII.

Messiah reigns, the Prince of peace !
 He came to save, he reigns to bless !
 Fell rage, and terror now shall cease,
 And amity, and love divine
 With wide-diffusive lustre shine :
 Auspicious Æra, hail ! replete with joy !
 No more the frightened pilgrim flies
 The baleful haunts where serpents rise,
 No serpents now his trembling steps annoy :
 O'er scorching sands no more he pants, and toils,
 Now cool streams murmur, blooming verdure smiles.

VIII.

No more the furious Lion waits
 To rush upon his helpless prey :
 Danger dies, and fear retreats ;
 Messiah (great Protector) guards the way.
 The sacred way Messiah shews,
 Work of wisdom, work of power !
 But hence, unhallow'd feet, begone,
 Banish'd all Messiah's foes :
 Humble travellers alone,
 Who the King of Zion own,
 Claim his protection, and his grace adore :
 O'er all their steps his watchful care presides ;
 Nor fools shall err, for heavenly wisdom guides.

Here

IX.

Here shall the ransom'd of the Lord
 Forget their former care ;
 And while they sing, with sweet accord
 In heaven-taught lays
 Messiah's praise ;

From his kind hand a thousand blessings share.
 His hand shall lead them to the courts divine,
 Where his full beams of love for ever shine,
 Nor the least cloud of sorrow can appear.

Happy state ! where not a sigh
 Heaves the bosom, nor the eye
 That used to weep shall ever know a tear !
 Celestial joy for ever sheds
 Her balmy odours on their heads ;
 Every heart, and every tongue
 Feels the bliss, and joins the song,
 Immortal rapture tunes the heavenly strain :
 The mind expanding, fill'd, adoring,
 With ever new delight exploring
 The boundless glories of Messiah's reign.



THE BLIND MAN'S PETITION.

LUKE xviii. 38, &c. JESUS thou SON of
DAVID have mercy on me, &c.

GREAT Saviour, born of David's race,
O look, with pity look this way!
A helpless wretch implores thy grace,
Implores thy mercy's healing ray!

Jesus, thou Lord of life divine,
To whom the sons of woe complain:
Is not unbounded mercy thine?
And can I ask, and ask in vain?

Did ever supplicating sigh
In vain to thee its grief impart?
Or mournful object meet thine eye,
That did not move thy melting heart?

Around

Around thee crowd a plaintive throng,
 I hear their importuning cries ;
 And now from every thankful tongue
 I hear the glad Hosannah rise.

O look, with pity look on me,
 Wrapt in the mournful shades of night !
 My hope depends alone on thee,
 Speak Lord, thy word shall give me light !

'Tis mercy, mercy I implore !
 Speak, Lord, thy humble suppliant raise !
 Then shall my heart thy grace adore ;
 Then shall my tongue resound thy praise.



Rest and Comfort in CHRIST alone.

WHERE shall I fly but to thy feet,
 My Saviour, my almighty friend ?
 Dear names, beyond expression sweet !
 On these my hopes of Bliss depend.

Where shall I rest but on thy grace,
 Thy boundless grace divinely free ?
 On earth I find no resting place ;
 Dear Saviour, bid me come to thee !

Though sin detains me from my Lord,
 I long, I languish to be blest :
 O speak one soul reviving word,
 And bid me come to thee, my rest.

When I this wretched heart explore,
 Here no kind source of hope appears ;
 But O my soul, that grace adore,
 Free grace, which triumphs o'er my fears.

Jesus, from thy atoning blood,
 My only consolation flows ;
 Hope beams from thee my Saviour God,
 My soul no other refuge knows.



On the FIFTH of NOVEMBER.

TO thee, Almighty God, we bring
 The humble tribute of our songs :
 O teach our thankful hearts to sing !
 Or praise will languish on our tongues.

While Britain (favour'd of the skies)
 Recalls the wonders God hath wrought ;
 Let grateful joy adoring rise,
 And warm to rapture every thought.

When hell and Rome combin'd their power,
 And doom'd these isles their certain prey ;
 Thy hand forbade the fatal hour,
 Their impious plots in ruin lay.

Again our restless cruel foes
 Resum'd, avow'd, their black design ;
 Again to save us God arose,
 And Britain own'd the hand divine.

Why,

Why, gracious God, is Britain fav'd ?
 Why blest with liberty and light ?
 Nor by fell tyranny enslav'd,
 Nor lost in superstition's night ?

Not for our sakes, we conscious own ;
 A wretched, vile, ungrateful race :
 'Tis done to make thy glory known ;
 To shew the wonders of thy grace.

The wonders of thy grace compleat ;
 Reform this wretched, guilty land !
 Let thankful love, beneath thy feet,
 Confess thy kind, thy guardian hand !

Let every age adore thy name,
 While nature's circling wheels shall roll !
 Thy mercies every tongue proclaim,
 And sound thy praise from pole to pole.



On a day of prayer for success in WAR.

LORD, how shall wretched finners dare
 Look up to thy divine abode ?
 Or offer their imperfect prayer
 Before a just, a holy God ?

Bright terrors guard thy awful seat,
 And dazzling glories veil thy face !
 Yet mercy calls us to thy feet,
 Thy throne is still a throne of grace.

O may our souls thy grace adore,
 May Jesus plead our humble claim ;
 While thy protection we implore,
 In his prevailing, glorious name.

With all the boasted pomp of war
 In vain we dare the hostile field :
 In vain, unless the Lord be there ;
 Thy arm alone is Britain's shield.

Let

Let past experience of thy care
 Support our hope, our trust invite !
 Again attend our humble prayer,
 Again be mercy thy delight !

Our arms succeed, our councils guide,
 Let thy right hand our cause maintain ;
 Till war's destructive rage subside,
 And peace resume her gentle reign.

O when shall time the period bring
 When raging war shall waste no more ;
 When peace shall stretch her balmy wing
 From Europe's coast to India's shore ?

When shall the gospel's healing ray
 (Kind source of amity divine !)
 Spread o'er the world celestial day ?
 When shall the nations, Lord, be thine ?



Hymn for a day of public thanksgiving
for PEACE.

GREAT God inspire each heart and tongue
Thy wonderous goodness to proclaim;
And bid the animating song
Glow with devotion's lively flame.
To thee let favour'd Britain raise
Her sweetest notes of thankful praise.

But where shall we begin to trace
The wonders of thy hand divine?
In every season, every place
How numerous and how bright they shine.
To God ye favour'd Britons raise
Your sweetest notes of thankful praise.

Abroad, protection and success
Proclaim'd that Britain's God was there;
At home, he bade fair plenty bless,
The fruitful fields confess'd his care;
To God ye favour'd Britons raise
Your sweet notes of thankful praise.

But yet beneath the hostile sword
 Has many a worthy patriot bled,
 And many a mourning heart deplor'd
 A friend, a son, a brother dead!
 The sword is sheath'd—ye Britons raise
 To God your sweetest notes of praise.

The horrors of the sanguine field
 Which sadden'd victory's fairest plume,
 To scenes of pleasure now shall yield
 And peace her gentle reign resume.
 To God ye favour'd Britons raise
 Your sweetest notes of thankful praise.

Kind peace, from her propitious smiles
 What numerous, various blessings flow!
 Great God, to thee these happy isles
 Unnumber'd obligations owe.
 To thee let favour'd Britain raise
 Her sweetest notes of thankful praise.

Crown, gracious God, thy gift of peace
 With gifts yet nobler, more divine!
 O let thy all-prevailing grace
 Make Britain more entirely thine!
 Devotion then to thee shall raise
 Sublimier notes of thankful praise.



To ———, on the death of her father.

THOUGH nature's voice you must obey,
 Think, while your swelling griefs o'erflow,
 That hand, which takes your joys away,
 That sovereign hand can heal your woe.

And while your mournful thoughts deplore
 The father gone, remov'd the friend!
 With heart resign'd, his grace adore,
 On whom your nobler hopes depend.

Does he not bid his children rise
 Through death's dark shades, to realms of light?
 Yet, when he calls them to the skies,
 Shall fond survivors mourn their flight?

His word (here let your soul rely)
 Immortal consolation gives:
 Your heavenly Father cannot die,
 Jesus the friend, for ever lives.

O be that dearest friend your trust,
 On his almighty arm recline ;
 He, when your comforts sink in dust,
 Can give you blessings more divine.



TO MYRA.

COULD these weak nerves, this trembling
 hand impart
 The animated wish, the tender sigh
 That pleases and that pains this throbbing heart,
 Then friendship's form should meet thy mental eye.

Oh train'd to virtue in affliction's school,
 Long since convinc'd what heaven ordains is best ;
 Still, still adhere to this unerring rule,
 Be resignation still a welcome guest.

In suffering and in sentiment allied
 What boon for Myra shall my wishes crave ?
 That gracious heaven would be her constant guide,
 In grief support her and from danger save !

Oft through the gloomy shades of mortal night,
 O may my friend enjoy a cheering ray
 (Sweet emanation of sincere delight !)
 From the fair regions of eternal day.

There may we meet, and with the blisful choir
 To love divine the song triumphant raise !
 While grateful wonder tunes the raptur'd lyre
 To boundless pleasure and immortal praise.



To an INFANT three weeks old.

CAN I bid thee, lovely stranger,
 Welcome to a world of care ?
 Where attends thee many a danger,
 Where awaits thee many a snare ?

Hence, away, ye dark surmizes,
 Hope presents a fairer scene ;
 Many a blooming pleasure rises,
 Many a sunbeam shines serene.

O may providence defend thee!
 Circled in its guardian arms;
 Dangers may in vain attend thee,
 Safe amid surrounding harms.

Shall I wish the world caressing?
 Wish thee pleasure, grandeur, wealth?
 No—but many a nobler blessing;
 Wisdom, virtue, friendship, health.

May'st thou know the gracious donor,
 Early know, and love and praise!
 Then shall real wealth and honour,
 Peace and pleasure crown thy days.



BREATHING AFTER GOD.

WHERE is my God? does he retire
 Beyond the reach of humble sighs?
 Are these weak breathings of desire
 Too languid to ascend the skies?

Where

Where is my God? can he be mine
 And yet so long conceal his face?
 And must I every joy resign
 Nor hope for his returning grace?

Hence guilty diffidence depart,
 His goodness never can decline;
 He sees this weak this trembling heart
 That yet aspires to call him mine.

He hears the breathings of desire,
 The weak petition if sincere,
 Is not forbidden to aspire,
 And hope to reach his gracious ear.

Look up my soul with cheerful eye,
 See where the great Redeemer stands,
 The glorious advocate on high,
 With precious incense in his hands.

He sweetens every humble groan,
 He recommends each broken prayer;
 Recline thy hope on him alone,
 Whose power and love forbid despair.

Teach my weak heart, O gracious Lord,
 With stronger faith to call thee mine,
 Bid me pronounce the blissful word,
 My father God with joy divine.



FILIAL SUBMISSION.

If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons, for what son is he whom the Father chasteneth not. Heb. xii, 7.

AND can my heart aspire so high,
 To say, "my Father God!"
 Lord at thy feet I fain would lie,
 And learn to kiss the rod.

I would submit to all thy will,
 For thou art good and wise;
 Let every anxious thought be still,
 Nor one faint murmur rise.

Thy love can cheer the darksome gloom,
 And bid me wait serene;
 Till hopes and joys immortal bloom,
 And brighten all the scene.

My

My father—O permit my heart,
 To plead her humble claim,
 And ask the blifs those words impart
 In my Redeemer's name.



HUMBLE TRUST.

WHY should my pining spirit be
 So long a stranger to my Lord,
 When promises divinely free,
 Invite me in his sacred word?

Does he not bid the weary come,
 And call the wretched sons of grief,
 To him their refuge and their home,
 Their heavenly friend, their sure relief?

Yes by the kindest, tenderest names,
 My Lord invites my humble trust;
 My diffidence he gently blames,
 How soft the censure and how just.

This trembling frame worn out with pains
 On thee my guardian God depends;
 And while my fainting heart complains,
 To thee the plaintive groan ascends.

Though all the powers of nature fail,
 And life's pale trembling lamp decline;
 Thy grace can bid my faith prevail,
 Can give me fortitude divine.

That grace which bids my hope aspire
 Can every anxious fear remove,
 Can give me all my soul's desire,
 The full assurance of thy love.



HYMN TO JESUS.

SHALL loyal nations hail the day,*
 That crown their king with loud acclaim?
 And shall not saints their homage pay,
 To their beloved Saviour's name?
 Ye saints, resound in joyful strains,
 Jesus, the King of glory reigns!

Jesus

* The coronation of king George III.

Jesus who vanquish'd all your foes,
 Who came to save, who reigns to bless,
 From him your every comfort flows,
 Life, liberty, and joy, and peace.
 Resound, resound in joyful strains,
 Jesus, the King of glory reigns !

Yes, thou art worthy dearest Lord,
 Of universal endless praise ;
 With every power to be ador'd,
 That men or angels e'er can raise.
 Let heaven and earth unite their strains,
 Jesus, the King of glory reigns !

But earth, nor heaven can e'er proclaim,
 The boundless glories of their king ;
 Yet must our hearts adore his name,
 Dear name, whence all our blessings spring !
 Resound, resound in joyful strains,
 Jesus the King of glory reigns !

How mean the tribute mortals pay,
 How cold the heart, how faint the tongue ;
 But Lord thy coronation day,
 Shall tune a more exalted song :
 Resounding in immortal strains,
 Jesus the King of glory reigns !

He comes, he comes, with triumph crown'd,
 In dazzling robes of light array'd,
 Faith views the splendor dawning round,
 Earth's fairest lustre sinks in shade.
 Resound, resound in joyful strains,
 Jesus the King of glory reigns !



THE KING OF SAINTS.

COME, ye that love the Savior's name,
 And joy to make it known :
 The sovereign of your hearts proclaim,
 And bow before his throne.

Behold your King, your Savior crown'd
 With glories all divine ;
 And tell the wondering nations round
 How bright those glories shine.

While majesty's effulgent blaze
 Surrounds his awful brow ;
 E'en angels tremble as they gaze,
 And veil'd adoring bow.

But

But love attempers every ray,
 Love, how divinely sweet !
 That stoops to view the sons of clay,
 And calls them to his feet !

Infinite power and boundless grace,
 In him unite their rays :
 You that have e'er beheld his face,
 Can you forbear his praise ?

When in his earthly courts we view
 The glories of our King ;
 We long to love as angels do,
 And wish like them to sing.

And shall we long and wish in vain,
 Lord teach our songs to rise !
 Thy love can animate the strain,
 And bid it reach the skies.

O happy period ! glorious day !
 When heaven and earth shall raise,
 With all their powers the raptur'd lay,
 To celebrate thy praise.



HYMN for the LORD'S DAY Morning.

GREAT God, this sacred day of thine,
 Demands our souls collected powers :
 May we employ in work divine,
 These solemn, these devoted hours !
 O may our souls adoring own,
 The grace which calls us to thy throne !

Hence, y^e vain cares and trifles fly,
 Where God resides appear no more,
 Omniscient God, thy piercing eye,
 Can every secret thought explore.
 O may thy grace our hearts refine,
 And fix our thoughts on things divine,

The word of life dispens'd to day,
 Invites us to a heavenly feast ;
 May every ear the call obey,
 Be every heart a humble guest !
 O bid the wretched sons of need,
 On soul-reviving dainties feed !

Thy

Thy spirit's powerful aid impart,
 O may thy word with life divine,
 Engage the ear, and warm the heart;
 Then shall the day indeed be thine:
 Then shall our souls adoring own,
 The grace which calls us to thy throne.



Happy Poverty, or the Poor in Spirit
 blessed.

Matt. v. 3.

YE humble souls complain no more,
 Let faith survey your future store,
 How happy, how divinely blest,
 The sacred words of truth attest.

When conscious grief laments sincere,
 And pours the penitential tear;
 Hope points to your dejected eyes,
 The bright reversion in the skies.

In vain the fons of wealth and pride,
 Despise your lot, your hopes deride ;
 In vain they boast their little stores,
 Trifles are their's, a kingdom yours.

A kingdom of immense delight,
 Where health, and peace, and joy unite ;
 Where undeclining pleasures rise,
 And every wish hath full supplies.

A kingdom which can ne'er decay,
 While time sweeps earthly thrones away ;
 The state which power and truth sustain,
 Unmov'd for ever must remain .

There shall your eyes with rapture view,
 The glorious friend that dy'd for you ;
 That dy'd to ransom, dy'd to raise
 To crowns of joy, and songs of praise.

Jesus, to thee I breathe my prayer,
 Reveal, confirm my interest there !
 Whate'er my humble lot below,
 This, this my soul desires to know !

O let me hear that voice divine,
 Pronounce the glorious blessing mine !
 Enroll'd among thy happy poor,
 My largest wishes ask no more.



The necessity of renewing GRACE.

HOW helpless, guilty nature lies,
 Unconscious of its load!
 The heart unchang'd can never rise,
 To happiness and God.

The will perverse, the passions blind,
 In paths of ruin stray:
 Reason debas'd can never find,
 The safe, the narrow way.

Can ought beneath a power divine
 The stubborn will subdue?
 'Tis thine, almighty Savior, thine
 To form the heart anew.

'Tis thine the passions to recall,
 And upwards bid them rise;
 And make the scales of error fall
 From reason's darken'd eyes.

To chase the shades of death away,
 And bid the sinner live!
A beam of heaven, a vital ray
 'Tis thine alone to give.

O change these wretched hearts of ours,
 And give them life divine!
Then shall our passions and our powers
 Almighty Lord, be thine.



THE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE.

Matt. xiii. 46.

YE glittering toys of earth adieu,
 A nobler choice be mine;
A real prize attracts my view,
 A treasure all divine.

Be gone, unworthy of my cares,
 Ye specious baits of sense;
Inestimable worth appears,
 The pearl of price immense.

Jesus

Jesus, to multitudes unknown,
 O name divinely sweet!
 Jesus, in thee, in thee alone,
 Wealth, honor, pleasure meet.

Should both the Indies at my call,
 Their boasted stores resign,
 With joy I would renounce them all,
 For leave to call thee mine.

Should earth's vain treasures all depart,
 Of this dear gift possess'd;
 I'd clasp it to my joyful heart,
 And be for ever blest'd.

Dear sovereign of my soul's desires,
 Thy love is bliss divine;
 Accept the wish that love inspires,
 And bid me call thee mine.



MISCELLANEOUS PIECES

I N P R O S E .





MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.



THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.

RUMINATING one evening on this chequered scene of mortal life, its pains and pleasures, hopes and cares; and endeavouring to reduce my thoughts into some kind of order, it produced the following reverie.

I fancied myself beginning a difficult and hazardous journey, I knew not at first from whence I came nor whither I was going, yet though ignorant and helpless, had some little sense of my dependence on the skill of several persons, who led me by turns with affectionate care: I had only a little dubious light, like the first faint glimmerings of approaching morn; but as day light by degrees came on I could discover something of the prospect before me, and found myself at the foot of a

very high mountain; the wide extended scene on the right and left as far as my eye could reach presented an endless variety of objects.

Finding my strength increase and with it a growing curiosity, I went forward till I came to a sequestered scene of shady groves and flowery vales, through which soft crystal streams meandering strayed and gave and received new beauty; arrayed in robes of rural innocence and smiling with contented looks, the happy natives tuned their artless songs, and all the enchanting scene was harmony and peace! I listened to the soothing strains with rapture, and fain I would have dwelt in those delightful groves! but a monitory voice reminded me that I was on a journey and that this attractive place was not my home.

I then turned my eyes to another part of the prospect, and beheld lofty buildings magnificently furnished, crowded streets filled with hurry and confusion, resounding with a thousand harsh discordant notes; the greater part of the inhabitants were employed in incessant labour of various kinds, and seemed to have very little relish of pleasure more than the animals which I observed sometimes assisted them in their work; these appeared to be slaves to a few persons who sat in those stately domes dressed in splendid garments and surrounded with all the pomp of luxury,

ury,

uy, yet on many of their faces I observed the marks of discontent and care. Tired with this disagreeable scene my eye roved farther still, and surveyed huge tracts of sandy deserts, uncultivated wilds, and thorny labyrinths, but could not discover the end of my journey, which gave me great anxiety. I saw before me a variety of paths, some were smooth and verdant, and winding seemed to promise an easy ascent to the top of the mountain which I wished to reach, others appeared difficult and dangerous. I should have been at a loss to know the right path, had not my conductors (who at my first setting out led me and were still near) put into my hands a book, in which I found a map of the country through which I was travelling, a description of the place to which I was going, and plain instructions concerning the road I was to take: this book, of so much importance to my safety and comfort, I was informed was written by the direction of a person of consummate skill and undoubted veracity, and who had also promised such powerful protection and assistance to those travellers who might sincerely desire it, as should preserve them through every danger and enable them to surmount every difficulty.

Desiring to follow the directions of this book, and imploring the protection and assistance of its

great author, I chose a narrow path, which I was assured led to life, another name for the land of happiness.

Here I met with some agreeable companions, whose longer acquaintance with the sacred book, and better knowledge of the road, made their conversation not only entertaining but useful; of these some pursued their way with cheerfulness and alacrity, others were timorous and fearful, ready to faint under discouragements and terrified at the apprehensions of danger. Though they were all travelling to the same place, and professed to follow the same directions, yet by reason of weakness and misapprehension, they had different notions concerning some circumstances in their journey, which often occasioned disputes among them, and interrupted that peace and harmony which it was their mutual interest to maintain.

I sometimes looked round me and saw the roads on either side peopled with a multitude of passengers, some hurrying on, seeking, as they vainly imagined, the land of happiness, but despising those unerring directions which only could teach the way; and fondly believing their own wild conjectures a sufficient guide, they contemned those in the narrow path, as a company of precise fools, sometimes deriding, or if they happened to see

any

any one stumble, laughing aloud, and sometimes endeavouring to seduce them to their own party, gave them great annoyance. Another company no less mistaken were also desirous of happiness, but not liking the journey and fancying their present abode with improvements might be made a paradise, were busily employed in measuring the ground, collecting materials, projecting schemes, and drawing plans, which ere they were finished were rejected for new ones: these were quiet enough, but generally appeared dissatisfied. As to myself I met with many difficulties, occasioned by thick mists which arose from the earth, and sometimes almost obscured the light of the sun; in these seasons of darkness I went slowly on, trembling and dissident, ready to fear I should never reach the abodes of happiness! but as rays of light now and then broke through the gloom, it was seldom totally dark, and my book often afforded me comfort and support: as I went farther the gloom dispensed by degrees, and the cheering sunbeams inspired new life and vigour.

In the earlier part of my journey, I was delighted with the charms of rural music, and learned to imitate the soothing strains; retaining still my fondness for the soft amusement, I often tuned the lyre to complaining notes or cheerful airs, accord-

ing to my different situation, and found it an agreeable solace: sometimes, the various distresses of my fellow travellers awoke the friendly strings to sympathizing sorrow, and sometimes the fatal errors of those deluded mortals who were pursuing, unconcerned, the way to the region of misery, drew forth the melting notes of pity!

Now and then in a happy shining hour, fired with the glorious description of the land of happiness contained in the sacred book, I aimed a nobler song, and my thoughts, winged with love and desire, seemed to rise above mortality, and longed to join the blissful natives in strains of celestial harmony!—but ah, how short were these delightful seasons! how oft my weak forgetful heart found cause to mourn its frailty! a few flowers, which grew here and there on the borders of the road, often drew my attention; but when I stopped to view and admire their painted beauties, diverted with the trifling employ, my thoughts retained but faintly the impression of my journey's end; till entangled in the thorns which were interspersed among the flowers, I became sensible of my careless folly, or the monitory voice beforementioned roused me from the fatal indolence. And oft the radiant lamp of day, as if to chide my misimprovement of his useful beams, wrapt his cheering influences

fluences in a gloomy cloud, and lest my steps disconsolate and sad. In these distressful hours my heart sought comfort in the sacred book, imploring that divine strength which it encouraged me to ask and hope for, nor did I ask and hope in vain; again the gloom withdrew, the sun appeared, and with his vital beams revived my drooping spirits and animated my feeble steps.

Yet other difficulties attended my journey, cold piercing blasts and chilling showers, pained and oppressed my shivering frame, but when the storm abated the sunshine seemed brighter and warmer than before. Sometimes invisible enemies attacked me, against whose power all my strength was weakness, but my great protector displayed before me his impenetrable shield, and my baffled foes retreated. If the path was rough my feet were apt to stumble, but my kind guardian extended his assisting hand and preserved me from falling. Yet amidst my various discouragements, when I looked round me, I saw the sufferings of many of my fellow travellers were far greater than mine, which excited sentiments of gratitude for myself and compassion for them.

Thus exercised with vicissitudes, I reached at length the summit of the mountain, where I turned
ed

ed myself round to survey the steps my weary feet had measured ; I saw nothing in the retrospection to tempt my return, but much to make me humble in myself, and thankful to my gracious preserver. I now turned to pursue my journey, but paused a little to consider the prospect before me, and found it not much unlike that on the other side the mountain, this remarkable difference indeed there was, the groves and flowery vales which had so charmed me in the earlier part of my journey now appeared less verdant and lively, and the scenes of pomp and luxury, and the din of busy crowded streets, seemed still more distasteful.

I yet saw multitudes of poor mistaken creatures in the road to misery, but helpless pity and unavailing wishes were all I could give them. I missed many whom I had seen in my journey, some in the narrow path, others in the different roads, who had been snatched away by an unseen hand, ere they had reached the summit : I now looked forward as far as my eye could reach, to try if I could discover the end of my way, but a thick cloud terminated the view, All I could do was to consult my book, in which I had often read, that before I could enter the land of happiness, I must pass through a dismal vale, overshadowed with more than midnight darkness, and filled with
a thou-

a thousand terrors; but that the powerful and gracious friend whom I have so often mentioned, had himself passed through it, and made it safe to those who trust in his protection; not all its terrors can hurt them, he will sustain their fainting spirits, and open the shining gates of happiness to receive them, and they shall dwell for ever with him in fullness of joy.

As I reviewed these sweet assurances, hope warmed my bosom and calmed my rising fears, my reverie became an awful reality, and I concluded humbly desiring to trust the remainder of my journey, whether long or short, painful or easy, to the infinite power and goodness of this almighty friend, and to enter under his care, in his due time, into the land of immortal happiness. Amen.



ALL THY WORKS PRAISE THEE.

THE glory of God is the end of the creation. To this the vegetable and the animal world in their various orders and different capacities contribute, and render their humble praise to their almighty author. The sun and moon, and all those glittering luminaries which deck the trackless azure, proclaim the glorious source of light, from whence they derive their lustre, and with fervid blaze, mild beam, or twinkling ray, reflect their maker's praise. The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handy work. The changing seasons, as they roll, display the divine perfections, and the shorter revolutions of day and night, with alternate voice repeat the constant, the universal theme. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge.

But man, the master-piece of this lower creation, the finishing stroke of almighty skill, man, distinguished with the godlike faculty of reason, and endowed with superior abilities to display his
 Maker's

Maker's praise, alas, how fallen! What ruin has sin occasioned! the lowest reptile, the minutest insect answer the end of their creation better than man! humbling thought—ah, let me never boast of a distinction so inverted, a capacity so sadly misimproved! How is this soul of mine almost unconscious of its divine original, and thoughtless of its infinite importance, groveling in the dust? These active powers, these restless desires, which were implanted in my frame, to contemplate the perfections of my almighty Maker, and aspire to the enjoyment of his favour, how are they sunk in a stupid indolence! busied and confused with trifling cares, or bewildered in the chase of empty vanities



HUMAN FRAILTY.

HOW mean and despicable a character is that of the wretched Carlos? I justly call him wretched, though by the world accounted great and noble, for real greatness and true nobility are

not

not the gift of fortune ; it is not birth, estate, or titles, but virtue only that confers true honour ! 'tis this adorns the character with real brightness, and far outshines those tinsel trappings which dazzle vulgar eyes. Virtue can indeed ennoble these advantages, and with communicated lustre make them truly valuable. But a man whom providence has placed in so high a rank, capable of being the friend and ornament of his country, and an example to all around him ; to see such a man employ his time and cares in childish sports, pursuing and collecting butterflies, which have nothing to recommend them but their gaudy colours, excites at once my pity and contempt !

And yet with conscious shame I may reflect, that this is the very picture of my conduct !—I am a rational being, capable of thought and reflection— I have a soul born to noble purposes and expectations ! an heir of immortality ! made to glorify my Maker, and blest with the advantages of reason and revelation to direct me in my duty, to teach me how to aspire to the enjoyment of his favour here, and everlasting happiness in his blissful presence above.

But ah, how thoughtless and negligent am I of these important, these eternal concerns ! how are
my

my cares employed, my time and talents wasted in the mean pursuit of vanities and trifles, as worthless as those little shining insects!—How weak, how foolish, how criminal is this conduct!—I argue with myself, I am convinced, I complain,—but what can I do?—Could all the power of reasoning and force of argument alter the disposition of Carlos? Or can it alter mine?—No, it is not human power that can effect it,—the work requires supernatural strength! 'Tis only the almighty influences of divine grace that can rouse my languid powers, recall my wandering thoughts, and engage my whole heart in the arduous, yet delightful employment for which this soul of mine was made :—

To thee almighty, all-gracious Lord, I come for help,—convince me more fully of my weakness, my folly, and my guilt, and pity and forgive me for thy mercy sake! grant me wisdom to chuse, and strength to pursue nobler objects! let the important concerns of thy glory, and the welfare of my immortal soul employ my thoughts, my time, and all my powers, with warm attention and sincere delight.

O God of mercy, thou that hearest prayer!
 Let these poor breathings reach thy gracious ear,
Weak,

Weak, impotent, and blind, to thee I fly,
 O may thy grace my every want supply!
 Thy powerful grace, which only can impart
 Conviction, life, and vigor to my heart.
 Illuminate my yet beclouded eyes!
 These empty trifles teach me to despise!
 Let nobler cares, my time, my thoughts employ,
 And bid my spirit pant for real joy!
 Be thy almighty arm, my strength, my guide,
 And never from thy precepts let me slide.
 Let thy kind influence make my future days,
 A life of pleasure, and a life of praise.

O raise these faint desires to a flame of sacred
 ardour, and accept them in Jesus the Mediator,
 the Lord our righteousness!



OF THE KNOWLEDGE OF OURSELVES.

THIS science is absolutely necessary to happiness, both in the moral and religious life.—In the moral life, this is the first step to all other knowledge, as it shews us our ignorance and want of acquirements, awakens our desire and quickens

quicken our diligence in the pursuit of them, it has the peculiar advantage of mortifying pride, that dangerous encroaching enemy, and teaching the lovely virtue of humility. The more we know of ourselves, the less room we find for vanity and self-applause; and humility, the wise Solomon assures us, is the nearest way to honour. It places our merits, our necessities, and our enjoyments in their just and proper light, from whence proceeds the truest taste of pleasure. Thus the knowledge of ourselves leads to profit, pleasure and honour, in which is comprehended the general notion of happiness. 'Tis essential to the being of the religious life, for we must know our native misery before we can begin to breathe after spiritual happiness; the more we know of ourselves, the more clearly we perceive there is nothing in us that bears the least proportion to our wants, and consequently, that every degree of true satisfaction must come from a higher spring: we must be convinced of our extreme weakness and indigence before our desires can arise to God: for the necessary supplies of strength and grace.— We must be sensible of our ignorance, to make us seek for divine instruction from our glorious teacher, in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge.

O may this important study be my daily employ! teach me O Lord the knowledge of myself, and lead me to thee the eternal source of true felicity!—

Man is himself a little world of wonders,
An ample field of science, though the study
Is hard and difficult: yet, useful knowledge
Attends the search and compensates the pains.

Whene'er I contemplate the human frame,
What cause of admiration do I find,
To see such traces of almighty wisdom,
And power almighty every where appear
The labour of a God!—the master piece
Is man of all his wonderous works
Below the skies, and but a step remov'd
From angels, those immortal sons of light!

But ah, what cause for deep abasement too!
What room for mourning at the painful thought,
That man is viler than the beasts that perish,
Debas'd by sin, accursed sin! despoil'd
Of all his glory! blotted from his soul
Those characters divine, which once bespoke
His Maker's glorious image there imprest.

O may redeeming love, renewing grace,
Wash the foul stain away and make me pure!
Restore that glorious image in my soul,
And nobler honours give than those I lost!

HUMILITY.



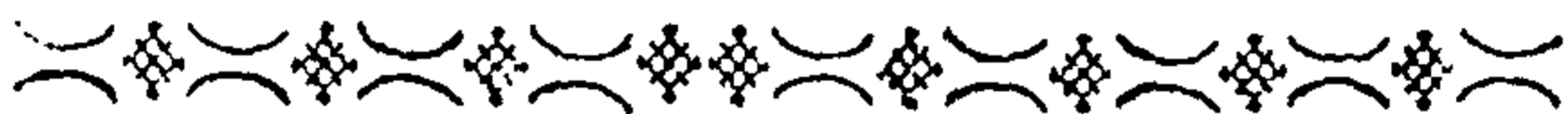
HUMILITY.

“**B**E cloathed with humility.”—This apt and beautiful allusion to a garment, seems peculiarly suited to impress the sacred lesson on the mind, by an accommodation absolutely necessary to the comfort of life; in this light let me consider the heavenly virtue recommended. Should I not be ashamed to appear in company in an undress, or in ragged dirty cloathing? And have I not much more reason to blush when I discover a neglect of this necessary, this ornamental robe? Would the most tattered, dirty cloaths render my person so disagreeable, as the appearance of pride and self-conceit would make my mind contemptible to a discerning eye? How then must it appear to the all-seeing eye of a holy God!

Here, all my highest attainments, all my best acquirements are in themselves as filthy rags! Attainments did I say and acquirements? Alas! of myself I can do nothing, I have nothing to boast of! and if my proud heart, or my partial friends can discover any thing amiable, is not the supposed excellence the unmerited gift of my almighty benefactor? To his service, reason tells me it should be entirely dedicated, and his word, that it must be improved!—but ah, how far do I come short? wretched, ungrateful creature! is it possible for me to think of this and find any place for pride?—O let me throw it from me with more abhorrence than I would a garment covered with mire, and fly to the great Redeemer, whose spotless righteousness is the only robe in which I dare appear before the throne of God!—Gracious God, who wilt with the most inestimable gift of thy love, freely give us all things which we need, O give me more and more this lovely ornament of humility! enable me to meditate with delightful attention on the infinitely amiable excellencies of my adorable Saviour, and ardently desire to be more like him in this engaging virtue! O how bright it shone in every scene of his astonishing abasement! And did the holy Jesus, the Lord of Lords, and king of kings condescend to innumerable instances of benevolence to poor sinners! did he even

stoop

stoop to wash the feet of his disciples, to teach them a lesson of affectionate humility ! and shall not I, a poor sinful creature, rejoice to be able to administer any comfort or assistance to the meanest of his servants ? Transform me blessed Saviour into thy own lovely image, and make me meek and lowly !



Acquaintance with God the supreme good.

Job xxii. and 21. Psalm iv. and 6.

THERE is a desire implanted in the human mind, which no earthly enjoyment can ever satisfy, a restless, craving wish for some distant happiness, some good unpossessed !

That something which still prompts th' eternal sigh,
For which we wish to live, and dare to die. POPE.

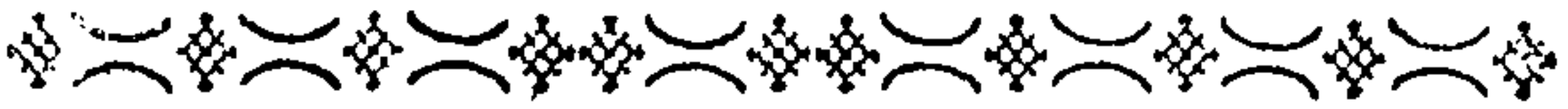
All mankind pursue it under different forms, but how false the notions ! how mistaken the apprehensions of far the greatest part ! The libertine follows it, in the shape of pleasure, through all the

crooked labyrinths of vice, and sacrifices virtue and its celestial hopes to dreams of happiness; but wakes to real woe, and all the racking pangs of conscious guilt!—The avaricious man with incessant toil vainly seeks for it in the acquisition of wealth, and devotes his time, his cares, and even his soul to the wretched slavery of heaping up useless treasures, useless to the immortal mind, which can never feed on shining dust.—While others, no less deceived expect to find it in honours, titles, or popular applause. Honours and titles, what are they but empty forms of painted air? The bubble breaks, and all the gaudy colours vanish! and what is applause? a fleeting breath of wind, a musical air played and forgotten, and oft it breaks abruptly off, or sinks to harsh discordant notes: deluded mortals! to seek substantial bliss in empty sounds, while they are perhaps regardless of the real satisfaction, which flows from the secret whispers of a peaceful conscience, sprinkled with the atoning blood of Jesus! Jesus, by whom we, who were afar off, are brought nigh to God! we, who were enemies are reconciled! He, with his dying agonies obtained our pardon, and restored us to the favour of God, which we had for ever forfeited! here only can the soul find rest, here only is that good to be found, which every where else is sought in vain!—the favour of God! 'tis this irradiates
the

the celestial regions, and beams immortal bliss and joys ineffable on all the sons of light. The hope of this, though but a momentary ray, can gild the darkest scenes of mortal life, and present a glimpse of heaven through the surrounding gloom. Acquaintance with God, the views of an interest in him as our father, our almighty friend! Glorious privilege! fullness of bliss! how immense, how unspeakable! in this is contained every thing we can want or desire! full satisfaction for the boundless wishes of the soul! pleasures unalloyed, honour unfading, and riches incorruptible and exhaustless! In thy favour O Lord is life, and thy loving kindness is better than life.

Let others stretch their arms like seas
 And grasp in all the shore,
 Grant me the visits of thy face,
 And I desire no more!

WATTS.



CONTENT.

DAILY experience affords ample proof, that there is no such thing as real satisfaction in any earthly enjoyments. Pleasure, happiness what are they but empty names? visionary forms! romantic scenes, which never had existence but in fancy! Of this reason and reflection fully convince us, and sighing we confess the melancholy truth! and yet (unaccountable folly) we eagerly pursue the airy fleeting shadows, and vex ourselves that we cannot overtake them!

Our first parents sinned and lost their earthly paradise, and in vain do their wretched posterity seek for bowers of bliss! no shades of sweet repose and undisturbed tranquility are to be found on earth! Let us then sit down and seriously enquire what is the highest happiness mortals can enjoy? Be gone ambition, nor let vanity appear; fame, wealth, and pleasure hide your heads, 'tis not in your united power to bestow.—It is content! 'tis this alone which bears a true resemblance of happiness

piness so often sought, so rarely found!—How easy, how cheerful, and how blest is the content-ed man! a stranger to the busy cares and restless anxieties of the ambitious, the covetous, and the gay; pleased with his little share of earthly good, he moves calmly on in the sphere assigned by providence, nor minds the noisy bustle round him, nor envies all the gaudy blaze of grandeur; nor follows the tempting gay delusive forms of pleasure. He enjoys a little heaven below, in the hope of that consummate bliss prepared for him in the mansions of glory: bliss which will for ever flourish in immutable perfection, when all those glittering appearances are vanished and forgotten. Divine content! inestimable blessing! How shall I attain the enjoyment of so desirable a state? Every good gift, and every perfect gift, is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning. Gracious God, who hast in thy sacred word encouraged thy poor creatures to ask those blessings which thy unmeasured goodness can bestow, give me, O give me from thy exhaustless treasures of grace in Jesus the Redeemer, that sweet content, that inexpressible satisfaction which flows from the hope of thy favour, and the delightful views of my interest in thy everlasting love through him! Let the peace of God which passeth all

all understanding fill my heart and mind! Then shall I be easy and cheerful in the distributions of thy providence, nor suffer a repining thought at the want of lesser comforts.

Father I wait thy daily will,
 Thou shalt divide my portion still,
 Grant me on earth what seems thee best,
 'Till death and heaven reveal the rest.

WATTS.



TRUE HONOUR.

“ Christian is the highest stile of man.”

OF all the candidates for honour which appear on the great theatre of the world, a christian has the highest claim. Are men of eminent and distinguished wisdom, entitled to universal esteem? A christian is wise unto salvation! Are men of great estates and titles accounted honourable? Christians are the sons of God! they are entitled to an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled,
 and

and which fadeth not away; and have treasures laid up for them in heaven, which can never be exhausted!—Is the favourite of a king envied for the honours his sovereign bestows? how mean his situation compared with a favourite of the king of kings! Nay, what are kings themselves arrayed in all their short-lived blaze of earthly glory, compared with the followers of Christ, who shall live and reign with him for ever and ever? How worthless are all the laurels acquired by the most ambitious and victorious conqueror, compared with the palm bestowed on the triumphant christian by the Captain of his salvation, through whom he is more than a conqueror over all the powers of earth and hell?—A christian,—let me reflect—have I indeed a claim to that noble appellation, that truly honourable title? Do I walk worthy of the vocation wherewith I am called?—What is it to be a christian? To love Christ and to follow him.—How am I to love him? with all my heart and soul and strength, with a fervent, a constant and supreme love. He that loveth father or mother, &c. more than me is not worthy of me. Consider, O my soul thy infinite obligations! consider what he has done, and what he will do for wretched, guilty, lost, miserable sinners.——Reflect on thy deserts, and on thy hopes, and then canst thou withhold thy worthless all, thy ardent love, from this adorable

ble

ble Saviour? will not this lead thee to a solicitous enquiry, how shall I follow him? Attend to his own words! If ye love me keep my commandments—and a new commandment I give unto you that ye love one another, as I have loved you, that ye also love one another, by this shall all men know that ye are my disciples if ye have love one to another.

Glorious and delightful test of christianity!—gracious Lord enable me to evidence my love to thee, by my affectionate regard for all thy faithful followers, and my tenderest concern for the welfare, of even the meanest of those who bear thy sacred image!

If I can, humbly and penitently conscious of my own frailty, cheerfully desire in my great redeemer's strength to obey his commands which are not greivous; shall I not also earnestly wish to follow his example in his imitable excellencies? O let me read and meditate his wondrous life, who went about doing good, till I find my heart warmed with his love, impressed with his lovely image, and ardently desiring to trace the footsteps of my Lord!—A christian should think and speak much of Christ and his love; this should be his constant subject of meditation and converse, the sweetness of his blessings, and the solace of his care.—And do I call myself a christian? and can I live a day
at a

at a distance from my dear redeemer, and be content and easy? No.—for there is no satisfaction in any thing besides!—The empty trifles which divert my thoughts or fill up my conversation, are all like the prodigals's husks, they neither please nor nourish.—Arise O my soul, leave this wretched trash, and go to thy father's house where there is bread enough and to spare!—Were I to see a prince, heir expectant of a crown, instead of employing his time in acquiring and cultivating those princely virtues, which are suitable to his high station, and preparative to his future royalty, spend hours and days playing with pebbles or piddling in the dirt, should I not pronounce him unworthy of the dignity for which he was designed, and look on him with an eye of pity and contempt? yet this is the picture of a careless christian, who spends his time in foolish unprofitable thoughts or idle chat.—Blessed Jesus! pity my weakness, pardon my guilty my inexcusable folly, fill my heart with thy love, and teach me to think, to speak, to live, as becomes a christian.



FRIENDSHIP.

FRRIENDSHIP has been oft my favorite theme, and afforded many a pleasing thought, but hitherto my experience of this blessing answers not my ideas, perhaps they are raised too high, or it may be, this is too near akin to all other earthly pleasures which fly our wishes or disappoint our expectations.

Let me then raise my thoughts from earth and consider this amiable subject in its divine perfection, let me meditate on the friendship of the blessed Jesus, who says, henceforth I call you not servants but friends &c. wondrous condescension! delightful assurance! infinitely more engaging than the dearest ties on earth! an interest in his friendship how desirable, how extensive the blessing! it contains every thing we need for time and eternity.

The dearest friend on earth though his heart be ours and his will ever ready, may want the power to assist us; in necessities, dangers, and
distresses

distresses we can have no more than his tenderest concern, his sincerest good wishes: we disclose our griefs with unavailing confidence, while friendship mourns but cannot help us. But Jesus is infinitely powerful, all power in heaven and in earth is his, he is able as well as willing to save to the uttermost: to him we may lay open all our hearts and pour out our souls without reserve; to him lament our frailties; for he alone can correct them; to him reveal our wants, he can supply them all; to him we may tell our sorrows, he can and will remove or give us strength to bear them; to him we may recount our comforts and our joys, for he is the spring from whence they flow; he only can continue and increase them.

Our friends may be so far distant in our greatest extremities, that we may be deprived even of the benefit of their kind condolance and compassionate sympathy, because they cannot be acquainted with our distress: but Jesus is ever near, ever ready to assist his beloved friends; he hears every groan and pities every sorrow, he is touched with a feeling of their infirmities, and his divine compassion and sympathizing tenderness are far beyond all that mortal friendship ever knew! Are they exposed to want, affliction, and distress, he shares in all their sufferings; and to express how intimately his affection is united to them, he even speaks of
those

those sufferings as his own; I was sick, I was in prison &c. and kind offices done to the least of those whom he graciously condescends to call his brethren, he rewards as done to himself; and if he hide his blisful face, yet still they dwell upon his heart, and in his own best time he will relieve them: his soveraign hand can turn afflictions into blessings, and grief shall terminate in joy.

His own soft hand shall wipe the tear
From every weeping eye. Watts.

In straits and difficulties if we apply to earthly friends for counsel, and receive the best advice they are capable of giving; they are weak short-sighted creatures like ourselves, and by following their directions, we may be led into irretrievable errors and misfortunes: but Jesus the heavenly friend, is infinite in wisdom! he guides his favorites by his counsels, the unerring dictates of his sacred word, makes their way plain before them, by the constant care of his providence, and conducts them, through all the difficulties and embarrassments of life, to eternal safety and happiness.

Human nature is frail, and the warmest, sincerest friendship may cool and change to indifference, and though friendship is ever ready to put the most favourable construction on the behaviour, to
place

place every action in its fairest light, and to pity and forgive the faults it cannot mend, yet as it cannot know the heart and judges only by words and actions, these are liable to misunderstandings and false representations, which may interrupt its course, and perhaps entirely dissolve those ties, which seemed too firm for time and chance to loosen.

But if the love of Jesus is unchangeable, he that made the heart knows all its inmost recesses, and can never be misinformed, can never mistake; if there is a principle of sincere love to him, though buried amid a thousand imperfections, that love himself inspired, he approves, and will reward. The soul once his, is his for ever, not all the powers of earth or hell, not things present nor things to come, shall be able to separate from his everlasting love.

In mortal friendships, the satisfaction a generous mind enjoys in obliging, and the sentiments of a grateful heart in being obliged, are exceedingly agreeable; but this heavenly friend engages our warmest our everlasting gratitude, and even gratitude is swallowed up in wonder, when we meditate the immeasurable extent of his divine beneficence, in what he has done, is still doing, and will do for the objects of his love. Of enemies and traitors, he has made friends and favourites! for

guilty, lost, undone creatures, deserving nothing but never-ending misery and eternal death, he has purchased pardon, life and immortal happiness; and this with his own most precious blood! It would be a surprizing effect of friendship for a man to lay down his life for his friend; but Jesus freely gave his life for such as were his inveterate enemies. Stupendous love! astonishing goodness!—

At death, earthly friendships are dissolved, with the friend our comforts die, and the satisfaction we enjoyed in their society, leaves only a painful remembrance of the pleasures we have lost.—But Jesus lives for ever! lives to make intercession for his friends above, to communicate constant supplies of grace to them below, to guide them through all the scenes of mortal life, to guard them from every danger, to strengthen them in encountering their last enemy, crown them with victory, and bring them safe to his glorious presence, to live with him for ever and ever. Happy, happy souls! who have an interest in this all-sufficient, this everlasting friend! O may I never rest satisfied till I can say with a humble, yet well-grounded confidence, this is my beloved, this is my friend! Blessed Jesus! teach me to know thee and to love thee

thee

thee more, let me hear the voice of thy sacred spirit whispering to my heart that thou art mine, assure me of my interest in thy almighty, thy unchangeable love! then shall I be blest indeed.

My Lord, my Saviour, my almighty friend,
 O wilt thou, gracious, own the humble claim!
 And let thy spirit, sacred evidence,
 Confirm it to my soul with power divine!
 Tell me, O tell me thou art mine indeed,
 And fill my heart with gratitude and love!
 But ah! how weak, how languishing and low
 My strongest gratitude, my highest love.
 How cold, the warmest ardors of my soul,
 For blessings so divine! how poor a gift
 This vile this wretched heart! and yet 'tis all
 A worthless worm can offer, mean return!
 Nor can I tender this without thy aid;
 O help me to surrender all my heart,
 Its powers and passions, to thy sovereign love!
 Accept it, Lord, and make it thine entire!
 Let thy abounding grace remove my guilt,
 Forgive my wanderings, fix me thine for ever,
 In bands which time nor death have power to
 loose!



AN EVENING REFLECTION.

ANOTHER day is gone, never to return—
 the hours and minutes fled away for ever—
 another portion of time, that inestimable treasure
 spent—but how?—sad reflection replies with con-
 scious shame, spent alas, unprofitably! wasted in
 trifles! what have I done this day to answer the
 great ends of life, promoting the glory of my
 Maker and my soul's eternal Happiness? Ah!
 how can I answer this necessary this important
 question? Just now I heard a man wish the future
 spring was come, inconsiderate wish! How short
 is our time on earth, and of what infinite conse-
 quence are the concerns of eternity, which depend
 on our fleeting moments!—Another was for wish-
 ing rather the past spring to return; this though it
 speaks more of thought and reflection is no less
 vain! Were time in our power, were it possible
 for us to recall the golden hours, the invaluable
 treasure we have squandered; such is the frailty
 of our nature, that (without the aids of divine
 grace

grace) we should spend it in the same thoughtless manner, and be guilty of the same inexcusable prodigality as before.

I am now another day nearer to death, that awful period to my days on earth! that closing scene which will soon put an end to this present state of existence, and fix my doom for ever!—then must I appear before the tremendous bar of heaven! before the awful the impartial judge, whose all-seeing eye is witness to every thought and word, and action of my life, and searches into the inmost recesses of my heart! then must I give an account of the talents entrusted to my care, the time and mercies I have enjoyed!—Ah, how shall I appear? What account can I give? In myself I have nothing to say but guilty, lost, undone for ever!—But yet there is hope, time and mercies are yet lengthened out!—O for strength and grace from on high, to enable me to improve the precious remnant as I ought!—But O were it protracted to many years, and were it possible for me to improve every moment, to apply all my powers and faculties with constant and unwearied diligence to the arduous work; my best obedience could never atone for past negligence, or procure the least hope of pardon and acceptance!—I would depend alone on the merits and righteousness of a crucified

Redeemer; my best obedience is full of sin, and can merit nothing but everlasting punishment.

But I'll retire beneath the cross,
Saviour at thy dear feet I lie,
And the keen sword that justice draws
Flaming and red, shall pass me by.

WATTS.

Here is my only hope! still let me fly to this glorious refuge, for here is life and safety. Blessed Jesus to thee would I come, and plead thy gracious promise, that him that cometh to thee thou wilt in no wise cast out. My God, my Saviour, wash me in the sacred fountain of thy blood, and cloath me in the spotless robe of thy righteousness! Then shall I appear before thy awful bar without trembling;

My debts all cancell'd and my crimes forgiven,
My judge all glorious but without a frown.

My God my Saviour, O let me not repeat in vain this awful, this delightful sentence! confirm it to my soul with the strongest evidence, the firmest, fullest assurance of my interest in thee! That at thy glorious appearing, I may lift up my head with joy, and hear with unspeakable transport thy gracious words, "Come ye blessed of my
Father

Father inherit the kingdom prepared for you, before the foundation of the world.”

O may I often meditate on this dreadful, blissful period! and may it influence all my future hours! Grant me, O Lord, the constant aids of thy Spirit and grace! let me live as on the confines of eternity, and improve the short remainder of my span of life, in thy strength, in thy service, to thy praise! guide me by thy counsels and afterwards receive me to thy glory.



ABSENCE FROM GOD.

AND canst thou, O my soul, be satisfied at such a mournful distance from the fountain of happiness? Where are thy wishes and thy hopes, those ardent wishes and pleasurable hopes, which in thy happier moments could look down, with a noble contempt, on the vain amusements of sense, as unworthy of thy notice; and shall these empty trifles, which yet thou despisest, ensnare thee into a thoughtless negligence of thy eternal interest? Hast thou not sought the favour of God

as thy only bliss, thy everlasting all, and rejoiced in the delightful hope of an interest in it as the dawning of immortal day? And canst thou now sit down content in the shades of mortal night? Recall those happy seasons, when the kind intimations of his gracious presence afforded such pleasure as all the joys of earth can never yield! and raised thy wishes and thy hopes to that blissful world, where happy spirits enjoy the full beams of his favour, without an interposing cloud: return yeshining moments, return and bless my unsatisfied, pining heart with an enlivening ray of heaven!—Or was it a bright delusion which soothed my fond imagination like a pleasing dream, and vanishing leaves me awake and miserable?—Tormenting doubts away—surely, my hopes, my comforts must be real, for were they not built on the word of God, the promises of a God that cannot lie? And shall I question infinite veracity?

No, 'tis myself, my sins I fear,
 These springs of doubt are ever near,
 These gloomy clouds which rise and hide his lovely
 face.

Wretched heart! to wander from the source of bliss, till the cheering beams of hope are almost lost in the gloom of sin, and darkness, wretched heart indeed! If God is absent not all created good
 can

can compensate the loss—where can I rest? Were all the joys of sense to sooth me with their softest blandishments, they cannot give me inward peace—thy voice alone, O God of mercy, can speak consolation to my soul, thy gracious presence, the sensible influences of thy favour can enliven the most uncomfortable scenes of mortality, and spread celestial morning through affliction's darkest night, but absent from thee, the brightest scenes of earthly bliss were only splendid misery; what heart can bear the thought of everlasting banishment from thee, horror dwells in the dreadful apprehension! but blessed be infinite mercy there is hope, hope fixed on the merits of my great Redeemer, through him thy abounding grace is ready to receive the penitent wanderer with smiles of divine forgiveness and returning favour.



THE EVIL OF SIN.

WHEN I reflect on the state of innocence, happiness and glory of man at his first creation; surrounded with earthly delights, and in the full enjoyment of his Maker's favour; on his fall

fall from that blissful state, and the endless train of miseries in which all his wretched descendants were involved, sharers in the guilt, their blood tainted with the dire infection, by nature blind to their own felicity, and inclined to go astray from God, and pursue the road to destruction; I cannot but pronounce sin the greatest evil, the source of pain and sorrow, and the cause of temporal and eternal death. But never does my heart appear so vile as when it mourns at the foot of my Redeemer's cross, never does sin appear so hateful, so detestable, as when I meditate his dreadful sufferings, 'tis here I see that infinite justice was offended, and infinite punishment incurred, since nothing but an infinite satisfaction could atone. Not all the glorious angels which surround the throne of God, though shining in the highest excellence of created purity, could have paid the dreadful debt; the work was impossible to any power below omnipotence. The eternal Son of God, O glorious triumph of almighty love! enthron'd in all the glories of the deity, left his father's bosom for these abodes of sin and misery, and became a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief; exposed to shame, contempt, and infamy, resigned himself to the most cruel agonizing tortures; and, O amazing thought! made his soul an offering for sin!—Dreadful evil! which nothing
less

less than the sufferings of the Son of God could expiate!—And shall I allow it a place in my heart?—Almighty grace forbid!—But alas! so weak, so depraved is this wretched heart, as to give way to the destructive insinuations of this dangerous, this fatal enemy! The strongest efforts of my reasoning powers can make but a feeble, an unavailing resistance, and often may my soul complain, the evil which I would not that do I.—Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?—O that I could say with joyful assurance, I thank God through Jesus Christ my Lord!—Is there not, O blessed Saviour, infinite efficacy in thy precious blood, to cleanse as well as to atone for sin? And wilt thou not grant the powerful influences of thy holy spirit to purify the heart that desires to wear thy sacred image, and to strengthen a weak a helpless creature that fain would be devoted to thy service? O let me hear thy gracious voice saying, “I will, be thou clean,” and assuring my soul that thou wilt strengthen, and help and uphold me with the right hand of thy righteousness! Shew me my interest in these kind promises, and enable me to look up with humble hope and say, that though iniquities prevail against me, thou wilt purge my transgressions away! Nothing is too hard for omnipotence to effect, nor can the hope be
lost

lost which is fixed on infinite goodness and invariable truth.



BREATHING AFTER GOD.

MY God, my portion! O could I repeat the blisful accents with sacred confidence, with sweet propriety! this were happiness indeed! happiness, which nothing else can give! all the delights of sense cannot yield one hour of real satisfaction;—if God is absent, what is the whole world but a scene of poverty and darkness?—His presence makes a paradise below! and every distant glimpse of his favour is a beam of heaven! and yet, O unaccountable stupidity! how often do I wander careless in this gloomy desert, amusing myself with reaching after every painted blossom that displays its gaudy colours to my sight! worthless flowers! on a nearer view they lose their tempting dyes, and ere they are gathered wither quite away.—Torn with entangling briars, disappointed, tired and unsatisfied, I find I am lost.—I have wandered from my God the only centre of my
bliss.

bliss!—to him I would return, but O how shall I find him? convinced of my fatal folly, I mourn his absence, I seek him but I find him not.—Yet let me seek him still,—still let me breathe my humble sighs,—his gracious ear is ever open to the humble sighs of the complaining mourner; his mercy is ever on the wing to convey the sweet hope of pardon to the repentant sinner. O may my penitence be sincere! Gracious God, if these remorseful sighs, though weak and languid, are influenced by thy sacred spirit, O increase them to ardent longings and unsatisfied desires, and answer them with the smiling beams of divine forgiveness. I know, I acknowledge, I am utterly unworthy of the least kind notice, the least favourable regard of thine awful eye,—but Jesus is worthy, and he has promised that whatsoever we ask the Father in his name, believing, we shall receive; in his blessed name, I would humbly ask for mercy? Lord I would believe, help thou my unbelief! —O what have I not to ask? I want every spiritual good! and in this prevailing name, what may I not ask? thy favour, O thou eternal source of good! the blissful views of my interest in the Redeemer and in thy everlasting love through him! This is the comprehensive, the infinite blessing I want! this only can satisfy my soul, for without this I am miserable; were I assured of this I hope
I could

I could resign temporal blessings, and be content with whatever share of earthly good my heavenly Father should allot me, for thou art infinite in wisdom and in goodness!—But this blessing is of everlasting consequence! on this my life, my all, my present comfort, and my eternal felicity depend!—still let me plead with thee, O Lord, with a restless importunity, and resolve not to let thee go, except thou blest me! For Jesus sake alone I ask the important boon, the firm, the full assurance of my interest in thy love!—O let the sacred witness of thy spirit seal my title to this blissful inheritance and make me happy.

Be thou my portion, here I rest,
Of all my utmost wish possess!

And O let my wishes never rest below thee! let me never be satisfied till I can say assuredly, the Lord is my portion, therefore will I hope in him.—Thou wilt never disappoint the hopes of those who trust in thee. Thou wilt infinitely exceed their highest expectations, and satisfy the boundless desires of the immortal soul, with boundless pleasures and immortal happiness!

SEEKING



SEEKING REST.

ARISE ye, depart hence, for this is not your rest, it is polluted." Attend, O my soul, to the heavenly admonition! Convinced as thou art that unmingled felicity is not to be found on earth, that there is nothing here to rest in with intire complacency and satisfaction. Why should my thoughts dwell in this land of dreams and shadows, amused with trifles too mean to entertain the mind, and pursuing vanity and vexation of spirit? O for the powerful influences of almighty grace? To raise my thoughts, my hopes, my heart to that blissful world.

Where pleasure rolls its living flood
 From sin and dross refin'd,
 Fresh springing from the throne of God,
 And fit to cheer the mind.

WATTS.

The

The sweetest rills of earthly pleasure are tainted with bitterness and polluted with the dregs of mortal care; and how seldom do we taste the streams of celestial consolation, which flow from the eternal fountain of perfect happiness, to cheer and support the weary pilgrim in his journey to the heavenly country. As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so pants the thirsty soul after the salutary springs of divine comfort; when found, how sweet, but ah how short the kind refreshment! How soon is the reviving scene changed to a barren desert, a dry and thirsty land where no water is! Yet the blissful source of sacred pleasure is ever full, and ever free.—Alas, 'tis sin, accursed sin, that separates between God and the soul, and withholds good things from us! How easily is the heart ensnared with empty vanities, or sunk in thoughtless indolence, ungrateful heart! Unhappy weakness!—Yet in the moments of reflection the sighing heart confesses, this is not my rest—Arise then, O my soul! Awake all thy powers to life and activity, and with an ardour worthy of the glorious motives which sometimes inspire thy wishes, pursue thy journey to the region of happiness, the land of rest. Alas in vain!—My best efforts how feeble! If left to myself, I am weak, helpless and miserable, enemies and dangers surround my steps, and sin and doubt throw a veil of darkness over my
glimmering

glimmering hope. O God of power and mercy; restore my soul and lead me in the paths of righteousness for thy names sake! Let thy spirit seal to my heart the blest assurance! Thy Redeemer is strong, the Lord of hosts is his name, then shall I not be afraid of enemies or dangers. Lift up the light of thy countenance upon me, the reviving beams of pardon and reconciled love; and the shades of guilt and fear shall disperse. Let thy almighty arm support me, and bless me with continual supplies of strengthening, animating grace, then shall I walk in the way safely, and my foot shall not stumble: Let me not slumber where I cannot rest, nor in this wilderness of perils, suffer amusing trifles to interrupt my journey to the celestial Canaan; may I never indulge the delusive thought of seeking tranquility below, but convinced that the world affords no repose to an immortal spirit, O let me seek, and find rest in thee, "Here in full trust, hereafter in full joy."



GOD'S OMNIPRESENCE.

THE Lord is here! awful thought!—the just the holy God, who cannot endure sin in his sight, is present!—how then can I appear before him all sinful and polluted?—O whither shall I fly from his presence? what gloomy cave, what impenetrable shade shall I seek, to hide me from his glorious eye?—Vain enquiry!

One single glance, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkness into day. WATTS.

Lord thou knowest my down-sitting and my up-rising, thou understandest my thoughts afar off, thou compassedst my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways.

Thou see'st my heart though every winding maze,
Each secret rising thought thine eye surveys.

What then can I do, but fall prostrate in the dust before thee, acknowledge my guilt and beg for mercy?—But oh! how can I open
my

tity polluted lips in the presence of infinite purity?
 what argument shall I use?—I deserve nothing at
 thy hand but immediate punishment, irretrievable
 perdition!—Lord I humbly plead the all-sufficient
 merits and righteousness of Jesus thy beloved son!
 Jesus, the Mediator, Redeemer and Intercessor!
 I fly to his atoning cleansing blood! O let the
 powerful influences of thy holy spirit apply it,
 with almighty efficacy, to my soul! Let thy a-
 bounding grace remove my guilt, and purge away
 my every deadly stain in that sacred fountain!
 Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow! Then
 shall I approach thy throne with humble confi-
 dence, and rejoice in the delightful thought, that
 God, my God, is ever present with me.

Tremble my soul with awful conscious fear,
 The Lord, the God of holiness is here!
 Ye sins and empty vanities depart,
 Too long alas you have possess'd my heart.

Hence to eternal distance fly,
 Nor dare the lightnings of his eye,
 Dreadfully keen they pierce the soul
 And every thought descry.

In vain I bid my lurking foes be gone,
 Lord, 'tis thy grace, thy mighty grace alone,
 Can drive them hence and all my guilt forgive,
 O speak the powerful word and bid me live!

O a

Life

Life flows amid the crimson tide
 Which issued from the wounded side
 Of Jesus when for guilty man,
 He suffer'd groan'd and died!

O let it flow to my polluted heart,
 And life, and health, and purity, impart!
 The sacred flood shall wash my sins away,
 Thy glories then shall shine with kindest ray,
 (Unmix'd with terrors) round my trembling soul,
 And sovereign mercy all my fears controul.
 Then shall the thought inspire delight,
 That I am in my father's sight,
 And thy bright presence bless mine eyes,
 With beams of heavenly light.

Let me pursue the reviving thought.—If God is my father, my reconciled God and father, through a redeemer, what consolation will the reflection afford, that he is ever present with me?—What have I then to fear or wish? what though I am surrounded with dangers, the Lord is here! in his gracious presence is safety, beneath his kind protecting care, no danger can approach me.—Though beset with enemies on every side, and sin and hell unite with dreadful power, and threaten my destruction; my God is present! and greater is he that is with me than they which are against me. His almighty arm is my defence, he can
controul

contend their utmost rage, can give me strength to resist, and make me more than conqueror.

One beam of glory from his radiant face
Can drive the powers of darkness all away.

And when pain and sickness assault this feeble frame, and the shades of death hang black and heavy o'er me, O my God, let thy kind hand support me, let thy cheering voice speak divine consolation to my drooping soul! and pain and sickness can never hurt me: let thy blissful smiles irradiate the dismal gloom, and all its terrors shall vanish!—Bless'd with thy gracious presence what have I to wish? earth's vain allurements lose their charms, nor all the joys it can bestow are worth one faint desire!

No more their faded lustre strikes the sight
Than tapers dying in meridian light!

Were all created beauty sunk in darkness, and every charm of nature, every delight of sense withdrawn for ever—blest with thy gracious presence I should not mourn their loss! thy gracious presence can create a paradise of light and joy amid the gloomy desert!

Should the world frown, and all its pleasures fly,
Should every earthly comfort disappear,

And all the charms of nature sink in darkness !
 If thou art with me, if thou art my God,
 Am I not happy? can I wish for more?
 Thy gracious presence well supplies the loss
 Of earthly bliss, and yields superior joy
 To all that universal nature boasts !
 My God, O may I call thee mine indeed !
 And may the humble breathings of my soul
 Accepted rise, before thy throne of grace,
 In his dear name, his all-sufficient merits,
 Who died, and rose, and intercedes above
 For guilty rebels ! reconcil'd in him
 Smile on my soul, all placid and serene !
 O let thy gracious visits cheer my heart
 In this sad wilderness, and light my passage
 Through the last gloomy scene, the shades of death !
 Then raise me to those bright those blest abodes,
 Where thy kind presence with unclouded ray
 For ever shines ! full joys for ever smile,
 And pleasure triumphs in immortal bloom !



SELF-CONTRADICTION.

WHAT strange contrarieties do I find in myself, how uncertain and fluctuating my thoughts and cares! I profess to believe in unseen realities; to look forward to futurity, and hope eternal happiness is my chief pursuit; and yet how much are my passions influenced by things present to my senses! Unaccountable weakness that sometimes even trifles should appear momentous, and affairs of the utmost importance, of everlasting consequence, be almost absent from my mind! Has not my soul aspired to the favour of God as my supreme felicity, my present hope, my everlasting portion? And yet how often are my thoughts roving on earth as if I expected satisfaction here, though I am fully convinced 'tis not to be found!—How am I filled with compunction for little failures (through inadvertency) in my conduct to my friends, and yet how seldom do I mourn, with heartfelt remorse, my frequent wanderings from my God!—How infinite the disproportion betwixt

him, my almighty friend, my only support, my eternal refuge, and an earthly friend frail and mutable like myself!—Should not the least deviation from his sacred laws pain my heart with deeper sorrow than heedlessly offending against the rules of friendship? I love my friends, and esteem their affection as one of the chief blessings of life, which I ought to do every thing in my power to preserve; but what is this to the favour of God? No more than momentary life to an endless eternity! Gracious God, wean me more from earth, teach me a greater indifference to every thing below thee, let an interest in thy favour, and the advancement of thy glory be my supreme, my ardent wish, and offending thee the most painful grief I feel! Could I attain and preserve this desirable temper, the troubles of this vale of tears would be less grievous; troubles I must expect, for when I look round me, who is free?—I sigh at the melancholy prospect, and nature and religion teach me sympathy; yet even in this necessary exercise, how are my thoughts confined to sense and time! How often do I find my heart melting at the present pains and torrows of my fellow creatures, and wishing to relieve them, and yet how seldom do I view with mournful pity the deplorable condition of wretched souls in the road to everlasting misery? Lord, teach my thoughts to dwell on this affecting sub-

ject,

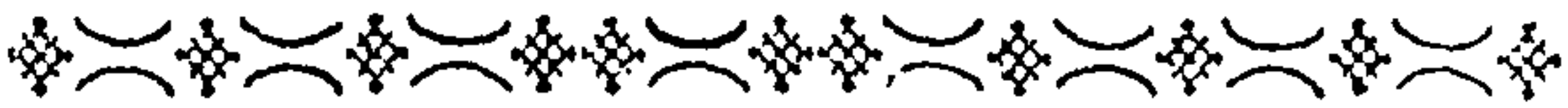
ject, awaken my tenderest compassion for such unhappy souls, and my earnest desires for their salvation! I think my disposition grateful, and the kindness of my friends engages my affectionate esteem, and yet how cold is my gratitude to my heavenly benefactor! Whose indulgent goodness sustains my life, and bestows innumerable blessings, and all unmerited! I wish to make suitable returns for the favours I receive from earthly friends, but how seldom do I enquire, with grateful solicitude, what shall I render to the Lord for all his benefits?

Ten thousand blessings from above
 Encompass me around,
 But O how few returns of love
 Has my Creator found.

WATTS.

Vain were the attempt to recount the numberless mistakes and inconsistencies of this frail erring mind: Who can understand his errors? Grant me, O thou eternal fountain of good! cleansing, strengthening and animating grace! Revive and maintain in my heart, the desires of my happier moments; convince me more effectually of my weakness; give me a humble, sensible, constant dependence on thee, and form me for thyself to shew forth thy praise!

Comfort



Comfort under the painful sense of frailty,
in the unchangeable goodness of God.

HAPPY is it for man, that the designs of infinite mercy are not influenced by these frail, changing hearts of ours. How frequent our wanderings from God! How cold and indifferent our hearts to his worship and our own comforts! How short and interrupted our few seasons of lively devotion! And even when most fixed and fervent, too soon the sacred ardour declines, and our thoughts, which just now seemed raised to heaven in delightful contemplation, sink down again to earth and vanity. Should God withdraw the kind influences of his providence and grace, when our inconstant, ungrateful hearts withdraw from him, what would become of us? Soon must we sink into the horrors of eternal night! But his goodness is unchangeable, his thoughts are not our thoughts, nor his ways our ways. When our backsliding hearts turn aside from him into paths of vanity, how sweet the voice of forgiving love! How kind
the

the gracious promise, which invites us to return unto the Lord, and assures us that he will have mercy ! To our God for he will abundantly pardon. Adorable goodness ! O why should our unbelieving thoughts hesitate a moment, whether we should cast ourselves at the feet of infinite goodness with humble hope, though in the deepest abasement in the sense of our own vileness.

Were we to measure the extent of divine mercy by our own merits, not one of the guilty race of Adam could look up with the least hope of favour. When I consider my own heart, even in its best desires and firmest resolves, conscious of my extreme weakness, I cannot but renounce every thought of dependence on myself, and acknowledge that I am wretched, vile, and utterly unworthy ! But when I meditate the infinite goodness of God, in his immutable covenant of grace, through a blessed Redeemer, here is solid support, this is the rock on which my soul desires to rest.

Here is firm footing, all is sea beside.

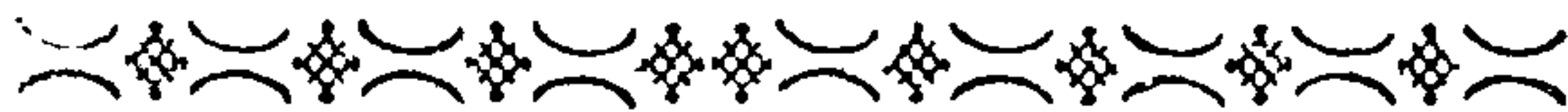
Dr. YOUNG.

This will defy the waves of sin and temptation,
and keep the anchor of my soul sure and steadfast.

I hope

I hope, if my heart deceive me not, I have fled for refuge to Jesus who is able to save; and if I have, his own words assure me, he will in no wise cast me out; whom he loveth, he loveth to the end. Here then in all my fears and dejections, under the painful sense of my weakness, let me find comfort! Enable me, O Lord, to rest with a firmer affiance on thy abounding grace, thy unchangeable love in Jesus! whose merits are infinite, and whose prevailing intercession secures my weak trembling faith, that it shall not totally fail. O let the powerful influences of thy promised comforter, apply to my heart with almighty efficacy, the atoning, cleansing blood of Jesus! Dispel these frequent rising doubts, and fill me with all joy in believing! Teach my thoughts to dwell, in delightful contemplation, on thy infinite perfections, and when I mourn the inconstancy of this wavering, changing heart, let me find relief in the hope of my interest in thy unalterable love, and bring me at last to that world of unchanging bliss, where sins and doubts can never enter, and sorrow and sighing flee away!

Longing



Longing for the manifestations of divine
love.

TWAS a bold, though pious request of the prophet—"I beseech thee shew me thy glory!" Yet the almighty graciously condescended to indulge his favoured servant with the dazzling view, as far as frail mortality could bear.—Lord, wilt thou permit a worthless creature, unworthy the name of the meanest of thy servants, to prefer the same petition?—I beseech thee shew me thy glory! Not in thy awful attributes of omnipotence, holiness and justice, these alone unmixed with thy milder glories, would dazzle and confound my sight, and overwhelm my soul with dreadful lustre and unsufferable brightness!—'Tis the blissful view of thy love, for which my ardent breathings rise! That charming attribute which softens thy tremendous glories, and without diminishing their splendour, far outshines them all! Shines on guilty wretched man, with aspect all serene, benevolent and kind! In Jesus! shines the brightness of thy glory,
and

and the express image of thy person! Jesus the Saviour! Transporting name! Here holiness, justice, power and wisdom, unite with mingled radiance; and love, sheds sweeter glories o'er them all!—Almighty love, how inexpressible, how inconceivable are thy charms! My thoughts are lost in the boundless ocean, without beginning and without end!—Eternity alone can measure its infinite extent!—

Here pardon, life, and joys divine,
 In rich effusion flow!
 For guilty rebels lost in sin,
 And doom'd to endless woe!

Lord, I humbly hope I have seen some dawning rays of thy glory, and experienced some little tastes of thy love! And I would not lose the cheering light, nor exchange the blissful relish for all the gratifications of sense, for the highest pleasures the world can bestow! I would not barter my hope of an interest in thee, for crowns and scepters, nor all the shining treasures of the east; fading perishing things! How worthless all and vain! compared with my immortal hopes they are despicable trifles.—One smile from my Redeemer's face, outshines the brightest blaze of earthly glory.

Beneath

Beneath the heavenly radiance of his eye,
Earth loses all its charms, they fade and die.

○ the endless wonders, the unsearchable glories of redeeming love! One moment's blissful view of my interest in a dying Saviour, is infinitely better than all the joys of sense, than ages employ'd in earthly pleasures!—O could I close my eyes, my ears, and all the avenues to my heart, and shut out intruding vanities for ever!

Then should the world and its alluring toys
No more ensnare my easy yielding heart:
Vanish ye unsubstantial airy forms,
Delusive shadows, cheat mine eyes no more
With painted shews of pleasure.
One ray of heaven, bright dawning o'er my soul,
Eclipses all your visionary charms,
And points to happiness beyond your reach.

But ah! too soon I fear the charming glimpse of
etherial light will vanish, and leave my soul be-
nighted, surrounded with gloomy doubts, groveling
in the dust or wandering far from thee, my God,
the centre of immortal joys, in the mean pursuit
of empty vanities and fleeting shadows. I fear my
false inconstant heart, too easily ensnared and
drawn

drawn away with every trifle, that presents itself before me ; forgive the boldness of a sinful worm, let me repeat my request, I beseech thee shew me thy glory ! Bless mine eyes with more delightful views than they have ever yet beheld ! Let thy all-enlivening beams, O sun of righteousness, shine on my soul and dispel the interposing clouds of sin and doubt ! Shine with the full manifestations of thy love ! Engage all the powers and passions of my heart ! and bind me with the strongest ties of gratitude and love to be thine for ever.



Weary souls invited to rest.

*Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden
and I will give you rest. Matt. xi. 28.*

REVIVING sound ! who is the kind friend that thus in the hour of distress cheers the poor fainting sinner with the healing voice of comfort ? May his word be depended on ? And is he able to make good the important promise ? Listen
again,

again, O doubting soul, attend the compassionate Saviour's voice! 'Tis I that speak in righteousness mighty to save."—Yes, his faithfulness and power are unquestionable; but is it possible that he should be willing to save a rebel who has rejected his authority, turned a deaf ear to his gracious calls, and strayed far from him in paths of sin and vanity? Hearken to his own words! "The son of man came to seek and to save that which was lost."—Encouraging assurance to a heedless wanderer sensible of his folly! But can it extend to such vile wretches as have sinned with a high hand, and by a long course of rebellion declared, we will not have this man to reign over us? Yes, even such as these are invited to come, for Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, of whom (says a favoured servant of his) I am chief, and after enumerating his acts of treason and rebellion, yet, says he, I obtained mercy! How strange, how amazing is the compassion of this tender-hearted Saviour, when a poor deluded sinner has roam'd through all the pleasures of sense, in the vain pursuit of satisfaction, tired and restless, panting beneath a heavy load of guilt, and surrounded with darkness and terrors, a beam sent from heaven breaks through the dismal gloom, and points him to Jesus Christ, as the only refuge, the only rest! May he not reasonably fear that if in this last extremity, he ap-

plies to that mercy which he has so long abused, he shall be rejected with indignation?—No, for the blessed Redeemer says, “him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.”—Come then weary heavy laden sinner, come to Jesus and he will give thee rest.—Methinks the words present the idea of a weary traveller who has gone a long journey over a sandy desert, bending beneath a heavy burthen, scorched with the piercing heat of the sun, and just ready to faint: In this extremity, O how desirable a cool, refreshing shade! How would the sight of it, though at a distance, animate his spirits, and invigorate his feeble steps to reach it!—Thus desirable, thus animating, is a sight of Jesus Christ to a poor sensible sinner, groaning beneath a heavy load of guilt, and scorched with terrible apprehensions of the wrath of an offended God! How refreshing then is this shadow of a great rock in a weary land! How suitable, how seasonable an all-powerful and merciful Saviour to them that are ready to perish!—But the rest which the great Redeemer gives is not only refreshment but satisfaction: this is what the flattering world with all the allurements it displays, cannot pretend to bestow. Say, ye deluded votaries of pleasure, riches or honour, have you ever found satisfaction? No,—for whether in the pursuit, or in the attainment of their wishes, disappointment ever attends them.—

And

And say, ye happy souls who have sat under your Redeemer's shadow with great delight, have you ever found any enjoyment in your former attachments equal to a moment's hope of an interest in his favour?—No, says a sincere lover of Jesus.

Let earth's alluring charms combine,
While thou art near, in vain they call;
One smile, one blissful smile of thine
My dearest Lord, outweighs them all!

Mr. Herbert represents the Creator as pouring a variety of blessings on man, but reserving rest, that at length finding no satisfaction in creature enjoyments, weariness might bring him home to God the center of his rest.—'Tis not in the nature of earthly good to yield satisfaction: The mind, whether desiring or possessing, is still restless and uneasy, till led by divine grace to Jesus, who only can give rest to the weary—so Dr. Young.

Man's sickly soul, tho' turn'd and tofs'd for ever
From side to side, can rest on nought but thee;
Here in full trust, hereafter in full joy.

This rest only can suit the nature, and fill the desires of an immortal soul, it is not only present refreshment, and true satisfaction, but eternal joy! —How would it embitter the pleasure and destroy

the repose of a weary traveller seated in a cool delightful shade, if at the end of his journey, he expected nothing but pain and misery!—So when a poor sinner is brought to Jesus Christ and begins to enjoy refreshment and satisfaction, how would it alarm and terrify his soul, and embitter all his comfort, to know that there was a possibility that he might at last be shut out from that rest which remains for the people of God! but adored by everlasting love, the divine veracity is engaged for the endless happiness of all that come to Jesus Christ! He who is the way, the truth, and the life, has said, I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish.—Eternal life! and the hope and expectation of it confirmed to the believing soul, by the strongest, and most inviolable assurances! This is rest indeed! who would not come to the great Redeemer at his kind invitation to receive a blessing so desirable, so immense! Well may the happy christian who has tasted that the Lord is gracious, say, return unto thy rest O my soul, for the Lord has dealt bountifully with thee! Blessed be that almighty grace which has convinced me of my wretched, my undone condition, and brought me to Jesus Christ; imparted to me some delightful tastes of that divine refreshment, that ineffable satisfaction, which he only can bestow, and encouraged my humble hope to look forward

to that glorious rest, that state of perfect and invariable felicity which he has prepared for them that love him! O let every one who has been enabled to obey the blessed Redeemer's invitation, and found rest in him, pity the deplorable condition of those poor deluded wretched souls who are still roving, restless, in the vain pursuit of satisfaction where they can never find it!—Convince them O merciful Saviour of their miserable state, display the almighty power of thy resistless grace, bring them weary and heavy laden to thee, and give them rest.



MOTIVES TO DIVINE MEDITATION.

WHAT have I to do with this vain world? have I not long since renounced it as incapable of making me happy, and therefore unworthy of my care? and yet it will intrude with its vexatious teasing vanities to hinder, or at least to interrupt my attention to awful realities. Again I repeat, vain world be gone. O that I could shut

my heart effectually against thy mischievous influences!—The fashion of this world passeth away, its amusements fleet before me in quick succession on the wings of time, and soon these eyes will close upon the transient scene, to open on eternity.—Eternity—amazing idea!—how shall these active, thinking, reasoning faculties which are now so often busied with trifles, be employed through the endless duration? The sacred word assures me that every one shall receive for the things done in the body according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad. God is just, and everlasting misery must be the portion of every wretched soul who leaves this mortal stage un sanctified and unforgiven, then will the powers of thought and reflection be employed in bitter yet unavailing remorse and unutterable anguish, far from God and far from hope, in the dismal regions of despair, where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched!—dreadful eternity!—tremble O my soul and fly for refuge to Jesus who delivereth from the wrath to come; in him is safety, life, and bliss for ever—thanks be to God for his unspeakable gift!—and can I, do I hope for an interest in this almighty Saviour? and through his all-sufficient merits for an entrance into the mansions of glory where love and praise and raptures inconceivable shall employ the active
joyful

joyful powers of every happy spirit through the ever-circling ages of eternity ! blisful eternity !—and have I any hope of joining in that sweet employ, and shall I not begin it here ? O blessed Redeemer work in my heart by thy own spirit a sincere contrition for all my vile offences and ungrateful wanderings ! increase my faith, my hope, my love and joy, and fix my thoughts in delightful meditation on the pains thou hast suffered, and the happiness thou hast prepared for them that love thee !—and what heart O adorable Saviour but must love thee that has ever enjoyed a glimpse of thy infinite excellence with hope of an interest in thy great salvation !—Can I reflect unmoved, on the state of never-ending misery my sins deserve, on the dreadful pains thou hast suffered to redeem lost perishing sinners who come to thee as their only refuge, and on the heaven of everlasting joy thou hast ensured to them for their glorious inheritance ? can I meditate on these animating subjects which I hope have sometimes warmed my heart, and not wonder at my frequent coldness !—Alas how frail is my heart ! how foolish and ungrateful ! frail and foolish indeed, to be tempted away from my true interest, my only happiness, by empty vanities !—and O what vile ingratitude to be forgetful of such infinite obligations !—Shall admiring angels search into the glori-

ous wonders of redeeming love with all the ardour of intense desire! and shall I be cold to its surprising charms, and hardly raise a languid wish to reach the immortal theme! Yet angels cannot taste the sweets of pardon, nor feel the transporting joys of salvation from eternal woe, for those happy spirits have never sinned.

Ye sons of harmony who ardent tune
 To boundless joy the heaven resounding song,
 O could I hear your rapture breathing strains,
 How would my kindling powers awake to praise
 And join with extacy the blissful theme;
 Earth's flattering trifles then should tempt in vain,
 Nor interrupt my sweet, my blest employ.

But O my great Redeemer! thou only canst inspire the sacred flame, thou only canst teach me the celestial song: grant me the kind influences of that blessed spirit which thy gracious promise encourages me to ask, display before me the amazing wonders of thy love, give me the assured hope of pardon and salvation through thy infinite merits, teach me to begin the work of heaven below, and bring me at last to the glorious assembly of the ransomed of the Lord, to join the celestial choir in strains of harmony and praise unknown below, and repeat with immortal ardour, blessing,
 honour

honour, glory, and power unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever.



Thoughts in sickness, and on recovery.

OF what a feeble texture is this mortal tabernacle! and how much is the tenant mind (though of an immortal nature) pained and depressed by its weakness, and hurt by the storms which shake the tottering frame! The first attacks of a fever have so weakened my nerves and spirits, that every sprightly faculty, and almost every cheerful thought is sunk in a stupid languor, a listless inattention even to common things overspreads me, conversation is tasteless, and reading and thinking almost impracticable—but alas, this is not the worst! the bounties of providence, and the blessings of grace hardly excite a grateful thought, or quicken a warm desire—wretched state! And can I know it, and yet not be affected with it? Am I enough awake to feel my chains, and yet not wish
for

for liberty ? Let me try to rouse myself from this lethargy of the mind, and if I cannot look forward through the gloom which hangs so heavy on my intellectual sight, let me look back and try to recover some little remembrance of past scenes.—Shall the immortal spirit united to this frail disordered body, be so much influenced by its weakness, as if it were to sink with it into the common earth ? Think O my soul, hadst thou not once nobler views and brighter hopes ? Couldst thou not once, conscious of thy great original, look up to the glorious author of thy being with ardent desires after the enjoyment of his favour as the only good that could fill thy capacious wish ? Couldst thou not at some happy seasons delight in the contemplation of his infinite perfections, and desire to know him more, to love him more, and to be more like him ?—How often hast thou mourned the unhappy influence of earthly vanities that have drawn thee aside from the center of thy best desires, and longed to cast thyself at the feet of heavenly mercy, in deep abasement yet with humble penitential hope, and wished to dwell for ever beneath the attractive, the constraining influences of pardoning love. Surely there was something even in those painful sensibilities preferable, far preferable to this death-like stupor.

The

The Lord liveth, and blessed be my rock, blessed be the Lord who hath not turned away my prayer, nor his mercy from me.—Adored, for ever adored be the riches of divine love manifested in the great Redeemer, who is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by him, through whom I hope I have found sweet access to the throne of grace, and been enabled to pour my humble breathings there.

Whence are these quickenings after so much deadness, this deep abasement in the sense of my exceeding vileness, my utter unworthiness, mingled with such admiring views of the infinite condescension of the great God, the almighty power of pardoning grace, and O, with the delightful hope of my interest in it! Can I ascribe the happy alteration to any thing below the influences of his own spirit? O for the continuance of those divine influences! quickening, cheering, strengthening, and purifying my heart. My heart, alas how frail, how apt to lose the relish of divine enjoyments, and grow cold ungrateful and remiss. O blessed Redeemer let the heavenly comforter abide with me for ever! To preserve me in this state of trial and temptation, and guide me safe to the kingdom of thy glory.—Infinite grace, that so vile a sinner should be favoured with the hope of a dwelling
there!

there! My Saviour God! and hast thou prepared a place for me in the mansions of light? And wilt thou come again and receive me to thyself? And shall I rejoice in thy blisful presence for ever? O confirm the glorious hope to my thankful, yet still desiring soul!

Then faith shall triumph o'er the grave,
 And trample on the tombs,
 My Jesus, my Redeemer lives,
 My God, my Saviour comes.

WATTS.

Amid these delightful hopes, the terrors of death disappear, its pains are supportable, and the gloomy vale is brightened with some reviving beams from the regions of immortal day! What evil can I fear if thou art with me? Thy smile is celestial comfort, O let it cheer my fainting heart in the awful hour of dissolution, till mortality is swallowed up in life. But why O my soul these rising doubts? Shall they be suffered to cloud thy dawning happiness, and cast a shade on all thy comforts? Has not thy Redeemer said, fear not little flock, for it is your father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom. Were any thing in myself the motive, I were lost indeed; but 'tis his good pleasure, his sovereign grace, and what can be too great

great

great for infinite bounty? My vileness, my unworthiness can be no bar.—Almighty grace, and utter unworthiness! Contemplate O my soul with delightful wonder the astonishing contrast! and sink lower still in thy own eyes, while the glories of divine mercy are exalted above all thy wonder and thy praise!—Whether life or death all is yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's; what fullness, what immensity of bliss is contained in the glorious assurance! And am I (so vile, so wretched) permitted to hope an interest in it? O the heights, the depths, the unsearchable wonders of almighty grace! Forgive O gracious God, forgive these guilty unbelieving thoughts which would embitter my comforts, and rob thee of the humble tribute which my grateful heart would bring to the footstool of thy throne! Rebuke the tempter, and confirm the comforting hope which thy word now affords, that the God of peace shall bruise Satan under my feet shortly.

Bless the Lord O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name. Bless the Lord O my soul, and forget not all his benefits. But O how shall my narrow thoughts and narrower words recount them! How am I surrounded with mercies! Indulgent goodness has blessed me with unnumbered favours, both temporal and spiritual, and even
 this

this affliction, may I not call it a blessing from the happy effects, which I hope it has produced? May I not esteem it a paternal correction to reprove my ungrateful coldness, to awaken me to a state of sensibility, and renew the relish of those important blessings which have been almost neglected, or at best too faintly sought? How gentle O my God were the strokes of thy chastising hand, how kind the teachings of thy word, and how sweet the consolations of thy promises to my soul! O may thy goodness dwell upon my grateful heart, and animate all my powers and passions to a delightful activity in thy service! Return unto thy rest O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee, he only is the proper center of my rest, and all the enjoyments of nature without the kind influences of his grace are weariness and vanity. Vainly does the roving mind expect satisfaction among the pleasures of sense and time.

Creatures without a God can yield me no supply.

WATTS.

But sweetened with the hope of his favour, and enjoyed as blessings from the hand of an indulgent father, every comfort of life acquires a power to entertain and please. O how inexcusable the folly of my past wanderings! And yet, convinced as at present I hope I am of my true interest, so deceitful is this wretched heart that I fear to trust it,
I fear

I fear I shall again relapse into cold indifference and vile ingratitude. Gracious God, maintain in my soul this necessary self-diffidence, inspire me with constant breathings for the aids of thy almighty grace and an entire dependance on thy strength in the sense of my own weakness. Let thy praise be my business and delight, thy favour my felicity here and my portion for ever!

What is there in this world of vanity that I should wish to stay for? how frail is the tenure of earthly blifs, how unsatisfying to the mind which with divine ambition looks forward to immortal happiness! The dearest comforts of life are painfully sweet. O that I could enjoy them with thankfulness unmingled with anxious apprehensions of the pangs of separation! O for a stronger faith, for brighter views of the invisible glories of the upper world! glories invisible to the eye of sense, but revealed in the sacred word to the believing soul O for a more assured hope of my interest there! then how sweet were the expectation of meeting the friends united to my heart by the ties of nature, friendship and piety, in the regions of immortal love and unprecarious felicity! then though I were left to pursue alone my painful pilgrimage, how comforting were the hope that in a little time I should follow them to my father's house—perhaps I may go before them—whenever I am called O may the messenger be
welcome

welcome to my soul! may the smiles of my Redeemer rising o'er the gloomy shades of death, dispel all its horrors and open before me the transporting prospect of eternal joy! O may the blissful foretastes of heaven prevail over the agonies of nature, comfort my mourning friends, and sweeten the parting tear!—But why these reflections? my business my important business is to examine where my hope is fixed, to seek earnestly to the God of grace for the unerring influences of his holy spirit to guide me in the way to heaven, to strengthen my faith, my hope, and every grace, to make me fit for that state of spotless purity, and then receive me to himself. May my title to the inheritance of the saints in light be secured to my soul through the infinite merits of a crucified exalted Saviour, and let time and circumstance O gracious God be resigned to thy sovereign disposal.—This is a state of probation, perhaps it may please God to exercise me with many trials before I leave this mortal stage, hitherto my lot has been easy compared with that of many of my fellow christians, and why should I expect to reach the haven and escape the storms of trouble which others meet with? I am indeed unable to sustain them, but everlasting strength can support me. O may the anchor of my soul be sure and stedfast! Father of mercy and God of all comfort, say to my soul, my grace is sufficient for thee, and I shall be safe.

THE END. AP 51