

THE SERMONS
AND OTHER
PRACTICAL WORKS

OF THE LATE
REVEREND RALPH ERSKINE, A.M.,
DUNFERMLINE,

CONSISTING OF
ABOVE ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY SERMONS,
BESIDES POETICAL PIECES.

ALSO,
FOURTEEN SERMONS ON PRAYER.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,
AN ACCOUNT OF THE AUTHOR'S LIFE AND WRITINGS.

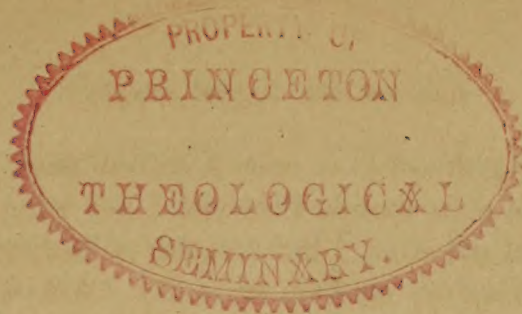
"By these he, being dead, yet speaketh."—HEB. xi. 4.

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LIFE OF RALPH ERSKINE,

WRITTEN BY

THE REVEREND MR. BROWN OF WHITBURN.

RALPH ERSKINE, was the son of the Rev. Henry Erskine, Cornhill, Northumberland. This excellent servant of Jesus was, along with other faithful brethren in England, ejected in 1662. He preached some years in a Meeting-house in the parish of Whitsome, Scotland, where he was the instrument of the conversion of Mr Boston of Etterick, when a boy of eleven years of age. At the Revolution he was settled in the parish of Chirnside, and died there. Mr. Ralph was born at Monilaws, Northumberland, March 18th, 1685. He gave early proofs of a thoughtful and pious disposition. Having experienced the grace of God himself, he thought it his duty, with the allowance of his parents, to give himself to the work of the ministry, that he might be a happy instrument to bring others to the obedience of faith. He went through the ordinary course of philosophical and theological studies in the University of Edinburgh. Lodging at this time in the Parliament Square, when it was almost wholly burnt down, he met with a singularly providential deliverance, as he narrowly escaped being burned to death, running through the flames with some books. He was for a considerable time tutor and chaplain in the family of Colonel Erskine, near Culross, where he enjoyed the evangelical ministry, and edifying pleasant conversation, of the Rev. Mr Cuthbert, minister of that parish. While here, he occasionally paid visits to his brother at Portmoak, and staid some time with him. Upon one of these occasions, he enjoyed the following pleasant experience, which he relates in a letter to the

Rev. Mr. Shaw, Leith.—“It is now, I reckon, more than twenty-five years since I staid some time in Portmoak; and being under deep concern about eternal salvation, I had occasion of hearing you preach at a sacrament at Ballingray, on John xviii. 37, ‘Art thou a king then?’ &c., by means of which, some of the beams of King Jesus shone on my heart, to the darkening of all mundane glory, and to the drawing out of my soul in insatiable breathings after him. And although I would fain hope, he has since from time to time allowed further and clearer views of himself, and his glorious mystery of salvation from sin and wrath by free grace, running in the channel of the Mediator’s blood, and of grace reigning through his righteousness unto eternal life, Rom. v. 21, yet that being among the very first views that he remarkably vouchsafed, it is what I can never altogether forget. Some of the saving fruits and effects of that forementioned sermon of yours upon the Monday, I think the mountains at the back of my brother’s house will bear witness to, but oh! many hills and mountains of another kind have I seen in my way since that, and yet grace coming skipping over them. Of late the Lord has brought me into deep waters of affliction, and yet I think he hath made me see some of his wonders in the deep.”

About this time he proposed to attend a sacramental occasion at Libberton, by Edinburgh; being in a hurry to get over the Firth of Forth, he neglected his morning secret devotion. In his way between Leith and Edinburgh he met with an object of charity, to whom, without any solicitation, he gave alms. The poor man seemed much affected with Mr. Erskine’s benevolence, and sincerely thanked him for his kindness, intimating he was the more obliged to him as it was unasked; these words immediately occurred to Mr. Erskine, “I am found of them that sought me not,” Isa. lxv. 1., and while he was musing upon them he thought, what a mercy will it be if the Lord meet with me at Libberton, notwithstanding my neglect of secret duty this morning, this reflection stirred up his soul to wrestle in prayer for the divine presence, which he obtained in a remarkable degree on that occasion.

In his sermons he at times modestly details his Christian experience; “I think, if my heart deceive me not, the great thing I was helped to seek some time before this solemnity, was not only assistance to ministers, and to myself, so as to be carried through the work, for I thought that would soon come to little account; but I would fain have had a day of power among you the people.”—“I have been led without any design in me, but only as the text was pleasant to my own soul, to speak of the very sum and centre of ecclesiastical government,

the Lamb in the midst of the throne.¹—I hope I can say, ever since the time I began to think upon this text, John xvi. 13, that now and then the Lord hath breathed upon my soul.—It is in the fear of God, to whom I am accountable, I desire to preach the truths of the gospel.” —“And now, what shall I say to God, when I go back to my closet, where I was pleading the last week, that he would show his glory, and draw some of you to himself? Now, if the whole building of your faith were upon the unchangeable Rock, you would see no more cause of doubting, when the changeable feeling is gone, than when it is present; and therefore I fear it be your fault, as well as mine, that many times we lay too much weight upon that thawing ice, and make sense and feeling the ground of our faith.”

We have also his experience in his Gospel Sonnets :

“And though in words I seem to shew
The fawning poet’s style,
Yet is my plaint no feigned woe,
I languish in exile.

“I long to share the happiness
Of that triumphant throng,
That swim in seas of boundless bliss,
Eternity along.”

And again,

“Sweet was the hour I freedom felt,
To call my Jesus mine,
To see his smiling face and melt
In pleasures all divine.”

The following anecdotes discover his serious devotional feelings. A man was executed for robbery in Dunfermline; while in prison he was often visited by Mr. Erskine, who seriously conversed and prayed with him. Along with the Magistrates he attended him on the scaffold, and addressed both the multitude and the criminal. It is said, when he had finished, he laid his hand on his own breast, using these words; “But for *restraining or saving* grace, I had been brought by this corrupt heart to the same condition as this poor unhappy man.” The late Rev. Mr. Shirra of Kirkaldy, was delivering trials for ordination, Mr. Erskine, who was present as a member of Presbytery, being asked his opinion of the discourse, answered in a tone and with a look of pleasure, “what is that Moderator, I forgot that it was upon trials, I was hearing for the edification of my soul;” this indeed manifested in a high degree a spiritual frame and temper of mind.

(1) The Lamb in the midst of the Throne.

Residing in the bounds of the Presbytery of Dunfermline, he was licensed by them to preach the gospel, June 8, 1709. In the station of a probationer he continued not long, having received an unanimous call from the parish of Dunfermline, to be colleague with the Rev. Mr Buchanan. His friend the Rev. Mr Cuthbert presiding, he was ordained there, August 1711. Though Mr Erskine's natural and acquired abilities were very considerable, he endeavoured to make all his learning subservient to his theological studies. He was sensible his ministry was a work of great labour, and therefore exercised himself in a course of unwearied study. He carefully searched the scriptures, and had ever at hand the best commentators on the Bible. This desire of improvement continued to the last, and he was never seemingly more happy, than when without interruption he enjoyed himself in his study. In the character of a minister, he determined not to know anything, save Christ and him crucified. He was truly evangelical, strongly opposing the legal doctrine, which threatened in his time to come in like a flood. We have instances of this in the following words: "It is possible, some serious persons make a covenant with God, and think they do it with all their heart, and in the strength of promised grace, but then their dependence is more upon their covenant they made with God, than upon the covenant made with Christ,—more upon their promises made to God, than upon God's promise to them through Christ; and so, upon every failure, they plunge themselves into a mire of discouragement, disorder, and confusion. Legal ways of covenanting have been the ruin of many souls; as the old covenant is a broken covenant, so all legal covenants, influenced by the old legal spirit, will be broken covenants; they are a bed too short for any to stretch himself upon, and a covering too narrow to wrap himself in." From 1 Cor. xv. 56, he infers, "The dangerous and damnable influence of legal doctrine, that tends to keep sinners under the law; for thus they are under the power of sin. The text says "The strength of sin is the law." The legal strain, under covert of zeal for the law, hath a native tendency to mar true holiness, and all acceptable obedience to the law, insomuch that the greatest legalist is the greatest Antinomian, or enemy to the law."—"If I have obtained any favour and grace from the Lord, to be faithful to the souls of people in my ministerial station, I must testify and declare to you all that hear me, in the awful name and authority of the great and eternal God, who will call you and me to answer for what we do, before his dreadful tribunal, that whoever think to stand in judgment, upon the rotten foundation of any legal righteousness, good works, duties, or performances of their own, they

shall as surely perish in their righteousness, as ever any of the damned in hell perished in their sins; because this righteousness of yours is but a sinful righteousness, and there is no salvation but by a perfect righteousness¹.”—“It is a sign of an evening time, when candidates for the ministry, and many who are actually invested with the ministerial function, though tinctured with loose and legal principles, set up for a new modish way of preaching, with flourishing harangues, without studying to preach Christ, and the great substantial truths of the gospel, but rather speculative and lifeless mortality.”

He particularly details several legal doctrines and practices, and condemns them. “In vain do men, in their legal endeavours, set their duties against their sins, as if these could take them away, for it is only the Lamb that taketh away the sin of the world. In vain do they set their works against the wrath of God, it is Jesus that delivereth from the wrath to come. Yea, in vain do men set the strength of Christ against the righteousness of Christ, which they do, when they get strength and enlargement from him to pray and perform this and the other duty, then they make that a ground of their being justified. From this legal spirit it is, that men confound assistance with acceptance, and think themselves accepted because assisted; but men may be assisted to do miracles in Christ’s name, and yet never be accepted, Matth. vii. 22. The ground of acceptance is only in the Beloved. From this also it is, that men confound the marks of faith with the grounds of faith, and so they think they have no ground of believing, while they want the evidences of faith; and withal from this proceeds confounding the qualities of covenanters, with the condition of the covenant of grace. From the same source we confound terms of life with means.”—He also laments, that some preach sermons of works and obedience to the law, and only at the conclusion give a caution:—Good people, mind there is no merit in all this, all your strength to do is from Christ.

“Christ is not preach’d in truth, but in disguise,
If his bright glory half obscured lies,
While Christ the author of the law they press,
More than the end of it for righteousness;
Christ as the seeker of our service trace,
More than a giver of enabling grace;
The king commanding holiness they shew,
More than the prince exalted to bestow;
Yea, more on Christ the sin-revenger dwell,
Than Christ, Redeemer both from sin and hell.”

(1) Sermon on commencement of saving blessings.

His practice was the reverse of this : He exhibits it in the following lines :

“ The gospel preacher then, with holy skill,
Must offer Christ to whosoever will,
To sinners of all sorts that can be nam'd,
The blind, the lame, the poor, the halt, the maim'd ;
Not daring to restrict the extensive call,
But opening wide the net to catch them all.
No soul must be excluded that will come,
No right of access be confin'd to some.
Though none will come till conscious of their want,
Yet right to come they have by sov'reign grant,
Such right to Christ, his promise and his grace,
That all are damn'd who hear and don't embrace.
So freely is the unbounded call dispens'd,
We therein find even sinners unconvinced.”—GOSPEL SONNETS.

He was instant in season and out of season, in all the parts of his ministerial work, and gave himself wholly to it, exhorting the people under his charge from house to house, examining them publicly on the principles of religion, visiting the sick when called, and preaching the gospel, in which he had a very pleasant and edifying gift. He preached by turns with his colleague every Sabbath and Thursday through the year ; and afterwards, when he joined the Secession, and had no colleague, he officiated alone, both on Sabbath and week-days. He delivered few extemporaneous productions, his sermons were generally the fruit of study and application, even to his old age. For the most part he wrote all, and kept close to his notes, except when the Lord was pleased to carry on in his mind some apposite enlargement, to which he cheerfully gave way, as coming from him who has the tongue of the learned, and knows how to speak a word in season to the weary. His gift of preaching was both instructive and searching ; few outshone him in the nervous and convincing manner whereby he confirmed the truth of the doctrines he taught, and fewer still in the warm and pathetic addresses, in which he enforced the faith and practice of them. He peculiarly excelled in the ample and free offers of salvation he made to his hearers, and the captivating and alluring methods he used for gaining their compliance, or their receiving and resting on Christ alone for salvation, as thus fully and freely exhibited to them in the gospel. Those who carefully read Mr Erskine's works, will see that he possessed an eminent gift in making accurate distinctions in theology, and a peculiar unction, particularly in his applications ; in both these he seems to have excelled his brother Ebenezer. On all which accounts, he was justly esteemed, and much followed, as one of

the most popular and edifying preachers in his day. During his ministry, sacramental solemnities at Dunfermline were much crowded, great numbers of people from several parts of the kingdom resorting to them; and the Lord was pleased to bless his ordinary ministrations, and several of these communions, with signal evidences of his gracious presence and influence, to the comfortable experience of many. The late Mr. Brown of Haddington, in his last days, being engaged in conversation with a brother, Dunfermline was mentioned, upon which he said, that with pleasure he recollected the time when he went over the hills of Cleish, from Gairney Bridge (where he was teacher), to hear that great man of God, Mr. Ralph Erskine, "whose sermons," said he, "I thought were brought home by the Spirit of God to my heart; at these times I thought I met with the God of Bethel, and saw him face to face." Mr. Erskine himself says, "I got my ministry from the Lord; and however unworthy I have been of it, yet I dare not deny that many, many times he hath owned me in it, and appended many seals to it from time to time.

His conversation was holy and blameless, warm and affectionate, spiritual and edifying. In all things he acted as one who had experienced the grace of God that bringeth salvation. He was much honoured by the Most High in his public ministrations, in answering the doubts, and solving the perplexing cases of exercised souls, with instances of which his works abound. He conversed much with those exercised to godliness, and by this means, as well as by his own experience, he came to be well-acquainted with the various exercises of the Lord's people. He took great pleasure in being serviceable to them; however mean their circumstances were, the rich in faith were to him the excellent ones of the earth. He ever had a mighty zeal for the Redeemer's interest, and rejoiced to hear of the conquests of his grace, both at home and abroad. In the beginning of his ministry, the Presbytery of Dunfermline was distinguished for able, holy, and zealous ministers, — Messrs Cuthbert and Mair, at Culross; Plenderlieth, at Saline; Hog, at Carnock; Logan, at Torryburn; Charteris, at Inverkeithing; Bathgate, at Orwell; Gib, at Cleish. With these he lived in the kindest intimacy, and corresponded with them on sacramental occasions; as also with Messrs Hamilton of Airth, Brisbane of Stirling Kid of Queensferry, Currie of Kinglassie, Seathram of Gladsmuir, and his brother of Portmoak,—from other Presbyteries.

In 1716, and afterwards, a contest was agitated, particularly in Fife, whether the covenant of grace was conditional or absolute.¹ Mr

(1) The conditionality of the covenant of grace, was a doctrine too common in the

Erskine, with other accurate divines, Messrs. Hog, Bathgate, and his brother, in that province, apprehended that this covenant is, in its making between the Father and the Son, strictly conditional; but, in its dispensation, a legacy free to sinners of mankind, and entirely absolute: This they reckoned the scriptural view of the matter, and also agreeable to our standards. With reference to this Mr. Erskine makes the following remarks:—"I am convinced many dark notions and apprehensions of the gospel flow from mistaking the nature of the gospel flow from mistaking the nature of the covenant of grace, and the proper parties therein, and consequently the proper condition thereof; and though many excellent divines (for whose character I have a very great respect) have represented it as a mutual bargain between God and man, with stipulation and re-stipulation, yet, without disparagement to them, I owe more regard to our excellent standards, agreeable to the word of God, wherein it is held forth as a covenant that was made with Christ as the second Adam, and in him with all the elect as his seed; and if God and Christ be the parties, we may thence consider what are the proper terms, or what is the condition thereof, and by whom performed. I am persuaded that the general receding from this good old way and manner of speaking, and the confounding of the parties contracting in the covenant of grace, viz. God and Christ, with the parties consenting in a day of power, and brought into the covenant, viz. elect believers, with the confounding of the proper condition of the covenant with the proper qualities of the covenanted, and even the covenant itself with the manner of its manifestation, and the method of its application, and the not duly attending and adhering to our standards in this and the like matters, is at the root of a great deal of mistaken views."¹ "Some worthy divines make faith the condition of the covenant of grace; but their sound explication of what they mean, shows that they dare not make it the proper condition. If any that pretend to soundness do so, they but expose their darkness, and discover their mistake concerning the covenant of grace, which is a free promise in Christ Jesus, wherein faith itself, and all the blessings that attend it

Scottish church at this period. With relation to this Mr. Boston says, "I had no great fondness for the doctrine of the conditionality of the covenant of grace. I remember, that upon a young man's mentioning, in a piece of trial before the Presbytery the conditions of the covenant of grace, I quarrelled it, having no great gust for faith's being called the condition thereof, but abhorring the joining other conditions with it. Mr. Ramsay answered for the young man, that the covenant of grace was indeed a testament, and not, properly speaking, conditional. Herewith I was satisfied, and declared I would not insist, but withal thought it was a pity, that such an improper way of speaking of faith should be used, since it was not scriptural, was liable to be abused, and ready to lead people into mistakes."—*Boston's Memoirs*.

are freely and absolutely promised. Indeed, conditions on our part, properly so called, would destroy the nature of the gospel, and turn the free covenant of grace into a conditional covenant of works. It would destroy the peace of the poor humble sinner, to think that there is such and such a condition to be fulfilled by him before he meddle with the promise. Then he stands back, he dares not believe, because he wants this and that condition and qualification. This legal dream hardens his heart against the gospel, and fosters his unbelief, to the dishonour of God, and to his own ruin. But if he could see the promise free and absolute, and that there is no condition in the covenant, but Christ's obedience unto death, which is performed to God's satisfaction, then a door is opened to him to plead for all upon this ground, saying, Give me faith, repentance, all grace, for Christ's sake. If faith itself were a condition, the grand objection is, O, but I cannot believe. Why, if faith were not absolutely promised, there could be no relief in that strait; the gospel could not be a joyful sound to sinners, that are humbled to see the want of faith. Though the use of means be required, both of saints and sinners, and though we be under a command and obligation to faith, repentance, and other duties, yet the covenant of grace is a free, absolute, unconditional promise. There is indeed a condition of order and connection between one promised blessing and another, they being like so many links in a chain: hence, in the dispensation of the gospel, many promises are expressed in a conditional way. But there is not a conditional promise in the Bible, but what is reductively absolute. But I will tell you, there is no conditional form put upon any promise in the Bible, to keep back a soul from applying and taking hold of that promise, but rather to draw it to embrace the promise, in the way of taking Christ for the condition, in whom all the promises are yea and amen, or running to an absolute promise, where that condition is promised."¹

This scriptural view of the covenant of grace, adopted by the Westminster divines, Dr Owen, Witsius, Boston, &c., was represented by legal teachers as leading to licentiousness. On this he gives the following hints: "Perhaps some may be saying, The thing that fears me at this occasion is this, 'I am put all in confusion with the differences that are among you that are ministers. What do I know but the reproach of a new scheme does justly belong to some of you,'² and that I may be in a delusion? what do I know, but your way of opening the covenant of grace, may be such as others will call an enemy to the law and holiness?' Why, what shall I say to you? The Lord forbid

(1) Pregnant Promise, with its issue.

(2) Messrs Hog, Bathgate, &c.

that we should speak wickedly for God, and talk deceitfully for him. If there be any person here, that never found this doctrine of grace have any other tendency than to lead them to licentiousness, I will pledge my life he is not a believer, but a person ignorant of the mystery of the gospel. But what say you, believer? cannot your experience bear witness for God and his gracious covenant, that however vile and unholy you find yourself to be, yet when the new-covenant cord of free grace is wrapt about your heart, does it draw you to the love of sin, or to the love of holiness? The more lively faith you have of Christ being your treasure, your righteousness, your covenant, your all for debt and duty both, do you not find holiness the more lovely to you, and his love constraining you the more to delight in his service? Let the word of God, and the experience of the saints in agreeableness thereto, decide matters of this sort. But, O poor believer! do not fall out with Christ, though even many of his friends should differ with one another; be not stumbled in a day of reproaches and offences. Blessed are they who shall not be offended in Christ.”¹

Mr. Erskine, along with his colleague Mr. Wardlaw, joined those worthy ministers who gave in a representation in favour of some truths condemned in Act 5, General Assembly, 1720. As appears by his writings, he was a strenuous and zealous advocate for these gospel-truths. He suffered the same obloquy and severe usage from the church-courts, as his other brethern embarked in the same cause did. Under this he says: “Let us not be deterred from gospel principles by the invidious name of a sect; it is better to be under the reproach of men for following Christ, than to be under the curse of God for forsaking him.”² “O who would be ashamed of the reproach of Christ? If ye be reproached for the name of Christ, happy, happy are ye, for the Spirit of God and of glory resteth on you. Who would be ashamed of his truth, though called to bear witness thereunto over the belly of cruel calumny, and bitter opposition from earth or hell.” “Now-a-days (1726³) the gospel is brought under much disparagement, under much suspicion, and if it were some new dangerous scheme of doctrine,

(1) Christ the People’s Covenant.

(2) World’s Verdict of Christ and his Followers.

(3) The legal scheme of doctrine, had now spread its pernicious influence in many places in Scotland, particularly among ministers: this as usual paved the way for exhibiting a charge of Antinomianism against all those ministers who most accurately preached the doctrines of grace, especially those who taught the absolute freeness of the covenant of grace, and the unlimited grant that God had made of Christ, and salvation with him, to mankind-sinners as such. Mr. Erskine and his associates were enemies to all previous legal qualifications, to be performed by the sinner, in order to fit and qualify us for coming to, and closing with Christ; at the same time, these first-rate divines constantly urged conformity to the law as a rule, and assiduously inculcated the practice of holiness in all its extent.

as the Athenians said of Paul, Acts xvii. 19. Yea, it was said of Christ, What new doctrine is this? Such is the natural bias towards the law as a covenant, and so natively does a church and people fall into it, even after and under a profession of sound principles, that when evangelical doctrine comes to be revived in any measure, it is still branded with novelty."¹

Mr Erskine was particularly arraigned before the Synod of Fife, for his concern in the Marrow doctrine. This their act bears in the following words :—

CUPAR, Sept. 28, 1721.

“Whereas the Synod of Fife had, by their act at Cupar, 28th of September, 1710, enjoined all the ministers in their bounds to observe the form of sound words; and the General Assembly in the year 1720, in their fifth act anent the Marrow of Modern Divinity, did strictly prohibit and discharge all the ministers in this church, either by preaching, writing, or printing, to recommend the said book, or in discourse to say anything in favour of it; but, on the contrary, did thereby enjoin and require them to exhort and warn the people in whose hand the book is, or may come, not to read or use the same. Yet, it being represented to the committee for overtures of the Synod, that some brethren within the bounds of this Synod had contravened the same, as—— and ——, and also Mr. Ralph Erskine of Dunfermline, at a late solemnity, by his advancing tenets and expressions in favour of some doctrines in the Marrow, censured in the said act. The committee, when most of the members of the Synod were present, having heard the said brethren upon the particulars, Mr. Ralph Erskine answered, that he had always paid a dutiful respect to the authority of the judicatories of the church, particularly to that of the General Assembly, and in testimony hereof, had never publicly recommended the Marrow since the act of Assembly 1720, notwithstanding that his mind concerning that act is known. Neither was he resolved to vent himself publicly concerning those truths which he reckons condemned by that act, so long as that affair is in dependence, had he not been obliged thereto, by hearing that he and his brethren subscribers were reproached and misrepresented on that account, as if they had been Antinomians, new schemers, and the like; and that he had at public occasions preached some doctrines which are *in terminis* in the Marrow; such as, that a believer is not under the law as a covenant of works; that he is neither under the commanding nor condemning power of the law as a covenant.² Besides that, he had not meddled with any other doctrines of the Marrow, except such as are contained in the representation given unto the Assembly with his subscription, which he hath never seen ground to retract.

“The Synod, upon report of said committee, did, and hereby do, declare their high dissatisfaction with such practices, and strictly enjoin the said brethren, and all the ministers within this Synod, punctually to observe the foresaid Act of Synod and Assembly; with certification, the contraveners shall be censurable by their respective presbyteries and this Synod, according to the demerit of their offences.”

The Synod of Fife also, in the bounds of which Mr Erskine lived, in resentment against the Marrow-men, made an act for a new subscrip-

(1) Sermon 55.

(2) See these excellent Sermons, Vol. II.

tion of the Confession of Faith, in agreeableness to the act of Assembly condemning the Marrow, in order to bring all their members to an unanimous submission. This Mr. Erskine refused, declaring at the same time his readiness to renew his subscription to the Westminster Confession and Catechisms, in the sense of the compilers, and as received by the Church of Scotland in 1647, but by no means as they were by the Synod interpreted, in agreeableness to the Act of Assembly 1721, in which so many precious truths were condemned and injured. This was refused. Afterwards, with the allowance of the presbytery of Dunfermline, he subscribed the Confession in the following form :—

“ I Mr. Ralph Erskine, minister at Dunfermline, do subscribe the above written Confession of Faith, as the confession of my faith, according to the above-written formula, conform to the Acts of the General Assembly *allenary*—*Dunfermline, March 20th, 1729.*

“ RALPH ERSKINE.”

“ In the same form,” says Mr. Erskine, “ did Mr. James Hogg in Carnock, and Mr. Wardlaw my colleague, sign the foresaid formula. The word *allenary* imported our subscribing not in conformity to an act of the Synod of Fyfe at that time requiring a new subscription.”

This controversy Mr. Erskine thought eminently important; he offers his judgment about it, and the truths controverted, in several parts of his works. We select a few; “ Whereas our fathers transmitted to us, their posterity, precious truths and pure Confessions of Faith, worthy of the name of Reformers; how are we like to transmit to our posterity a world of trash and lumber, instead of precious treasure; while, among other things, old Reformation principles and doctrines are like to be carried down to succeeding generations after us under the lash of wildness, new schemes and Antinomian cants.”¹ “ If we would go back to our Reformers, we would see a gospel-spirit amongst them, but now the gospel-scheme is come under reproach, as if it were a new scheme; and some preach against it, write against it, reason against it, as if it were Antinomianism, and a going off from the law. Why? what is the matter? a legal spirit reigns in the world,”² “ The law is to be preached indeed, but only in subserviency to the gospel. The sinner must hear what the law hath to charge upon him, that so, when he takes with the charge, he may haste to flee to the discharge that is presented in the gospel-promise, or to Christ, as the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth. None can lawfully preach the law as a covenant, unless they preach Christ as the end of it; nay, nor can any preach the law as a rule, unless they preach

(1) Sermon on the Best Bond.

(2) Law Death.

Christ as the beginning of it. I mean, Christ for our righteousness, is the end of the law as a covenant, and Christ for our strength, is the spring of our obedience to the law as a rule. Think it not strange we harp so much upon this string, especially in a day wherein the gospel is brought under so much contempt, reproach, and suspicion, as if it were a door of licentiousness.”¹ “Now-a-days we are become so far ashamed of the gospel of Christ, that as all imaginable methods have been taken to disparage the preaching of it, so some, that have but a faint inclination to preach it, are discouraged from meddling too much with this theme, and others betake themselves to a legal strain ; or, if they preach grace, it is in such a hampered way, and with so many cautions and circumlocutions, as if there were great danger in preaching free grace, but no danger in preaching the law. Is there need of caution in preaching Christ, and no caution to be used in preaching Moses ? I am not against suitable caution on all hands ; but it is to be feared there will be little revival of a Reformation, till the doctrine of grace vent more freely under the conduct of the Spirit, giving such an appropriating faith, and persuasion of the free favour, love, and grace of God in Christ, as took place in our Reformers’ days. Faith, wherever it is, will bring a man out from the commanding power of sin, as well as from under the condemning power of it ; and, however a believer may lie in darkness, yet I conceive that soul is out of danger, who is made willing to receive Christ, both as a Saviour and a Lord, and so willing as to receive out of his hand poison to kill his lusts, as well as pardon to remove his guilt. The desire of pardon of sin, and the desire of purification of heart, bear proportion ; none can truly take Christ as a Saviour for justification, but they will also truly take him as a Lord for sanctification. This we maintain, let calumny say what it will, as if our doctrine were an enemy to holiness.”² “It may be observed with regret, that never was there less morality amongst persons of all ranks, than since so many ministers laid aside evangelical preaching, and made the inculcating moral duties their principal theme.”³

From the giving love of Christ, and the receiving property of faith, Gal. ii. 20, he infers, “the darkness that obscures many gospel sermons, even among these who are otherwise evangelical ; yet in this they are benighted, that they cannot take up any assurance in the nature of faith, distinct from the assurance of sense, which follows after faith ; nor take up the assurance, application, and appropriation of faith

(1) The Pregnant Promise.

(2) The Duty of receiving Christ, and walking in Him.

(3) Self-conceited Professors Dissected.

grounded upon the *word* of God, which is the duty of all that hear the gospel, distinct from the assurance of sense, founded upon the work of God, which is the privilege of believers at times. How miserably do many confound the *grounds* of faith with the *marks* of faith; and so shut the door of faith many times against all that have not the evidences of faith, and through mistake of the gospel method of salvation, sometimes make their marks and evidences of faith in them who have believed, to be so many lets and hindrances to the faith of them that have never believed; as if they ought not to believe the love and grace of God revealed in the word, unless they have these marks: Whereas, sinners are warranted to build upon the grounds of faith, that are without them in the word, though they can see no mark within them for to build on these, though they had them, would be a building of sense, and not a building of faith." "Whether the generation can hear and bear this doctrine or not, it will be found true, (and woe to us if we know nothing of it,) that there is in saving faith as much assurance and persuasion of the promise of the gospel, as there is in conviction a particular assurance and persuasion of the threatening of the law; but as you are strangers to true conviction of sin and misery, if the Spirit of God, as a spirit of bondage, hath never given you a particular assurance of the law's threatening with application to yourselves, so as to see wrath denounced against you in particular; so you are strangers to true and saving faith, if the Spirit of God, as a spirit of faith, hath never given you a particular assurance of some gospel-promise with application to yourself, so as to see mercy there, *for sinners in particular*. If it were not thus, the remedy would not be suited to the malady, and the plaster would not be so broad as the sore; the balm given by the gospel would not correspond to the wound given by the law; but so it is, that as in conviction there is such a faith of the law, as gives the man particular persuasion of the malady he is under; so in conversion there is such a faith of the gospel, as gives a man a particular persuasion of the remedy provided for him, otherwise there would be no relief." "Some in our day, to avoid the necessary doctrine of particular persuasion of salvation through Christ, in the nature of faith, are like to turn the nature of faith into mere enthusiasm, as if it were a receiving of Christ, but not in a word of promise; whereas there is no receiving of Christ, or closing with the person of Christ, but as he is offered or exhibited to us in a word of grace. To receive and rest upon Christ for salvation, is not faith, if you take away the other branch of definition, *as he is offered to us in the gospel*. Take away the gospel-offer, or gospel-promise, and to receive and rest upon Christ

without that, is mere fancy, mere delusion, mere enthusiasm. You may see your picture or image in a glass or mirror, but take away the glass, and you see no more of it : the gospel is the glass, wherein we see the glory of the Lord, and see Christ the image of the invisible God ; but take away the gospel, or the promise, and you will see no more, except it be an image of your own brain ; and to take him in his word, is to take him at his word, by giving a cordial assent to it, and so trusting in his word to you.”¹ “ Many at this day discover their ignorance of God’s method of converting souls, and sanctifying of sinners, by magnifying the maxims of morality, and supposing that the mere preaching of moral duty was enough to make them holy ; but to reveal Christ for that end, and harp upon this theme, they cannot think is adapted for such a purpose ; but my text, Gal. i. 16, and doctrine shew, that it is the revelation of Christ that works true sanctification : ‘ He revealed his Son in me, and then I conferred not with flesh and blood.’ The knowledge of the law will not do it, but the internal knowledge of Christ will effectuate it. That a believer may, through unbelief, apprehend God’s vindictive wrath, and fear to be thrown into hell, is plain from common experience ; but that the fear of hell should be either a gospel-grace, or a believer’s duty, is some of the new divinity of the day. How can the man that is actually justified and accepted in the Beloved, and so the actual object of God’s everlasting and unchangeable love, ever fall under his vindictive wrath ! and how can the believer that is obliged to believe his love, be ever obliged to serve from a fear of hell and vindictive wrath !”

With his usual moderation, he further says : “ Though some late writers, whether in prints or MSS. have stumbled into certain unguarded expressions, that seem to be quite cross to our received standards, yet I charitably judge, that their stated sentiments in calm blood, are not such as their new and harsh expressions, vented in the warmth of their paper war, seem to impart ; and much more I do entertain a charitable opinion concerning the rest of our communion, that have not been engaged in the heat of these disputes, occasioned by some occurrences. Meantime it does not mar my charity, that I fear the tendency of some new phrases, expressions, and positions, that have been spread abroad ; such as, (1.) That sinners must leave their sins, in order to come to Christ ; whereas it is certainly a safer way of speaking, to say that sinners must come to Christ that he may sanctify them, and take away their sins ; or rather, to use the words of our Confession, viz. that their duty, with respect to saving faith, lies in accepting, receiving, and

resting upon Christ alone for justification, sanctification, and eternal life, by virtue of the covenant of grace. The former way, in contradistinction from this, tends to make people think their salvation depends partly on themselves. (2.) That gospel repentance is necessary as a condition, in order to our justification in the sight of God; whereas it is safer to stand by the words of our Confession, that repentance is not to be rested in, as any satisfaction for sin, or any cause of the pardon thereof, which is God's act of free grace in Christ, and yet is of such necessity to all sinners, that none may expect pardon without it, no more than they can expect pardon without amendment, for only he that confesseth and forsaketh shall find mercy. And yet who will say that this amendment of life is a necessary condition in order to our justification? (3.) That unbelievers are not under the commanding power of the covenant of works; why, because they are not obliged to seek justification by their own works, as if the seeking justification that way were the precise form of that covenant; whereas Adam might have been justified by his works, though he had never sought justification that way. Our old way of speaking hath still been to this purpose, that all men are under a covenant of works entirely, as long as they remain out of Christ, and so out of the covenant of grace, and that they need his complete righteousness, both of doing and suffering, for their justification, and it is not meet we be driven out of the good old way by new quirks and sophisms. (4.) Another way of speaking that I find among the late altercations and debates is, that faith having its chief seat in the will, doubting is not contrary to faith; but I am not fond of confining faith to the will as its chief seat, but rather, with the judicious Owen, judge that it is seated in the understanding as to its being and substance, and in the will and heart as to its effectual working, which makes it (under the conduct of the Spirit of faith) to be a cordial assent to the divine testimony concerning Christ, who can be no otherwise believingly received by us, but in a word, or as offered to us in the gospel; far less am I fond of making faith consistent with doubting in its nature, (though faith and doubting may both be in the same subject,) seeing Christ hath set them at odds, saying, 'O thou of little faith wherefore dost thou doubt?' where I see the believer may have doubts, yea, and be wholly overrun with them, because he hath unbelief, and yet his faith and doubting differ, as faith and unbelief do."¹

The doctrines of grace now condemned, he accounted truths of vast moment: So he says, "In all your mental debates, or verbal alter-

cations about these things, seriously bethink yourself what is like to be your opinion when you come to die, and about to face the awful tribunal of a holy and just God ; and in all such points of eternal moment, ever think that part the safest which doth least humour man's pride, and most exalt God's glory." Those were also truths he knew from experience : This he details in the following words : "Jehovah's mercy makes us fear and love him ; ' then they shall fear the Lord and his goodness,' says the prophet. If a man hath no faith of his goodness, no hope of his favour in Christ, where is his purity and holiness ? Nay, it is he that hath this hope that purifies himself, as God is pure. I know not what experience you have, sirs ; but some of us know, that when our souls are most comforted and enlarged with the faith of God's favour through Christ, and with the hope of his goodness, then we have most heart to the duties ; and when, through unbelief, we have harsh thoughts of God as an angry judge, then we have no heart to duties and religious exercises. And I persuade myself this is the experience of the saints in all ages."² "Say not, I am a sinner, and I must stay till I turn from sin, before I venture to meddle with a promise. Beware of ignorant misinterpretation of scripture texts, concerning turning to the Lord ! for example, that text, Isa. lix. 20, 'The Redeemer shall come to them that turn from transgression in Jacob, saith the Lord.' I own, sirs, I have sometimes been kept in bondage by such scriptures as that, while understood ; and perhaps some mistake them the same way, saying, O there is no benefit to be expected from Christ, till I turn from my transgressions ; and yet I can no more turn aright from sin, than I can turn the sun ; and what shall I do ? Indeed, sirs, if I were of their opinion, that make gospel-repentance, turning from sin, to be before faith, I could preach no relief to you in that case ; but I know and believe otherwise from God's word ; therefore I only desire you to remember to take that text, and such like, in the gospel-sense of it ; see the gloss the Spirit of God gives it, Rom. xi. 26, 'There shall come out of Zion the deliverer, and shall turn ungodliness from Jacob,' &c. Why then, the meaning of the prophet's words is this, He will come and turn away ungodliness from them."

These truths ran through all his religious pieces, but are particularly illustrated in his Gospel Sonnets, and in his Sermons preached between 1720 and 1728. Many years after the agitation of this useful controversy, he says, he reckoned it a matter of thankfulness to God, that he was a representer and protester against the acts of Assembly 1720 and 1722, and that he had lived to see them judicially condemned by the Associate Presbytery, in their act with respect to the doctrine of grace

Mr. Erskine joined the Secession, the occasion of which was the following circumstance. The General Assembly summarily decreed, that the decisive power of electing ministers for the supply of vacant congregations, where an accepted presentation did not take place, is competent only to a conjoined meeting of heritors and elders, requiring no other qualification of these heritors but they be Protestants. The passing of this act occasioned deep concern to liberal and thinking minds in every corner of Scotland, and was peculiarly afflicting to several worthy ministers present in the Assembly, who bore a faithful and courageous testimony against it, as incompatible with the received principles of the Church of Scotland. Mr. Ebenezer Erskine, minister at Stirling, brother to Mr. Ralph, was one of those who distinguished himself by opposing with great spirit these measures in the Assembly 1732; and being at that time Moderator of the Synod of Perth and Stirling, he opened the Synod at Perth (Oct. 10.) with a sermon from Psalm xviii. 22. "The stone which the builders refused is become the head stone of the corner." On this public occasion Mr. Erskine used all that ministerial freedom and plainness of speech, which he apprehended became the place which he presently filled, against some of the prevalent courses of defection in the church, particularly against the act of the preceding Assembly, and the proceedings of judicatories in the settlement of ministers over reclaiming and dissenting congregations.

His zeal for supporting the constitution of the Established Presbyterian Church of Scotland in its purity and vigour, was great; together with his warm remonstrances against the violent unscriptural measures carrying on by a party in the judicatories, exposed him so much to their resentment, that at the second diet of that Synod they entered a formal complaint against him, for uttering many offensive expressions in his discourse before the Synod; and though many eminent members of the Synod, in direct opposition to this charge, declared in open court, that they had heard Mr. Erskine deliver nothing but sound, pertinent, and seasonable doctrine; yet his accusers still strenuously insisting on their general complaint, they at length obtained of the Synod an appointment of a committee to recollect the particulars in the sermon alleged to be offensive, and to lay them before the Synod in writing at their next diet. This was accordingly done, and answers given to each of them by Mr. Erskine. After three days warm reasoning on this affair, the Synod did, by the small majority of six voices, find Mr. Erskine censurable for the expressions contained in the process, and which they alleged were emitted by him in his sermon at the opening of the said Synod, against which sentence he protested, and appealed to the next General Assembly.

When the Assembly met at Edinburgh in May, 1733, they approved of the proceedings of the Synod of Perth and Stirling, and appointed Mr. Erskine to be rebuked and admonished by the Moderator at their own bar, which was accordingly done; whereupon Mr. Erskine protested, that in regard the Assembly had found him censurable, and had tendered a rebuke and admonition to him, for things he conceived agreeable to the word of God and our approved standards, therefore he shall be at liberty to preach the same truths, and testify against the same or like evils on all proper occasions; upon which protestation and declaration, as containing a testimony against the act of Assembly 1732, and asserting their privilege and duty to testify publicly against the same or like defections, other three ministers gave in a written adherence under form of instruments, and then all the four withdrew, not resolving to cast their testimony any further, but to return to their charges, and act in conformity with their protestation, as Providence should give them opportunity. And probably there had never been a Secession if matters had rested here; but the prevailing party were determined to screw church authority to a far greater height, and accordingly, about eleven o'clock the same night, the four brethren were summoned by the Assembly's officer, to compare at the bar of the General Assembly to-morrow, at ten o'clock before noon. When, in obedience to this citation, they came next day to the bar, without a question put to them, they were immediately ordered to retire with a Committee, who were instructed to deal with them about withdrawing their protest. This Committee, after some time spent with them, returned and made report, "That the four brethren continued firmly resolved to adhere to their protestation." Thus, without relating any of the reasons advanced by them in support of their resolution whereupon the Assembly, by a great majority, ordered, "That the said four brethren appear before the commission in August next; and, in case they do not show their sorrow for their conduct, and retract as said is, the Commission is empowered and appointed to suspend them from the exercise of their ministry; and in case they act contrary to said sentence of suspension the Commission in November is empowered and appointed to proceed to a higher censure against them."

As the Commission in August that year passed the sentence of suspension contrary to the mind of many of their members, several of whom, both ministers and elders, dissented therefrom, so their proceeding in August to a higher censure was carried only by the Moderator's (Mr. John Goldie) casting vote. Thereafter the said commission came to their final sentence, which stands in their minutes in the following

terms :—"The Commission did and hereby do loose the relation of Mr. Ebenezer Erskine at Stirling, Mr. William Wilson at Perth, Mr. Alexander Moncrieff, Abernethy, and Mr. James Fisher, Kinclaven, to their respective charges ; and do hereby prohibit all ministers of this church to employ them, or any of them, in any ministerial function ; and the Commission do declare the churches of the said ministers vacant from and after the date of this sentence." This arbitrary procedure laid the four brethren under the necessity of declaring their Secession, not from the Church of Scotland, but from the prevailing party in the judicatories thereof, who had now cast them out from ministerial communication with them ; and thus their Secession, given in at that time in writing under form of instruments, was chiefly founded upon the following grounds, viz. :—That the said prevailing party were carrying on a course of defection from our reformed principles, and particularly were suppressing ministerial freedom and faithfulness, in testifying against the present backslidings of the Church, and inflicting censures upon ministers, for witnessing, by protestations and otherwise, against the same.

Though Mr. Erskine did not join in the Secession as it was first stated in November, 1733, yet he concurred with other ministers in the protestations which were taken against the censures passed upon the four brethren at that time ; and afterwards, when he saw no probability of the judicatories redressing the grievances complained of by the seceding ministers, he, together with the Rev. Mr. Mair of Orwell, gave in a declaration of Secession from the present judicatories of the Church of Scotland to the reverend Presbytery of Dunfermline, (whereof they were members), met there the 16th of February, 1737. This declaration was presented to the Associate Presbytery met at Orwell on the 18th of the same month ; and the Presbytery finding that the grounds thereof were the same upon the matter with those upon which they themselves had some time ago declared their secession from the said judicatories, they unanimously agreed to receive and admit them as members of the Associate Presbytery. The following part of Mr. Erskine's adherence to Mr. Mair's declaration discovers that great man's usual wisdom and moderation : " I think myself obliged to join with the Associate Presbytery, not as they are a judicatory of ministers separate from the Church of Scotland, but as a part of that same church constituting themselves, in the Lord's name, distinct from the present judicatories of this church, and witnessing against their defections ; insomuch that, by this deed, I intend and understand no withdrawing from ministerial communion with any of the golly ministers of this

national church that are groaning under or wrestling against the defections of the times, even though they have not the same light with us in every particular contained in the foresaid testimony ; nor do I hereby preclude myself from the liberty of returning and joining with the judicatories of this church upon their returning to their duty, and though I desire to abhor and shun all divisive principles and practices, yet I judge it my duty to endeavour through grace to follow after that peace that has truth for the ground and ornament of it, to cleave unto Jesus Christ, who is the centre of all true and holy union."

Mr. Erskine published many works in prose ; as his Sermons, his "Faith no Fancy," &c. He also published several pieces in poetry. Of these Mr. Bradbury says : " Mr. Erskine's poems are greatly to be esteemed, for the sweetness of the verse, the disposition of the subjects, and, above all, for that which animates the whole, the savour of divine and experimental knowledge." In his younger years, at leisure hours, he composed his Gospel Sonnets. Of this he says, "The main scope of the gospel is, to exclude all self-confidence, and stain the pride of man, to bring in self-denial, and exalt the glory of Christ ; to extol his righteousness, by which he has magnified the law and made it honourable ; to exhibit such a way of salvation to sinners, as shall most advance the honour of all the divine perfections which shine most brightly in the face and person of Jesus Christ ; and to bring men to such a true and lively faith of the free grace and mercy of God in Christ, as will be the only solid root and spring of true peace, heart-holiness, and practical godliness ; this," says he, "is my great desire and endeavour to fall in with, in these times." He adds, "Some chapters of these Sonnets are calculated mainly for pointing out the difference between law and gospel, justification and sanctification, faith and sense, which I have more largely insisted on, because I apprehend, that the more people have their minds spiritually and evangelically enlightened, so as to have just and distinct apprehensions of these subjects, the more will the life of holiness and comfort take place in them, and the life of glorious liberty and freedom, both from the power of corruption and the prevalency of mental confusion, discouragement, and despondency ; as our Lord Jesus says, John viii. 32, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." Many Christians are kept in great bondage, partly by legal doctrine, and partly by their own legal disposition, both much owing to dark and confused apprehensions of these weighty points, and particularly of the difference between the covenant of works and of grace, or between the law and the gospel."—This excellent piece was highly prized by the celebrated

Mr. Hervey, and lay constantly on his table; indeed, numerous editions shew, it has met with great and deserved acceptance. It has been translated into Welch. About the year 1738, he emitted his poetical paraphrase on the Song of Solomon, which also has been acceptable. Of this he says, "I judge that a song upon the subject of fellowship and communion with Christ is not unseasonable in these days, wherein the songs of the temple are like to be turned into howlings, and wherein the Bride, the Lamb's wife, is ready to hang her harp upon the willows. How desirable were it, if this little book were proving a mean to sing away her sorrows."—He published some elegies on the death of the Rev. Messrs Cuthbert of Culross, Plenderleith of Saline, Mair of Culross, Moncrieff of Largo, Hamilton of Stirling, Bathgate of Orwell, and Brisbane of Stirling. He also had a chief hand in the first part of that judicious treatise usually called the Synod of Fife's Catechism. His works for many years were circulated in single sermons, and did much good, but in 1765 all of them, both in prose and verse, were collected into two large folio volumes by the Rev. Mr. Fisher of Glasgow; they have since been printed in ten octavo volumes in different editions, and have still a constant and large demand from the religious public.

In a letter to Mr. Whitefield, Mr. Erskine says, "It refreshes me to hear that any of my poor writings in verse or prose have been and are blessed in this or any other part of the earth. If I travel in pen as far as you do in person, and contribute my mite for spreading gospel light, I rejoice in it, and bless his name for it, who has ordered this beyond my views and expectations."—He preached his last action sermon from Matthew xii. 21. "In his name shall the Gentiles trust."—He preached this with much animation and many tears.

He was seized in the end of September 1752, with a nervous fever, which lasted but a short time. On the eighth day of the fever, he fell asleep in the Lord, in the 68th year of his age, and 42nd of his ministry. While on his death-bed, company was forbid him by order of his physicians, and therefore few had the benefit of his last advices and dying conversation. He was buried in the church-yard of Dunfermline, on Thursday, the 9th of October. His corpse was attended to the place of interment by an inconceivable number of spectators, deeply and justly regretting the loss of so valuable a minister.—Mr. Erskine was twice married. His first marriage was with Margaret Dewar, a daughter of Dewar of Lassodie: She bore him ten children. His second marriage was with Margaret Simpson, daughter to Mr. Simpson, writer to the signet, Edinburgh, who bore him four children,

and survived him some years. Three of his sons of the first marriage were ministers in the Association ; viz. Rev. Messrs Henry, John and James. The first was ordained minister of Falkirk : the second at Leslie ; and the third at Stirling. All of them died in the prime of their age, when they had given the world just ground to conceive high expectations of their usefulness in the church.

He was very happy in his family, in a letter to a friend he says, "A good wife is from the Lord, I have one wife in heaven, and I have now the second on earth, and I think I had them both from him. I sought, and he gave, glory to free grace through Christ, without which I could neither seek nor get. I have two sons with Mr. Wilson our Professor of Divinity, they seem as yet to be promising youths, but O pray for them that they may be fitted with others for usefulness in the Lord's vineyard."

Lines on Mr. Ralph Erskine.

"His silver tongue did living truth impart,
With raised hand, fit emblem of his heart ;
He saw, he felt, he sung redeeming love,
Death called him home, he tunes his harp above."

To the Rev. Mr. M'VICAR, West Kirk, Edinburgh.

DUNFERMLINE, *December, 7th, 1730.*

REV. AND DEAR BROTHER,

Your kind sympathizing letter came to my hand on Saturday, when I was alone in my closet, and my soul eating bitter herbs in great plenty, insomuch that I could not read your compassionate line without bedewing it with tears of sorrow at the occasion of it, and joy upon occasion of the Lord's goodness in stirring you up to take a lift of my burden, which I take to be one of the fruits and effects of his sympathy, who is the great burden bearer, and who has said, "Bear one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ."

Dear Brother, I may say with Ezekiel, chap. xxiv. 18, "I spake unto the people in the morning, and at even my wife died," I lectured in the forenoon, preached in the afternoon, heard the exercise in the evening, and after that saw some sick persons, and all that time the Lord saw it fit to hide it from my eyes, that my dear wife was dying ; though I knew she was in distress that day, and two or three days before, yet it was not reckoned mortal by any but herself, for she many a time expressed her apprehensions of death, not only then, but a long time before, and it is part of my grief, that these advertisements were so overlooked by me, and that I had so little will to believe what I now find to be true. Her last words expressed the deepest humiliation and greatest submission to the sovereign will of God, that words could manifest, and thereafter she shut up all with that—"O death ! where is thy sting ? O grave ? where is thy victory ?--thanks be to God, who giveth

us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ ;" which she repeated two or three times over ; and yet, even at this time, I knew not they were her dying words, till instantly I perceived the evident symptoms of death, in the view whereof I was plunged into a sea of confusion, when she in less than an hour after, in a most soft and easy manner, departed this life. She was one that had piety and seriousness without any show or noise, virtue and industry, without vanity or levity, and the greatest kindness and care, especially towards me, all the lifetime we had together, which was 16 years. And now my groaning is sometimes heavy, and yet my stroke is heavier than my groaning, but it is the Lord, and therefore it becomes me to be dumb, and not to open my mouth because he did it. O pray to him that he may sanctify this providence, and that Christ himself may be more than ever the desire of my heart, seeing he has taken away the desire of my eyes with a stroke. And to encourage to seek this on my behalf, you may plead his own promise on which I think he has caused me to hope, viz., That he will be with me in trouble, and that he will not altogether leave me, but that his Spirit shall be in me, as a well of living water springing up to everlasting life. That he will lead the blind by a way they know not, that he will made darkness light before them, and crooked things straight, and some other such like words of grace as these. Meantime I see need, great need, for such a stroke and affliction, as a rod to correct me for my faults—as a furnace to purge me from my dross—as a bridle to restrain me from my rebellion—as a spur to excite and stir me up to my duty and work—and as a glass wherein I may see both more of my own sinfulness and more of the glory of God. And as I indeed see his holiness, righteousness, and truth, in this dispensation, so I would fain hope to see his grace, mercy, and loving-kindness therein more clearly than as yet the dark side of the cloud allows me. May the Lord help my unbelief, and increase my faith. Pray that my five motherless young ones may be the objects of our everlasting father's care and love, they and I need the continued sympathy of godly friends in many respects, and especially that of our never-dying ever-living friend, Jesus Christ.

Rev. and Dear Brother—As iron sharpens iron, so your sympathy with me tended in a great measure to excite mine towards you in the several heavy burdens you lie under. It has been the desire on my heart, as to the affairs of your great congregation, he would order it in his infinite wisdom to his own glory, their good, and your comfort. Your distressed friends have also been on my heart, and particularly poor —, that she may be saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation, to the glory of his free grace. This, with my kind respects to your spouse, and Mr. ——— and his, (whose sympathy I hope I have,) and whom, together with other Christian friends, I wish you to stir up to Christian sympathy and prayer in behalf of me and my family, is from, Rev. and Dear Brother, your very affectionate though afflicted Brother,

R. ERSKINE.

To Mrs. SARAH FISHER.

MADAM,

Your line came to my hand a considerable time after the date of it, and also at a season when I was obliged to lay it aside unopened ; but lately, having taken it up again in my hand, I thought it my duty to gratify your desire by giving you some answer. I am glad the Lord hath made any poor writing of mine refreshing to you, meantime I see by your line you are under fears least, notwithstanding the advantages you have enjoyed, you have no more but a head knowledge, and several

other grounds of jealousy you express about yourself, wherein you desire I may deal plainly with you. Dear Madam, though it is hard for me to write on this head to one that I know no more of than just what your letter relates, yet there are some things dropt in it which if they be told from an upright ingenuous heart, may give some handle to shew that the seeds of grace may be really sown, and that the Lord is humbling you in order to heal you in due time. 1st, You pretend you want the sealing testimonies of the Lord's grace, which you judge you would have if you belonged to him. As to this it may be in mercy that the Lord is withholding the seals of his love, and the comfortable feelings of it until you be brought to find it in a more scriptural way of believing his love. It is said, in Eph. 13, "After ye believed ye were sealed." The only sure ground of faith is the word of grace and truth there spoken of, and not our feelings. The felt sealing of the spirit of promise is not to be expected before our believing the word of promise; if we would have any thing like a feeling of his love before a believing of his love, we would be ready to build our faith upon transient feelings, and frames and influences, and not upon the sure word of promise. Though the revealing work of the spirit opening the word is prior to faith, yet the sealing work of the Spirit is posterior to it. Many are deluded that rest on feelings, and build their faith of God's love not upon what God hath said, but merely upon what they have felt; and as these feelings are up and down, so is their faith. It will be therefore your mercy, if the Lord be withholding what you call the sealing testimonies of his love, till once you be made to give him the glory of his truth, by believing his love revealed to you in his word, and then you may expect the comfort of it sealed to you in your heart. The woman with the bloody issue had not sensible feeling of virtue coming from Christ till once she touched the hem of his garment by faith, Luke viii. 43—49. If you expect and wait for feelings to found your faith on, they are mercifully denied you, that you may build upon a surer foundation, namely Christ speaking in the word for the ground of your faith before you have any feeling of him in your heart for the encouragement of faith. 2dly, You tell me you hear others talk of sweet communion with the Lord, and of their longing to be dissolved and to be with Christ, while yet the thoughts of death are terrible to you; and at the same time you complain of deadness, coldness, and carnality, fearing you want love to Christ, and that those things are not the spots of God's children. Dear Madam, if you have got a view of the plagues of your own heart, and are indeed kept poor and needy and empty and humble, under a sense of your want of all grace and goodness in yourself, that Christ and his fulness may be the more precious and acceptable to you, you have the advantage of those who are enriched with greater enjoyments, if they be lifted up with them, Mat. v. 3—6. I hope this is the case with you, and that because of what also you say afterwards in your letter, that sometimes you can rejoice at the doctrine of God's everlasting love to his chosen ones, though you cannot see your own interest in it, and are sure if ever you be saved, the crown must be on the head of Christ. This looks like the language of one whom God is humbling in order to exalt, and emptying in order to fill in due time. (See Psal. ix. 18. and x. 17.) 3dly, You speak of being under many temptations, but that you do not remember any promise to have come with power for your deliverance. Dear Friend, if deliverance has come to you from time to time according to the promise, even powerful and merciful deliverance, whether suddenly or gradual, though the promise itself has not come to you with such power or in such a manner as you think it has come to others, you should be thankful, the Lord's ways of bringing home the promise to the heart are various towards some and others;

however I know little odds between a promise poured in sweetly upon the heart, and a heart poured in sweetly upon the promise, the latter may be as sweet and sure as the former, if the promise has but in holy providence come to your mind whether by hearing, reading, or musing, so as you have been helped to make it a matter of prayer and pleading before a throne of grace, be you content, Madam, and bless God for it. Many are ready to depend more upon the felt power and sweet influence by which the promise comes to them, than upon the promise itself, and hence, when the power and influence is withdrawn, their faith is to seek ; they cannot rest upon the bare word of God, the bread on which the soul should live, unless like little children, they get the butter and honey of some sweet influence spread upon it. This disposition in any godly soul is much owing to the sad remains of a legal temper, that makes them seek for a ground of faith and hope more in themselves, and in what is done by them, and wrought or felt in them, than they do by going out of themselves to what the Lord is in himself, and has wrought for them and spoken to them. Faith is most strong when it can live on a bare promise without the supports of sense. Endeavour you, Madam, through grace, to trust in a promising God, giving credit to his truth, and you shall find him in his own time a performing God, giving comfort to your heart. Seek rest not in streams of blessings and comforts that come from him and take various turns, but in himself the fountain, who is still the same. If you want, I should explain any thing here written further, you may let me know by another line. I have not in the least studied to flatter you, I have no temptation to do so, being quite ignorant of you further than you have told me. If you please to let me know your outward station or situation in life, whether it be high or low, it will be agreeable to me. I shall wish I may be able to do service to your soul ; and if what I have here written be any way useful to you, and suitable to the case you wrote of to me, I will be glad you let me know you have received this line ; if it come in time to answer any difficulties you may yet be under, you will the more readily pardon and excuse my having been so long of coming with it. May the Lord bless all his own means of grace, and make your soul prosper. I am, &c.

RALPH ERSKINE.

DUNFERMLINE, *Jan., 19th 1742.*

Part of a Letter to Mr. GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

REV. AND VERY DEAR BROTHER,

I received joyfully your letter, and desire to praise the Lord with you for his wonderful care of and works done by you. I sent two letters to you, and wish to know whether you got them. It refreshes me to hear, that any of my poor writings, in verse or prose have been and are blessed in this or any other part of the earth. If I travel by pen as far as you do in person, and contribute my mite for spreading gospel light, I rejoice in it, and bless his name, who has ordered this beyond my views and expectation. I am glad that the Marrow of Modern Divinity has been helpful to you, as it has been to many : I hope that and Boston's Works, which you have perused, will contribute to give you the same views of the gospel with all truly evangelical divines, and be more and more a fence to you against the erroneous stuff that loads the most part of preachings and prints. Glory to God, that has enlightened you so clearly, and enables you to give testimony so faithfully

against the dangerous errors that are springing up. I have not seen the sermon entitled Free Grace, and but very lately heard of some of Mr. John Wesley's errors, and wrote to him if matters were so, but had as yet no return. Blest be God you are set for the defence of the gospel, and that I hear you sing of distinguishing grace, and of our Lord's powerful presence with you. Go on, dear Brother, in asserting and publishing the doctrine of sovereign grace reigning through his righteousness unto eternal life; for this, and only this gospel, will be the organ of omnipotency, and the *power* of God to the salvation of sinners. O great is our need of such awakening gales of heaven, as you speak of, in the last visit you made to Georgia, &c.

Within these two days I have seen the bitter queries sent you, and your mild answers. Blessed be the Lord, that makes you, like the industrious bee, to gather sweet honey out of bitter flowers. Some of these observes, will, I hope, work more for your good, advance your growth, and further your caution and circumspection: your docile and humble spirit, so willing to rectify whatever seems wrong, will recommend you more and more to all that love Christ. As I did greatly disrelish the bitter spirit in which they wrote, so I noticed their regal strain in vindicating Tillotson and The Whole Duty of Man. I see them confound the covenant of grace, or redemption, that stands fast in Christ, with the divine method of the application and dispensation thereof in the gospel; and confounding the condition of the covenant (which alone is properly the doing and dying, or perfect righteousness of Christ) with the duties or works of the covenanted. You are still dearer and dearer to me: I think, by your last journal I saw, I discern your growing zeal for the doctrine of grace.—Rev. and very dear Brother, yours in him who is (the best uniter of our love and union) the Lord our Righteousness.

RALPH ERSKINE.

To the Rev. Mr. WILLISON, Dundee

DUNFERMLINE, *Feb. 7th, 1750.*

REV. AND VERY DEAR BROTHER,

Having heard from my brother Mr. Johnson, that your distress and weakness of body continue to increase, and that, since the last time I saw you, you have come to no greater measure of health, but rather seem to be hastening nearer and nearer to your change, I thought it proper to shew my sympathy with one for whom I have always had a great regard: whatever differences have taken place anent some things, by different degrees of light in the dark valley of this world, yet it never lessened my esteem of you as one that desired to be faithful to the truth and interest of our Lord Jesus Christ, and whom I hope the Lord will now ripen, to make ready for the full enjoyment of himself. Rev. and dear Brother, I hope, as you have taken up yourself by faith in Christ as the Lord your righteousness and strength, so, when flesh and heart shall fail you, you will, through grace, lay your head in his bosom, and remain confident in this, that whatever winds blow or waves beat, even amid the swellings of Jordan, your Rock remains firm and immoveable; and that you shall endure, as seeing him who is invisible, when all visible and sensible things give way and disappear, until faith issue in fruition. This being all the bearer's time allows me to add, I remain, very dear and Rev. Brother, yours very affectionately,

RALPH ERSKINE.

P.S.—While you live, mind in your prayers Zion, and those you may leave behind you.

A POEM, TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE REV. MR.
RALPH ERSKINE.

Plangito, Melpomene ! ARESKINI, funera, clarum
Cujus ab RADOLPHO sidere nomen habes.
Scotia mæsta dole : ARESKINO nemo superstes !—
Scote ! is Britannicis contigit altus honos.

Eja tamen guade ! ARESKINUS carmine vivit ;
Operibus RADOLPHO fama perennis erit.
Interea, ARESKINI ! animæ pars altera nostræ,
Te Caledonum flens Elegia gemit.

LONG did the muse¹ impatient wait to see
Some lofty poet describe his pedigree :
Waiting in vain some able pen to scan
The matchless virtues of this peerless man,
Presum'd at last some rude portrait to draw.
Of him who once could paint without a flaw.
Such boldness, sure, does much indulgence claim,
Since lofty flowers should decorate his name,
And brilliant strokes aloud extol his fame.

SCOTIA ! what ground hast thou to drop a tear ?
Thou hast not lost a small, but first-rate seer !
A seer whose eyes could view celestial bliss,
And search the wonders in that vast abyss.
ERSKINE ! whose fame to distant climes is known ;
Christ's real friend, and Truth's bold champion.
His works divine to future ages shall
Speak forth his real excellence to all,
And sound the praises of Immanuel.

O Scottish Church ! how much mayest thou regret
Thy faithful pastor and watchman complete !
Whose mind could search heaven's mysteries most profound,
Investigate her truths to all around.
Dunfermline, too, with sobbing breaths can tell
How great a priest has fallen in Israel !
A loss which heaven made them long feel the smart,
Because his message had not gain'd their heart.²
The Associate tribe may well lament the case,
That such a herald great did yield his place.

(1) This Elegiac Poem was not composed till the year 1765, being about thirteen years after Mr. Erskine's death.

(2) They were about eight years vacant after his death, before they had again a settled pastor.

He of that number was in high repute,
 And to defend their cause was never mute ;
 And could each prattling scribe with ease refute.
 This is not all ; each friend of God can tell
 How Zion trembled when this pillar fell.
 To all he seem'd a blazing star most bright ;
 Nay, he was a burning and a shining light.

In private life his character's most complete :
 Gifts natural, and parts acquir'd, unite.
 Piety and goodness form'd the early plan
 Of future greatness in this worthy man.
 His early years with gravity were bless'd,
 Which made him soon admir'd and much caress'd.
 A stock of literature adorn'd his name ;
 His parts, like trumpets great, announc'd his fame.
 " His courteous carriage shew'd his generous mind
 Fond without fraud, and without flattery kind."
 His prayers and praises were of divine stamp,
 His walk and practice all a shining lamp.
 In converse heavenly, and behaviour mild ;
 His words not vain, nor yet his lips defil'd ;
 His soul sublime, his conscience undefil'd ;
 Sweetness of temper, friendship most sincere :
 Of access easy, and deportment fair ;—
 Were his endowments, though to others rare.
 Grace and good-nature stor'd his humble mind,
 In him the social virtues all conjoin'd :
 His soul refin'd beyond the common race,
 Was cultivate by nature, art, and grace.
 He brightly shone, even in his private sphere,
 Ere he possess'd the ministerial chair."

Were we to view him in his public station,
 His match we scarce could find in all the nation.
 God's words the sacred source from which doth flow,
 Knowledge divine to mortals here below :
 This word he search'd with diligence and care ;
 Gave to each soul its portion and its share.
 For, to divide aright God's word of truth,
 He was instructed early in his youth.
 His insight into truth's abyss was great ;
 And could explain beyond the common rate.
 " Seraphic principles and graces bright,
 In him conspired to display their might.
 In public work he taught with solemn awe,
 The peaceful gospel and the fiery law.
 Heav'n form'd his mind great gospel truths to trace,
 His mouth to sound the silver trump of grace ;
 To speak the grandeur of the Saviour God ;
 To blaze his righteousness divine abroad.

His view of every sacred line was bright ;
 Each sermon was a lamp of gospel-light.
 The holy theme was trimm'd with holy bait :
 Each word was massy, and each sentence great.
 His language shew'd a judgment most profound,
 A depth too great for common lines to sound.
 His frame was still divine, his words exact ;
 Saints heard the voice which did their hearts attract.
 An holy humble course of life he steer'd,
 That all might see the doctrine which they heard.
 His presence grave did rev'rence great command,
 And crave profound respect from every hand.
 His very look could vanity reclaim,
 His countenance put levity to shame."
 A disputant most bold for truth appear'd ;
 And 'gainst all errors conqu'ring trophies rear'd :
 " His words gave all antagonists a wound,
 Which did them soon convince, or soon confound.
 His public spirit was of such a pitch,
 That few in zeal for God were found so rich."

Hark ! you who remind him, surely will allow,
 That grace triumphant sat upon his brow,
 Won't you confess his mind was much refin'd,
 Beyond the common mass of human kind ?
 The lovely graces in his bosom found,
 Diffus'd ambrosial odours all around.
 His lofty mind, ne'er drench'd in earthly things,
 With ease could mount to heav'n, with out-stretch'd wings :
 Spy out the glory of the realms of light,
 Unfold the grandeur unto mortal sight.
 His pious soul, fram'd to surmount the skies,
 With winning charms did stoop to vulgar eyes ;
 Diffuse that knowledge giv'n him from above,
 To all mankind, with fervency and love.
 Heav'n still indulgent to his pious mind,
 Display'd her glorions rays purely refin'd.
 The amazing wonders shewn to him from thence,
 He could with ease to others soon dispense.
 Thus heav'n and earth in him did joyful meet ;
 Nature and grace their lovely charms unite.

His works now extant, happily display,
 How well he understood the gospel way.
 Th' attentive reader and judicious mind,
 In ev'ry page may a rich treasure find.
 These volumes elegant contain the scheme
 Of gospel doctrine ; his beloved theme.
 Christ is the theme, whose robe of righteousness,
 He publish'd as the saint's adorning dress.—
 To form just sentiments of this great man,
 'Tis proper carefully his work to scan,

There we will find both law and gospel taught ;
 The first to rouse, the last with bliss is fraught.
 He studied first the sinner's case to shew ;
 And then presents the balsam to his view.
 From Sinai's mount he sounds a loud alarm ;
 And next poor souls with gospel tidings charm.
 He could the saints' perplexities well trace,
 And in all straits afford them great solace.
 Souls exercised concerning sin or grace,
 May in his works find what will suit their case.
 There he propounds and solves each case he heard ;
 To saints a mighty casuist appeared.
 " A skillful counsellor in each dark case ;
 A hearty sympathiser in distress.
 Was ready still at hand, without request,
 To serve the sick, and succour the distress'd.
 His doctrine ev'ry gloomy shade dispell'd ;
 His exhortations more and more excell'd.
 This ministerial grace to him was given,
 To leave on many hearts a seal of heaven."

Death ! thou devourer of the human race !
 Must such a champion great to thee give place !
 May't thee suffice some lesser light to quell,
 Than strike the pillars of our Israel ?
 Must *ERSKINE* too ! that man of great renown,
 Be foil'd by thee, and to the dust brought down ?
 Must such a light, that blaz'd so far abroad,
 Be made to yield to thy superior nod !
 Must such a Christian herald too give place,
 So well acquainted both with law and grace ?
 Divinely taught in all the truths of God,
 And did with freedom publish them abroad ?
 Yes, yes ! He must !—He's gone—*Erskine's* no more !
 Grim death hath snatch'd him to the distant shore !
 These hands, elated oft to heav'n in purity,
 All silent in the tomb now stretch'd doth lie.—
 Is't possible for our rude quill to tell,
 How Scotland shook when this great pillar fell ?
 " Heav'n sure design'd by such a dreadful blow,
 No personal, but public overthrow.
 Lo ! now his death has hid the fulgent light,
 And wrapt us in the shades of gloomy night !"—
 Is *ERSKINE* dead ! No, sure : the man of God still lives,
 Possesses heaven, in glory still survives.
 The bliss and glory he proclaim'd around,
 Both now concentre to compose his crown.
 Immortaliz'd, he shines above the sky ;
 Regal'd with heav'nly cheer most sumptuously.
 The blessed Jesus in those regions high,
 He views, not vail'd ; but most conspicuously.

Eternal blessedness he reaps in store ;
 With heav'nly pleasures cherish'd evermore ;
 With endless wealth, and righteousness divine,
 A glorious crown, most brilliantly to shine ;
 He now enjoys, with robes most pure and fine :
 Yea, God himself, with fulness all complete,
 Compose that happiness to him most sweet.
 Delightful portion ! from all harm secure,
 Refresh'd with rivers chrystalline and pure.
 Such soul-delights to him shall ever last ;
 These joys for which he did so strongly thirst.

AN ACROSTIC.

MUCH fam'd on earth, renown'd for piety ;
 A midst bright seraphs now sings cheerfully.
 SACRED thine anthems yield much pleasure here :
 THESE songs of thine do truly charm the ear.¹
 EACH line thou wrot'st does admiration raise ;
 ROUSE up the soul to true seraphic praise.
 RELIGIOUSLY thy life below was spent :
 AMAZING pleasures now thy soul content.
 LONG didst thou labour in the church below,
 POINTING out Christ, the Lamb who saves from woe,
 HEAVEN'S blessedness on sinners to bestow.
 ERSKINE the great ! whose pen spread far abroad,
 REDEEMING love ; the sole device of God.
 SUBSTANTIAL themes thy thoughts did much pursue ;
 KEPT pure the truth, espous'd but by a few.
 INTEGRITY of heart, of soul serene ;
 NO friend to vice, no cloak to the profane :
 EMPLOY'D thy talents to reclaim the vain.

THE CONCLUSION.

Is this the Man whom Heav'n design'd,
 With honours full to load ?
 With what enliv'ned souls should we
 Adore and serve our God ?
 And if we would those blessings share,
 Which make the saints rejoice ;
 All vice abstain, all virtue love,
 And make this God our choice.
 Let us for ever bless the name
 Of this exalted King,
 That any of the human tribe
 Heav'n's anthems high do sing.

(1) Alluding to his Poetical Pieces.

P R E F A C E

TO THE

GLASGOW EDITION OF 1778.

POETICAL compositions, it will readily be admitted, are of a very ancient original; and very early specimens of this kind of writing are yet to be found in record, both in sacred¹ and profane story.—Writings in poesy have many peculiar excellencies in them, and particular advantages attending them: and, when men endued with poetical talents employ them on subjects of real importance, the sparkling and flowery images, the magnificent and lofty expressions, and the striking figures and rhetorical embellishments, add such a native grandeur, dignity, and majesty to the subject, that the mind is not only truly elevated, the attention gained, the affections moved, and devotion excited; but the memory is gradually prepared to retain and be benefited by them, on account of the beautiful and elegant manner in which the various topics are elucidated.

No subject is more interesting, or can be a fitter theme, for those vested with a poetical genius, than those of an evangelical nature, either directly founded upon some particular portion of sacred writ, or drawn from it, by just and necessary consequence. No writings, for justness of sentiment, and sublimity of style, can equal or compare with those of divine inspiration: and though the mysteries of Christianity, and the wonders of our holy religion stand in no need of gay trimmings and poetical embellishments to set them off: yet such is the superior excellency of inspired poesy, that the brightest and most elevated

(1) See the Song of Moses at the Red Sea, Exod. xv. 1—21. This song is the most ancient and sublime piece of poetry in the world; the images are natural; the arrangement of its ideas is beautiful; and the strain of piety which breathes through the whole, is truly evangelical.

descriptions of a mortal pen must veil to it : and therefore, says a celebrated writer, " If any would attempt to be master of true eloquence, and aim at a proper elevation of style, let him read with unremitting diligence, the ancient prophets and inspired apostles; for their writings are an abundant source of all the riches and ornament of speech."

Where will you find such strong figures, bold metaphors, and surprisingly beautiful images, as in the writings of Moses, the Israelitish lawgiver, whom Longinus himself, a Gentile critic, cites as master of the true sublime style? Where can there be seen, among all our celebrated moderns, such grandeur, variety, and justness of ideas, or more pomp and beauty of expression, than in the book of Job? And is not poetical excellencies, depth of thought, and sublimity of style, carried to its utmost pitch, in the writings of David, the prophet Isaiah, and in some passages of the lesser prophets?—When this is the case, it is not surprising that so many, endued with fine poetical abilities, should so much neglect, in their various compositions, to read their Bibles, adopt the sentiments, and attempt to imitate the sublime style of the inspired writers.

It hath been now a long and just complaint, that poesy which is of a divine original, should have been so much debased to the worst of purposes, in decorating vice and profaneness; and that men endowed with such a happy talent, should so much employ it, in furnishing out theatrical entertainments, or upon ludicrous and profane trifles. How happy would it have been for the world, what an ornament to Christianity, and advantage to the church, and how honouring to themselves as well as beneficial to the interests of religion, had they employed it on evangelical and divine subjects, in pointing out the beauties of creation, the bounties of providence, the depths of redeeming love and grace, and the excellency and sweetness of true religion and practical godliness!

The Rev. Mr. Erskine, author of the following poems, was happy in employing his poetical talent to the best of purposes: the subjects he made choice of to handle, were of the utmost importance for mankind to know; his manner of treating them truly evangelical; and the spirit that breathes through them heavenly and divine; tending to warm the heart, excite to genuine devotion, and to inspire the mind with just and proper sentiments of God and true religion.

The sentiments of Dr. Bradbury, relative to our author's poetical talent, is very just. " Mr. Erskine's poems," says he, " are greatly to be esteemed, for the sweetness of the verse, the disposition of the subjects, the elegance of the composition, and above all, for that which animates the whole, the savour of divine and experimental knowledge."

The following lines of two celebrated English poets, in commendation of another, may not improperly be applied to our author :—

Say, human seraph, whence that charming force !
That flame ! that soul ! which animates each line ;
And how it runs with such a graceful ease,
Loaded with pond'rous sense ! Say, did not He,
The lovely JESUS, who commands thy breast,
Inspire thee with himself ?

GROVE.

No vulgar themes thy pious muse engage,
No scenes of lust pollute thy sacred page.
You in majestic numbers mount the skies,
And meet descending angels as you rise.—
Regard the man who in seraphic lays
And flowing numbers sings his Maker's praise :
He needs invoke no fabled muse's art,
The heav'nly song comes genuine from his heart !
From that pure heart which God has deign'd t' inspire,
With holy raptures and a sacred fire.
Thrice happy man !

EUSEB.



A D E F E N C E

OF

RHYME AND MUSICAL METRE.¹

As all the Poems and Songs here are written in the form of what is called *Rhyme* and *Common Metre*, so the reason thereof is to answer the design proposed to me, of making the Scripture Songs adapted to our common tunes, so as it may be practicable to sing them, so as we do the Psalms of David : and it is owned, that as to the rhyme here, it is not designedly neglected, but rather exactly studied, notwithstanding that blank verse is now become very fashionable ; that is, where the measure is kept without rhyme.

The author of the book intituled, *The Art of English Poetry*, p. 35, says, “Shakespeare, to avoid the troublesome constraint of rhyme, was the first that invented blank verse ; that our poets, since him have, made use of it in many of their comedies and tragedies : but that the most celebrated poem of this kind of verse, is Milton’s *Paradise Lost*.” In a short preface to which book of Milton’s, I see an encomium upon that kind of verse that is written without rhyme, as is that of Homer in Greek, and Virgil in Latin, &c. “Rhyme,” says that author, “being no necessary adjunct, or true ornament of poems, or good verse, in longer works especially, but the invention of a barbarous age, to set off wretched matter, and lame metre.”—The same author goes on to disparage rhyme as “a thing in itself, to all judicious ears, trivial and of no true musical delight ; which consists only of apt numbers,

(1) This Defence of Rhyme and Musical Metre, was first prefixed by our author to his poems on the book of Job ; but in regard the most of his poetical compositions are of this kind, it was judged proper now to make it front the whole of his Poetical Works.

fit quantity of syllables, &c. not of jingling sounds of like endings, &c.; a fault avoided by the learned ancients both in poetry and all good oratory." Upon which he adds, in favour of that blank verse "that the neglect of rhyme is so little to be taken for a defect, though it may seem so to vulgar readers, that it rather is to be esteemed on example set (the first in English) of ancient liberty recovered to heroic poems, from the troublesome and modern bondage of rhyming."

It is necessary, in setting forth a book of Scriptural Songs, wherein so much rhyme is used, that we here vindicate the use thereof; which I am not to do, by saying anything to the disparagement of blank verse, wherein so many fine and excellent thoughts are now delivered, but by offering a just defence of rhyme against such mighty attacks, as tend to the utter disparagement thereof. Seeing, therefore, that such public advertisements of that kind, though they seem to make an exception of shorter poems, yet may tend to make any performance, coming forth in rhyme, to be the more despicable, and thereby the benefit that otherwise might be reaped by the following poems, in a great measure, be married to some readers, I shall here endeavour to roll that stumbling-block out of the way, by giving the judgment of some of the most modern writers in favours of rhyme, who will be acknowledged, by all the readers of poesy, to be very competent judges.

By the way, such as are ready to conceive prejudice at rhyme, in favours only of modish blank verse, may remember, that rhyme, even as those who disparage do acknowledge, "hath been graced by the use of our most "famous English poets, both old and late," without seeming in the least, to be under any restraint or bondage thereby, any more than those that study blank verse are confined, by making them consist of apt numbers, and fit quantity of syllables, and the proper measure; besides, that that kind of verse appears to very many to agree much better with the Greek and Latin dialects, than with the English: and that the proper pause, at the end of Latin verses particularly, seems to be much more easy and natural, than it is in English blank verse; which, for the most part, seems to have such a blank, to their apprehension, that they are ready, either in humouring the measure, to lose the sense; or, in seeking the sense, to lose the measure; especially where the periods are long. This seems to be the sentiment even of a renowned poet, the famous and ingenious Dr Watts, in his preface to his *Lyric Poems*; where, after his very high commendation of Milton's works, he hath these words; "Yet all that vast reverence, with which I read his *Paradise Lost*, cannot persuade me to be charmed with every page of it: the length of his periods, and sometimes of his

parentheses, run me out of breath; some of his numbers seem too *harsh* and *uneasy*. I could never believe that *roughness* and *obscurity* added any thing to the true grandeur of a poem; nor will I ever affect a *quaint uncouthness* of speech, in order to become perfectly Miltonian, &c. The *oddness* of any antique sound gives but a *false pleasure* to the ears, and abuse the *true relish* even where it works delight," &c. These being the sentiments of such an eminent poet, concerning the measure and model of some blank verse, I thought the less strange, that some very judicious persons, of my acquaintance, have wished, that Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Young's *Night Thoughts*, &c. had been written rather in poetic prose, such as Hervey's *Meditations*, and the like, that they might be the more easily and pleasantly read by them.

But further, that I may vindicate rhyme from the forementioned task; in case any should think that I have studied too much exactness in humouring the sound, I shall, on this head, offer the judgment of some whose skill in poetry cannot well be questioned. One is Mr. Edward Basshe, the author of the foresaid book, intitled, *The Art of English Poetry*, who says, that "the office of RHYME is to *content* and *please* the ear; and being designed for music, the sound must be regarded, as well as the measure; and that if care be not taken in the propriety of the rhyme, that the sound of the last syllable be not too weak and languishing, the verses can never be graceful in the delivery nor pleasing to the ear." And in his Preface to his Dictionary of Rhymes, he says, p. 7. that, "RHYME is by all allowed to be the chief ornament of versification, in many of the modern languages; and therefore the more exact we are in the observation of it, the greater applause our productions of that nature will deservedly challenge and find."

Another author I quote is the deservedly celebrated Mr. Pope, who, in our Scots Magazine, is designed the British Homer, and of whose death it is said, "The power of song, and force of music died." In his preface to his *Essay on man*, he gives this as one of his reasons, for writing it in rhyme: "This, says he, might have been done in prose, but I chose verse, and even rhyme, for two reasons; the one will appear obvious, that principles, maxims, and precepts so written, both strike the reader more strongly at first; and are more easily retained by him afterwards."

By these instances, given from such as cannot but be reckoned amongst the best judges of poetry, the readers of the following poems may be guarded against the temptations of vilifying and undervaluing the sacred matter thereof, on account of the strict observance of the

rhyme and metre, which, according to what is said above, ought rather to recommend them; and which is here studied, not, I hope, for the sake of vain applause, such as Mr. Basshe seems to speak of, but that the divine truths may be delivered in a strain tending both to please the ear, and by that to strike the heart of the reader, and facilitate the retention or remembrance of the poems, which, in that form, as Mr. Pope observes, are more easily committed to the memory, especially if the truths delivered therein be duly apprehended by the mind, and embraced in the heart; and, indeed, I cannot imagine that the verses need be the less agreeable to the judgment that they are not harsh and ungrateful to the ear.

Though the verses in the book of Job have rhyme, for the most part, not only in the second and fourth, but even in the first and third lines of every stanza; for the neglect of which, Dr. Watts hopes his reader will forgive him, in some of his hymns: yet I cannot say that I was thereby brought under much restriction and confinement; because, when the matter was once conceived, the similar endings, together with the proper quantity of syllables, natively enough occurred, without much study: and if they be rendered thereby the more musical, I hope it shall not hence be the more exceptionable, at least to the ordinary serious readers, for whose sake I have not industriously neglected it.

It is evident, indeed, from the examples we have in the Greek and Latin poets, and also the English, since Shakespeare's time, that rhyme is not essential to poetical writings, and that there may be the music of poetry, without the ornament of rhyme; but yet it seems as evident, that this ornament is no novelty. Bailey's Dictionary informs, that Mr. Skinner is of opinion, that rhyme was first brought into Europe by the Arabians, but that instances are given of rhymes in the Saxon poetry long before the Arabians made such a figure in the world. But if that be reckoned a barbarous age, it is of more consequence that is farther told us, that Mr. Dryden says, Monsieur le Clerc has made it out, that David's Psalms were written in as arrant [mere] rhyme as they are translated into. And if so, then this ornament has a very ancient original, and is no modern invention.

Though I will never defend rhyme without reason; or base jingling metre, without solid matter, and some sprightly metal (the great want whereof makes me far from commending my own:) nor would I ever commend what is only musical in the ear, without being also instructive to the mind; for, no doubt, right rhyme will both delight the sense, and improve the intellectuals: yet such as have little taste for music at all, must allow others, yea, even all good judges, to

agree with the aforesaid eminent Mr. Pope, (in his encomium he makes of this heavenly art, as one expresses it, and in the advantage, as well as pleasure, it may always furnish to a well turned mind,) in the following words :—

Music the fiercest grief can charm
 And fate's severest rage disarm :
 Music can soften pain to ease,
 And make despair and madness please :
 Our joys below, it can improve,
 And antedate the bliss above.

And hence it may be said, especially of sacred and scriptural songs, the more musical, the more celestial.

The following Poems, of whatever sort, are subjected to what they cannot escape, namely, the censure of the public ; a gauntlet not easily run in such a learned and critical age, especially as the songs are spiritual, set out into the midst of a carnal and corrupt age, most part whereof will, indeed, never bestow a glance of their eye upon them, and therefore their censure needs not to be feared ; or if they do, it is like it may be with such contempt of them, in comparison of wanton and profane sonnets, as a certain English poet expresses, in the following lines :—

This lewed and wicked age can't bear the wit
 Of hymns and sonnets, from the sacred writ :
 But let one blasphemy and bawdy write,
 The lewed and modest both will take delight ;
 The blushing virgin pleas'd does love to look,
 And plants the poem next her prayer book.

RALPH ERSKINE.

A P O E M,
DEDICATED TO
THE REVEREND RALPH ERSKINE,

By a LADY in NEW ENGLAND, on reading his GOSPEL SONNETS.

ERSKINE, thou blessed herald, sound,
Till sin's black empire totter to the ground.
Well hast thou Sinai's awful flames display'd,
And rebels doom before their conscience laid ;
From sin, from self, from trust in duty fly,
Commit thy naked soul to Christ, or die,
Go on and prosper in the name of God,
Seraphic preacher, through the thorny road :
The gracious Christ thy labours will reward ;
His angel-bands be thy perpetual guard :
Though hell's dark regions at the present hiss,
The God of glory thy strong refuge is.
Mere moral preachers have no pow'r to charm,
Thy lines are such my nobler passions warm ;
These glorious truths hath set my soul on fire,
And while I read, I'm love and pure desire.
May the black train of errors hatch'd in hell ;
No longer in this globe in quiet dwell :
May more like you be rais'd to show their shame,
And call them by their diabolic name.
Exalt the Lamb in lovely white and red,
Angels and saints his lasting honours spread ;
My trembling soul shall bear her feeble part,
'Tis he hath charm'd my soul, and won my heart.
Bless'd be the Father, for electing love :
Bless'd be the Son, who does my guilt remove ;
Bless'd be the Dove, who does his grace apply.
Oh ! may I praising live, and praising die !

PREFACE TO THE READER.

THE first edition of the first five parts of this little book, came forth under the title of GOSPEL CANTICLES : and though I own a copy was got out of my hand under that name, and so was carried to the press by another hand : yet, upon the publication thereof, I was sometimes uneasy at its going abroad under that title, seeing one of the books of holy scripture is ordinarily designed by the name of CANTICLES. And though the name, in itself, is much of the same significancy with that which is now assigned to this book ; yet, lest it should not be reckoned so sober and becoming as were needful, I have embraced the first opportunity of altering the same, only allowing the other part of the title which is but an adjunct, to stand ; because, the main design of the book being to hold forth some evangelical truths, I thought I might presume to allow it to pass under the title of GOSPEL SONNETS.

Several places and books of scripture, such as the book of Job, the Psalms of David, the Song of Solomon, the Lamentations of Jeremiah, &c. in the original Hebrew, or first language, are delivered to us in a certain kind of verse, or holy poesy ; and since the great God, by his holy Spirit, pleased to speak to us, as it were, in metre, I hope that any poor essay, to set forth some of the most necessary, scriptural, and gospel truths, shall not be the less regarded, that it is framed into the mould of common metre and homely rhyme. I own that those who are skilled this way, will easily discern that I cannot pretend to lofty poesy ; but perhaps it is better ordered, that my talent is not of such a soaring nature, as to please the critical palate of a learned age ; seeing that as there are heroic poems in abundance gone abroad, fitted for gratifying those of a polite education ; so the exalted turn of thought, and poetical flights, which would have made these lines capable of giving delight to the refined taste, would, in all likelihood, have rendered them unintelligible, and consequently unserviceable to those of a meaner capacity, and to the common sort of people, for whose instruction and edification these lines are principally designed.

I am abundantly satisfied, on the one hand, that the *matter* contained in these Sonnets is not below the consideration of the most learned and knowing persons, since there is a brief essay, therein, at

the elucidation, or opening of some of the great mysteries of the gospel, "Which things the angels desire to pry into;" and, therefore, cannot but administer a spacious field for exercising the most elevated thoughts of men; yea, they are such as transcend their most sublimated apprehensions, and none but those that are "*Theodidaktōi*," (Gr.) or *taught of God*, can have the saving and spiritual uptaking of. I am sufficiently apprised, on the other hand, that the *manner* wherein these truths are here delivered, is for the most part so low and flat, as may be disagreeable to the gust of the most learned and intelligent, into whose hands these lines may perhaps fall; yet I could wish, that such persons would be so merciful to the rest of the rude and illiterate world, as to be well-pleased and content that some essays of this nature are sunk to the level of vulgar capacities, considering that *to the poor the gospel is preached*.

I can offer no other apology for my rudeness of expression, besides the want of a cultivated poetical genius, than this, That most of these lines are set down in the very first unrefined dress, wherein they were presented to my mind, when I thought and wrote upon these subjects; nor could the vacant minutes, borrowed from my other weighty work, allow me leisure to study that politeness and elegance of phrase, which more time, leisure, and pains might have hammered out: Which is the reason also, that, in the whole book, I have confined myself to four sorts of metre, which are such as most natively occurred to myself; and yet, I suppose, most adapted for gratifying only those of the most common taste. The favour, therefore, that I ask of the more judicious readers especially, is, that their Christian charity may excuse what weakness is found in the *manner* of treating: and that they, together with all the serious readers, may have their minds principally intent upon the weight of the *matter*.

If there be any mistake, as well as defects, in the *matter* of these Sonnets, it may be an excuse, that you have this treasure in earthen vessels: only let not the treasure be rejected, because of either the coarseness or chinks of the vessel. As the salvation of sinners is not of the free-will of man, nor of works; but of the free-will of God, and of grace: so the main design of the gospel is to depress self, and self-righteousness, to the lowest; and to exalt Christ and his righteousness to the highest; and my great desire, in these lines, is to fall in with this design. I am convinced that many dark apprehensions concerning the gospel flow from mistaking the nature of the covenant of grace, and the proper parties therein; and, consequently, the proper condition thereof. And though many excellent divines (for whose character I have a very great reverence and regard) have represented it as a mutual

bargain between God and man, with stipulation and re-stipulation ; yet, without disparagement to them, I owe more regard to our excellent standards, agreeable to word of God (to which I own myself solemnly bound) wherein it is held forth as a covenant that “ was made with Christ as the second Adam, and in him with all the elect as his seed.” And if God and Christ be the parties we may thence consider what are the proper terms, or what is the condition thereof, and by whom performed. Hence our standards bring in faith, not as the proper condition of the covenant, but as the condition (or mean) to interest us in Christ ; and so, as a part of the divine method in the application of the covenant, and a promise thereof, “ He promising and giving his holy Spirit to all his elect, to work in them that faith.” I know that many sound Divines, who either never used, or have gone off from this way of speaking in our standards, concerning the covenant of grace, as standing between God and Christ, have explained themselves into the most orthodox and sound sense ; yet, I am persauaded that the general receding from this good old way and manner of speaking, and the confounding of the parties contracting in the covenant of grace, namely, God and CHRIST, with the parties consenting in a day of power, and brought into the covenant, namely elect believers ; together with the confounding of the proper condition of the covenant, with the proper qualities of the covenanted ; and even the covenant itself, with the manner of its manifestation, and the method of its application ; and the not duly attending and adhering to our standards, in this and the like matters, is at the root of a great deal of mistaken views, even among those that would seem to be the most zealous espousers of our excellent Confession and Catechisms.

My principal design, especially in the sixth part of this book, was to rid marches between the Law and the Gospel, Justification and Sanctification, &c. ; from the confounding whereof, many erroneous apprehensions and positions do proceed. And, abstracting from what may be called poetical licence, I have endeavoured, in my manner of expression, to keep close by the form of sound words, the scriptures of truth, our received standards, and the sentiments of the most eminent orthodox divines.

I am not fond of novelties, new schemes of doctrine, nor new ways of speaking, which I find some late writers have run into, in the heat of their disputes ; such as, “ That the sins of believers, though in a justified state, bring on them a liableness to the threatened and deserved punishment, from the penal sanction of the law.”—That “ believers are under the threatening of eternal death and wrath.”—That “ they

are under the penal sanction of the moral law.”—That “they ought to be influenced in their obedience by the threatenings and fears of hell, which are filial, and of falling into eternal wrath; and by the fear of losing their sonship, and being disinherited.”—That “their obedience, as such, and good works, have the promise of life and glory annexed to them, &c.” These and the like expressions seem to import some new scheme of divinity, some new notions of doctrine, and new modes of speaking, not known in our standards. In opposition to which I prefer the truths, and ways of expressing the same, which are laid down in our excellent Confession of Faith and Catechisms, plainly founded on the scriptures of truth, and which we in this church are strictly and solemnly bound to maintain: The language whereof, on these points, seems to have another sort of a sound, while it is there declared, “That those that are justified, can never fall from the state of justification: yet they may by their sins, fall under God’s fatherly displeasure.¹—That they are delivered from the moral law as a covenant of works, so as thereby they are neither justified nor condemned.²—That they are freed from the guilt of sin, the condemning wrath of God, and the curse of the moral law.³—That justification doth equally free all believers from the revenging wrath of God, and that perfectly in this life.⁴—That they are to yield obedience to God, not out of slavish fear, but a child-like love and willing mind; and, being delivered out of the hands of their enemies, are to serve the Lord without fear, in holiness and righteousness, before him, all the days of their life.⁵—That the persons of believers being accepted through Christ, their good works are also accepted in him, he looking upon them in his Son, &c.”⁶ These are a part of our form of sound words, worthy to be considered and compared with the former different sound above mentioned, in order to try if they can make a consort. But it is not my work to enlarge on these things at present; only, it is upon these, and the like positions in our standards, that the foundation of the most of the following Sonnets is laid, not upon any new notions.

I fear, indeed, the tendency of some new phrases, expressions, and positions, that have been spread abroad, beside these now mentioned; such as,

1. “That sinners must leave their sins, in order to come to Christ.” Whereas it is certainly a safer way of speaking, to say, “That sinners must come to Christ, that he may sanctify them, and take away their sins; his name being JESUS, because he saves his people from their

(1) Confession of Faith, chap. xi. sect. 2. (2) Larger Catechism, quest. 97.
 (3) Confess. chap. xx. sect. 1. (4) Larger Cat. quest. 77. (5) Confess. chap-
 xx. sect. 1, 3. (6) Ibid, chap. xvi. sect. 6.

sins." Or, rather, to use the words of our Confession, namely, "That their duty, with respect to saving faith, lies in accepting, receiving, and resting upon Christ alone for justification, SANCTIFICATION, and eternal life, by virtue of the covenant of grace."¹—The former way of speaking, in contradistinction from this, tends to make people think their salvation depends partly on themselves, and partly upon Christ.

2. "That gospel repentance is necessary as a condition, in order to our justification in the sight of God." Whereas it is safer to stand by the words of our Confession; "That repentance is not to be rested in as any satisfaction for sin, or any cause of the pardon thereof, which is God's act of free grace in Christ; and yet is of such necessity to all sinners, that none may expect pardon without it,"² no more than they can expect pardon without amendment; for only "He that *confesseth* and *forsaketh* shall find mercy:" and yet who will say, that this amendment of life is a necessary condition, in order to our justification.

3. "That unbelievers are not under the commanding power of the covenant of works; why, because they are not obliged to seek justification by their own works;" as if the seeking justification that way, were the precise form of that covenant; whereas Adam might have been justified by his works, though he had never sought justification that way; since, as hath been well cleared by others, "The annexing of the promise of life, and threatening of death, to the precept, and making perfect obedience the covenant-condition upon which these were suspended," was the precise form of the covenant of works; and not man's being obliged to *seek* or aim at justification by his works, which was but a consequent thereof: for, if he had fulfilled the condition of that covenant, or yielded that perfect obedience, to which life was this annexed, without seeking or aiming at any thing else, but the pleasing and glorifying of God, he had been justified by his works. Hence, even these that are obliged to seek life and justification by the obedience of another; yet while they do it not, but remain in unbelief they abide under the commanding, as well as the condemning power of the covenant of works; that is, under an obligation to perfect obedience, upon pain of death, and the forfeiture of eternal life and all title thereto, by reason of their want of that obedience, and the violation of that covenant; hence our standards, make it the privilege only of believers, "That they are not under the moral law as a covenant of works, to be thereby either justified or condemned."³ Which plainly says, not only that the moral law was turned into the form of a covenant of works,

(1) Confession of Faith, chap. xvi. sect. 2. (2) Ibid, chap. xv. sect. 2.
 (3) Ibid, chap. xv. Sect. 3.—Ibid. Chap. xix. Sect. 6.

by its being made a covenant of life and justification upon *doing*, and of death and condemnation upon *not doing* ; but also, that as unbelievers are under the *condemning* power of that covenant, which condemns the disobedient to eternal death for their sins : so they are under the *commanding* power of that same covenant—which justifies all that can and do obey it, and would justify them also, if they had the power, and did yield obedience to it, in the manner it requires ; which is not so with the believer, who, though he had a personal righteousness in perfection, as he will have it in heaven, yet there is no connection between it and his justification, or title to eternal life, which is to him *the gift of God through Jesus Christ* ; he being brought under another covenant, which makes his title to life stand upon another foundation : but now, to free unbelievers from being under the *commanding* power of the covenant of works, is, in my opinion, to free them also from the *condemning* power of it ; for, if they were not under obligation to the command of it, how could they justly be condemned by it for want of obedience thereto, or transgressing thereof ? Where no command, no transgression ; where no transgression, no penalty. Nay, Reader, the debt stands upon their head, though they be insolvent debtors and bankrupts : and that is the very thing that makes them need to seek the active, as well as passive obedience of Christ (who, as surety, came to fulfil the righteousness of the law only as a covenant of works) for their justification and eternal life : whereas, if they were not under obligation to the command of the covenant of works, I see no need they would have of Christ's active obedience in their room. Our old way of speaking hath been to this purpose, that all men are under a covenant of works entirely, so long as they remain out of Christ, and so out of the covenant of grace ; and that they need his complete righteousness, both of doing and suffering, for their justification ; and it is not meet that we be driven out of the good old way, by new quirks and sophisms.

4. Another way of speaking, that I find amidst these late altercations or debates, is, That “ faith having its chief seat in the will, doubting is not contrary to faith ; and that, to espouse the definition of faith that past current at the Reformation, or among the reformers, is a receding from our standards.” As the reader will find some little hint concerning *faith* in the following SONNETS, so I agree cordially with our standards in their definitions of faith ; and also think that the complex assurance therein mentioned (including that of spiritual sense as well as faith, that which is reflex as well as direct) “ is not of the essence of faith, or so of the essence of it, but that a true believer may wait long, and conflict with many difficulties, before he be a partaker

of it.”¹ But I am not fond of confining faith to the will as its chief seat; but rather, with the learned and judicious Dr. OWEN, judge, “That it is seated in the understanding, as to its being and subsistence; and in the will and heart, as to its effectual working;” which makes it, under the conduct of the spirit of faith, to be a “cordial assent to the divine testimony concerning Christ,” who can be no otherwise believingly received by us, but in a word, or as offered in the gospel. Far less am I fond of making faith consistent with doubting in its nature, (though faith and doubting may both be in the same subject) seeing Christ hath set them at odds, saying, “O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?” Where I see the believer may have doubts: yea and be wholly over-run with them, because he hath unbelief; and yet his faith and doubting differ, as faith and unbelief do. But least of all am I fond of making our standards clash with the doctrine of our reformers: especially seeing our Assembly 1647, in their acts receiving these standards, declared, “That upon due examination thereof, they were found to be most agreeable to the word of God; and in nothing contrary to the received doctrine of this Kirk;” which was the doctrine of the reformation, and of other reformed Churches, on these points.—Several other new and strange ways of speaking are interspersed among some late writings, but it was not my purpose to insist so long as I have done upon these matters.

Serious Reader, I shall only add here, that my principal design, in the following SONNETS, was to commend Christ to your soul; especially as he is the Lord your righteousness. And, I hope, you know that I cannot hyperbolize, or exceed in the commendation of Christ’s righteousness alone, as the matter of our justification before God. I think it worth the remarking here, how strict and accurate the words of our Confession are, in excluding all works from having any share in this matter, saying, “These whom God effectually calleth, he also freely justifieth; not by infusing righteousness into them, but by pardoning their sins; and accounting and accepting their persons as righteous; not for any thing wrought in them, or done by them, but for Christ’s sake alone; not by imputing faith itself, the act of believing, or any other evangelical obedience, to them, as their righteousness, but by imputing the obedience and satisfaction of Christ unto them, they receiving and resting on him by faith; which faith they have not of themselves, it is the gift of God.”²

Reader, in all your mental debates, or verbal altercations about these things, and this subject in particular, seriously bethink yourself what is like to be your opinion thereof, when you come to die, and are

(1) Confession of Faith, chap. xviii. sect. 3. (2) Ibid, chap. xi. sect. 1.

about to face the awful tribunal of a just and holy God. And, in all such points of eternal moment, ever think that part the safest, which doth least humour man's pride, and most exalt God's glory; since the scope of the gospel is, to shut out boasting, to bring in self-denial, and to magnify the righteousness of Christ, by which he hath magnified the law, and made it honourable; and in the true and lively faith of which all true peace, heart holiness, and practical godliness is rooted, Rom. v. 1, Acts xv. 9, Titus iii. 5, 8, Gal. iii. 16, 19. Many opposers of this doctrine in their lives, have owned it as the best divinity at their death, and before it; such as Bellarmine who was not alone in his *Tutissimum est*, &c. "It is the safest way to rest upon the mercy of God in Christ alone for salvation."

Reader, whatever other apologies this book has formerly been prefaced with¹ (as to the manner in which many lines in it are written) shall be here altogether dropt and forborn. I now dismiss it as it is, under the conduct of divine providence, to take its hazard in the world; since it has already served its apprenticeship under several impressions, and gone through both kind and hard usage; through good report and bad report. It never promised much to them that seek nothing but pleasure and satisfaction to their fancy; but I have heard, that it has done some service (and, I hope, through the blessing of Heaven, it may yet do more) to them that seek profit and edification to their souls.

The late edition of this book at London being more full and complete than any that was formerly emitted, it is fit here to acquaint the reader, this is printed exactly off the London copy, without any material addition or alteration, except in the Third Part of the Book that comes under the name of Riddles, or Mysteries; and Part Sixth, chap. ii. sect. 1, entitled, "The Believer's Principles concerning the Mysteries of the Law and Gospel; both of which (because there were several demands in this country for a new edition) I thought fit to confirm by scripture-texts, cited at the bottom of the page, for the benefit of those that are weak in knowledge, and unacquainted with the Scriptures.² I have directed them by a reference at every branch of the sentence that is either seemingly or really opposite to the other, unto some scriptural text, one or more, for evincing the truth thereof: by which means the weakest, that is willing, may come to understand the most difficult paradox or mystery, mentioned in this book; at least so far as to see that every part of it is founded on the word of God, either directly or by plain and necessary consequence.

Only this general rule is to be observed, namely, That the reader

(1) What follows is all the Preface usually of late prefixed to the small copy of the GOSPEL SONNETS. (2) The Scriptures in this edition are extended.

always consider what is the subject treated in every section or stanza, and this for the sake of the more illiterate, I shall illustrate by two examples, the one concerning the *law*, and the other concerning the *believer*. The former you see, Part III. sect. vi. ver 25, where it is said,

I'm not oblig'd to keep it more ;
Yet more oblig'd than e'er before.

Here you are to remark, that as the subject spoken of, is the Law ; so the Law, in scripture, is considered two ways, viz. both as a covenant of works, and as a rule of duty. Now that the believer is under no obligation to the law as it is a covenant of works, or to perform obedience to it as a ground of justification (which is also the subject treated in that section) is confirmed in the foot-notes, by the following scriptures, to which you are directed by the reference. Rom. vi. 14, Gal. v. 1—4, where you may see believers are said to be not under the law, but under grace ; and exhorted to stand fast in the liberty where-with Christ hath made them free : and assured that Christ is become of no effect to them, whosoever of them are justified by the law ; they are fallen from grace. Again, that the believer is under more obligation than ever before he was justified, to yield obedience to the law as it is a rule of life (which is the other branch of that paradox) is confirmed by these following texts of scripture, to which you are directed by the reference, Rom. vi. 1, 2, 15, where it is said, " Shall we continue in sin, that grace may abound ? God forbid : How shall we that are dead to sin, live any longer therein ? What then ? Shall we sin, because we are not under the law, but under grace ? God forbid." From which texts, together with their contexts, it is evident, that the believer's freedom from the law, as a covenant, does not at all free him from obligation to it as a rule, but superadds to the natural obligation, that of grace, which both argumentatively and effectively teaches what the law does authoritatively and perceptively, namely, " To deny ungodliness and worldly lusts, and to live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present evil world," Titus ii. 11, 12.

The other example I adduce, you may read, Part III, sect. x. ver. 47, where the words are :—

To good and evil equal bent ;
I'm both a devil and a saint.

Here the reader may notice, that the subject spoken of, is the believer, or the saint's old and new man described (which is part of the title of that section) or considered as to his regenerate and unregenerate part ; in which view he is frequently spoken of in scripture ; *ex. gr.* John

iii. 6, 9, it is said of the believer, or the person born of God, that *he sinneth not* ; and that *he cannot sin, because he is born of God* : there he is spoken of as to his new nature, or regenerate part. But, 1 John i. 8, the words are, “ If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us :” where the apostle speaks of believers’ unregenerate and corrupt part. Now, this being the scriptural representation of the believer, the foresaid paradox is easily proven from scripture.

The *first* branch is, that he is equally bent to good and to evil.—For the proof of this you are directed in the foot-note to Rom. vii. 21, where the apostle Paul, speaking both of his corrupt and renewed part, says, “ I find a law, that when I would do good, evil is present with me.” And if you read the preceding and following context, you will find him complaining how corruption bends him as far one way, as grace another.

The *other* part of the same paradox is, That the believer is, on these accounts, both a devil and a saint. Now, that the believer is, by nature and corruption, a *devil*, is one branch of this position here to be confirmed. That he is so by nature, is proven by the following scriptures, in the forecited place at the bottom, John vi. 70, and viii. 44 compared, where Christ, speaking of some that were in a natural state, *viz.* of Judas and the Jews, discovers what is the state of all men by nature, “ That they are of their father the devil, since the lusts of their father they will do ;” and therefore may be called devils, as our Lord calls Judas, saying, “ I have chosen you twelve, and one of you is a devil.” And such are believers also naturally, as descendants of the first Adam being “ Children of disobedience, and children of wrath by nature, even as others,” Eph. ii. 2, 3. And that the believer is so, not only by nature, but also by reason of remaining *corruption*, is proven at the foot, in the same place, from James iii. 15, where that apostle, speaking of strife and envy that may be even among the children of God, (which, indeed, has too much taken place in all ages), “ This wisdom descendeth not from above, but is earthly, sensual, devilish.” Again, that though the believer be by nature and corruption a devil, yet he is by grace and regeneration a saint, is documented also in the same place, from 1 Cor. vi. 11. “ Such were some of you, but ye are sanctified,” &c.

In this manner you may go over all the rest of the paradoxes, riddles, or mysteries contained in this book, and find them evidently confirmed by the scriptures of truth, the word of God. This might be no unprofitable exercise, but tend to lead you to the true knowledge of the gospel, to which mysteries are so essential, that it is designed by them, and called, “ The wisdom of God in a mystery,” 1 Cor. ii. 7 ; and the

knowledge of which is so essential to Christianity, and so absolutely necessary to salvation, that the same apostle declares that, "If our gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost; in whom the god of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believe not, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them," 2 Cor. iv. 3, 4.

Again, if you search the scriptures, you will see many more proofs for every point than I have adduced, and perhaps many much more opposite; for these only are set down at the bottom of the page, that first occurred to me: yet, I suppose, though sometimes but one, and sometimes more scriptures are pointed out, they are such as sufficiently confirm the positions they relate to. But that other scriptures might have been adduced in plenty, I shall give one instance in the paradox just now mentioned viz. That every believer, while in the world, is both a devil and a saint. The latter clause is what none will deny, namely, That every believer is a saint; for further proof of which, you might see, Acts xv. 9. and xxvi. 18, &c. But because the first clause may seem more harsh, it may, by scripture, be also farther evinced two ways: (1) In respect of the daily commission of sin he has to challenge himself with: for the scriptures says, Eccles. vii. 20. "There is not a just man upon earth, that doth good, and sinneth not." And with this compare 1 John iii. 8, "He that committeth sin, is of the devil." Hence it is plain, there is not a just man upon earth, but may, in respect of the commission of sin, be called a devil. (2) In respect of prevalent temptations, by which he may be hurried into those things that savour not of God, but of men; on which account Christ says to Peter, Matth. xvi. 23, "Get thee behind me Satan." And if Christ calls Peter, a devil, whom he had described as a saint of the first magnitude, ver. 17, one divinely blessed and enlightened; what occasion may every believer have to call himself a devil? Yea, it is a part of his faith and sancity, to see and acknowledge, with shame before the Lord, his own devilish and desperately wicked heart and nature, which a blind, self-conceited world are ignorant of, being neither acquainted with themselves, nor with God and his word. However, so it is, that the more any shall search the scripture, the more, I hope, will they discern, not only by the texts I have quoted, but from many others also, the truth and evidence of every part of this book, however mysterious some passages of it may seem to many.

Though some of these lines may want the politeness that can please the curious age; yet, while they stand firm upon a scriptural foundation, none of them want authority, and that of the highest nature,

except in the account of mockers, and those (of whom there are too many in our day) that are either Deists, who undervalue the scripture, or Atheists who deride it : and it is sadly to be regretted, that those people are hardened in their very wicked principles and practices, by some that perhaps have a higher profession. For I have seen two prints, one called the *Groan*, and another the *Laugh*, wherein some lines, picked out among others, have been exposed to ridicule : but however such gentlemen may laugh at their own sport, and wickedly divert themselves with serious matters for a time, I fear their laughing will issue in weeping for ever ; if God, by giving them repentance do not make them groan to purpose, for the evidences they thus give of either their grievous ignorance of the scripture, or their gross profanity, and of their readiness to yield themselves instruments of the devil, to promote the Athestical spirit of the age, which is bent enough (without any such provocation) to laugh at every thing serious, sacred, and scriptural. This is so palpable, without my observations upon it, and so self-evident to all that fear God, and have had the patience to read such prints, that I would not have thought them worth my noticing so far, as to make this bare mention of them, had not Providence put the pen in my hand to preface this edition, wherein scriptural proofs are added to that part of the book.

Reader, it gives me satisfaction enough to understand, that this book has already been useful and edifying to some, however it is entertained by others. The gospel itself is to some the savour of life, to others the savour of death ; to some wisdom, to others foolishness ; to some matter of faith, love, and comfort ; to others matter of mockery and scorn. I shall be far from thinking it any discredit or disparagement to this book, if it meet with the like entertainment.

May the Lord of heaven and earth, who over-rules all things, accompany it in its journies, abroad or at home, with his blessing to their souls, for their holy recreation and their spiritual edification and comfort : and to his care I commend it, in the words of a famous and justly celebrated Scots poet, upon Psalm xxxv. 1.

Rerum sanctæ Opifex, ades,
Et patrocinio protege me tuo.

Which may be adapted to the matter in hand thus,

The truth which hell may criticise,
Great God, be near to patronise.

R. ERSKINE.

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G O S P E L S O N N E T S .

P A R T I .

THE BELIEVER'S ESPOUSALS.

A POEM upon Isa. liv. 5.—*Thy Maker is thy Husband.*

P R E F A C E .

HARK, dying mortal, if the Sonnet prove,
A song of living and immortal love,
'Tis then thy grand concern the theme to know,
If life and immortality be so.
Are eyes to read, or ears to hear a trust?
Shall both in death be cramm'd anon with dust?
Then trifle not to please thine ear and eye,
But read thou, hear thou, for eternity.
Pursue not shadows wing'd, but be thy chase,
The God of glory on the field of grace:
The mighty hunter's name is lost and vain,
That runs not this substantial prize to gain.
These humble lines assume no high pretence,
To please thy fancy, or allure thy sense;
But aim, if everlasting life's thy chase,
To clear thy mind, and warm thy heart thro' grace.
A marriage so mysterious I proclaim,
Betwixt two parties of such diff'rent fame,
That human tongues may blush their names to tell,
To wit, the Prince of Heav'n, the heir of hell!
But, on so vast a subject who can find
Words suiting the conceptions of his mind?
Or, if our language with our thoughts could vie,
What mortal thought can raise itself so high?

When words and thoughts both fail, may faith and prayer
 Ascend by climbing up the scripture-stair :
 From sacred writ these strange espousals may
 Be explicated in the following way.

CHAPTER I.

A GENERAL ACCOUNT OF MAN'S FALL IN ADAM, AND THE REMEDY PROVIDED IN
 CHRIST; AND A PARTICULAR ACCOUNT OF MAN'S BEING NATURALLY WEDDED
 TO THE LAW, AS A COVENANT OF WORKS.

SECTION I.

The Fall of Adam.

OLD Adam once a heav'n of pleasure found,
 While he with perfect innocence was crown'd :
 His wing'd affections to his God could move
 In raptures of desire, and strains of love.
 Man standing spotless, pure, and innocent,
 Could well the law of works with works content ;
 Tho' then, (nor since,) it could demand no less
 Than personal and perfect righteousness !
 These unto sinless men were easy terms,
 Tho' now beyond the reach of wither'd arms.
 The legal cov'nant then upon the field,
 Perfection sought, man could perfection yield.
 Rich had he and his progeny remain'd,
 Had he primeval innocence maintain'd :
 His life had been a rest without annoy,
 A scene of bliss, a paradise of joy.
 But subtile Satan, in the serpent hid,
 Proposing fair the fruit that God forbid,
 Man soon seduc'd by hell's alluring art,
 Did, disobedient, from the rule depart,
 Devour'd the bait, and by his bold offence
 Fell from his blissful state of innocence,¹
 Prostrate, he lost his God, his life, his crown,
 From all his glory tumbled headlong down,
 Plung'd in a deep abyss of sin and wo,
 Where, void of heart to will, or hand to do ;
 For's own relief he can't command a thought,
 The total sum of what he can is nought.
 He's able only now t'increase his thrall,
 He can destroy himself, and this is all,
 But can the hellish brat heav'n's law fulfil ?
 Whose precepts high surmount his strength and skill,

(1) Gen. iii. 1—6.

Can filthy dross produce a golden beam ?
 Or poison'd springs a salutif'rous stream ?
 Can carnal mind, fierce enmity's wide maw,
 Be duly subject to the Divine law ?
 Nay, now its direful threatenings must take place
 On all the disobedient human race,
 Who do by guilt Omnipotence provoke,
 Obnoxious stand to his uplifted stroke.
 They must ingulf themselves in endless woes,
 Who to the living God are deadly foes ;
 Who natively his holy will gainsay,
 Must to his awful justice fall a prey :
 In vain do mankind now expect, in vain
 By legal deeds immortal life to gain :
 Nay, death is threatened, threats must have their due,
 Or souls that sin, must die ;¹ as God is true.

SECTION II.

Redemption through Christ.

The second Adam, sov'reign Lord of all,
 Did, by his Father's authorizing call,
 From bosom of eternal love descend,
 To save the guilty race that him offend ;
 To treat an everlasting peace with those,
 Who were, and ever would have been his foes.
 His errand, never ending life to give
 To them, whose malice would not let him live ;
 To make a match with rebels, and espouse
 The brat which at his love her spite avows.
 Himself he humbled, to depress her pride,
 And make his mortal foe his loving bride.
 But, ere the marriage can be solomniz'd,
 And lets must be remov'd all parties pleas'd,
 Law-righteousness requir'd, must be procur'd,
 Law-vengeance threaten'd, must be full endur'd.
 Stern justice must have credit by the match,
 Sweet mercy by the heart the bride must catch.
 Poor Bankrupt ! all her debt must first be paid,
 Her former husband in the grave be laid :
 Her present lover must be at the cost,
 To save and ransom to the uttermost.
 If all these things this Suitor kind can do.
 Then he may win her, and her blessing too,
 Hard terms indeed ! while death's the first demand ;
 But love is strong as death,² and will not stand
 To carry on the suit, and make it good,

(1) Ezek. xviii. 4. (2) Song viii. 6.

Tho' at the dearest rate of wounds and blood.
The burden's heavy, but the back is broad,
The glorious lover is the mighty God,¹
Kind bowels yearning in the eternal Son,
He left his Father's court, his heav'nly throne :
Aside he threw his most divine array,
And wrapt his Godhead in a veil of clay.
Angelic armies, who in glory crowned,
With joyful harps his awful throne surround,
Down to the crystal frontier of the sky,
To see the Saviour born, did eager fly;²
And ex'er since behold with wonder fresh,
Their Sov'reign and our Saviour wrapt in flesh,
Who in this garb did mighty love display,
Restoring what he never took away;³
To God his glory, to the law its due,
To heav'n its honour, to the earth its hue ;
To man a righteousness, divine, complete,
A royal robe, to suit the nuptial rite.
He in her favours, whom he lov'd so well,
At once did purchase heav'n, and vanquish hell,
O! unexampled love ! so vast, so strong,
So great, so high, so deep, so broad, so long !
Can finite thought this ocean huge explore,
Unconscious of a bottom or a shore ?
His love admits no parallel ; for why,
At one great draught of love he drank hell dry,
No drop of wrathful gall he left behind,
No dreg to witness that he was unkind.
The sword of awful justice pierced his side,
That mercy thence might gush upon the bride.
The meritorious labours of his life,
And glorious conquests of his dying strife ;
Her debt of doing, suff'ring, both cancell'd,
And broke the bars his lawful captive held.
Down to the ground the hellish hosts he threw,
Then mounting high, the trump of triumph blew,
Attended with a bright seraphic band,
Sat down enthron'd sublime on God's right hand ;
Where glorious choirs their various harps employ
To sound his praises with conf'drate joy.
There he, the bride's strong Intercessor sits,
And thence the blessings of his blood transmits.
Sprinkling all o'er the flaming throne of God,
Pleads for her pardon his atoning blood :
Sends down his holy co-eternal dove,
To show the wonders of incarnate love,
To woo and win the bride's reluctant heart,

(1) Isa. ix. 6. (2) Luke ii. 9—14. (3) Psal. lxix. 4.

And pierce it with his kindly killing dart :
 By gospel light to manifest that now
 She has no further with the law to do ;
 That her new Lord has loos'd the fed'ral tye,
 That once hard bound her, or to do or die ;
 That precepts, threats, no single mite can crave.
 Thus for her former spouse he digg'd a grave ;
 The law fast to his cross did nail and pin,
 Then bury'd the defunct his tomb within,
 That he the lonely widow to himself might win.

SECTION III.

Man's legal disposition.

BUT after all, the bride's so malcontent,
 No argument, save pow'r, is prevalent,
 To bow her will, and gain her heart's consent
 The glorious Prince's suit she disapproves,
 The law her old primordial husband loves ;
 Hopeful in its embraces life to have,
 Though dead and bury'd in her suitor's grave,
 Unable to give life, as once before ;
 Unfit to be a husband any more.
 Yet proudly she the new address disdains,
 And all the blest Redeemer's love and pains ;
 Tho' now his head, that cruel thorns did wound,
 Is with immortal glory circled round :
 Archangels at his awful footstool bow,
 Tho' down he sends in gospel tidings good
 Epistles of his love, sign'd with his blood :
 Yet lordly she the royal suit rejects,
 Eternal life by legal works affects ;
 In vain the living seeks among the dead,¹
 Sues quick'ning comforts in a killing head.
 Her dead and bury'd husband has her heart,
 Which can nor death remove, nor life impart,
 Thus all revolting Adam's blinded race
 In their first spouse their hope and comfort place.
 They natively expect, if guilt them press,
 Salvation by a home bred righteousness :
 They look for favour in Jehovah's eyes,
 By careful doing all that in them lies.
 'Tis still their primary attempt to draw
 Their life and comfort from the vet'ran law :
 They flee not to the hope the gospel gives :
 To trust a promise bare, their minds aggrieves,
 Which judge the man that does, the man that lives.

(1) Luke xxiv. 5.

As native as they draw their vital breath,
 Their fond recourse is to the legal path,
 Why, says old nature in law wedded man,
 "Won't Heav'n be pleas'd, if I do all I can?
 If I conform my walk to Nature's light,
 And strive, intent to practise what is right?
 Thus, won't I by the God of heav'n be bless'd,
 And win his favour, if I do my best?
 Good God! he cries when press'd with debt and thrall,
 Have patience, with me, and I'll pay thee all."¹
 Upon their all, their best, they're fondly mad,
 Tho' yet their all is naught, their best is bad.
 Proud man his *can does* mightily exalts,
 Yet are his brightest works but splendid faults.
 A sinner may have shows of good, but still
 The best he can, even at his best, is ill.
 Can heav'n or divine favour e'er be win
 By those that are a mass of hell and sin?
 The righteous law does num'rous woes denounce
 Against the wretched soul that fails but once:
 What heaps of curses on their heads it rears,
 That have amass'd the guilt of num'rous years.

SECTION IV.

Man's strict attachment to legal terms, or to the law as a condition of life.

Say, on what terms then Heav'n appeas'd will be?
 Why, sure, perfection is the least degree.
 Yea, more, full satisfaction must be giv'n
 For trespass done against the laws of Heav'n.
 These are the terms: what mortal back so broad,
 But must for ever sink beneath the load?
 A ransom must be found, or die they must,
 Sure, even as justice infinite is just.
 But, says the legal, proud, self-righteous heart,
 Which cannot with her ancient consort part,
 "What! won't the goodness of the God of heav'n
 Admit of smalls when greater can't be given?
 He knows our fall diminish'd all our funds,
 Won't he accept of pennies now for pounds?
 Sincere endeavours for perfection take,
 Or terms more possible for mankind make?"
 Ah! poor divinity, and jargon loose;
 Such hay and straw will never build the house.
 Mistake not here, proud mortal: don't mistake;
 God changes not, nor other terms will make.
 Will divine faithfulness itself deny,

(1) Mat. xvi. 26.

Which swore solemnly, Man shall do or die?
 Will God, most true, extend to us forsooth,
 His goodness to the damage of his truth?
 Will spotless holiness be baffled thus?
 Or awful justice be unjust for us?
 Shall faithfulness be faithless for our sake,
 And he his threats, as we his precepts break?
 Will our great creditor deny himself?
 And for full payment take our filthy pelf?
 Dispense with justice, to let mercy vent?
 And stain his royal crown with 'minish'd rent?
 Unworthy thought, O let no mortal clod
 Hold such base notions of a glorious God.
 Heav'n's holy cov'nant, made for human race,
 Consists, or whole of works, or whole of grace.
 If works will take the field then works must be
 For ever perfect to the last degree :
 Will God dispense with less? Nay sure, he won't
 With ragged toll his royal law affront.
 Can rags, that Sinai flames will soon dispatch,
 E'er prove the fiery law's adequate match?
 Vain man must be divorc'd, and choose to take
 Another husband, or a burning lake.

We find the divine volume no where teach
 New legal terms within our mortal reach.
 Some make, tho' in the sacred page unknown,
 Sincerity assume perfection's throne :
 But who will boast this base usurper's sway,
 Save ministers of darkness, that display,
 Invented night to stifle scripture-day?
 The nat'ralist's sincerity is naught ;
 That of the gracious is divinely taught ;
 Which teaching keeps their graces, if sincere,
 Within the limits of the gospel-sphere,
 Where vaunting, non-created graces sing,
 Nor boast of streams, but of the Lord the spring.
 Sincerity's the soul of ev'ry grace,
 The quality of all the ransom'd race.
 Of promis'd favour 'tis a fruit, a clause :
 But no procuring term, no moving cause.

How unadvis'd the legal mind confounds
 The marks of divine favour with the grounds,
 And qualities of covenanted friends
 With the condition of the covenant blends?
 Thus holding gospel truths with legal arms,
 Mistakes new cov'nant fruits for fed'ral terms.
 The joyful sound no change of terms allows,
 But change of persons, or another spouse.
 The nature same that sinn'd must do or die ;
 No milder terms in gospel offers lie.

For grace no other law abatement shows,
 But how law debtors may restore its dues :
 Restore, yea, thro' a surety in their place,
 With double int'rest, and a better grace.
 Here we of no new terms of life are told,
 But of a husband to fulfil the old ;
 With him alone by faith we're call'd to wed,
 And let no rival bruik¹ the marriage bed.

SECTION V.

*Man's vain attempt to seek life by Christ's righteousness, joined with their own ; and
 legal hopes natural to all.*

But still the bride reluctant disallows
 The junior suit, and hugs the senior spouse.
 Such the old selfish folly of her mind,
 So bent to lick the dust, and grasp the wind,
 Alleging works and duties of her own
 May for her criminal offence atone ;
 She will her antic dirty robe provide,
 Which vain she hopes will all pollution hide.
 The filthy rags that saints away have flung,
 She holding, wraps and rolls herself in dung.
 Thus, maugre all the light that gospel gives,
 Unto her nat'ral consort fondly cleaves.
 Though mercy set the royal match in view,
 She's loth to bid her ancient mate adieu.
 When light of scripture, reason, common sense,
 Can hardly mortify her vain pretence
 To legal righteousness ; yet, if at last
 Her conscience rous'd begins to stand aghast,
 Press'd with the dread of hell, she'll rashly patch,
 And halve a bargain with the proffered match ;
 In hopes his help, together with her own,
 Will turn to peaceful smiles the wrathful frown.
 Though grace the rising sun delightful sings,
 With full salvation in his golden wings,
 And righteousness complete ; the faithless soul,
 Receiving half the light rejects the whole ;
 Revolves the sacred page, but reads purblind
 The gospel-messsge with a legal mind.
 Men dream their state, ah ! too, too slightly view'd,
 Needs only be amended, not renewed
 Scorn to be wholly debtors unto grace,
 Hopeful their works may meliorate their case.
 They fancy present pray'rs and future pains
 Will for their former failings make amends :

(1) Enjoy.

To legal yokes they bow their servile necks.
And, least foul slips their false repose perplex,
Think Jesus' merits make up all defects.
They patch his glorious robes with filthy rags,
And burn but incense to their proper drags¹,
Disdain to use his righteousness alone,
But as an aiding stirr'p to mount their own :
Thus in Christ's room his rival self enthrone,
And vainly would, dress'd up in legal trim,
Divide salvation 'twixt themselves and him.
But know, vain man, that to his share must fall
Thè glory of the whole, or none at all.
In him all wisdom's hidden treasures lie²,
And all the fulness of the Deity³.
This store alone, immense and never spent,
Might poor insolvent debtors well content ;
But to hell-prison justly Heav'n will doom
Proud fools that on their petty stock presume.
The softest couch that gilded nature knows
Can give the waken'd nature no repose.
When God arraigns, what mortal pow'r can stand
Beneath the terror of his lifted hand ?
Our safety lies beyond the nat'ral line,
Beneath the purple covert all divine.
Yet how is precious Christ the way despis'd,
And high the way of life by doing priz'd ?
But can its vot'ries all its levy show ?
They prize it most, who least its burden know :
Who by the law, in part, would save his soul,
Becomes a debtor to fulfil the whole.⁴
Its pris'ner he remains, and without bail,
'Till ev'ry mite be paid ; and if he fail
(As sure he must, since, by our sinful breach,
Perfection far surmounts all mortal reach)
Then curst for ever must his soul remain ;
And all the folk of God must say AMEN.⁵
Why, seeking that the law should help afford ;
In honouring the law he slights its Lord,
Who gives his law-fulfilling righteousness
To be the naked sinners perfect dress,
In which he might with spotless beauty shine
Before the face of majesty divine :
Yet, lo ! the sinner works with mighty pains
A garment of his own to hide his stains ;
Ungrateful, overlooks the gift of God,
The robe wrought by his hand dy'd in his blood.
In vain the Son of God this web did weave,
Could our vile rags sufficient shelter give.

(1) Hab. i. 16. (2) Col. ii. 3. (3) Col. ii. 9. (4) Gal. v. 3 (5) Deut. xxvii. 26

In vain he ev'ry thread of it did draw,
Could sinners be o'ermantled by the law.
Can men's salvation on their works be built,
Whose fairest actions nothing are but guilt?
Or can the law suppress the avenging flame,
When now its only office is to damn?
Did life come by the law, in part or whole,
Bless'd Jesus dy'd in vain to save a soul.
Those then who life by legal means expect,
To them is Christ become of no effect¹;
Because their legal mixtures do, in fact,
Wisdom's grand project plainly counteract.
How close proud carnal reasoning combine,
To frustrate sov'reign grace's great design?
Man's heart by nature weds the law alone,
Nor will another paramour enthrone.

True, many seem by course of life profane,
No favour for the law to entertain:
But break the bands, and cast the cords away,
That would their raging lusts and passions stay:
Yet ev'n this reigning madness may declare,
How strictly weeded to the law they are:
For now (however rich they seemed before)
Hopeless to pay law-debt, they give it o'er,
Like desp'rate debtors mad, still run in more.
Despair of success shews their strong desires,
'Till legal hopes are parch'd in lustful fires.
"Let's give, say they, our lawless will free scope,
And live at random, for there is no hope²."
The law, that can't 'em help, they stab with hate,
Yet scorn to beg, or court another mate.
Here lusts, most opposite their hearts divide,
Their beastly passion, and their bankrupt pride.
In passion they their native mate deface,
In pride disdain to be obliged to grace:
Hence plainly, as a rule 'gainst law they live,
Yet closely to it as a cov'nant cleave.
Thus legal pride lies hid beneath the patch,
And strong aversion to the gospel match.

(1) Gal. ii. 21. v. 2. 4. (2) Jer. xviii. 12.

CHAPTER II.

THE MANNER OF A SINNER'S DIVORCE FROM THE LAW IN A WORK OF HUMILIATION, AND OF HIS MARRIAGE TO THE LORD JESUS CHRIST; OR, THE WAY HOW A SINNER COMES TO BE A BELIEVER.

SECTION I.

Of a Law-work, and the workings of legal pride under it.

So proud's the bride, so backwardly dispos'd ;
 How then shall e'er the happy match be clos'd ?
 Kind grace the tumults of her heart must quell,
 And draw her heav'nward by the gates of hell.
 The Bridegroom's Father makes by's holy Spirit
 His stern command with her stiff conscience meet ;
 To dash her pride, and show her utmost need,
 Pursues for double debt with awful dread.
 He makes her former husband's frightful ghost
 Appear and damn her, as a bankrupt lost ;
 With curses, threats, and Sinai thunder-claps,
 Her lofty tow'r of legal boasting saps.
 These humbling storms in high or low degrees,
 Heaven's Majesty will measure as he please :
 But still he makes the fiery law at least
 Pronounce its awful sentence in her breast,
 'Till thro' the law¹ convict of being lost,
 She hopeless to the law gives up the ghost :
 Which now in rigour comes full debt to crave,
 And in close prison cast ; but not to save.
 For now 'tis weak, and can't (thro' our default)
 Its greatest votaries to life exalt.
 But well it can command with fire and flame,
 And to the lowest pit of ruin damn.
 Thus doth it by commission from above,
 Deal with the bride, when heav'n would court her love.
 Lo ! now she startles at the Sinai trump,
 Which throws her soul into a dismal dump ;
 Conscious another husband she must have,
 Else die for ever in destruction's grave.

While in conviction's jail she's thus enclos'd,
 Glad news are heard, the royal mate's proposed.
 And now the scornful bride's inverted stir
 Is racking fear, he scorn to match with her.
 She dreads his fury, and despairs that he
 Will ever wed so vile a wretch as she.
 And here the legal humour stirs again,
 To her prodigious loss and grievous pain :
 For when the Prince presents himself to be

(1) Gal. ii. 19.

Her Husband, then she deems : Ah ! is not he
Too fair a match for such a filthy bride ?
Unconscious that the thought bewrays her pride,
Ev'n pride of merit, pride of righteousness,
Expecting Heav'n should love her for her dress ;
Unmindful how the fall her face did stain,
And made her but a black unlovely swain,
Her whole primeval beauty quite defac'd,
And to the rank of fiends her form debas'd ;
Without disfigur'd, and defil'd within,
Incapable of any thing but sin.
Heav'n courts not any for their comely face,
But for the glorious praise of sov'reign grace,
Else ne'er had courted one of Adam's race,
Which all as children of corruption be,
Heirs rightful of immortal misery.
Yet here the bride employs her foolish wit,
For this bright match her ugly form to fit ;
To daub her features o'er with legal paint,
That with a grace she may herself present.
Hopeful the Prince with credit might her wed,
If once some comely qualities she had.
In humble pride, her haughty spirit flags ;
She cannot think of coming all in rags.
Were she a humble, faithful penitent,
She dreams he'd then contract with full content.
Base varlet ! think she'd be a match for him,
Did she but deck herself in handsome trim.
Ah ! foolish thoughts ! in legal depths that plod ;
Ah ! sorry notions of a sov'reign God !
Will God expose his great, his glorious Son,
For our vile baggage to be sold and won ?
Should sinful modesty the match decline,
Until its garb be brisk and superfine ;
Alas ! when should we see the marriage-day ?
The happy bargain must flee up for aye.
Presumptuous souls, in surly modesty,
Half-saviours of themselves would fondly be,
Then hopeful th' other half their due will fall,
Disdain to be in Jesus' debt for all.
Vainly they first would wash themselves, and then,
Address the fountain to be wash'd more clean ;
First heal themselves, and then expect the balm :
Ah ! many slightly cure their sudden qualm.
They heal their conscience with a tear or pray'r ;
And seek no other Christ, but perish there.
O sinner, search the house, and see the thief
That spoils thy Saviour's crown, thy soul's relief,
The hid, but heinous sin, of unbelief.
Who can possess a quality that's good,

'Till first he come to Jesus' cleansing blood ?
 The pow'r that draws the bride, will also shew
 Unto her by the way her hellish hue,
 As void of every virtue to commend,
 And full of ev'ry vice that will offend.
 'Till sov'reign grace the sullen bride shall catch,
 She'll never fit herself for such a match.
 Most qualify'd they are in heav'n to dwell,
 Who see themselves most qualify'd for hell ;
 And, ere the bride can drink salvation's cup,
 Kind heav'n must reach to hell and lift her up :
 For no decorum e'er about her found,
 Is she belov'd ; on a nobler ground.
 JEHOVAH's love is like his nature, free ;
 Nor must his creature challenge his decree ;
 But low at sov'reign grace's footstool creep,
 Whose ways are searchless, and his judgments deep.
 Yet grace's suit meets with resistance rude
 From haughty souls ; for lack of innate good
 To recommend them. Thus the backward bride
 Affronts her suitor with her modest pride.
 Black hatred for his cover'd love repays,
 Pride under mask of modesty displays :
 In part would save herself ; hence, saucy soul !
 Rejects the matchless mate would save in the whole.

SECTION II.

Conviction of sin and wrath, carried on more deeply and effectually in the heart.

So proudly forward is the bride, and now,
 Stern heav'n begins to stare with cloudier brow ;
 Law-curses come with more condemning pow'r,
 To scorch her conscience with a fiery show'r,
 And more refulgent flashes darted in ;
 For by the law the knowledge is of sin¹.
 Black Sinai, thund'ring louder than before,
 Does awful in her lofty bosom roar.
 Heav'n's furious storms now rise from ev'ry airth²,
 In ways more terrible to shake the earth³,
 'Till haughtiness of men be sunk thereby,
 That Christ alone may be exalted high.
 Now, stable earth seems from her centre tost,
 And lofty mountains in the ocean lost,
 Hard rocks of flint, and haughty hills of pride,
 Are torn in pieces by the roaring tide.
 Each flash of new conviction's lucid rays,

(1) Rom. iii. 20.

(2) Wind, or quarter.

(3) Isa. ii. 17, 19.

Heart-errors, undiscern'd till now, displays ;
Wrath's massy cloud upon the conscience breaks,
And thus menacing, heav'n in thunder speaks ;
"Black wretch, thou madly under foot hast trod
Th' authority of a commanding God ;
Thou, like thy kindred that in Adam fell,
Art but a law-reversing lump of hell,
And there by law and justice doom'd to dwell."
Now, now, the daunted bride her state bewails,
And downward furls her self-exalting sails
With pungent fear, and piercing terror brought
To mortify her lofty legal thought.
Why, the commandment comes. sin is reviv'd¹,
That lay so hid, while to the law she liv'd ;
Infinite majesty in God is seen,
And infinite malignity in sin :
That to its expiation must amount
A sacrifice of infinite account.
Justice its dire severity displays,
The law its vast dimensions open lays.
She sees for this broad standard nothing meet,
Save an obedience, sinless and complete.
Her cob-web righteousness, once in renown,
Is with a happy vengeance now swept down.
She who of daily faults could once but prate,
Sees now her sinful miserable state.
Her heart, where once she thought some good to dwell,
The devil's cab'net, fill'd with trash of hell.
Her boasted features, now unmasked bare,
Her vaunted hopes are plunged in deep despair.
Her haunted shelter-house, in bypast years,
Comes rumbling down about her frightened ears.
Her former rotten faith, love, penitence,
She sees a bowing wall, and tott'ring fence,
Excellencies of thought, and word, and deed,
All swimming, drowning, in a sea of dread :
Her beauty now deformity she deems ;
Her heart much blacker than the devil seems.
With ready lips she can herself declare
The vilest ever breath'd in vital air.
Her former hopes, as refuges of lies,
Are swept away, and all her boasting dies.
She once imagin'd heav'n would be unjust.
To damn so many lumps of human dust,
Form'd by himself ; but now she owns it true,
Damnation surely is the sinners due ;
Yea, now applauds the law's just doom so well,
That justly she condemns herself to hell ;

(1) Rom. vii. 9.

Does herein divine equity acquit,
 Herself adjudging to the lowest pit.
 Her language, "Oh! if God condemn, I must
 From bottom of my soul declare him just,
 But if his great salvation me embrace,
 How loudly will I sing surprising grace?
 If from the pit he to the throne me raise,
 I'll rival angels in his endless praise,
 If hell deserving me to heaven he bring,
 No heart so glad, no tongue so loud shall sing.
 If wisdom has not led the saving plan,
 I nothing have to claim, I nothing can.
 My works but sin, my merit death I see;
 Oh! mercy, mercy, mercy! pity me."
 Thus all self-justifying pleas are dropp'd,
 Most guilty she becomes, her mouth is stopp'd.
 Pungent remorse does her past conduct blame,
 And flush her conscious cheek with spreading shame.
 Her self-conceited heart is self-convict'd,
 With barbed arrows of compunction prick'd;
 Wonders how justice spares her vital breath,
 How patient heav'n adjourns the day of wrath;
 How pliant earth does not with open jaws
 Devour her, Korah-like, for equal cause;
 How yawning hell, that gapes for such a prey,
 Is frustrate with a further hour's delay.
 She that could once her mighty works exalt,
 And boast devotion fram'd without a fault,
 Extol her natural pow'rs, is now brought down,
 Her former madness, not her pow'rs, to own.
 Her present beggar state, most void of grace,
 Unable even to wail her woful case,
 Quite pow'rless to believe, repent, or pray;
 Thus pride of duties flies and dies away.
 She, like a harden'd wretch, a stupid stone,
 Lies in the dust, and cries, undone, undone.

SECTION III.

The deeply humbled soul relieved with some saving discoveries of Christ the Redeemer.

WHEN thus the wounded bride perceives full well
 Herself the vilest sinner out of hell,
 The blackest monster in the universe:
 Pensive if clouds of woe shall e'er disperse.
 When in her breast heav'n's wrath so fiercely glows,
 'Twixt fear and guilt her bones have no repose.
 When flowing billows of amazing dread

Swell to a deluge o'er her sinking head ;
 When nothing in her heart is found to dwell,
 But horrid atheism, enmity, and hell ;
 When endless death and ruin seems at hand,
 And yet she cannot for her soul command
 A sigh to ease it, or a gracious thought,
 Tho' heav'n could at this petty rate be bought.
 When darkness and confusion overcloud
 And unto black despair temptations crowd !
 When wholly without strength to move or stir,
 And not a star by night appears to her :
 But she, while to the brim her troubles flow,
 Stands trembling on the outmost brink of woe.

Ah ! weary case ! But lo ! in this sad plight
 The sun arises with surprising light.
 The darkest midnight is his usual time
 Of rising and appearing in his prime.
 To show the hills from whence salvation springs,
 And chase the gloomy shade with golden wings,
 The glorious husband now unveils his face,
 And shows his glory full of truth and grace ;¹
 Presents unto the bride in that dark hour,
 Himself a Saviour, both by price and pow'r
 A mighty helper to redeem the lost.
 Relieve and ransom to the uttermost ;²
 To seek the vagrant sheep to desert driv'n,
 And save from lowest hell to highest heav'n.
 Her doleful case he sees, his bowels move,
 And make her time of need a time of love.³
 He shews, to prove himself her mighty shield,
 His name is JESUS, by his Father seal'd ;⁴
 A name with attributes engrav'd within,
 To save from every attribute of sin.
 With wisdom sin's great folly to expose,
 And righteousness its chain of guilt to loose,
 Sanctification to subdue its sway,
 Redemption all its woful brood to slay.⁵
 Each golden letter of his glorious name
 Bears full deliv'rance both from sin and shame.
 Yea, not privation bear from sin and wo,
 But thence all positive salvation flow,
 To make her wise, just, holy, happy to.
 He now appears a match exactly meet,
 To make her every way in him complete,
 In whom the fulness of the godhead dwells,⁶
 That she may boast in him, and nothing else.
 In gospel-lines she now perceives the dawn
 Of Jesus' love with bloody pencil drawn ;

(1) John i. 14. (2) Heb. vii. 25. (3) Ezek. xvi. 6. 8. (4) Matt. i. 21. (5) 1 Cor. i. 30.
 (6) Col. ii. 9, 10.

How God in him is infinitely pleas'd,
And heav'n's revenging fury whole appeas'd :
Law-precepts magnify'd by her belov'd,
And ev'ry let to stop the match remov'd.
Now in her view the prison-gates break ope,
Wide to the walls flies up the door of hope ;
And now she sees with pleasure unexpress'd
For shatter'd barks a happy shore of rest.

SECTION IV.

The workings of the Spirit of faith in separating the heart from all self-righteousness, and drawing out its consent to, and desire after Christ alone and wholly.

THE bride at Sinai little understood,
How these law-humblings were design'd for good,
T' enhance the value of the husband's blood.
The tow'r of tott'ring pride thus batter'd down,
Makes way for Christ alone to wear the crown.
Conviction's arrows pierc'd her heart that so
The blood from his pierc'd heart to her's might flow.
The law's sharp plough tears up the fallow ground,
Where not a grain of grace was to be found,
Till straight behind the plough is sown,
The hidden seed of faith as yet unknown.
Hence now the once reluctant bride's inclin'd
To give the gospel an assenting mind,
Dispos'd to take, would grace the pow'r impart,
Heav'n's offer with a free consenting heart.
His spirit in the gospel-chariot rides,
And shews his loving heart to draw the bride's,
Tho' oft in clouds his drawing pow'r he hides.
His love in gracious offers to her bears,
In kindly answers to her doubts and fears,
Resolving all objections, more or less,
From former sins, or present worthlessness.
Presuades her mind of's conjugal consent,
And then empowers her heart to say, Content.
Content to be divorced from the law,
No more the yoke of legal terms to draw.
Content that he dissolve the former match,
And to himself alone her heart attach.
Content to join with Christ at any rate,
And wed him as her everlasting mate.
Content that he should ever wear the bays,
And of her whole salvation have the praise.
Content that he should rise, tho' she should fall,
And to be nothing, that he may be all.
Content, that he, because she nought can do,

Do for her all her work, and in her too.
Here she a peremptory mind displays,
That he do all the work, get all the praise.
And now she is, which ne'er till now took place,
Content entirely to be saved by grace.
She owns that her damnation just would be,
And therefore her salvation must be free :
That nothing being hers but sin and thrall,
She must be debtor unto grace for all.

Hence comes she to him in her naked case,
To be invested with his righteousness.
She comes, as guilty, to a pardon free ;
As vile and guilty to a cleansing sea ;
As poor and empty, to the richest stock ;
As weak and feeble, to the strongest rock ;
As perishing, unto a shield from thrall :
As worse than nothing, to an all in all.
She, as a blinded mole, and ign'rant fool,
Comes for instruction to the Prophet's school.
She, with a hell-deserving conscious breast,
Flees for atonement to the worthy Priest.
She as a slave to sin and Satan, wings
Her flight for help unto the King of kings.
She, all her maladies and plagues brings forth
To this Physician of eternal worth.
She spreads before his throne her filthy sore,
And lays her broken bones down at his door.
No mite she has to buy a crumb of bliss,
And therefore comes impov'rish'd as she is.
By sin and Satan of all good bereft,
Comes e'en as bare as they her soul have left.
To sense, as free of holiness within,
As Christ the spotless Lamb, was free of sin.
She comes by faith, true ; but it shews her want,
And brings her as a sinner, not a saint ;
A wretched sinner flying for her good
To justifying, sanctifying blood.
Strong faith no strength nor pow'r of acting vaunts,
But acts in sense of weakness and of wants.
Drain'd now of every thing that men may call
Terms and conditions of relief from thrall ;
Except this one, that Jesus be her all.
When to the bride he gives espousing faith,
It finds her under sin, and guilt, and wrath ;
And makes her as a plagued wretch to fall
At Jesus' footstool for the cure of all.
Her whole salvation now in him she seeks,
And musing thus perhaps in secret speaks :
" Lo ! all my burdens may in him be eas'd :
The justice I offended, he has pleas'd ;

The bliss that I have forfeit, he procur'd ;
 The curse that I deserved, he endur'd ;
 The law that I have broken, he obey'd ;
 The debt that I contracted, he has paid :
 And tho' a match unfit for him I be.
 I find him every way most fit for me.

Sweet Lord, I think, would thou thyself impart,
 I'd welcome thee with open hand and heart.
 But thou that sav'st by price, must save by pow'r ;
 O send thy Spirit in a fiery shower,
 This cold and frozen heart of mine to thaw,
 That nought save cords of burning love can draw.
 O draw me, Lord ; then will I run to thee,
 And glad into thy glowing bosom flee.
 I own myself a mass of sin and hell,
 A brat that can do nothing but rebel :
 But didst thou not, as sacred pages shew¹,
 (When rising up to spoil the hellish crew,
 That had by thousands, sinners captive made,
 And hadst in conq'ring chains them captive led)
 Get donatives, not for thy proper gain,
 But royal bounties for rebellious men ;
 Gifts, graces, and the Spirit without bounds,
 For God's new house with man on firmer grounds ?
 O then let me a rebel now come speed,
 Thy holy Spirit is the gift I need.
 His precious graces too, the glorious grant,
 Thou kindly promis'd, and I greatly want.
 Thou art exalted to the highest place,
 To give repentance forth and ev'ry grace².
 O giver of spiritual life and breath,
 The author and the finisher of faith³ ;
 Thou Husband-like must ev'ry thing provide,
 If e'er the like of me become thy bride."

SECTION V.

Faith's view of the freedom of grace, cordial renunciation of all its own ragged righteousness, and formal acceptance of and closing with the person of glorious Christ.

THE bride with open eyes, that once were dim,
 Sees now her whole salvation lies in him ;
 The Prince, who is not in dispensing nice,
 But freely gives without her pains or price.
 This magnifies the wonder in her eye,
 Who not a farthing has wherewith to buy ;

(1) Psal. lxxviii. 18.

(2) Acts v. 31.

(3) Heb. xii. 2.

For now her humbled mind can disavow,
Her boasted beauty and assuming brow;
With conscious eye discern her emptiness,
With candid lips her poverty confess.
O glory to the Lord that grace is free,
Else never would it light on guilty me.
I nothing have with me to be its price,
But hellish blackness, enmity and vice.
In former times she durst presuming come.
To grace's market with a pretty sum
Of duties, prayers, tears, a boasted set,
Expecting heav'n would thus be in her debt.
These were the price, at least she did suppose,
She'd be the welcomer because of those:
But now she sees the vileness of her vogue,
The dung that close to ev'ry duty clog,
The sin that doth her holiness reprove,
The enmity that close attends her love,
The great heart-hardness of her penitence,
The stupid dulness of her vaunted sense,
The unbelief of former blazed faith,
The utter nothingness of all she hath.
The blackness of her beauty she can see,
The pompous pride of strain'd humility,
The naughtiness of all her tears and pray'rs:
And now renounces all her worthless wares:
And finding nothing to commend herself,
But what might damn her, embezzled pelf;
At sov'reign grace's feet doth prostrate fall,
Content to be in Jesus' debt for all.
Her noised virtues vanish out of sight,
As starry tapers at meridian light;
While sweetly, humbly, she beholds at length
Christ, as her only righteousness and strength.
He with the view throws down his loving dart,
Imprest with pow'r into her tender heart.
The deeper that the law's fierce dart was thrown,
The deeper now the dart of love goes down:
Hence, sweetly pain'd, her cries to heav'n do flee;
O none but Jesus, none but Christ for me!
O glorious Christ! O beauty, beauty rare!
Ten thousand thousand heav'ns are not so fair,
In him at once all beauties meet and shine,
The white and ruddy, human and divine.
As in his low, he's in his high abode,
The brightest image of the unseen God¹.
How justly do the harpers sing above,
His doing, dying, rising, regining love?

(1) Heb. i. 3.

How justly does he when his work is done,
 Possess the centre of his Father's throne ?
 How justly do his awful throne before
 Seraphic armies prostrate, him adore ;
 That's both by nature and donation crown'd,
 With all the grandeur of the Godhead round ?

But wilt thou, Lord, in every deed come dwell
 With me, that was a burning brand of hell ?
 With me, so justly reckon'd worse and less
 Than insect, mite, or atom can express ?
 Wilt thou debase thy high imperial form,
 To match with such a mortal, crawling worm ?
 Yea, sure thine errand to our earthly coast,
 Was in deep love to seek and save the lost¹ :
 And since thou deign'st the like of me to wed,
 O come and make my heart thy marriage-bed,
 Fair Jesus, wilt thou marry filthy me !
 Amen, Amen, Amen ; so let it be.

CHAPTER III.

THE FRUITS OF THE BELIEVER'S MARRIAGE WITH CHRIST ; PARTICULARLY GOSPEL
 HOLINESS, AND OBEDIENCE TO THE LAW AS A RULE.

SECTION I.

*The sweet solemnity of the marriage now over, and the sad effects of the remains of
 a legal spirit.*

The match is made, with little din 'tis done ;
 But with great pow'r unequal prizes won.
 The Lamb has fairly won his worthless bride ;
 She her great Lord, and all his store beside.
 He made the poorest bargain, though most wise ;
 And she, the fool, has won the worthy prize.

Deep floods of everlasting love and grace,
 That under ground ran an eternal space,
 Now rise aloft 'bove banks of sin and hell,
 And o'er the tops of massy mountains swell.
 In streams of blood are tow'rs of guilt o'erflown,
 Down with the rapid purple current thrown.

The bride now as her all can Jesus own,
 And prostrate at his footstool cast her crown,
 Disclaiming all her former groundless hope,
 While in the dark her soul did weary grope.
 Down tumble all the hills of self-conceit,

(1) Luke xix. 10.

In him alone she sees herself complete ;
Does his fair person with fond arms embrace,
And all her hopes on his full merit place ;
Discard her former mate, and henceforth draw
No hope, no expectaion from the law.

Tho' thus her new created-nature soars,
And lives aloft on Jesus' heav'nly stores,
Yet, apt to stray, her old adult'rous heart
Oft takes her old renounced husband's part :
A legal cov'nant is so deep ingrained
Upon the human nature, laps'd and stain'd,
That, till her spirit mount the purest clime,
She's never totally divore'd in time.

Hid in her corrupt part's proud bosom lurks
Some hope of life still by the law of works.
Hence flow the following evils, more or less ;
Preferring oft her holy partial dress,
Before her Husband's perfect righteousness.

Hence joying more in grace already giv'n,
Than in her Head and stock that's all in heav'n.
Hence grieving more the want of frames and grace,
Than of himself the spring of all solace.

Hence guilt her soul imprisons, lusts prevail,
While to the law her rents insolvent fail,
And yet her faithless heart rejects her Husband's bail.

Hence foul disorders rise, and racking fears.
While doubtful of his clearing past arrears ;
Vain dreaming, since her own obedience fails,
His likewise little for her help avails.

Hence duties are a task, while all in view
Is heavy yokes of laws, or old or new :
Whereas, were once her legal bias broke,
She'd find her Lord's commands an easy yoke.
No galling precepts on her back he lays,
Nor any debt demands, save what he pays
By promised aid, but lo ! the greivous law
Demanding brick, wont aid her with a straw,

Hence also fretful, grudging, discontent,
Crav'd by the law, finding her treasure spent,
And doubting if her Lord will pay the rent.
Hence pride of duties too does often swell,
Presuming she performed so very well.

Hence pride of graces and inherent worth
Springs from her corrupt legal bias forth ;
And boasting more a present with'ring frame,
Than her exalted Lord's unfading name.

Hence many falls and plunges in the mire,
As many new conversions do require :
Because her faithless heart's sad follies breed
Much lewd departure from her living Head,

Who to reprove her aggravated crimes,
 Leaves her abandoned to herself at times :
 That, falling into frightful deeps, she may
 From sad experience learn more stress to lay,
 Not on her native efforts, but at length
 On Christ alone, her righteousness and strength :
 Conscious, while in her works she seeks repose,
 Her legal spirit breeds her many woes.

SECTION II.

Faith's victories over sin and Satan, through new and further discoveries of Christ, making believers more fruitful in holiness than all other pretenders to works.

THE gospel-path leads heavenward ; hence the fray,
 Hell-pow'rs still push the bride the legal way.
 So hot's the war, her life's a troubled flood,
 A field of battle, and a scene of blood.
 But he that once commenced the work in her,
 Whose working fingers drop the sweetest myrrh,
 Will still advance it by alluring force,
 And from her ancient mate, more clean divorce :
 Since 'tis her antiquated spouse the law
 The strength of sin and hell did on her draw.
 Piece-meal she finds hell's mighty force abate,
 By new recruits from her Almighty Mate.
 Fresh armour, sent from grace's magazine,
 Makes her proclaim eternal war with sin.
 The shield of faith dipt in the Surety's blood,
 Drown's fiery darts, as in a crimson flood.
 The Captain's ruddy banner lifted high,
 Makes hell retire and all the furies fly.
 Yea, of his glory every recent glance
 Makes sin decay and holiness advance.
 In kindness therefore does her heav'nly Lord
 Renew'd discov'ries of his love afford,
 That her enamour'd soul may with the view
 Be cast unto his holy mould anew :
 For when he manifests his glorious grace,
 The charming favour of his smiling face,
 Into his image fair transforms her soul¹,
 And wafts her upward to the heav'nly pole,
 From glory unto glory by degrees,
 'Till vision and fruition shall suffice.
 And thus in holy beauty Jesus' bride
 Shines far beyond the painted sons of pride.
 Vain merit-vouchers, and their subtile ape,

(1) 2 Cor. iii. 18

In all their most refin'd, delusive shapes.
 No lawful child is ere the marriage born ;
 Though therefore virtues feign'd their life adorn,
 The fruit they bear is but a spurious brood,
 Before this happy marriage be made good.
 And 'tis not strange, for from a corrupt tree
 No fruit divinely good produced can be¹.
 But, lo ! the bride, graft in the living root,
 Brings forth most precious aromatic fruit :
 When her new heart and her new husband meet,
 Her fruitful womb is like a heap of wheat,
 Beset with fragrant lilies round about²,
 All divine graces in a comely root,
 Burning within, and shining bright without.
 And thus the bride, as sacred scripture saith,
 When dead unto the law through Jesus' death³,
 And matched with him, bears to her God and Lord
 Accepted fruit, with incense pure decor'd.
 Freed from law-debt, and bless'd with gospel-ease,
 Her work is now her dearest Lord to please
 By living on him as her ample stock,
 And leaning to him as her potent rock,
 The fruit that each law-wedded mortal brings,
 To self accresces, as from self it springs,
 So base a rise must have a base recourse,
 The spring can mount no higher than its source,
 But Jesus can his bride's sweet fruit commend,
 As brought from him the root, to him the end.
 She does by such an offspring him avow
 To be her Alpha and Omega too.
 The work and warfare he begins, he crowns,
 Though maugre various conflicts, ups and downs.
 Thus through the darksome vale she makes her way,
 Until the morning dawn of glorious day.

SECTION III.

True saving Faith magnifying the Law, both as a covenant and as a rule. False faith unfruitful and ruining.

Proud nature may reject this gospel-theme,
 And curse it as an Antinomian scheme.
 Let slander bark, let envy grin and fight,
 The curse that is so causeless shall not light⁴.
 If they that fain would make by holy force
 'Twixt sinners and the law a clean divorce,
 And court the Lamb a virgin chaste to wife,
 Becharged as foes to holiness of life,
 Well may they suffer gladly on this score,

(1) Matth. vii. 17, 18 (2) Cant. vii. 2 (3) Rom. vii. 4. (4) Prov. xxvi. 2

Apostles great were so maligned before.
 "Do we make void the law through faith?" nay, why,
 We do it more fulfil and magnify
 Than fiery seraphs can with holiest flash;
 Avaunt, vain legalists, unworthy trash.

When as a cov'nant stern the law commands,
 Faith puts her Lamb's obedience in its hands:
 And when its threats hush out a fiery flood,
 Faith stops the current with her victim's blood.
 The law can crave no more, yet craves no less,
 Than active, perfect righteousness.
 Yet here is all, yea, more than its demand,
 All rendered to it by a divine hand.
 Mankind is bound law-service still to pay,
 Yea, angel kind is also bound t' obey.
 It may by human and angelic blaze
 Have honour, but in infinite-partial ways.
 These natures have its lustre once defac'd,
 'Twill be by part of both for aye disgrac'd.
 Yet had they all obsequious stood and true,
 They'd giv'n the law no more than homage due.
 But faith gives't honour yet more great, more odd,
 The high, the humble service of its God.

Again to view the holy law's command,
 As lodged in a Mediator's hand;
 Faith gives it honour, as a rule of life,
 And makes the bride the Lamb's obedient wife.
 Due homage to the law those never did,
 To whom the obedience pure of faith is hid.
 "Faith works by love², and purifies the heart³,"
 And truth advances in the inward part;
 On carnal hearts impresses divine stamps,
 And sully'd lives inverts to shining lamps,
 From Abram's seed, that are most strong in faith.
 The law most honour, God most glory hath.
 But due respect to neither can be found,
 Where unbelief ne'er got a mortal wound,
 To still the virtue-vaunter's empty sound.
 Good works he boasts, a path he never trode,
 Who is not yet the workmanship of God⁴,
 In Jesus thereunto created new;
 Nois'd works that spring not hence are but a show.
 True faith, that's of a noble divine race,
 Is still a holy, sanctifying grace;
 And greater honour to the law does share,
 Than boasters all that breath the vital air.
 E'en heathen morals vastly may outshine
 The works that flow not from a faith divine.

(1) Rom. iii. 21.

(2) Gal. v. 6.

(3) Acts xv. 9.

(4) Eph. ii. 9.

Pretensions high to faith a number have,
 But ah ! it is a faith that cannot save :
 " We trust, say they, in Christ, we hope in God ;"
 Nor blush to blaze their rotten faith abroad.
 Nor try the trust of which they make a show,
 If of a saving or a damning hue.
 They own their sins are ill ; true, but, 'tis sad,
 They never thought their faith and hope were bad.
 How evident's their home-bred nat'ral blaze,
 Who dream they have believed well all their days ;
 Yet never felt their unbelief, nor knew
 The need of pow'r their natures to renew ?
 Blind souls that boast of faith, yet live in sin,
 May hence conclude their faith is to begin :
 Or know they shall, by such an airy faith,
 Believe themselves to everlasting wrath.
 Faith that nor leads to good, nor keeps from ill,
 Will never lead to heav'n nor keep from hell.
 The body without breath is dead no less¹ ; no less
 Is faith without the works of holiness².
 How rare is saving faith, when earth is cramm'd
 With such as will believe, and yet be damn'd ;
 Believe the gospel yet with dread and awe
 Have never truly yet believ'd the law ?
 That matter shall be well, they hope to soon,
 Who never yet have seen themselves undone.
 Can of salvation their belief be true,
 Who never yet believ'd damnation due ?
 Can these of endless life have solid faith,
 Who never fear'd law-threats of endless death ?
 Nay, sail'd they ha'nt yet to the living shore,
 Who never felt their sinful woful sore.

Imaginary faith is but a blind,
 That bears no fruit, but of a deadly kind ;
 For can from such a wild, unwholesome root
 The least production raise of living fruit.
 But saving faith can such an offspring breed,
 Her native product is a holy seed.
 The fairest issues of the vital breath
 Spring from the fertile womb of heav'n-born faith ;
 Yet boasts she nothing of her own, but brings
 Auxiliaries from the King of kings,
 Who graves his royal law in rocky hearts,
 And gracious aid in soft'ning show'rs imparts.
 This gives prolific virtue to the faith,
 Inspir'd at first by his almighty breath,
 Hence, fetching all her succours from abroad,
 She still employs this mighty pow'r of God.

(1) James ii. 26.

(2) James ii. 17. 20.

Drain'd clean of native pow'rs and legal aims;
 No strength but in and from JEHOVAH claims.
 And thus her service to the law o'ertops
 The tow'ring zeal of Pharisaic fops.

SECTION IV.

The believer only, being married to Christ, is justified and sanctified ; and the more gospel freedom, from the law as a covenant, the more holy conformity to it as a rule.

THUS doth the husband by his father's will
 Both for and in his bride the law fulfil :
 For her, as 'tis a covenant ; and then
 In her, as 'tis a rule of life to men.
 First, all law-debt he most completely pays ;
 Then of law-duties all the charge defrays.
 Does first assume her guilt, and loose her chains ;
 And then with living water wash her stains ;
 Her fund restore, and then her form repair,
 And make his filthy bride a beauty fair ;
 His perfect righteousness most freely grant,
 And then his holy image deep implant ;
 Into her heart his precious seed indrop,
 Which, in his time, will yield a glorious crop.
 But by alternate turns his plants he brings
 Thro' robing winters and repairing springs.
 Hence, pining oft, they suffer sad decays,
 By dint of shady nights and stormy days.
 But blest with sap, and influence from above,
 They live and grow anew in faith and love ;
 Until transplanted to the higher soil,
 Where furies tread no more, nor foxes spoil.
 While Christ, the living root remains on high,
 The noble plant of grace can never die :
 Nature decays, and so will all the fruit,
 That merely rises on a mortal root.
 Their works, however splendid, are but dead,
 That from a living fountain don't proceed ;
 Their fairest fruit is but a garnish'd shrine,
 That are not grafted in the glorious vine.
 Devoutest hypocrites are rank'd in rolls
 Of painted puppets, not of living souls.

No offspring but of Christ's fair bride is good,
 This happy marriage has a holy brood
 Let sinners learn this mystery to read,
 We bear to glorious Christ no precious seed,
 'Till, thro' the law, we to the law be dead¹.

(1) Gal. ii. 19.

No true obedience to the law, but forc'd,
 Can any yield, 'till from the law divorc'd.
 Nor to it as a rule, is homage giv'n,
 Till from it, as a cov'nant, men be driv'n,
 Yea more, till once they this divorce attain,
 Divorce from sin they but attempt in vain ;
 The cursed yoke of sin they basely draw,
 'Till once unyoked from the cursed law.
 Sin's full dominion keeps its native place,
 While men are under law, not under grace¹.
 For mighty hills of enmity won't move,
 'Till touch'd by sov'reign grace and mighty love.

Were but the gospel-secret understood,
 How God can pardon where he sees no good ;
 How grace and mercy free, that can't be bought,
 Reign thro' a righteousness already wrought :
 Where woful reigning unbelief depos'd,
 Mysterious grace to blinded minds disclos'd :
 Did heav'n with gospel-news its pow'r convey,
 And sinners hear a faithful God but say,
 "No more law-debt remains for you to pay ;
 Lo ! by the loving surety all's discharg'd."
 Their hearts behov'd with love to be enlarg'd :
 Love, the succinct fullfilling of the law²,
 Were then the easy yoke they'd sweetly draw,
 Love would constrain and to his service move
 Who left them nothing else to do but love.
 Slight now his loving precepts if they can ;
 No, no ; his conqu'ring kindness leads the van.
 When everlasting love exerts the sway,
 They judge themselves more kindly bound t' obey ;
 Bound by redeeming grace in stricter sense
 Than ever Adam was in innocence,
 Why now they are not bound, as formerly,
 To do and live, nor yet to do or die ;
 Both life and death are put in Jesus' hands,
 Who urges neither in his kind commands,
 Not servile work their life and heav'n to win,
 Nor slavish labour death and hell to shun.
 Their aims are purer, since they understood
 Their heav'n was bought, their hell was quench'd with blood.
 The oars of gospel-service now they steer,
 Without or legal hope or slavish fear.

The bride in sweet security can dwell,
 Nor bound to purchase heav'n nor vanquish hell :
 But bound for him the race of love to run,
 Whose love to her left none of these undone ;
 She's bound to be the Lamb's obedient wife :

(1) Rom. vi. 14.

(2) Rom. xiii. 10.

And in his strength to serve him during life,
 To glorify his loving name for ay,
 Who left her not a single mite to pay
 Of legal debt, but wrote for her at large,
 In characters of blood, a full discharge.
 Henceforth no servile task her labours prove,
 But grateful fruits of revential love.

SECTION V.

Gospel-grace giving no liberty nor freedom to sin, but to holy service and pure obedience.

THE glorious husband's love can't lead the wife
 To whoredom, or licentiousness of life :
 Nay, nay ; she finds his warmest love within,
 The hottest fire to melt her heart for sin.
 His kind embrace is still the strongest cord
 To bind her to the service of her Lord,
 The more her faith insures this love of his,
 The more his law her delectation is.
 Some dream, they might, who this assurance win,
 Take latitude and liberty to sin.
 Ah ! such bewray their ignorance, and prove
 They want the lively sense of drawing love,
 And how its sweet constraining force can move.
 The ark of grace came never in to dwell,
 But Dagon-lusts before it headlong fell.
 Men basely came into lasciviousness
 Abuse the doctrine, not the work of grace.
 Huggers of divine love in vice's path,
 Have but the fancy of it, not the faith.
 They never soar'd aloft on grace's wing,
 That knew not grace to be a holy thing.
 When regnant she the pow'rs of hell appals,
 And sin's dominion in the ruin falls.
 Curst is the crew, whose Antinomian dress
 Makes grace a cover to their idleness.
 The bride of Christ will sure be very loth
 To make his love a pillow for her sloth.
 Why, may'nt she sin the more that grace abounds ?
 Oh ! God forbid ! the very thought confounds.
 When dead unto the law, she's dead to sin ;
 How can she any longer live therein ?
 To neither of them now is she a slave,
 But shares the conquest of the great, the brave,
 The mighty Gen'ral, her victorious head,

Who broke the double chain to free the bride.
 Hence, prompted now with gratitude and love,
 Her cheerful feet in swift obedience move,
 More strong the cords of love to duty draw,
 Than hell and all the curses of the law.
 When with seraphic love the breast's inspir'd
 By that are all the other graces fir'd ;
 These kindling round, the burning heart and frame
 In life and walk send forth a holy flame.

CHAPTER IV.

A CAUTION TO ALL AGAINST A LEGAL SPIRIT ; ESPECIALLY TO THOSE THAT HAVE A PROFESSION WITHOUT POWER, AND LEARNING WITHOUT GRACE.

WHY, says the haughty heart of legalists,
 Bound to the law of works by nat'ral twists,
 " Why such ado about a law-divorce ;
 Men's lives are bad, and would you have 'em worse ?
 Such Antinomian stuff, with laboured toil,
 Would human beauty's native lustre spoil.
 What wickedness beneath the cov'ring lurks,
 That lewdly would divorce us from all works ?
 Why stir about the law and grace ?
 We know that merit cannot now take place.
 And what need more ?" Well, to let slander drop,
 Be merit for a little here the scope.

Ah ! many learn to lisp in gospel terms,
 Who yet embrace the law with legal arms.
 By wholesome education some are taught
 To own that human merit now is naught ;
 Who faintly but renounce proud merit's name,
 And cleave refin'dly to the Popish scheme.
 For graceful works expecting Divine bliss ;
 And, when they fail, trust Christ for what's amiss.
 Thus to his righteousness profess to flee ;
 Yet by it still would their own saviours be.
 They seem to works of merit bloody foes ;
 Yet seek salvation, as it were¹, by those.
 Blind Gentiles found, who did not seek nor know ;
 But Isra'l lost it whole, who sought it so².

Let all that love to wear the gospel-dress,
 Know that as sin, so dastard righteousness
 Has slain its thousands : who, in tow'ring pride,
 The righteousness of Jesus Christ deride :

(1) Rom. ix. 32. (2) Rom. ix. 30, 31.

A robe divinely wrought, divinely won,
 Yet cast by men for rags that are their own.
 But some to legal works seem whole deny'd,
 Yet would by gospel works be justify'd,
 By faith, repentance, love, and other such ;
 These dreamers being righteous overmuch¹,
 Like Uzza give the ark a wrongful touch.
 By legal deeds, however gospeliz'd,
 Can e'er tremendous justice be appeas'd ?
 Or sinners justify'd before that God,
 Whose law is perfect and exceeding broad² ?
 Nay, faith itself, that leading gospel grace,
 Holds, as a work, no justifying place.
 Just Heav'n to man for righteousness imputes
 Not faith itself, or in its acts or fruits ;
 But Jesus' meritorious life and death,
 Faith's proper object, all the honour hath.
 From this doth faith derive its glorious fame,
 Its great renown and justifying name :
 Receiving all things, but deserving nought ;
 By faith's all begged and taken, nothing bought.
 Its highest name is from the wedding vote,
 So instrumental in the marriage knot.
 JEHOVAH, lends the bride, in that blest hour,
 Th' exceeding greatness of his mighty pow'r³ ;
 Which sweetly does her heart-consent command
 To reach the wealthy Prince her naked hand.
 For close to his embrace she'd never stir,
 If first his loving arms embrac'd not her :
 But this he does by kindly gradual chase,
 Of rousing, reaching, teaching, drawing grace.
 He shews her, in his sweetest love address,
 His glory, as the Sun of righteousness ;
 At which all dying glories earth adorn
 Shrink like the sick moon at the wholesome morn.
 This glorious Sun arising with a grace,
 Dark shades of creature-righteousness to chase,
 Faith now disclaims itself, and all the train
 Of virtues formerly accounted gain ;
 And counts them dung⁴, with holy, meek disdain.
 For now appears the height, the depth immense
 Of divine bounty and benevolence ;
 Amazing mercy, ignorant of bounds !
 Which most enlarged faculties confounds.
 How vain, how void now seem the vulgar charms,
 The monarch's pomp of courts, and pride of arms ?
 The boasted beauties of the human kind,
 The pow'rs of body, and the gifts of mind ?

(1) Eccl. vii. 16. (2) Psal. xix. 7. Rom vii. 12. (3) Eph. i. 19. (4) Phil. iii. 7, 8.

Lo ! in the granduer of IMMANUEL'S train,
 All's swallowed up, as rivers in the main.
 He's seen, when gospel light and sight is giv'n.
 Encompass'd round with all the pomp of heav'n.

The soul, now taught of God, sees human schools
 Make Christless Rabbis only lit'rate fools ;
 And that, till divine teaching pow'rful draw,
 No learning will divorce them from the law.
 Mere argument may clear the head, and force
 A verbal, not a cordial clean divorce.
 Hence many, taught the wholesome terms of art,
 Have gospel-heads, but still a legal heart.
 'Till sov'reign grace and pow'r the sinner catch,
 He takes not Jesus for his only match,
 Nay, works compete ! Ah ! true, however odd,
 Dead works are rival with the living God.
 'Till Heav'n's preventing mercy clear the sight,
 Confound the pride with supernat'ral light ;
 No haughty soul of human kind is brought
 To mortify her self-exalting thought.

Yet holiest creatures in clay-tents that lodge,
 Be but their lives scann'd by the dreadful Judge ;
 How shall they e'er his lawful search endure,
 Before whose purest eyes heav'n is not pure ?
 How must their black indictment be enlarged,
 When by him angels are with folly charg'd ?
 What human worth shall stand, when he shall scan ?
 O may his glory stain the pride of man.

How wond'rous are the tracts of divine grace ?
 How searchless are his ways, how vast th' abyss ?
 Let haughty reason stop, and fear to leap :
 Angelic plummets cannot sound the deep.
 With scorn he turns his eyes from haughty kings,
 With pleasure looks on low and worthless things :
 Deep are his judgments, sov'reign is his will,
 Let every mortal worm be dumb, be still.
 In vain proud reason swells beyond its bound :
 God and his counsels are a gulf profound,
 An ocean wherein all our thoughts are drown'd.

CHAPTER V.

ARGUMENTS AND ENCOURAGEMENTS TO GOSPEL-MINISTERS TO AVOID A LEGAL STRAIN OF
DOCTRINE, AND ENDEAVOUR THE SINNER'S MATCH WITH CHRIST BY GOSPEL-MEANS.

SECTION I.

A legal Spirit the root of damnable errors.

YE heralds great, that blow in name of God,
The silver trump of gospel-grace abroad :
And sound, by warrant from the great I AM,
The nuptial treaty with the worthy Lamb,
Might ye but stoop the unpolish'd muse to brook,
And from a shrub an wholesome berry pluck ;
Ye'd take encouragement from what is said,
By gospel-means to make the marriage-bed,
And to your glorious Lord a virgin chaste to wed.

The more proud nature bears a legal sway,
The more should preachers bend the gospel-way :
Oft in the church arise destructive schisms
From anti-evangelic aphorisms ;
A legal spirit may be justly nam'd
The fertile womb of every error damn'd.

Hence Pop'ry, so connat'ral since the fall,
Makes legal works like saviours merit all ;
Yea, more than merit on their shoulder loads,
To supererogate like demi-gods.

Hence proud Socinians set their reason high,
'Bove ev'ry precious gospel-mystery,
Its divine author stab, and without fear
The purple covert of his chariot tear.

With these run Arian monsters in a line,
All gospel truth at once to undermine ;
To darken and delete, like hellish foes,
'The brightest colour of the Sharon Rose.
At best its human red they but decry,
That blot the divine white, the native dye.

Hence dare Arminians too, with brazen face,
Give man's free-will the throne of God's free grace ;
Whose self-exalting tenets clearly shew
Great ignorance of law and gospel too.

Hence Neonomians spring, as sundry call
The new law-makers, to redress our fall.
The law of works into repentance, faith,
Is chang'd, as their Baxterian Bible saith.
Shaping the gospel to an easy law,
They build their tott'ring house with hay and straw ;
Yet hid, like Rachel's idols in the stuff,
Their legal hand within a gospel-muff.

Yea, hence spring Antinomian vile refuse,
 Whose gross abettors gospel-grace abuse ;
 Unskill'd how grace's silken latchet binds
 Her captives to the law with willing minds.

SECTION II.

A legal Strain of Doctrine discovered and discarded.

No wonder Paul the legal spirit curse,
 Of fatal errors such a feeding nurse.
 He, in JEHOVAH's great tremendous name,
 Condemns perverters of the gospel-scheme.
 He damn'd the sophist rude, the babbling priest
 Would venture to corrupt it in the least ;
 Yea, curst the heav'nly angel down to hell,
 That daring would another gospel tell¹.
 Which crime is charged on these that dare dispense
 The self-same gospel in another sense.

Christ is not preached in truth, but in disguise,
 If his bright glory half absconded lies.
 When gospel-soldiers, that divide the word,
 Scarce brandish any but the legal sword.
 While Christ the author of the law they press,
 More than the end of it for righteousness.
 Christ as a seeker of our service trace,
 More than a giver of enabling grace.
 The king commanding holiness they show,
 More than the Prince exalted to bestow ;
 Yea, more on Christ the sin revenger dwell,
 Than Christ Redeemer both from sin and hell.

With legal spade the gospel field he delves,
 Who thus drives sinners in unto themselves ;
 Halving the truth that should be all reveal'd,
 The sweetest part of Christ is oft conceal'd.
 We bid men turn from sin, but seldom say,
 "Behold the Lamb that takes all sin away²!"
 Christ, by the gospel rightly understood,
 Not only treats a peace, but makes it good.
 Those suitors therefore of the bride, who hope
 By force to drag her with the legal rope,
 Nor use the drawing cord of conquering grace,
 Pursue with flaming zeal a fruitless chase ;
 In vain lame doings urge, with solemn awe,
 To bribe the fury of the fiery law :
 With equal success to the fool that aims
 By paper walls to bound devouring flames.
 The law's but mock'd by their most graceful deed,
 That wed not first the law-fulfilling Head ;

(1) Gal. i. 7, 8.

(2) John i. 29.

It values neither how they wrought nor wept,
 That slight the ark wherein alone 'tis kept.
 Yet legalists, do, do, with ardour press,
 And with prepost'rous zeal and warm address,
 Would seem the greatest friends to holiness :
 But vainly (could such opposites accord)
 Respect the law, and yet reject the Lord.
 They shew not Jesus as the way to bliss,
 But Judas-like betray him with a kiss
 Of boasted works, or mere profession puffed,
 Law-boasters proving, but law-breakers oft.

SECTION III.

The hurtfulness of not preaching Christ, and distinguishing duly between law and gospel.

HELL cares not how crude holiness be preach'd,
 If sinner's match with Christ be never reach'd ;
 Knowing their holiness is but a sham,
 Who ne'er are marry'd to the holy Lamb.
 Let words have never such a pious shew,
 And blaze aloft in rude professor's view,
 With sacred aromatics richly spic'd,
 If they but drown in silence glorious Christ ;
 Or, if he may some vacant room supply,
 Make him a subject only by the bye ;
 They mar true holiness with tickling chat,
 To breed a bastard Pharisaic brat.
 They woefully the gospel-message brock,
 Make fearful havock of their master's flock ;
 Yet please themselves and the blind multitude,
 By whom the gospel's little understood.
 Rude souls, perhaps, imagine little odds
 Between the legal and the gospel roads :
 But vainly men attempt to blend the two ;
 They differ more than Christ and Moses do.
 Moses evangelizing in a shade,
 By types the news of light approaching spread ;
 But from the law of works, by him proclaim'd,
 No ray of gospel-grace or mercy gleam'd.
 By nature's light the law to all is known,
 But lightsome news of gospel grace to none.
 The doing cov'nant now, in part or whole,
 Is strong to damn, but weak to save a soul.
 It hurts, and cannot help, but as it tends
 Thro' mercy to subserve some gospel-ends.
 Law-thunder roughly to the gospel tames,
 The gospel mildly to the law reclaims.

The fiery law, as 'tis a covenant,
 Schools men to see the gospel-aid they want ;
 Then gospel aid does sweetly them incline
 Back to the law, as 'tis a rule divine.
 Heav'n's healing work is oft commenc'd with wounds,
 Terror begins what loving-kindness crowns.
 Preachers may therefore press the fiery law,
 To strike the Christless men with dreadful awe.
 Law-threats which for his sin to hell depress,
 Yea, damn him for his rotten righteousness ;
 That while he views the law exceeding broad,
 He fain may wed the righteousness of God.

But, ah ! to press law-works as terms of life,
 Was ne'er the way to court the Lamb a wife.
 To urge conditions on the legal frame,
 Is to renew the vain old cov'nant game.
 The law is good, when lawfully 'tis used,¹
 But most destructive, when it is abus'd.
 They set not duties in the proper sphere,
 Who duly law and gospel don't revere ;
 But under massy chains let sinners lie,
 As tributaries, or to DO or DIE.
 Nor make the law a squaring rule of life,
 But in the gospel-throat a bloody knife.

SECTION IV.

Damnable Pride and Self-righteousness, so natural to all men, has little need to be encouraged by legal preaching.

THE legal path proud nature loves so well,
 (Tho' yet 'tis but the cleanest road to hell)
 That, lo ! e'en these that take the foulest ways,
 Whose lewdness no controuling bridle stays ;
 If but their drowsy conscience raise its voice,
 'Twill speak the law of works their native choice,
 And echo to the rousing sound, " Ah ! true :
 I cannot hope to live unless I do."
 No conscious breast of mortal kind can trace
 The my'stry deep of being saved by grace.
 Of this nor is the nat'ral conscience skill'd ;
 Nor will admit it, when it is reveal'd ;
 But pushes at the gospel like a ram,
 As proxy for the law, against the Lamb.

The proud self righteous Pharisaic strain
 Is, " Blest be God I'm not like other men ;
 I read and pray, give alms, I mourn and fast² ;
 And therefore hope to get to heav'n at last :

(1) 1 Tim. i. 2.

(2) Luke xviii. 11, 12.

For tho' from ev'ry sin I be not free,
Great multitudes of men are worse than me,
I'm none of those that swear, cheat, drink, and whore !"
Thus on the law he builds his Babel tow'r.

Yea, ev'n the vilest cursed debauchee
Will make the law of works his very plea ;
" Why, says the rake, what take you me to be ?
A Turk or infidel (you lie) I can't
Be termed so base, but by a sycophant ;
Only I hate to act the whining saint.
I am a Christian true ; and therefore bode,
It shall be well with me, I hope in God.
An't I an honest man ? Yea, I defy
The tongue that dare assert black to mine eye.'
Perhaps, when the reprover turns his back,
He'll vend the viler wares o' 's open'd pack,
And with his fellows, in a strain more big,
" Bid damn the base, uncharitable whig.
These scoundrel hypocrites (he'll proudly say)
Think none shall ever merit heav'n but they.
And yet we may compete with them : for see,
The best have blemishes as well as we.
We have as good a heart (we trust) as these,
Tho' not their vain superfluous shew and blaze.
Bigotted zealots, whose full crimes are hid,
Would damn us all to hell : but, God forbid.
Whatever such a whining sect profess,
'Tis but a nice, morose, affected dress.
And tho' we don't profess so much as they,
We hope to compass heav'n a shorter way :
We seek God's mercy, and are all along
Most free of malice, and do no man wrong.
But whims fantastic shan't our heads annoy,
That would our social liberties destroy.
Sure, right religion never was designed
To mar the native mirth of human kind.
How weak are those that would be thought nonsuch !
How mad, that would be righteous overmuch !
We have sufficient, though we be not cramm'd :
We'll therefore hope the best, let them be damn'd."

Ah ! horrid talk ! yet so the legal strain
Lards even the language of the most profane.
Thus devilish pride o'erlooks a thousand faults,
And on a legal ground itself exalts.
This do and LIVE, tho' doing pow'r be lost,
In ev'ry mortal is proud nature's boast.
How does a vain conceit of goodness swell
And feed false hope, amidst the shades of hell ?
Shall we, who should by gospel-methods draw,
Send sinners to their nat'ral spouse the law ;

And harp upon the doing string to such,
 Who ignorantly dream they do so much?
 Why, thus, instead of courting Christ a bride,
 We harden rebels in their native pride.

Much rather ought we in God's name to place
 His great artill'ry straight against their face;
 And throw hot Sinai thunderbolts around,
 To burn their tow'ring hopes down to the ground.
 To make the pillars of their pride to shake,
 And damn their doing to the burning lake.
 To curse the doers unto endless thrall,
 That never did continue to do all.¹
 To scorch their conscience with the flaming air,
 And sink their haughty thoughts in deep despair;
 Denouncing Ebal's black revenging doom,
 To blast their expectation in the bloom:
 'Till once vain hope of life by works give place
 Unto a solid hope of life by grace.
 The vigorous use of means is safely urg'd,
 When pressing calls from legal dregs are purged;
 But most unsafely in a fed'ral dress,
 Confounding terms of life with means of grace.
 Oh! dangrous is th' attempt proud flesh to please,
 Or send a sinner to the law for ease;
 Who rather needs to feel its piercing dart,
 'Till dreadful pangs invade his trembling heart;
 And thither only should be sent for flames
 Of fire to burn his rotten hopes and claims;
 That thus disarmed he gladly may embrace,
 And grasp with eagerness the news of grace.

SECTION V.

The Gospel of divine grace the only means of converting sinners; and should be preached therefore most clearly, fully, and freely.

THEY ought, who royal grace's heralds be,
 To trumpet loud salvation, full and free;
 Nor safely can to humour mortal pride,
 In silence evangelic myst'ries hide.
 What heaven is pleas'd to give, dare we refuse;
 Or under ground conceal, lest men abuse?
 Suppress the gospel flow'r, upon pretence
 That some vile spiders may suck poison thence?
 Christ is a stumbling-block,² shall we neglect
 To preach him, lest the blind should break their neck?
 That high he's for the fall of many set
 As well as for the rise,³ must prove no let.

(1) Gal. iii. 10.

(2) 1 Cor. i. 23.

(3) Luke ii. 34.

No grain of precious truth must be suppress,
 Tho' reprobates should to their ruin wrest.
 Shall heaven's corruscant lamp be dimm'd, that pays
 Its daily tribute down in golden rays?
 Because some, blinded with the blazing gleams,
 Share not the pleasure of the lightning beams.
 Let those be hardened, petrify'd and harm'd,
 The rest are molify'd and kindly warn'd.
 A various savour,¹ flowers in grace's field,
 Of life to some, of death to others yield.
 Must then the rose be veil'd, the lily hid,
 The fragrant savour stifled? God forbid.
 The revelation of the gospel-flow'r,
 Is still the organ fram'd of saving pow'r:
 Most justly then are legal minds condemn'd,
 That of the glorious gospel are ashamed:
 For this the divine arm, and only this,
 "The power of God unto salvation is."²
 For therein is reveal'd, to screen from wrath,
 The righteousness of God, from faith to faith?"
 The happy change in guilty sinner's case
 They owe to free displays of sov'reign grace;
 Whose joyful tidings of amazing love
 The ministration of the spirit prove.
 The glorious vent the gospel-news express,
 Of God's free grace, through Christ's full righteousness
 Is heav'n's gay chariot, where the spirit bides,
 And in his conqu'ring pow'r triumphant rides.
 The gospel-field is still the spirit's soil,
 The golden pipe that bears the holy oil;
 The orb where he outshines the radiant sun,
 The silver channel where his graces run.
 Within the gospel-banks his flowing tide
 Of lightning, quickening motions sweetly glide.

"Received ye the spirit, scripture saith,³
 By legal works, or by the word of faith?"
 If by the gospel only, then let none
 Dare to be wiser than the wisest One.

We must, who freely get, as freely give
 The vital word that makes the dead to live.
 For ev'n to sinners dead within our reach
 We in his living name may most successful preach.

The spirit and the scripture both agree
 Jointly (says Christ) to testify of me.⁴
 The preacher then will from his text decline,
 That scorns to harmonize with this design.
 Press moral duties to the last degree?
 Why not? but mind, lest we successless be,

(1) 2 Cor. ii. 16. (2) Rom. i. 16, 17. (3) Gal. iii. 2. (4) John xv. 26, v. 39.

No light, no hope, nor strength for duties spring,
Where Jesus is not Prophet, Priest, and King.

No light to see the way, unless he teach ;
No joyful hope, save in his blood we reach ;
No strength, unless his royal arm he stretch.

Then from our leading scope how gross we fall,
If, like his name, in ev'ry gospel-call,
We make not him the First, the Last, the All!¹

Our office is to bear the radiant torch,
Of gospel-light, into the dark'ned porch
Of human understandings, and display
The joyful dawn of everlasting day ;
To draw the golden chariot of free grace,
The dark'ned shades with shining rays to chase,
'Till heav'n's bright lamp on circling wheels be hurl'd,
With sparkling grandeur round the dusky world :
And thus to bring, in dying mortals sight,
New life and immortality to light².

We're charg'd to preach the gospel, unconfin'd,
To ev'ry creature³ of the human kind ;
To call, with tenders of salvation free,
All corners of the earth to come and see⁴ :

And ev'ry sinner must excuseless make,
By urging rich and poor to come and take⁵ :

"Ho, ev'ry one that thirsts⁶," is grace's call
Direct to needy sinners great and small ;
Not meaning those alone, whose holy thirst
Denominates their souls already blest.

If only those were call'd, then none but saints ;
Nor would the gospel suit the sinner's wants.

But here the call does signally import
Sinners and thirsty souls of every sort ;
And mainly to their doors the message brings,
Who yet are thirsting after empty things ;
"Who spend their means no living bread to buy,
And pains for that which cannot satisfy."

Such thirsty sinners here invited are,
Who vainly spend their money, thought, and care,
On passing shades, vile lusts and trash, so base
As yields the immortal souls no true solace.

The call directs them, as they would be blest,
To choose a purer object of their thirst,
All are invited by the joyful sound
To drink who need, as does the parched ground,
Whose wide mouth'd clefts speak to the brazen sky
Its passive thirst without an active cry,
The gospel-preacher then with holy skill
Must offer Christ to whosoever will,

(1) Rev. i. 11., Col. iii. 11.

(2) 2 Tim. i. 10.

(3) Mark xvi. 15.

(4) Isa. xlv. 22. John i. 39. 46.

(5) Rev. xxii. 17.

(6) Isa. lv. 1. 2.

To sinners of all sorts that can be nam'd ;
 The blind, the lame, the poor, the halt, the maim'd¹.
 Not daring to restrict th' extensive call,
 But op'ning wide the net to catch 'em all.
 No soul must be excluded that will come,
 Nor right of access be confin'd to some,
 Though none will come till conscious of their want,
 Yet right to come they have by sov'reign grant ;
 Such right to Christ, his promise, and his grace,
 That all are damn'd who hear and don't embrace :
 So freely is th' unbounded call dispens'd,
 We therein find ev'n sinners unconvinc'd ;
 Who know not they are naked, blind, and poor²,
 Counsell'd to buy, or beg at Jesus' door,
 And take the glorious rob, eye-salve, and golden store.
 This prize they are oblig'd by faith to win,
 Else unbelief would never be their sin.
 Yea, gospel-offers but a sham we make,
 If ev'ry sinner has not right to take :
 Be gospel-hearlds fortify'd from this
 To trumpet grace, howe'er the serpent hiss.
 Did hell's malacious mouth in dreadful shape
 'Gainst innocence itself malignant gape ;
 Then sacred truth's devoted vouchers may
 For dire reproach their measures constant lay.
 With cruel calumny of old commenc'd,
 This sect will ev'ry-where be spoke against³,
 While to and fro he runs the earth across
 Whose name is ADELPHON KATEGOROS⁴.
 In spite of hell be then our constant strife
 To win the glorious Lamb a virgin-wife.

CHAPTER VI.

AN EXHORTATION TO ALL THAT ARE OUT OF CHRIST ; IN ORDER TO THEIR CLOSING THE
 MATCH WITH HIM : CONTAINING ALSO MOTIVES AND DIRECTIONS.

READER, into thine hands these lines are giv'n,
 But not without the providence of heav'n ;
 Or to advance thy bliss, if thou art wise ;
 Or aggravate thy wo, if thou dispise.
 For thee, for thee, perhaps, the omniscient ken
 Has form'd the council here, and led the pen.
 The writer then does thy attention plead,
 In his great name that gave thee eyes to read.

(1) Luke xiv. 21.

(2) Rev. iii. 17, 18.

(3) Acts xxviii. 22.

(4) Or, *the*

accuser of the brethren, Rev. xii. 10.

SECTION I.

Conviction offered to sinners, especially such as are wedded strictly to the law, or self-righteous, that they may see the need of Christ's righteousness.

If never yet thou didst fair Jesus wed,
 Nor yield thy heart to be his marriage-bed :
 But hitherto are wedded to the law,
 Which never could thy chained affections draw
 From brutish lusts and sordid lovers' charms ;
 Lo ! thou art yet in Satan's folded arms.
 Hell's pow'r invisible thy soul retains
 His captive slave, lock'd up in massy chains.
 O sinner, then, as thou regard'st thy life,
 Seek, seek with ardent care and earnest strife
 To be the glorious Lamb's bethrothed wife.
 For base corrivals never let him lose
 Thy heart, his bed of conjugal repose.
 Wed Christ alone, and with severe remorse
 From other mates pursue a clean divorce ;
 For they thy ruin seek by fraud or force,
 As lurking serpents in the shady bow'rs
 Conceal their malice under spreading flow'rs ;
 So thy deceitful lusts with cruel spite
 Hide ghastly danger under gay delight.
 Art thou a legal zealot, soft or rude ?
 Renounce thy nat'ral and acquired good.
 As base deceitful lusts may work thy smart,
 So may deceitful frames upon thy heart.
 Seeming good motions may in some be found,
 Much joy in hearing, like the stony ground¹ ;
 Much sorrow too in praying, as appears
 In Esau's careful suit with rueful tears².
 Touching the law, they blameless may appear³,
 From spurious views most specious virtues bears,
 Nor merely be devout in men's esteem,
 But prove to be sincerely what they seem,
 Friends to the holy law in heart and life,
 Suers of heav'n with utmost legal strife ;
 Yet still with innate pride so rankly spic'd,
 Converted but to duties, not to Christ ;
 That Publicians and harlots heav'n obtain⁴
 Before a crew so righteous and so vain.
 Sooner will those shake off their vicious dress,
 Than these blind zealots will their righteousness,
 Who judge they have (which fortifies their pride)
 The law of God itself upon their side.

(1) Luke viii. 13. (2) Heb. xii. 17. (3) Phil. iii. 6. (4) Mat. xxvi. 31.

Old nature new brush'd up with legal pains,
Such strict attachment to the law retains,
No means, no motives can to Jesus draw
Vain souls, so doubly wedded to the law.

But wouldst the glorious Prince in marriage have,
Know that thy nat'ral husband cannot save.
Thy best essays to pay the legal rent
Can never, in the least, the law content.
Didst thou in pray'rs employ the morning light,
In tears and groans the watches of the night,
Pass thy whole life in close devotion o'er ;
'Tis nothing to the law still craving more.
There's no proportion 'twixt its high commands,
And puny works from thy polluted hands ;
Perfection is the least that it demands,
" Wouldst enter into life, then keep the law¹,"
But keep it perfectly without a flaw.

It won't have less, nor will abate at last
A drop of vengeance for the sin that's past :
Tell, sinful mortal, is thy stock so large
As duly can defray this double charge ?
" Why these are mere impossibles," sayst thou :
Yea, truly so they are ; and therefore now,
That down thy legal confidence may fall,
The law's black doom home to thy bosom call.
Lo ! I (the divine law,) demand no less
Than perfect, everlasting righteousness :
But thou hast fail'd, and lost thy strength to do :
Therefore I doom thee to eternal wo ;
In prison close so be shut up for ay,
Ere I be baffled with thy partial pay.
Thou always didst, and dost my precepts break ;
I therefore curse thee to the burning lake.
In God, the great Lawgiver's glorious name,
I judge thy soul to everlasting shame.
No flesh can by the law be justified².
Yet darest thou thy legal duties plead ?
As Paul appeal'd to Cæsar, wilt thou so
Unto the law ? then to it thou shalt go,
And find it doom thee to eternal wo.

What ! would ye have us plunged in deep despair ?
Amen ; yea, God himself would have you there,
His will it is that you despair of life,
And safety by the law or legal strife ;
That cleanly thence divorc'd at any rate
His fairest Son may have a faithful mate.
'Till this law-sentence pass within your breast,
You'll never wed the law-discharging Priest.

(1) Mat. xix. 17.

(2) Rom. iii. 20.

You prize not heav'n, till he through hell you draw ;
Nor love the gospel, till ye know the law.

Know then, the divine law most perfect cares
For none of thy imperfect legal wares ;
Dooms thee to vengeance for thy sinful state,
As well as sinful actions small or great.
If any sin can be accounted small,
To hell it dooms thy soul for one and all.
For sins of nature, practice, heart, and way
Damnation-rent it summons thee to pay.
Yea, not for sin alone, which is thy shame,
But for thy boasted service too, so lame,
The Law adjudges thee and hell to meet,
Because thy righteousness is incomplete.
As tow'ring flames burn up the wither'd flags,
So will the fiery law thy filthy rags.

SECTION II.

*Direction given with reference to the right use of the Means, that we rest not on these
instead of Christ, the glorious Husband, in whom our help lies.*

ADAM, where art thou¹ ? Soul, where art thou now ?
Oh ! art thou saying, Sir, what shall I do² ?
I dare not use that proud self-raising strain,
Go help yourself, and God will help you then.
Nay, rather know, O Israel, that thou hast
Destroy'd thyself, and canst not in the least
From sin nor wrath thyself the captive free,
Thy help, says Jesus, only lies in me³ :
Heav'n's oracles direct to him alone,
Full help is laid upon thy mighty One.
In him, in him complete salvation dwells ;
He's God the helper, and there is none else⁴.
Fig leaves won't hide thee from the fiery show'r,
'Tis he alone that saves by price and pow'r.

Must we do nothing then, will mockers say,
But rest in sloth till Heav'n the help convey ?
Pray, stop a little, sinner ; don't abuse
God's awful word, that charges thee to use
Means, ordinances, which he's pleas'd to place
As precious channels of his pow'rful grace.
Restless improve all these, until from heav'n
The whole salvation needless thus be giv'n.
Wait in his path, according to his call,
On him whose pow'r alone affecteth all.
Would'st thou him wed ? In duties wait, I say ;

(1) Gen. iii. 9. (2) Mark x. 17. (3) Hos. xiii. 9. (4) Isa. xlv. 22.

But marry not thy duties by the way.
 Thou'lt woefully come short of saving grace,
 If duties only be thy resting place.
 Nay, go a little further¹ through them all,
 To him whose office is to save from thrall,
 Thus in a gospel-manner hopeful wait,
 Striving to enter by the narrow gate² :
 So strait and narrow, that it won't admit
 The bunch upon thy back to enter it.
 Not only bulky lusts may cease to press,
 But even the bunch of boasted righteousness.

Many, as in the sacred page we see,
 Shall strive to enter, but unable be³ :
 Because, mistaking this new way of life,
 They push a legal not a gospel strife :
 As if their duties did JEHOVAH bind,
 Because 'tis written, " Seek, and ye shall find⁴ ."
 Perverted scripture does their error fence,
 They read the letter, but neglect the sense.
 While to the word no gospel-gloss they give ;
 Their *seek* and *find*'s the same with *do* and *live*.
 Hence would they a connection native place
 Between their moral pains and saving grace :
 Their nat'ral poor essays the Judge wont miss,
 In justice, to infer eternal bliss.

Thus commentaries on the word they make,
 Which to their ruin are a grand mistake :
 For, though the legal bias in their breast,
 They scripture to their own destruction wrest,
 Why, if we seek, we get, they gather hence ;
 Which is not truth save in the scripture sense.
 There Jesus deals with friends, and elsewhere saith,
 These seekers only speed that ask in faith.⁵
 " The prayer of the wicked is abhorr'd,
 As an abomination to the Lord."⁶
 Their suits are sins, but their neglects no less,
 Which can't their guilt diminish but increase.
 They ought, like beggars, lie in grace's way :
 Hence Peter taught the sorcerer to pray ;⁷
 For though mere nat'ral men's address or pray'rs
 Can no acceptance gain as work of theirs,
 Nor have, as their performance, any sway ;
 Yet as a divine ordinance they may.
 But spotless truth has bound itself to grant
 The suit of none but the believing saint.
 In Jesus persons once accepted, do
 Acceptance find in him for duties too.
 For he, whose Son they do in marriage take,

(1) Song iii. 1, 4. (2) Matth. vii. 13, 14. (3) Luke xiii. 24. (4) Matth. vii. 7.

(5) James i. 6. (6) Prov. xv. 9. xxviii. 9. (7) Acts viii. 22.

Is bound to hear them for their husband's sake.

But let no Christless soul, at pray'r appear,
 As if JEHOVAH were oblig'd to hear :
 But use a means, because a sov'reign God
 May come with alms in this his wonted road.
 He wills thee to frequent kind wisdom's gate,
 To read, hear, meditate, to pray and wait ;
 Thy Spirit then be on these duties bent,
 As gospel means, but not as legal rent,
 From these don't thy salvation hope nor claim,
 But from JEHOVAH in the use of them.
 The beggar's spirit never was so dull,
 While waiting at the gate call'd Beautiful,
 To hope for succour at the temple-gate,
 At which he daily did so careful wait :
 But from the rich and charitable sort,
 Who to the temple daily made resort.
 Means, ordinances, are the comely gate,
 At which kind heav'n has bid us constant wait :
 Not that from these we have our alms, but from
 The lib'ral God, who there is wont to come.
 If either we these means shall dare neglect,
 Or yet from these th' enriching bliss expect,
 We from the glory of the King defalk ;
 Who in the galleries is wont to walk ;
 We move not regular in duties' road,
 But base, invert them to an idol-god.

Seek then, if gospel-means you would essay,
 Through grace to use them in a gospel-way :
 Nor deeming that your duties are the price
 Of divine favour, or of Paradise ;
 Not that your best efforts employ'd in these
 Are fit exploits your awful Judge to please.
 Why thus you basely idolize your trash,
 And make it with the blood of Jesus clash.
 You'd buy the blessing with your vile refuse,
 And so his precious righteousness abuse.
 What ! buy his gifts with filthy lumber ? nay,
 Whoever offers this, must hear him say,
 " Thy money perish with thy soul for ay¹."

Duties are means, which to the marriage-bed
 Should chastely lead us like the chamber-maid ;
 But if with her, instead of Christ, we match,
 We not our safety but our ruin hatch.
 To Cæsar, what is Cæsar's, should be giv'n ;
 But Cæsar must not have what's due to Heav'n :
 So duties must have duty's room 'tis true ;
 But nothing of the glorious Husband's due.

(1) Acts viii. 20.

While means the debt of close attendance crave,
 Our whole dependence God alone must have.
 If duties, tears, our conscience pacify,
 They with the blood of Christ presume to vie.
 Means are his vassals ; shall we without grudge
 Discard the master, and espouse the drudge ?
 The hypocrite, the leaglist does sin,
 To live on duties, not on Christ therein.
 He only feeds on empty dishes, plates,
 Who dotes on means, but at the manna frets.
 Let never means content thy soul at all,
 Without the Husband, who is all in all¹.
 Cry daily for the happy marriage hour :
 To him belongs the mean, to him the pow'r.

SECTION III.

A Call to believe in Jesus Christ, with some hints at the Act and Object of Faith.

FRIEND is the question on thy heart engrav'd,
 " What shall I do to be for ever sav'd ?"²
 Lo ! here's a living rock to build upon :
 Believe in Jesus³ ; and on him alone
 For righteousness and strength thine anchor drop,
 Renouncing all thy former legal hope.
 " Believe, say thou ! I can no more believe,
 Than keep the law of works, the DO and LIVE."⁴
 True, and it were thy mercy, didst thou see
 Thine utter want of all ability.
 New cov'nant graces he alone can grant,
 Whom God has giv'n to be the covenant⁴ ;
 E'en Jesus, whom the sacred letters call
 Faith's object, author, finisher, and all ;
 In him alone, not in thy act of faith,
 Thy soul believing full salvation hath.

In this new cov'nant judge not faith to hold
 The room of perfect doing in the old.
 Faith is not giv'n to be the fed'ral price
 Of other blessings, or of paradise :
 But Heav'n by giving this, stricks out a door
 At which is carry'd in still more and more.
 No sinner must upon his faith lay stress,
 As if it were a perfect righteousness.
 God ne'er assign'd unto such a place ;
 'Tis but at best a bankrupt begging grace.
 Its object makes its fame to fly abroad,
 So close it grips the righteousness of God ;

(1) Col. iii. 3.

(2) Acts xvi. 30.

(3) Acts xvi. 31.

(4) Isa. xlii. 6.

Which righteousness receiv'd, is, without strife,
The true condition of eternal life.

But still, say you, pow'r to believe I miss.
You may ; but know you what believing is ?
Faith lies not in your building up a tow'r
Of some great action by your proper pow'r.
For heav'n well knows, that by the killing fall,
No pow'r no will remains in man at all
For acts divinely good ; 'till sov'reign grace
By pow'rful drawing virtue turn the chase.
Hence none believe in Jesus, as they ought
'Till once they do believe they can do nought,
Nor are sufficient e'en to form a thought¹.
They're conscious in the right believing hour,
Of human weakness, and of divine pow'r.
Faith acts not in the sense of strength and might,
But in the sense of weakness acts outright.
It is (no boasting arm of pow'r or length)
But weakness acting on Almighty strength².
It is the pow'rless, helpless sinner's flight
Into the open arms of saving might :
'Tis an employing Jesus to do all
That can within salvation's compass fall ;
To be the agent kind in ev'ry thing
Belonging to the Prophet, Priest, and King ;
To teach, to pardon, sanctify, and save,
And nothing to the creature's pow'r to leave.
Faith makes us joyfully content that he
Our head, our husband, and our all should be ;
Our righteousness and strength, our stock and store,
Our fund for food and raiment, grace and glore.
It makes the creature down to nothing fall,
Content that Christ alone be all in all.

The plan of grace is faith's delightful view,
With which it closes both as good and true,
Unto the truth, the mind's assent is full ;
Unto the good, a free consenting will.
The holy Spirit here, the agent chief,
Creates this faith, and dashes unbelief.
That very God who calls us to believe,
The very faith he seeks, must also give.
Why calls he then ? say you. Pray, man, be wise ;
Why did he call dead Lazarus to rise ?
Because the orders in their bosom bear
Almighty power to make the carcass hear.

But heav'n may not this mighty power display.
Most true ; yet still thou art oblig'd t' obey.
But God is not at all obliged to stretch

(1) 2 Cor. iii. 5.

(2) 2 Cor. xii. 9.

His saving arm to such a sinful wretch.
 All who within salvation-rolls have place,
 Are sav'd by a prerogative of grace :
 But vessels all that shall with wrath be cramm'd,
 Are by an act of holy justice damn'd.
 Take then, dear soul, as from a friendly heart,
 The counsel which the following lines impart.

SECTION IV.

An Advice to Sinners to apply to the sovereign Mercy of God, as it is discovered through Christ, to the highest honour of Justice and other divine attributes in order to further their Faith in him unto salvation.

Go, friend, and at JEHOVAH'S footstool bow :
 Thou know'st not what a sov'reign God may do.
 Confess, if he commiserate thy case,
 'Twill be an act of pow'rful sov'reign grace.
 Sequestrate carefully some solemn hours,
 To sue thy grand concern in secret bow'rs.
 Then in th' ensuing strain to God impart,
 And pour into his bosom all thy heart.
 " O glorious, gracious, pow'rful, sov'reign Lord,
 Thy help into a sinful worm afford ;
 Who from my wretched birth to this sad hour,
 Have still been destitute of will and pow'r
 To close with glorious Christ ; yea fill'd with spite
 At thy fair darling, and thy saints' delight,
 Resisting all his grace with all my might.
 Come, Lord, and sap my enmity's strong tow'r ;
 O haste the marriage-day, the day of pow'r ;
 That sweetly, by resistless grace inclin'd,
 My once reluctant be a willing mind.
 Thou spak'st to being ev'ry thing we see,
 When thy almighty will said, *Let it be*,
 Nothings to being in a moment pass :
 ' Let there be light, thou saidst ; and so it was'.'
 A pow'rful word like this, a mighty call,
 Must say, Let there be faith, and then it shall.
 Thou seek'st my faith and light from sin and guilt :
 Give what thou seek'st, Lord ; then seek what thou wilt.
 What good can issue from a root so ill ?
 This heart of mine's a wicked lump of hell ;
 'Twill all thy common motions still resist,
 Unless with special drawing virtue blest.
 Thou calls, but with the call thy pow'r convey ;
 Command me to believe, and I'll obey,

Nor any more thy gracious call gainsay.
Command, O Lord : effectually command,
And grant I be not able to withstand :
Then pow'rless I will stretch the wither'd hand.

I to thy favour can pretend no claim,
But what is borrow'd from thy glorious name ;
Which though most justly thou may'st glorifie.
In damning such a guilty wretch as me,
A faggot fitted for the burning fire
Of thine incensed everlasting ire :
Yet, Lord, since now I hear thy glorious Son,
In favour of a race that was undone,
Did in thy name, by thy authority,
Once to the full stern justice satisfy ;
And paid more glorious tribute thereunto
Than hell and all his torments e'er can do.
Since my salvation through his blood can rise,
A revenue to justice' highest praise,
Higher than rents which hell for ever pays ;
These to tremendous justice never bring
A satisfaction equal and condign.
But Jesus, our once dying God, performs
What never could by ever dying worms :
Since thus thy threat'ning law is honour'd more
Than e'er my sins affronted it before :
Since justice stern may greater glory won,
By justifying in thy darling Son,
Than by condemning ev'n the rebel me ;
To this device of wisdom, lo ! I flee.
Let justice, Lord, according to thy will,
Be glorified with glory great and full ;
Not now in hell, where justice' petty pay
Is but extorted parcels minc'd for ay :
But glorifi'd in Christ, who down has told
The total sum at once in liquid gold.
In lowest hell low praise is only won,
But justice has the highest in thy Son,
The Sun of righteousness that set in red,
To shew the glorious morning would succeed.
In him then save thou me from sin and shame,
And to the highest glorify thy name.

Since this bright scene thy glories all express,
And grace as empress reigns through righteousness :
Since mercy fair runs in a crimson flood ;
And vents through justice satisfying blood :
Not only then for mercy's sake, I sue,
But for the glory of thy justice too.
And since each letter of thy name divine
Has in fair Jesus' face the brightest shine,
This glorious husband be for ever mine.

On this strong argument so sweet, so blest,
With thy allowance, Lord, I must insist.
Great God, since thou allow'st unworthy me
To make thy glorious name my humble plea;
No glory worthy of it wilt thou gain
By casting me into the burning main.
My feeble back can never suit the load,
That speaks thy name a sin-revenging God.
Scarce would that name seem a consuming fire
Upon a worm unworthy of thine ire.
But see the worthy Lamb, thy chosen Priest,
With justice' burning-glass against his breast,
Contracting all the beams of 'venging wrath,
As in their centre, 'till he burnt to death.
Vengeance can never be so much proclaim'd
By scatter'd beams among the millions damn'd.
Then, Lord in him me to the utmost save,
And thou shalt glory to the highest have :
Glory to Wisdom, that contiv'd so well !
Glory to Pow'r, that bore and bury'd hell !
Glory to Holiness, which sin defac'd,
With sinless service now divinely grac'd !
Glory to Justice' sword, that flaming stood,
Now drink to pleasure with atoning blood !
Glory to Truth, that now, in scarlet clad,
Has seal'd both threats and promises with red !
Glory to Mercy, now in purple streams,
So sweetly gliding through the divine flames
Of other once offended, now exalted names !
Each attribute conspires with joint embrace,
To shew its sparkling rays in Jesus' face ;
And thus to deck the crown of matchless grace.
But to thy name in hell ne'er can accrue
The thousandth part of this great revenue.

O ravishing contrivance ! light that blinds
Cherubic gazers, and seraphic minds.
They pry into the deep, and love to learn
What yet should vastly more be my concern.
Lord, once my hope most reasonless could dream,
Of heav'n without regard to thy great name ;
But here is laid, my lasting hope to found,
A highly rational, a lasting ground.
'Tis reasonable, I expect thou'lt take
The way that most will for thine honour make.
Is this the plan ? Lord, let me build my claim
To life, on this high glory of thy name.
Nor let my faithless heart or think, or say,
That all this glory shall be thrown away
In my perdition ; which will never raise
To thy great name so vast a rent of praise.

O then a rebel into favour take ;
 Lord, shield and save me for thy glory's sake.
 My endless ruin is not worth the cost,
 That so much glory be for ever lost.
 I'll of the greatest sinner bear the shame,
 To bring the greatest honour to thy name.
 Small loss, though I should perish endless days,
 But thousand pities grace should lose the praise.
 O hear, JEHOVAH, get the glory then,
 And to my supplication say, AMEN."

SECTION V.

The terrible Doom of Unbelievers, and Rejecters of Christ, or Despisers of the Gospel.

THUS, sinner, into Jesus' bosom flee,
 Then there is hope in Isra'l sure for thee.
 Slight not the call, as running by in rhyme,
 Lest thou repent for ay, if not in time.
 'Tis most unlawful to contemn and shun
 All wholesome counsels that in metre run ;
 Since the prime fountains of the sacred writ
 Much heav'nly truth in holy rhimes transmit.
 If this don't please, yet hence it is no crime
 To versify the word, and preach in rhyme ;
 But in whatever mould the doctrine lies,
 Some erring minds will gospel-truth despise
 Without remedy, till heav'n anoint their eyes.
 These lines pretend no conqu'ring art nor skill,
 But shew in weak attempts a strong good-will
 To mortify all native legal pride,
 And court the Lamb of God a virgin bride.
 If he thy conjunct match be never giv'n,
 Thou'rt doom'd to hell, as sure as God's in heav'n.
 If gospel-grace and goodness don't thee draw,
 Thou art condemn'd already by the law.
 Yea, hence damnation deep will doubly brace,
 If still thy heart contemn redeeming grace.
 No argument for fear or hope will move,
 Nor draw thy heart, if not the bond of love :
 Nor flowing joys, nor flaming terrors chase
 To Christ the hav'n, without the gales of grace.
 O slighter then of grace's joyful sound,
 Thou'rt over to the wrathful ocean bound.
 Anon thou'lt sink into the gulf of woes,
 Whene'er thy wasting hours are at a close ;
 Thy false old legal hope will then be lost,

And with thy wretched soul give up the ghost.
Then farewell God and Christ, and grace and glore !
Undone thou art, undone for evermore,
For ever sinking underneath the load
And pressure of a sin-revenging God.
The sacred awful text asserts, " To fall
Into his living hands, is fearful thrall :
When no more sacrifice for sin remains¹,"
But ever living wrath, and lasting chains ;
Heav'n still upholding life in dreadful death,
Still throwing down hot thunderbolts of wrath,
As full of terror, and as manifold,
As finite vessels of his wrath can hold.

Then, then we may suppose the wretch to cry,
" Oh ! if this damning God would let me die,
And not torment me to eternity !
Why from the silent womb of stupid earth
Did Heav'n awake, and push me into birth ?
Curs'd be the day that ever gave me life ;
Curs'd be the cruel parents, man and wife,
Means of my being, instruments of woe ;
For now I'm damn'd, I'm damn'd, and always so !
Curs'd be the day that ever made me hear
The gospel-call, which brought salvation near.
The endless sound of slighted mercy's bell,
Has in mine ears the most tormenting knell.
Of offered grace I vain repent the loss,
The joyful sound with horror recognise.
The hollow vault reverberates the sound,
This killing echo strikes the deepest wound.
And with too late remorse does now confound,
Into the dungeon of despair I'm lock'd,
Th' once open door of hope for ever block'd ;
Hopeless I sink into the dark abyss,
Banished for ever from eternal bliss.
In boiling waves of vengeance must I lie ?
O could I curse this dreadful God, and die !
Infinite years in torment shall I spend,
And never, never, never at an end !
Ah ! must I live in torturing despair
As many years as atoms in the air ?
When these are spent, as many thousands more
As grains of sand that crowd the ebbing shore ?
When these are done, as many yet behind
As leaves of forest shaken with the wind ?
When these are gone, as many to ensue
As stems of grass on hills and dales that grew ?
When these run out, as many on the march

(1) Heb. x. 29, 31.

As starry lamps that gild the spangled arch ?
When these expire, as many millions more
As moments in the millions past before ?
When all these doleful years are spent in pain,
And multiplied by myriads again,
'Tis numbers drown the thought ! could I suppose
That then my wretched years were at a close,
This would afford some ease : but ah ! I shiver
To think upon the dreadful sound, *for ever* !
The burning gulph, where I blaspheming ly,
Is *time* no more, but vast ETERNITY !
The glowing torment I endure for sin,
Through ages all is always to begin.
How did I but a grain of pleasure sow,
To reap an harvest of immortal woe ?
Bound at the bottom of the burning main,
Gnawing my chains, I wish for death in vain.
Just doom ! since I that bear the eternal load,
Contemn'd the death of an eternal God,
Oh ! if the God that curs'd me to the lash,
Would bless me back to nothing with a dash !
But hopeless I the just avenger hate,
Blaspheme the wrathful God, and curse my fate !

To these this word of terror, I direct,
Who now the great salvation dare neglect¹ :
To all the Christ-despising multitude,
That trample on the great Redeemer's blood ;
That see no beauty in his glorious face,
But slight his offers, and refuse his grace.
A messenger of wrath to none I am,
But those that hate to wed the worthy Lamb.
For though the smallest sins, if small can be,
Will plunge the Christless soul in misery :
Yet lo ! the greatest that to mortals cleave
Shan't damn the souls in Jesus that believe ;
Because they on the very method fall
That well can make amends to God for all.
Whereas proud souls, thro' unbelief, wont let
The glorious God a reputation get
Of all his honour, in his darling Son,
For all the great dishonours they have done.
A faithless soul the glorious God bereaves
Of all the satisfaction that he craves :
Hence under divine hottest fury dies,
And with a double vengeance justly lies,
The blackest part of Tophet is their place,
Who slight the tenders of redeeming grace.
That sacrilegious monster, Unbelief,

(1) Heb. ii. 3

So hard'ned 'gainst remorse and pious grief,
Robs God of all the glory of his names,
And ev'ry divine attribute defames.
It loudly calls the truth of God a lie ;
The God of truth a liar,¹ horrid cry !
Doubts and denies his precious words of grace,
Spits venom in the royal suitors face !
This monster cannot cease all sin to hatch,
Because it proudly mars the happy match.
As each law-wedded soul is join'd to sin,
And destitute of holiness within ;
So all that wed the law must wed the curse,
Which rent they scorn to pay with Christ's full purse.
They clear may read their dreadful doom in brief,
Whose fester'd sore is final unbelief :
Though to the law their life exalted fram'd,
For zealous acts and passions to were fam'd ;
Yet lo ! *He that believes not shall be damn'd.*²

*But now 'tis proper on the other side.
With words of comfort to address the bride.
She in her glorious Husband does possess
Adorning grace, acquitting righteousness :
And hence to her pertain the golden mines
Of comfort open'd in the following lines.*

(1) John v. 10.

(2) John iii. 18.

GOSPEL SONNETS.

PART II.

THE BELIEVER'S JOINTURE,

Or, the POEM continued on Isaiah liv. 5.—*Thy Maker is thy Husband.*

N. B.—The following lines being primarily intended for the use and edification of piously exercised souls, and especially those of a more common and ordinary capacity; the author thought fit, through the whole of this second part of the book, to continue, as in the former editions, to repeat that part of the text, *Thy Husband*, in the last line of every verse; because, however it tended to limit him, and restrict his liberty of words in the composition; yet having ground to judge, that this appropriating compellation, still resumed, had rendered these lines formerly the more savoury to some exercised Christians, to whom the name of CHRIST (particularly as their Head and Husband) is as an ointment poured forth; he choose rather to subject himself to that restriction, than to withhold what may tend to the satisfaction and comfort of those to whom CHRIST is *all in all*; and to whom his name, as their Husband, so many various ways applied, will be no nauseous repetition.

CHAPTER I.

CONTAINING THE PRIVILEGES OF THE BELIEVER THAT IS ESPOUSED TO CHRIST BY
FAITH OF DIVINE OPERATION.

SECTION I.

The Believer's perfect Beauty, free Acceptance, and full Security, through the imputation of Christ's perfect Righteousness, though imparted grace be imperfect.

O HAPPY soul, JEHOVAH's bride,
The Lamb's beloved spouse;
Strong consolation's flowing tide,
Thy husband thee allows.

In thee, though like thy father's race,
By nature black as hell;
Yet now, so beautify'd by grace,
Thy husband loves to dwell.

Fair as the moon thy robes appear,
While graces are in dress :
Clear as the sun¹, while found to wear,
Thy husband's righteousness.

Thy moon-like graces, changing much,
Have here and there a spot :
Thy sun-like glory is not such.
Thy husband changes not.

Thy white and ruddy vesture fair
Outvies the rosy leaf ;
For 'mong ten thousand beauties rare
Thy husband is the chief.

Cloth'd with the sun, thy robes of light
The morning-rays outshine ;
The lamps of heav'n are not so bright,
Thy husband decks thee fine.

Though hellish smoke thy duties stain,
And sin deforms thee quite :
Thy surety's merit makes thee clean,
Thy husband's beauty's white.

Thy pray'rs and tears, nor pure nor good,
But vile and loathsome seem ;
Yet gain, by dipping in his blood,
Thy husband's high esteem.

No fear thou starve, though wants be great,
In him thou art complete².
Thy hungry soul may hopeful wait,
Thy husband gives thee meat.

Thy money, merit, pow'r, and pelf,
Were squander'd by thy fall :
Yet, having nothing in thyself,
Thy husband is thy all.

Law-precepts, threats, may both beset
To crave thee of their due ;
But justice for thy double debt
Thy husband did pursue.

Though justice stern as much belong
As mercy to a God :
Yet justice suffered here no wrong,
Thy husband's back was broad.

He bore the load of wrath alone,
That mercy might take vent ;
Heav'n's pointed arrows all upon
Thy husband's heart were spent.

(1) Song vi. 8.

(2) Col. ii. 10.

No partial pay could justice still,
 No farthing was retrench'd ;
 Vengeance exacted all, until
 Thy husband all advanc'd.

He paid in liquid golden red,
 Each mite the law requir'd,
 Till, with a loud, '*Tis finished*¹,
 Thy husband's breath expir'd.

No process more the law can 'tent ;
 Thou stand'st within its verge,
 And may'st, at pleasure, now present
 Thy husband's full discharge.

Though new-contracted guilt beget,
 New fears of divine ire ;
 Yet fear not thou, though drown'd in debt,
 Thy husband is the payer.

God might in rigour thee indite
 Of highest crimes and flaws ;
 But on thy head no curse can light,
 Thy husband is the cause.

SECTION II.

Christ the Believer's Friend, Prophet, Priest, King, Defence, Guard, Help, and Healer.

DEAR soul, when all the human race
 Lay welt'ring in their gore,
 Vast numbers in that dismal case,
 Thy husband passed o'er.

But, pray, why did he thousands pass,
 And set his heart on thee ?
 The deep, the searchless reason was,
 Thy husband's love is free.

The forms of favour, names of grace,
 And offices of love,
 He bears for thee, with open face,
 Thy husband's kindness prove.

'Gainst blackness black, and error blind,
 Thou hast a Sun and Shield² ;
 And, to reveal the Father's mind,
 Thy husband Prophet seal'd.

(1) John xix. 30.

(2) Psalm lxxxiv. 11.

He likewise, to procure thy peace,
And save from sin's arrest,
Resign'd himself a sacrifice ;
Thy husband is thy Priest.

And that he might thy will subject,
And sweetly captive bring,
Thy sins subdue, his throne erect,
Thy husband is thy King.

Though num'rous and assaulting foes
Thy joyful peace may mar ;
And thou a thousand battles lose,
Thy husband wins the war.

Hell's forces, which thy mind appal,
His arm can soon dispatch ;
How strong so'er, yet for them all,
Thy husband's more than match.

Though secret lusts with hid contest,
By heavy groans reveal'd,
And devils rage ; yet, do their best,
Thy husband keeps the field.

When in desertion's ev'ning dark,
Thy steps are apt to slide,
His conduct seek, his counsel mark,
Thy husband is thy guide.

In doubts, renouncing self-conceit,
His word and Spirit prize :
He never counsell'd wrong as yet,
Thy husband is so wise.

When weak, thy refuge seest at hand,
Yet cannot run the length ;
'Tis present power to understand
Thy husband is thy strength.

When shaking storms annoy thy heart,
His word commands a calm ;
When bleeding wounds, to ease thy smart
Thy husband's blood's the balm.

Trust creatures nor to help thy thrall,
Nor to assuage thy grief ;
Use means, but look beyond them all,
Thy husband's thy relief.

If heav'n prescribe a bitter drug,
Fret not with froward will ;
This carriage may thy cure prerogue ;
Thy husband wants not skill.

He sees the sore, he knows the cure
 Will most adapted be ;
 'Tis then most reasonable, sure,
 Thy husband choose for thee.

Friendship is in his chastisements,
 And favour in his frowns ;
 Then judge not then in heavy plaints,
 Thy husband thee disowns.

The deeper his sharp lancet go
 In rippling up thy wound,
 The more thy healing shall into
 Thy husband's praise rebound.

SECTION III.

Christ the Believer's wonderful Physician, and wealthy Friend.

KIND Jesus empties whom he'll fill,
 Casts down whom he will raise ;
 He quickens whom he seems to kill ;
 Thy husband thus gets praise.

When awful rods are in his hand,
 There's mercy in his mind ;
 When clouds upon his brow do stand,
 Thy husband's heart is kind.

In various changes to and fro,
 He'll ever constant prove ;
 Nor can his kindness come and go,
 Thy husband's name is Love.

His friends, in most afflicted lot,
 His favour must have felt ;
 For when they're try'd in furnace hot ;
 Thy husband's bowels melt.

When he his bride or wounds or heals,
 Heart-kindness does him move ;
 And wraps in frowns as well as smiles
 Thy husband's lasting love.

In's hand no cure could ever fail,
 Though of a hopeless state ;
 He can in desp'rate cases heal,
 Thy husband's art's so great.

The medicine he did prepare,
 Can't fail to work for good ;
 O balsam pow'rful, precious, rare,
 Thy husband's sacred blood :

Which freely from his broached breast
Gush'd out like pent-up fire ;
His cures are best, his wages least,
Thy husband takes no hire.

Thou hast no worth, no might, no good ;
His favour to procure :
But see his store, his pow'r, his blood :
Thy husband's never poor.

Himself he humbled wond'rously
Once to the lowest pitch,
That bankrupts through his poverty
Thy husband might enrich.

His treasure is more excellent
Than hills of Ophir gold :
In telling stores were ages spent,
Thy husband's can't be told.

All things that fly on wings of fame,
Compar'd with this, are dross ;
Thy searchless riches in his name
Thy husband doth ingross.

The great IMMANUEL, God-man,
Includes such store divine ;
Angels and saints will never scan
Thy husband's golden mine.

He's full of grace and truth¹ indeed,
Of Spirit², merit, might ;
Of all the wealth that bankrupts need
Thy husband's heir by right.

Tho' heav'n his throne³, he came from thence,
To seek and save the lost⁴ ;
Whatever be the vast expence,
Thy husband's at the cost.

Pleas'd to expend each drop of blood
That fill'd his royal veins,
He frank the sacred victim stood ;
Thy husband spar'd no pains.

His cost immense was in thy place ;
Thy freedom cost his thrall ;
Thy glory cost him deep disgrace,
Thy husband paid for all.

(1) John i. 14.

(2) John iii. 34.

(3) Isa. lxvi. 1.

(4) Luke xix. 10.

SECTION IV.

The Believer's Safety under the Covert of Christ's atoning Blood, and powerful Intercession.

WHEN Heav'n proclaim'd hot war and wrath,
And sin increas'd the strife ;
By rich obedience unto death
Thy husband bought thy life.

The charges could not be abridg'd,
But on these noble terms ;
Which all that prize, are hugg'd amidst
Thy husband's folded arms.

When law condemns, and justice too
To prison would thee hale ;
As Sureties kind for bankrupts do,
Thy husband offers bail.

God on these terms is reconcil'd,
And thou his heart has won ;
In Christ thou art his favour'd child,
Thy husband is his Son.

Vindictive wrath is whole appeas'd,
Thou need'st not then be mov'd ;
In Jesus always he's well pleas'd,
Thy husband his belov'd¹.

What can be laid unto thy charge,
When God does not condemn ?
Bills of complaint though foes enlarge,
Thy husband answers them.

When fear thy guilty mind confounds,
Full ransom this may yield ;
Thy ransom-bill, with blood and wounds,
Thy husband kind has seal'd.

His promise is the fair extract
Thou hast at hand to shew ;
Stern justice can no more exact,
Thy husband paid its due.

No terms he left thee to fulfil,
No clog to mar thy faith ;
His bond is sign'd, his latter-will
Thy husband seal'd by death.

(1) Mat. iii. 17.

The great condition of the band
Of promise and of bliss,
Is wrought by him, and brought to hand,
Thy husband's righteousness.

When therefore press'd in time of need
To sue the promis'd good,
Thou hast no more to do but plead
Thy husband's sealing blood.

This can thee more to God commend,
And cloudy wrath dispel,
Then e'er thy sinning could offend ;
Thy husband vanquish'd hell.

When vengeance seems, for broken laws,
To light on thee with dread,
Let Christ be umpire of thy cause ;
Thy husband well can plead.

He pleads his righteousness, that brought
All rents the law could crave ;
Whate'er its precepts, threat'nings, sought,
Thy husband fully gave.

Did holiness in precepts stand,
And for perfection call,
Justice in threat'nings death demand ?
Thy husband gave it all.

His blood the fiery law did quench,
Its summons need not scare ;
Tho't cite thee to heav'n's awful bench,
Thy husband's at the bar.

This advocate has much to say,
His clients need not fear ;
For God the Father hears him ay,
Thy husband hath his ear.

A cause fail'd never in his hand,
So strong his pleading is ;
His father grants his whole demand,
Thy husband's will is his.

Hell's forces all may rendezvous,
Accusers may combine :
Yet fear thou not who art his spouse,
Thy husband's cause is thine.

By solemn oath JEHOVAH did
His priesthood ratify ;
Let earth and hell then counterplead,
Thy husband gains the plea.

SECTION V.

The Believer's Faith and Hope encouraged, even in the darkest nights of Desertion and Distress.

THE cunning serpent may accuse,
But never shall succeed ;
The God of peace will Satan bruise,
Thy husband broke his head.¹

Hell furies threaten to devour,
Like lions robb'd of whelps :
But lo ! in ev'ry perilous hour,
Thy husband always helps.

That feeble faith may never fail,
Thine advocate has pray'd ;
Though winnowing tempests may assail,
Thy husband's near to aid.

Though grievous trials grow apace,
And put thee to a stand ;
Thou may'st rejoice in ev'ry case,
Thy husband's help at hand.

Trust, though, when in desertion dark,
No twinkling star by night,
No ray appear, no glimm'ring spark ;
Thy husband is thy light.

His beams anon the clouds can rent,
And through the vapours run ;
For of the brightest firmament
Thy husband is the sun.

Without the sun who mourning go,
And scarce the way can find,
He brings, through paths they do not know ;²
Thy husband leads the blind.

Though fire and water he with skill
Brings to a wealthy land ;
Rude flames and roaring waves be still,
Thy husband can command.

When sin's disorders heavy brings,
That press thy soul with weight ;
Then mind how many crooked things
Thy husband has made straight.

Still look to him with longing eyes,
Though both thine eyes should fail ;
Cry, and at length, though not thy cries,
Thy husband shall prevail.

(1) Rom. xvi. 20. (2) Isa. xlii. 16.

Still hope for favour at his hand,
 Though favour don't appear :
 When help seems most aloof to stand :
 Thy husband's then most near.

In cases hopeless-like, faint hopes
 May fail and fears annoy ;
 But most when stript of earthly props,
 Thy husband thou'lt enjoy.

If providence the promise thwart,
 And yet thy humbled mind
 'Gainst hope believes in hope,¹ thou art
 Thy husband's dearest friend.

Art thou a weakling, poor and faint,
 In jeopardy each hour ?
 Let not thy weakness move thy plaint,
 Thy husband has the pow'r.

Dread not thy foes that foil'd thee long,
 Will ruin thee at length :
 When thou art weak then art thou strong,
 Thy husband is thy strength.

When foes are mighty, many too,
 Don't fear, nor quit the field ;
 'Tis not with thee they have to do,
 Thy husband is thy shield.

'Tis hard to strive against an host,
 Or strive against the stream :
 But, lo ! when all seems to be lost,
 Thy husband will redeem.

SECTION VI.

Benefits accruing to Believers, from the Offices, Names, Natures, and Sufferings of Christ.

ART thou by lusts a captive led,
 Which breeds thy deepest grief ?
 To ransom captives is his trade,
 Thy husband's thy relief.

His precious name is JESUS, why ?
 Because he saves from sin² ;
 Redemption's right he won't deny,
 Thy husband's near of kin.

(1) Rom. iv. 18. (2) Matth. i. 21.

His wounds have sav'd thee once from woes,
His blood from vengeance screen'd ;
When heav'n, and earth, and hell were foes,
Thy husband was a friend.

And will thy captain now look on,
And see thee trampled down ?
When, lo ! thy champion has the throne,
Thy husband wears the crown.

Yield not, though cunning Satan bribe,
Or like a lion roar ;
The Lion strong of Judah's tribe,
Thy husband's to the fore.

And that he never will forsake¹,
His credit fair he pawn'd ;
In hottest broils, then, courage take,
Thy husband's at thy hand.

No storm needs drive thee to a strait,
Who dost his aid invoke :
Fierce winds may blow, proud waves may beat ;
Thy husband is the rock.

Renounce thine own ability,
Lean to his promis'd might ;
The strength of Isra'l cannot lie,
Thy husband's pow'r is plight.

An awful truth does here present,
Whoever think it odd ;
In him thou art omnipotent,
Thy husband is a God.

JEHOVAH's strength is in thy head,
Which faith may boldly scan ;
God in thy nature does reside,
Thy husband is a man.

Thy flesh is his, his spirit thine ;
And that you both are one,
One body, spirit, temple, vine,
Thy husband deigns to own.

Kind, he assum'd thy flesh and blood
This union to pursue ;
And without shame his brotherhood
Thy husband does avow,

He bore the cross thy crown to win,
His blood he freely spilt ;
The holy One assuming sin,
Thy husband bore the guilt.

(1) Heb xiii. 5

Lo ! what a bless'd exchange is this ?
 What wisdom shines therein ?
 That thou might'st be made righteousness,
 Thy husband was made sin¹.

The God of joy a man of grief,
 Thy sorrows to discuss ;
 Pure Innocence hang'd as a thief :
 Thy husband lov'd thee thus.

Bright beauty had his visage marr'd,
 His comely form abus'd :
 True rest was from all rest debarr'd,
 Thy husband's heel was bruis'd.

The God of blessings was a curse,
 The Lord of Lords a drudge ;
 The heir of all things poor in purse :
 Thy husband did not grudge.

The Judge of all condemned was
 The God immortal slain :
 No favour in the woful cause
 Thy husband did obtain.

SECTION VII.

Christ's Sufferings further improved, and Believers called to live by faith, both when they have and want sensible influences.

LOUD praises sing, without surcease,
 To him that frankly came,
 And gave his soul a sacrifice ;
 Thy husband was the Lamb.

What waken'd vengeance could denounce.
 All round him did beset ;
 And never left his soul, till once
 Thy husband paid the debt.

And though new debt thou still contract,
 And run in deep arrears ;
 Yet all thy burdens on his back
 Thy husband always bears.

Thy Judge will ne'er demand of thee
 Two payments for one debt ;
 Thee with one victim wholly free
 Thy husband kindly set.

(1) 2 Cor. v. 21.

That no grim vengeance might thee meet,
Thy husband met with all :
And that thy soul might drink the sweet,
Thy husband drank the gall.

Full breasts of joy he lov'd t' extend,
Like to a kindly nurse ;
And, that thy bliss might full be gain'd,
Thy husband was a curse.

Thy sins he glu'd unto the tree,
His blood this virtue hath ;
For, that thy heart to sin might die,
Thy husband suffer'd death.

To purchase fully all thy good,
All evil him befel ;
To win thy heav'n with streams of blood,
Thy husband quenched hell.

That this kind days-man, in one band,
Might God and man betroth,
He on both parties lays his hand ;
Thy husband pleases both.

The blood that could stern justice please,
And law-demands fulfil,
Can also guilty conscience ease ;
Thy husband clears the bill.

Thy highest glory is obtain'd
By his abasement deep ;
And, that thy tears might all be drain'd,
Thy husband chose to weep.

His bondage all thy freedom brought,
He stoop'd so lowly down ;
He grappling all thy grandeur brought,
Thy husband's cross thy crown.

'Tis by his shoke thy sceptre sways,
His warfare ends thy strife ;
His proverty thy wealth conveys,
Thy husband's death thy life.

Do mortal damps invade thy heart,
And deadness seize thee sore ?
Rejoice in this, that life t' impart
Thy husband has in store.

And when new life imparted seems
Establish'd as a rock,
Boast in the fountain, not the streams ;
Thy husband is thy stock.

The streams may take a various turn,
 The fountain never moves :
 Cease then o'er failing streams to mourn,
 Thy husband thus thee proves.
 That glad thou mayst, when drops are gone,
 Joy in the spacious sea :
 When incomes fail, then still upon
 Thy husband keep thine eye.
 But can't thou lack, nor moan thy strait,
 So dark's the dismal hour ?
 Yet, as thou'rt able, cry, and wait
 Thy husband's day of pow'r.
 Tell him, though sin prolong the term,
 Yet love can scarce delay :
 Thy want, his promise, all affirm,
 Thy husband must not stay.

SECTION VIII.

Christ the Believer's enriching Treasure.

KIND Jesus lives, thy life to be
 Who mak'st him thy refuge ;
 And when he comes, thou'lt joy to see
 Thy husband shall be judge.
 Should passing troubles thee annoy
 Without, within, or both ;
 Since endless life thou'lt then enjoy,
 Thy husband pledg'd his truth.
 What won't he, ev'n in time impart
 That's for thy real good ?
 He gave his love, he gave his heart,
 Thy husband gave his blood.
 He gives himself, and what should more ?
 What can he then refuse ?
 If this won't please thee, ah ! how sore
 Thy husband dost abuse !
 Earth's fruit, heaven's dew, he won't deny,
 Whose eyes thy need behold :
 Nought under nor above the sky
 Thy husband will withhold.
 Dost losses grieve ? Since all is thine,
 What loss can thee befall ?
 All things for good to thee combine¹,
 Thy husband orders all.

(1) Rom. viii. 28.

Thou'rt not put off with barren leaves,
Or dung of earthly pelf ;
More wealth than heav'n or earth he gives,
Thy husband's thine himself.

Thou hast enough to stay thy plaint,
Else thou complain'st of ease ;
For having all, don't speak of want,
Thy husband may suffice.

From this thy store, believing, take
Wealth to the utmost pitch :
The gold of Ophir cannot make,
Thy husband makes thee rich.

Some flying gains acquire by pains,
And some by plund'ring toil ;
Such treasure fades, but thine remains,
Thy husband's cannot spoil.

SECTION IX.

Christ the Believer's adorning Garment.

YEA, thou excell'st in rich attire
The lamp that lights the globe ;
Thy sparkling garment heav'ns admire,
Thy husband is thy robe.

This raiment never waxes old,
'Tis always new and clean :
From summer-heat and winter-cold,
Thy husband can thee screen.

All who the name of worthies bore,
Since Adam was undrest,
No worth acquir'd, but as they wore
Thy husband's purple vest.

This linen fine can beautify
The soul with sin begirt.
O bless his name, that e'er on thee
Thy husband spread his skirt.

Are dunghills decked with flow'ry glore,
Which Solomon's outvie :
Sure thine is infinitely more,
Thy husband decks the sky.

Thy hands could never work the dress,
By grace alone thou'rt gay.
Grace vents and reigns through righteousness,
Thy husband's bright array.

To spin thy robe no more dost need
Than lilies toil for theirs ;
Out of his bowels ev'ry thread
Thy husband thine prepares.

SECTION X.

Christ the Believer's sweet Nourishment.

THY food conform to thine array,
Is heavenly and divine ;
On pastures green, where angels play,
Thy husband feeds thee fine.

Angelic food may make thee fair
And look with cheerful face ;
The bread of life, the double share,
Thy husband's love and grace.

What can he give, or thou desire,
More than his flesh and blood ?
Let angels wonder, saints admire,
Thy husband is thy food.

His flesh the incarnation bears,
From whence thy feeding flows ;
His blood the satisfaction clears,
Thy husband both bestows.

Th' incarnate God a sacrifice,
To turn the wrathful tide,
Is food for faith ; that may suffice
Thy husband's guilty bride.

This strength'ning food may fit and fence
For work and war to come ;
Till through the crowd, some moments hence,
Thy husband bring thee home :

Where plenteous feasting will succeed
To scanty feeding here ;
And joyful at the table-head
Thy husband will appear.

Then crumbs to banquets will give place,
And drops to rivers new :
While heart and eye will face to face
Thy husband ever view.

CHAPTER II.

CONTAINING THE MARKS AND CHARACTERS OF THE BELIEVER IN CHRIST ; TOGETHER
WITH SOME FARTHER PRIVILEGES AND GROUNDS OF COMFORT TO THE SAINTS.

SECTION I.

Doubting Believers called to examine, by Marks drawn from their love to him and his Presence, their view of his Glory, and their being emptied of Self-righteousness, &c.

GOOD news ! but, says the drooping bride
Ah ! what's all this to me ?
Thou doubt'st thy right when shadows hide
Thy husband's face from thee.

Through sin and guilt thy spirit faints,
And trembling fears thy fate :
But harbour not thy groundless plaints,
Thy husband's advent wait.

Thou sobb'st, " O were I sure he's mine,
This would give glad'ning ease ;"
And sayst, Though wants and woes combine,
Thy husband would thee please.

But up, and down, and seldom clear,
Inclosed with hellish roots ;
Yet yield thou not, nor foster fear :
Thy husband hates thy doubts.

Thy cries and tears may slighted seem,
And barred from present ease :
Yet blame thyself, but never dream
Thy husband's ill to please.

Thy jealous unbelieving heart
Still droops, and knows not why ;
Then prove thyself, to ease thy smart,
Thy husband bids thee try.

The following questions put to thee,
As scripture-marks, may tell
And shew, whate'er thy failings be,
Thy husband loves thee well.

MARKS.

Art thou content when he's away ;
Can earth allay thy pants ?
If conscience witness, won't it say,
Thy husband's all thou wants ?

When he is near (though in a cross),
And thee with comfort feeds :
Do thou not count the earth as dross,
Thy husband all thou needs ?
In duties art thou pleas'd or pain'd,
When far he's out of view ?
And finding him, think'st all regain'd,
Thy husband's always new ?
Though once thou thought'st while Sinai mist
And darkness compass'd thee,
Thou wast undone ; and glorious Christ
Thy husband ne'er would be :
Yet know'st thou not a fairer place,
Of which it may be told,
That there the glory of his grace
Thy husband did unfold ?
Where heavenly beams inflam'd thy soul,
And love's seraphic art,
With hallelujahs, did extol,
Thy husband in thy heart ?
Couldst then have wish'd all Adam's race
Had join'd with thee to gaze ;
That, viewing fond his lovely face,
Thy husband might get praise ?
Art thou disjoin'd from other lords ?
Divorc'd from fed'ral laws ?
While with most loving gospel-cords
Thy husband kindly draws ?
A'n't thou enlighten'd now, to see
Thy righteousness is naught
But rags¹, that cannot cover thee ?
Thy husband so has taught.
Dost see thy best performances
Deserve but hell indeed ?
And hence are led, renouncing these,
Thy husband's blood to plead ?
When strengthen'd boldly to address
That gracious throne of his,
Dost find thy strength and righteousness,
Thy husband only is ?
Canst thou thy most exalted frame
Renounce as with'ring grass,
And firmly hold thine only claim,
Thy husband's worthiness ?

(1) Isa lxiv 6

Canst pray with utmost holy pith¹,
 And yet renounce thy good?
 And wash not with thy tears, but with
 Thy husband's precious blood?

SECTION II.

Believers described from their Faith acting by divine Aid, fleeing quite out of themselves to Christ.

CAN nothing less thy conscience ease,
 And please thy heart; no less
 Than that which justice satisfies,
 Thy husband's righteousness?

Dost see thy works so stain'd with sin,
 That thou through sin art mov'd
 To seek acceptance only in
 Thy husband, the Belov'd?

Dost thou remind, that once a-day
 Free grace did strengthen thee,
 To gift thy guilty soul away,
 Thy husband's bride to be?

Or dost thou mind the day of pow'r,
 Wherein he broke thy pride,
 And gain'd thy heart? O happy hour,
 Thy husband caught the bride!

He did thy emnity subdue,
 Thy bondage sad recall;
 Made thee to choose, and close pursue
 Thy husband as thy all.

What rest, and peace, and joy ensu'd
 Upon this noble choice;
 Thy heart, with flow'rs of pleasures strew'd
 Thy husband made rejoice.

Dost know thou ne'er could'st him embrace,
 Till he embraced thee?
 Nor ever see him, till his face
 Thy husband open'd free?

And findest to this very hour,
 That this is still the charm;
 Thou can'st do nothing, till with pow'r
 Thy husband shew his arm?

(1) Vigour, or strength.

Canst thou do nought by nature, art,
Or any strength of thine,
Until thy wicked froward heart
Thy husband shall incline ?

But art thou, though without a wing
Of pow'r aloft to flee,
Yet able to do every thing,
Thy husband strength'ning thee ?

Dost not alone at duties fork¹,
But foreign aid enjoy ?
And still in ev'ry piece of work
Thy husband's strength employ ?

Thy motion heav'nly is indeed,
Whilst thou by faith dost move,
And still in ev'ry time of need
Thy husband's grace improve.

No common nat'ral faith can shew
Its divine brood like this ;
Whose object, author, feeder too,
Thy husband only is.

Dost thou by faith on him rely ?
On him, not on thy faith ?
If faith shall with its object vie,
Thy husband's set beneath.

Their hands receiving faculty
Poor beggars never view ;
But hold the royal gift in eye ;
Thy husband so wilt thou.

Faith, like a gazing eye, ne'er waits
To boast its seeing pow'rs,
Its object views, itself forgets,
Thy husband it adores.

It humbly still itself denies.
Nor brags its acts at all ;
Deep plung'd into its object lies,
Thy husband is its all.

No strength but his it has, and vaunts,
No store but his can show ;
Hence nothing has, yet nothing wants,
Thy husband trains it so.

Faith, of its own, no might can shew,
Else would itself destroy ;
But will, for all it has to do,
Thy husband still employ.

(1) Labour, wrestle, or toil

Self-saviours none could ever be
 By faith or grace of theirs ;
 Their fruitless toil so high that flee,
 Thy husband's praise impairs.

The seemingly devoutest deed,
 That would with shameless brow
 His saving trade take o'er his head,
 Thy husband won't allow.

Dost therefore thou to him alone
 Commit thy sinful soul ?
 Knowing of thy salvation
 Thy husband is the whole ?

SECTION III.

Believers characterized by the Objects and Purity of their Desire, Delight, Joy, Hatred, and Love, discovering they have the Spirit of Christ.

Dost thou his Spirit's conduct wait ?
 And, when compar'd to this,
 All wordly wisdom under-rate ?
 Thy husband waits to bless.

Tak'st thou his Spirit for thy guide
 Through Baca's valley dry,
 Whose streams of influences glide
 Thy husband's garden by ?

In digging wells here by his pow'r,
 Dost find it not in vain,
 While here a drop, and there a show'r,
 Thy husband makes to rain ?

Hence dost thou through each weary case
 From strength to strength go on,
 From faith to faith, while grace for grace
 Thy husband gives anon ?

The good, the gracious work begun,
 And further'd by his strength,
 Shall prosp'rous, thou with wrestling, win
 Thy husband's crown at length.

Sin's pow'r and presence canst thou own
 Is thy most grievous smart,
 That makes thee sob and weep alone ?
 Thy husband knows thy heart.

Does love to him make thee distaste
 Thy lusts, with all their charms ?
 And most them loath'st, when most thou hast
 Thy husband in thine arms ?

Are cords of love the sweetest ties
 To bind thee duty-ways?
 And best thou serv'st, when most thou spies
 Thy husband's beauteous rays?
 Didst ever thou thy pardon read
 In tears of untold joy?
 When mercy made thy heart to bleed,
 Thy husband was not coy?
 Do pardons sweetly melt thy heart?
 And most imbitter sin?
 And make thee long with dross to part,
 Thy husband's throne to win?
 When he arises lusts to kill,
 Corruptions to destroy,
 Does gladness then thy spirit fill;
 Thy husband is thy joy.
 Dost thou his person fair embrace
 Beyond his blessings all?
 Sure, then, thou boldly mayst, thro' grace,
 Thy husband Jesus call.
 What company dost thou prefer?
 What friends above the rest?
 Of all relations every where,
 Thy husband is the best.
 Whom in the earth and heav'n dost thou
 Most ardently desire?
 Is love's ascending spark unto
 Thy husband set on fire?
 Hast thou a hatred to his foes,
 And dost their course decline?
 Lov'st thou his saints, and dar'st suppose
 Thy husband's friends are thine?
 Dost thou their talk and walk esteem,
 When most divinely grave?
 And favour'd best when most they seem
 Thy husband's Sp'rit to have?

 SECTION IV.

Believers in Christ affect his Counsel, Word, Ordinances, Appearance, full enjoyment in Heaven, and sweet Presence here.

WHERE goest thou first when in a strait,
 Or when with grief opprest?
 Fleest thou to him? O happy gate!
 Thy husband is thy rest.

His counsel seek'st thou, still prepar'd,
Nor canst without him live ?
Wisdom to guide, and strength to guard,
Thy husband hath to give.

Canst thou produce no pleasant pawn,
Or token of his love ?
Won't signets, bracelets, from his hand,
Thy husband's kindness prove ?

Mind'st when he sent his healing word,
Which darted from on high,
Did light, and life, and joy afford ?
Thy husband then was nigh.

Canst thou the promise sweet forget,
He dropt into thy heart ?
Such glad'ning pow'r and love with it,
Thy husband did impart.

Dost thou affect his dwelling-place,
And mak'st it thy repair :
Because thine eyes have seen, through grace,
Thy husband's glory there ?

Dost love his great appearing day,
And thereon muse with joy ;
When dusky shades will fly away,
Thy husband's death destroy ?

Dost long to see his glorious face
Within the higher orb,
Where humid sorrows losing place,
Thy husband's rays absorb ?

Long'st to be free of ev'ry fault,
To bid all sin adieu ?
And mount the hill, where glad thou shalt
Thy husband's glory view ?

Life where it lives, love where it loves,
Will most desire to be.
Such sick-like longing plainly proves
Thy husband's love to thee.

What is the best can ease thy plaint,
Spread morning o'er thine ev'n ?
Is his approach thy heart's content,
Thy husband's presence heav'n ?

And when deny'd this sweet relief,
Canst thou assert full well,
His hiding is thy greatest grief,
Thy husband's absence hell.

Let thy experience be disclos'd ;
 In conscience answer, Yea,
 To all the queries here propos'd,
 Thy husband's thine for ay.
 Pertain these characters to thee ?
 Then soul, begin and praise
 His glorious worthy name, for he
 Thy husband is always.

SECTION V.

*The true Believer's Humility, Dependance, Zeal, Growth, Admiration of Free
 Grace, and Knowledge of Christ's Voice.*

PERHAPS a saint may sigh and say,
 " I fear I'm yet to learn
 These marks of marriage-love." Yet stay,
 Thy husband's bowels yearn.

Though darkness may the light obscure,
 And storms surmount thy calms,
 Day yield to night, and thou be poor,
 Thy husband yet has alms.

Dost see thyself an empty brat,
 A poor unworthy thing,
 With heart upon the dust laid flat ?
 Thy husband there doth reign.

Art in thine own esteem a beast,
 And dost thyself abhor ?
 The more thou hast of self-distaste,
 Thy husband loves thee more.

Can hell breed no such wicked elf,
 As thou in thine own sight ?
 Thou'st got to see thy filthy self,
 Thy husband's purest light.

Canst find no names so black, so vile,
 With which thou would'st compare,
 But call'st thyself a lump of hell ?
 Thy husband calls thee fair.

When his kind visits make thee see
 He's precious, thou art vile ;
 Then mark the hand of God with thee,
 Thy husband gives a smile.

He knows what visits suit thy state,
 And, though most rare they be,
 It sets thee well on him to wait,
 Thy husband waits on thee.

Dost see thou art both poor and weak,
And he both full and strong?
O don't his kind delays mistake,
Thy husband comes ere long.

Though, during Sinai's stormy day,
Thou dread'st the dismal blast,
And fear'st thou art a cast-away,
Thy husband comes at last.

The glorious Sun will rise apace,
And spread his healing wings,
In sparkling pomp of sov'reign grace,
Thy husband gladness brings.

Canst thou, whate'er should come of thee,
Yet wish his Zion well,
And joy in her prosperity?
Thy husband loves thy zeal.

Dost thou admire his love to some,
Tho' thou shouldst never share?
Mercy to thee will also come,
Thy husband hath to spare.

Poor soul! dost grieve for want of grace,
And weep for want of love,
And Jesus seek'st? O hopeful case!
Thy husband lives above.

Regretting much thy falling short,
Dost after more aspire?
There's hope in Isra'l for thy sort,
Thy husband's thy desire.

Art thou well pleas'd that sov'reign grace
Through Christ exalted be?
This frame denotes no hopeless case,
Thy husband's pleas'd with thee.

Couldst love to be the footstool low,
On which his throne might rise,
Its pompous grace around to show?
Thy husband does thee prize.

If but a glance of his fair face
Can cheer thee more than wine?
Thou in his loving heart hast place,
Thy husband place in thine.

Dost make his blood thy daily bath?
His word and oath thy stay?
His law of love thy lightsome path?
Thy husband is thy way.

All things within earth's spacious womb
 Dost count but loss and dung,
 For one sweet word in season from
 Thy husband's learned tongue ?

Skill to discern and know his voice
 From words of wit and art,
 Will clearly prove thou art his choice,
 Thy husband thine in heart.

The pompous words that fops admire,
 May vagrant fancy feast ;
 But with seraphic harmless fire
 Thy husband's burn the breast.

SECTION VI.

*True Believers are willing to be tried and examined. Comforts arising to them from
 Christ's ready supply, real sympathy, and relieving Names, suiting their Need.*

Dost thou upon thy trait'rous heart
 Still keep a jealous eye ?
 Most willing that thine inward part
 Thy husband strictly try ?

The thieving crowd will hate the light,
 Lest stol'n effects be shown :
 But truth desires what wrong or right
 Thy husband would make known.

Dost then his trying word await,
 His searching doctrine love ?
 Fond, lest thou err through self-deceit,
 Thy husband would thee prove ?

Does oft thy mind with inward smart,
 Bewail thy unbelief ?
 And conscience sue from plagues of heart
 Thy husband for relief !

Why doubt'st his love ? And yet behold,
 With him thou wouldst not part
 For thousand thousand earths of gold :
 Thy husband has thy heart.

Though darkness, deadness, unbelief,
 May all thy soul attend :
 Light, life, and faith's mature relief,
 Thy husband has to send.

Of wants annoying, who complain ?
 Supply arises hence,

What gifts he has received for men¹,
Thy husband will dispense.

He got them in's exalted state
For rebels such as thou ;
All then that's needful, good, or great,
Thy husband will allow.

Thy wants he sees, thy cries he hears :
And marking all thy moans,
He in his bottle keeps thy tears,
Thy husband notes thy groans.

All thine infirmities him touch,
They strike his feeling heart ;
His kindly sympathy is such,
Thy husband finds the smart.

Whatever touches thee, affects
The apple of his eye ;
Whatever harms, he therefore checks,
Thy husband's aid is nigh.

If foes are spared, thy need is such,
He slays them but in part :
He can do all, and will do much,
Thy husband acts by art.

He often for the saddest hour
Reserves the sweetest aid :
See how such banners heretofore
Thy husband has displayed

Mind where he vouched his good-will,
Sometimes at Hermon² mount,
In Jordan land, at Mizar hill ;
Thy husband keeps the count.

At sundry times and divers ways,
To suit thy various frames,
Hast seen like rising golden rays,
Thy husband's various names.

When guilty conscience ghastly stared,
JEHOVAH-TSIDKENU³,
The Lord thy righteousness appear'd,
Thy husband in thy view.

When in thy straits or wants extreme,
Help fail'd on ev'ry side,
JEHOVAH-JIREH⁴ was his name,
Thy husband did provide.

(1) Psalm lxxviii. 18. (2) Psalm lxii. 6. (3) Jer. xxiii. 6. (4) Gen. 22. 14.

When thy long absent Lord did moan,
 And to his courts repair ;
 Then was JEHOVAH-SHAMMAH¹ known,
 Thy husband present there.

When thy assulting foes appear'd
 In robes of terror clad,
 JEHOVAH-NISSI² then was rear'd,
 Thy husband's banner spread.

When furies arm'd with fright'ning guilt,
 Dunn'd war without surcease ;
 JEHOVAH-SHALMON³ then was built,
 Thy husband sent thee peace.

When thy diseases death proclaim'd,
 And creature-balsams fail'd,
 JEHOVAH-ROPHI⁴ then was fam'd,
 Thy husband kindly heal'd.

Thus, as thy various needs require,
 In various modes like these,
 The help that suits thy heart's desire
 Thy husband's name conveys.

To th' little flock⁵, as cases vary,
 The great JEHOVAH shews
 Himself a little sanctuary⁶,
 Thy husband gives the views.

SECTION VII.

*The Believer's Experience of Christ's comfortable Presence, or of former Comforts,
 to be improved for his Encouragement and support under Darkness and Hidings.*

Dost mind the place, the spot of land
 Where Jesus did thee meet,
 And how he got thy heart and hand,
 Thy husband then was sweet.

Dost mind the garden, chamber, bank,
 A vale of vision seem'd ?
 Thy joy was full, thy heart was frank,
 Thy husband much esteem'd.

Let thy experience sweet declare,
 If able to remind :
 A Bochim here, a Bethel there,
 Thy husband made thee find.

(1) Ezek. 48. 35.

(2) Exod. 17. 15.

(3) Judges 6. 24.

(4) Exod. 15. 26.

(5) Luke 12. 32.

(6) Ezek. 11. 15

Was such a corner, such a place,
A paradise to thee,
A Peniel, where face to face
Thy husband fair didst see.

There he did clear thy cloudy cause,
Thy doubts and fears destroy ;
And on thy spirit seal'd he was
Thy husband with great joy ?

Couldst thou have said it boldly then,
And seal'd it with thy blood ?
Yea, welcome death with pleasure, when
Thy husband by thee stood ?

That earth again should thee ensnare,
O how thy heart was pain'd !
For all its fading glory there
Thy husband's beauty stain'd.

The thoughts of living more in sin
Were then like hell to thee ;
The life of heav'n did thus begin,
Thy husband set thee free.

Whate'er thou foundst him at thy best,
He's at thy worst the same ;
And *in his love will ever rest*,
Thy husband holds his claim.

Let faith these visits keep in store,
Though sense the pleasure miss ;
The God of Bethel, as before,
Thy husband always is.

In's meas'ring his approaches kind,
And timing his descents ;
In free and sov'reign ways thou'lt find
Thy husband thee prevents.

Prescribe not to him in thy heart ;
He's infinitely wise,
How he throws his loving dart,
Thy husband does surprise.

Perhaps a sudden gale thee blest,
While walking in thy road ;
Or on a journey, ere thou wast,
Thy husband look'd thee broad.

Thus was the eunuch fam'd (his stage
A riding on the way,
As he resolv'd the sacred page¹)
Thy husband's happy prey.

(1) Acts viii. 27—39.

In hearing, reading, singing, pray'r,
 When darkness compast thee,
 Thou found'st, or e'er thou wast aware,
 Thy husband's light'ning free.

Of heav'nly gales don't meanly think ;
 For, though thy soul complains,
 They're but a short and passing blink ;
 Thy husband's love remains.

Think not, though breezes haste away,
 Thou dost his favour lose ;
 But learn to know his sov'reign way,
 Thy husband comes and goes.

Don't say he's gone for ever, though
 His visits he adjourn ;
 For yet a little while, and lo ;
 Thy husband will return.

In worship, social or retir'd,
 Dost thou his absence wail ?
 Wait at his shore, and be not fear'd,
 Thy husband's ship's a-sail.

Yea, though in duties sense may miss
 Thy soul's beloved One ;
 Yet do not faint, for never is
 Thy husband wholly gone.

Though Satan, sin, earth, hell at once,
 Would thee of joy bereave ;
 Mind what he said, he won't renounce,
 Thy husband will not leave.

Though foes assail, and friendship fail,
 Thou hast a friend at court ;
 The gates of hell shall ne'er prevail,
 Thy husband is thy fort.

SECTION VIII.

*Comfort to Believers from the Stability of the Promise, notwithstanding heavy
 Chastisements for Sin.*

TAKE well howe'er kind Wisdom may
 Dispose thy present lot ;
 Though heav'n and earth should pass away,
 Thy husband's love will not.

All needful help he will afford,
 Thou hast his vow and oath ;
 And once to violate his word
 Thy husband will be loth.

To fire and floods with thee he'll down,
 His promise this ensures,
 Whose credit cannot burn nor drown,
 Thy husband's truth endures.

Dost thou no more his word believe,
 Than mortal man's forsooth ?
 O do not thus his Spirit grieve,
 Thy husband is the truth.

Though thou both wicked art and weak,
 His word he'll never rue ;
 Though heav'n and earth should bend and break,
 Thy husband will be true.

*I'll never leave thee*¹, is his vow ;
 If truth has said the word,
 While truth is truth, this word is true,
 Thy husband is the Lord.

Thy covenant of duties may
 Prove daily more unsure :
 His covenant of grace for aye
 Thy husband does secure.

Dost thou to him thy promise break,
 And fear he break to thee ?
 Nay, not thy thousand crimes can make
 Thy husband once to lie.

*He visit will thy sins with strokes*²,
 And lift his heavy hand ;
 But never once his word revokes,
 Thy husband's truth will stand.

Then dream not he is chang'd in love,
 When thou art chang'd in frame :
 Thou mayst by turns unnumber'd move,
 Thy husband's aye the same.

He for thy follies may thee bind
 With cords of great distress :
 To make thee moan thy sins, and mind
 Thy husband's holiness.

By wounds he makes thee seek his cure,
 By frowns his favour prize ;
 By falls affrighting, stand more sure,
 Thy husband is so wise.

(1) Heb. xiii. 5.

(2) Psalm lxxxix. 32.

Proud Peter in the dirt of vice
 Fell down exceeding low ;
 His tow'ring pride, by tumbling thrice,
 Thy husband cured so.

Before he suffer pride that swells,
 He'll drag thee through the mire
 Of sins, temptations, little hells ;
 Thy husband saves by fire.

He in affliction's mortar may,
 Squeeze out old Adam's joice,
 Till thou return to him, and say,
 Thy husband is thy choice.

Fierce billows may thy vessel toss,
 And crosses curses seem ;
 But that the curse has fled the cross,
 Thy husband bides thee deem.

Conclude not he in wrath disowns,
 When trouble thee surrounds ;
 These are his favourable frowns,
 Thy husband's healing wounds.

Yea, when he gives the deepest lash,
 Love leads the wounding hand :
 His stroke, when sin has got a dash,
 Thy husband will remand.

SECTION IX.

Comfort to Believers, in Christ's Relations, in his dying love, his Glory in Heaven, to which he will lead them through Death, and supply with necessities by the way.

BEHOLD the patrimony broad
 That falls to thee by line ;
 In him thou art an heir of God,
 Thy husband's Father's thine.

He is of relatives a store,
 Thy friend will help in thrall ;
 Thy brother much, thy father more,
 Thy husband most of all.

All these he does amass and share,
 In ways that most excell ;
 'Mong all the husbands ever were,
 Thy husband bears the bell.

Whence run the streams of all thy good,
 But from his pierced side ?
 With liquid gold of precious blood
 Thy husband bought his bride.

His blood abundant value bore,
To make his purchase broad ;
'Twas fair divinity in gore,
Thy husband is thy God.

Who purchas'd at the highest price,
Be crowned with highest praise ;
For in the highest paradise
Thy husband wears the bays.

He is of heaven the comely rose,
His beauty makes it fair :
Heaven were but hell, couldst thou suppose
Thy husband were not there.

He thither did in pomp ascend,
His spouse along to bring :
That hallelujah's without end
Thy husband's bride may sing.

Ev'n there with him for ever fix'd
His glory shalt thou see ;
And nought but death is now betwixt
Thy husband's throne and thee.

He'll order death, that porter rude,
To ope the gates of brass ;
For, lo ! with characters of blood
Thy husband wrote thy pass.

At Jordan deep then be not scar'd,
Though dismal-like and broad :
Thy sun will guide, thy shield will guard,
Thy husband paved the road.

He'll lead thee safe, and bring thee home
And still let blessings fall
Of grace while here, till glory come :
Thy husband's bound for all.

His store can answer every bill,
Thy food and raiment's bought ;
Be at his will, thou'lt have thy fill,
Thy husband wants for nought.

What can thy soul conceive it lacks ?
His store, his pow'r is thine ;
His lib'ral heart to lib'ral acts
Thy husband does incline.

Though on thy hand, that has no might,
He should not task enlarge ;
Nor work, nor warfare, needs thee fright
Thy husband bears the charge.

Thou wouldst, (if left,) thyself undo,
 So apt to fall and stray :
 But he uplifts, and leads thee too ;
 Thy husband knows the way.

SECTION X.

Comfort to Believers from the text, Thy Maker is thy Husband, inverted thus,— Thy Husband is thy Maker ; and the conclusion of this Subject.

OF light and life, of grace and glore,
 In Christ thou art partaker,
 Rejoice in him for evermore,
 Thy husband is thy maker.

He made thee, yea, made thee his bride,
 Nor heeds thine ugly patch ;
 To what he made he'll still abide,
 Thy husband made the match.

He made all, yea, he made all thine,
 All to thee shall be giv'n.
 Who can thy kingdom undermine ?
 Thy husband made the heav'n.

What earthly thing can thee annoy ?
 He made the earth to be ;
 The waters cannot thee destroy,
 Thy husband made the sea.

Don't fear the flaming element
 Thee hurt with burning ire,
 Or that the scorching heat torment ;
 Thy husband made the fire.

Infectious streams shall ne'er destroy,
 While he is pleased to spare ;
 Thou shalt thy vital breath enjoy,
 Thy husband made the air.

The sun that guides the golden day,
 The moon that rules the night,
 The starry frame, the milky way,
 Thy husband made for light.

The bird that wings its airy path,
 The fish that cuts the flood,
 The creeping crowd that swarms beneath,
 Thy husband made for good.

The grazing herd, the beasts of prey,
 The creatures great and small,

For thy behoof their tribute pay ;
Thy husband made them all.

Thine's Paul, Appollos, life and death,
Things present, things to be ;
And ev'ry thing that being hath,
Thy husband made for thee.

In Tophet, where the damn'd resort,
Thy soul shall never dwell,
Nor needs from thence imagine hurt ;
Thy husband formed hell.

Satan with instruments of his
May rage, yet dread no evil ;
So far as he a creature is,
Thy husband made the devil.

His black temptations may afflict,
His fiery darts annoy ;
But all his works, and hellish tricks,
Thy husband will destroy.

Let armies strong of earthly gods
Combine with hellish ghosts,
They live or languish, at his nods
Thy husband's Lord of hosts.

What can thee hurt ? whom dost thou fear ?
All things are at his call.
Thy maker is thy husband dear,
Thy husband all in all.

What dost thou seek ? what dost thou want ?
He'll thy desires fulfil ;
He gave himself, what wont he grant ?
Thy husband's at thy will.

The more thou dost of him desire,
The more he loves to give :
High let thy mounting aims aspire,
Thy husband gives thee leave.

The less thou seek'st, the less thou dost
His bounty set on high ;
But highest seekers here do most
Thy husband glorify.

Would'st thou have grace ? Well ; but 'tis meet
He should more glory gain.
Wouldst thou have Father, Son, and Sp'rit ?
Thy husband says AMEN.

He'll kindly act the lib'ral God,
Devising lib'ral things :
With royal gifts his subjects load ;
Thy husband's King of kings.

No earthly monarch has such store
As thou hast ev'n in hand
But, O how infinitely more
Thy husband gives on band ;

Thou hast indeed the better part,
The part will fail thee never :
Thy husband's hand, thy husband's heart,
Thy husband's all for ever.

G O S P E L S O N N E T S.

P A R T I I I.

THE BELIEVER'S RIDDLE, OR THE MYSTERY OF FAITH.

T H E P R E F A C E,

Shewing the Use and Design of the RIDDLE.

READER, the following enigmatic song
Does not to wisest nat'ralists belong ;
Their wisdom is but folly on this head ;
They here may ruminate, but cannot read.
For though they glance the words, the meaning chokes ;
They read the lines, but not the paradox.
The subject will, howe'er the phrase be blunt,
Their most acute intelligence surmount,
If with their nat'ral and acquired sight
They share not divine evangelic light.

Great wits may rouse their fancies, rack their brains,
And after all their labour lose their pains :
Their wisest comments were but witless chat,
Unapt to frame an explication pat.
No unregen'rate mortal's best engines
Can right unriddle these few rugged lines ;
Nor any proper notions thereof reach,
Though sublimated to the highest stretch.
Masters of reason, plodding men of sense,
Who scorn to mortify their vain pretence,
In this mysterious deep might plod their fill ;
It overtops the top of all their skill.
The more they vainly huff, and scorn to read,
The more it does their foolish wit exceed.

Those sinners that are sanctify'd in part,
May read this Riddle truly in their heart.
Yea, weakest saints may feel its truest sense,

Both in their sad and sweet experience.
 Do'nt overlook it with a rambling view,
 And rash suppose it neither good nor true.
 Let heav'n's pure oracles the truth decide ;
 Renounce it, if it cant thy test abide.
 Noble Bereans soon the sense may hit,
 Who sound the divine depth of sacred writ ;
 Not by what airy carnel reason saith,
 But by the golden line of heav'n-spun faith.

Let not the naughty phrase make you disprove
 The weighty matter which deserves your love.
 The subject treated may be most profound,
 Though words may rattle with a rustic round.
 High strains would spoil the Riddle's grand intent,
 To teach the weakest, most illit'rate saint,
 That MAHANAIM is his proper name ;
 In whom two struggling hosts make bloody game.
 That such may know, whose knowledge is but rude,
 How good consists with ill, and ill with good.
 That saints be neither at their worst nor best,
 Too much exalted, or too much deprest.

This paradox is fitted to disclose
 The skill of Zion's friends above her foes ;
 To diff'rence, by light that heav'n transmits,
 Some happy fools from miserable wits.
 And thus, if bless'd, it may in some degree
 Make fools their wit, and wits their folly see.
 Slight not the Riddle then like jargon vile,
 Because not garnish'd with a pompous stile.
 Could th' author act the lofty poet's part,
 Who make their sonnets soar on wings of art,
 He on his theme had blush'd to use his skill,
 And either clipt his wings, or broke his quill.

Why, this *enigma* climbs such divine heights,
 As scorn to be adorn'd with human flights.
 These guady strains would lovely truth disgrace,
 As purest paint deforms a comely face.
 Heav'n's mysteries are 'bove art's ornament,
 Immensely brighter than its brightest paint.
 No tow'ring lit'rature could e'er outwit
 The plainest diction fetch'd from sacred writ ;
 By which mere blazing rhet'ric is outdone,
 As twinkling stars are by the radiant sun.
 The soaring orators, who can with ease
 Strain the quintessence of *hyperboles*,
 And clothe the barest theme with purest dress,
 Might here expatiate much, yet say the less,
 If wi' th' majestical simplicity
 Of scripture-orat'ry they disagree.

These lines pretend not to affect the sky,

Content among inglorious shades to ly,
 Provided sacred truth be fitly clad,
 Or glorious shine ev'n through the dusky shade.
 Mark then, though thou should miss the gilded strain,
 If they a store of golden truth contain :
 Nor under-rate a jewel rare and prime,
 Though wrapt up in the rags of homely rhyme.

Though haughty Desists hardly stoop to say,
 That nature's night has need of scripture-day ;
 Yet gospel-light alone will clearly shew
 How ev'ry sentence here is just and true,
 Expel the shades that may the mind involve,
 And soon the seeming contradiction solve.
 All fatal errors in the world proceed
 From want of skill such mysteries to read.
 Vain men the double branch of trade divide,
 Hold by the one, and slight the other side.

Hence proud Arminians cannot reconcile
 Freedom of grace with freedom of the will.
 The blinded Papist won't discern nor see,
 How works are good, unless they justify.
 Thus Legalists distinguish not the odds
 Between their home-bred righteousness and God's.
 Antinomists the saints perfection plead,
 Nor duly sever 'tween them and their head.
 Socinians won't these seeming odds agree,
 How heav'n is bought, and yet salvation free,
 Bold Arians hate to reconcile or scan,
 How Christ is truly God, and truly man ;
 Holding the one part of IMMANUEL's name,
 The other part outrageously blaspheme.
 The sound in faith no part of truth control ;
 Heretics own the half, but not the whole.

Keep then the sacred myst'ry still entire ;
 To both the sides of truth due favour bear,
 Not quitting one to hold the other branch,
 But passing judgment on an equal bench.
 The Riddle has two feet, and, were but one
 Cut off, truth falling to the ground, were gone.
 'Tis all a contradiction, yet all true ;
 And happy truth, if verify'd in you.
 Go forward then to read the lines, but stay,
 To read the Riddle also by the way.

THE RIDDLE.

SECTION I.

The mystery of the Saints' Pedigree, and especially of their relation to Christ's wonderful Person.

My life's a maze of seeming traps,¹
A scene of mercies and mishaps;²
A heap of jarring to-and-froes,³
A field of joys, a flood of woes.⁴

I'm in my own, and others eyes,
A labyrinth of mysteries.⁵
I'm something that from nothing came;⁶
Yet sure it is I nothing am.⁷

Once I was dead, and blind, and lame,⁸
Yea, I continue still the same;⁹

(1) Josh. xxiii. 13.—And Joshua said, know for a certainty, that the Lord your God will no more drive out any of these nations from before you; but they shall be snares and traps unto you, and scourges in your sides, and thorns in your eyes, &c. Psal. cxxiv. 7.—Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowlers; the snare is broken, and we are escaped.

(2) Or MISERIES. Lam. iii. 19.—Remembering mine affliction and my misery, the wormwood and the gall. Ver. 22.—It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed; because his compassions fail not. Psal. ci. 1.—I will sing of mercy and judgment: unto thee, O Lord will I sing.

(3) Psalm cii. 10.—Thou hast lifted me up, and cast me down. Psal. cix. 23.—I am tossed up and down as the locust.

(4) Hab. iii. 17, 18.—Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines, the labour of the olives shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat, the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls: yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation.

(5) Isa. viii. 18.—Behold, I and the children whom the Lord hath given me, are for signs and for wonders in Israel, from the Lord of hosts, which dwelleth in mount Zion. Zech. iii. 8.—Hear now, O Joshua the high-priest, thou and thy fellows that sit before thee: for they are men wondered at, &c. Psal. lxxi. 7.—I am as a wonder unto many; but thou art my strong tower.

(6) Gen. i. 1.—In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. Heb. xiii. 3.—Through faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God; so that things which are seen, were not made of things which do appear.

(7) Isa. xl. 17.—All nations before him are as nothing, and they are counted to him less than nothing, and vanity. Dan. iv. 35.—All the inhabitants of the earth are reputed as nothing.

(8) Eph. ii. 1.—And you hath he quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins. Rev. iii. 17.—Because thou sayest, I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked. Isa. xxxv. 6.—Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing: for in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert.

(9) Rom. vii. 14.—For we know that the law is spiritual: but I am carnal, sold

Yet what I was, I am no more,¹
Nor ever shall be as before.²

My Father lives,³ my father's gone,⁴
My vital head both lost and won.⁵
My parents cruel are, and kind.⁶
Of one, and of a diff'rent mind.⁷

My father poison'd me to death,⁸
My mother's hand will stop my breath;⁹
Her womb, that once my substance gave,
Will very quickly be my grave.¹⁰

My sisters all my flesh will eat,¹¹
My brethren tread me under feet;¹²

under sin. Ver. 24.—O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?

(1) Rom. vii. 17.—Now then, it is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me. Ver. 20.—Now, if I do that I would not, it is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me. John ix. 25.—He (viz. the blind man) answered and said, Whether he be a sinner or no, I know not: one thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see.

(2) Rom. xi. 29.—For the gifts and calling of God are without repentance. Jer. xxxii. 40.—And I will make an everlasting covenant with them, that I will not turn away from them, to do them good; but I will put my fear in their hearts, that they shall not depart from me.

(3) Isa. ix. 3.—His name shall be called, The everlasting Father. Rev. i. 18.—I am he that liveth, and was dead; and behold, I am alive for ever more, Amen.

(4) Hosea xiv. 3.—In thee the fatherless findeth mercy. Zech. i. 5.—Your fathers, where are they? And the prophets, do they live for ever?

(5) 1 Cor. xv. 45.—It is written, The first Adam was made a living soul, the last Adam was made a quickening spirit.

(6) Psal. ciii. 13.—Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him. Isa. xliii. 27. Thy first father hath sinned, and thy teachers have transgressed against me.

(7) Job xxiii. 13.—But he is in one mind, and who can turn him? and what his soul desireth, even that he doth. Rom. viii. 5.—For they that are after the flesh: do mind the things of the flesh: but they that are after the Spirit, the things of the Spirit. Ver. 7. Because the carnal mind is enmity against God: for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be.

(8) Rom. v. 12.—Wherefore, as by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned.

(9) Gen. iii. 16.—Unto the woman he said, I will greatly multiply thy sorrow, and thy conception; in sorrow thou shalt bring forth children, &c.

(10) Psalm cxlvi. 4.—His breath goeth forth, he returneth to his earth: in that very day his thoughts perish. Eccl. iii. 20. All go into one place; all are of the dust, and all turn to the dust again.

(11) Job xvii. 14.—I have said to corruption, Thou art my father; and to the worm Thou art my sister. Chap. xix. 26.—And though after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God.

(12) Even in a moral sense, Jer. xii. 10.—Many pastors have destroyed my vineyard, they have trodden my portion under foot, they have made my pleasant portion a desolate wilderness. Ezek. xxxiv. 18.—Seemeth it a small thing unto you, to have eaten up the good pasture, but ye must tread down with your feet the residue of your pasture and to have drunk of the deep waters, but ye must foul the residue with your feet.

My nearest friends are most unkind,¹
My greatest foe's my greatest friend.²

He could from feud to friendship pass,
Yet never change from what he was.³
He is my Father, he alone.
Who is my Father's only Son.⁴

I am his mother's son,⁵ yet more,
A son his mother⁶ never bore ;
But born of him,⁷ and yet aver •
His father's sons my mother's were.⁸

I am divorce'd, yet marry'd still,⁹
With full consent, against my will.¹⁰
My husband present is,¹¹ yet gone¹²
We differ much, yet still are one.¹³

(1) Psalm lv. 12, 13.—For it was not an enemy that reproached me, then I could have borne it ; neither was it he that hated me, that did magnify himself against me, then I would have hid myself from him : But it was thou, a man, mine equal, my guide, and mine acquaintance. Micah vii. 5, 6.—Trust ye not in a friend, put ye not confidence in a guide : keep the doors of thy mouth from her that lieth in thy bosom. For the son dishonoureth the father, the daughter riseth up against her mother, the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law ; a man's enemies are the men of his own house.

(2) Psalm. vii. 11.—God is angry with the wicked every day. 2 Cor. v. 19.—God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their tresspasses unto them.

(3.) Mal. iii. 6.—For I am the Lord, I change not : therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed. Hosea xiv. 4.—I will heal their backsliding, I will love them freely ; for mine anger is turned away from him.

(4) John xx. 17.—Jesus saith unto her (viz. Mary), Touch me not : for I am not yet ascended to my Father : but go to my brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father and your Father, and to my God and your God. Isa. ix. 6.—Unto us a son is given :—and his name shall be called, The everlasting Father. John i. 14.—And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth.

(5) Song iii. 4.—It was but a little that I passed from them, but I found him whom my soul loveth : I held him, and would not let him go, until I had brought him into my mother's house, and into the chamber of her that conceived me. Ver. 11.—Go forth, O ye daughters of Zion, and behold king Solomon with the crown wherewith his mother crowned him in the day of his espousals, and in the day of the gladness of his heart.

(6)—Viz., His natural mother according to the flesh.

(7) John i. 13.—Which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of Man, but of God.

(8) Gal. iv. 26.—But Jerusalem which above, is free, which is the mother of us all.

(9) Rom. vii. 4.—Wherefore, my brethren, ye also are become dead to the law by the body of Christ ; that ye should be married to another, even to him who is raised from the dead.

(10) Psalm cx. 3.—Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power.

(11) Matth. xxviii. 20.—Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.

(12) John xiv. 2.—I go to prepare a place for you.

(13) John xxii. 21.—That they all may be one, as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee ; that they may be one in us.

He is the first, the last, the all,¹
 Yet numbered up with insects small.²
 The first of all things,³ yet alone
 The second of the great three one.⁴

A creature never could he be,
 Yet is a creature strange I see;⁵
 And own this uncreated One,
 The son of man, yet no man's son.⁶

He's omnipresent all may know;⁷
 Yet never could be wholly so.⁸
 His manhood is not here and there,⁹
 Yet he is God-man every where.¹⁰

He comes and goes, none can him trace;¹¹
 Yet never could he change his place.¹²
 But though he's good,¹³ and everywhere,
 No good's in hell, yet he is there.¹⁴

(1) Rev. i. 11.—I am Alpha and Omega, the first and the last. Col. iii. 11.—Christ is all, and in all.

(2) Psalm xxii. 6.—But I am a worm and no man.

(3) Col. i. 15, 16.—Who is the image of the invisible God, the first born of every creature; for by him were all things created that are in heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers; all things were created by him, and for him.

(4) 1 John v. 7.—For there are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost: and these three are one. Matth. xxviii. 19.—Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

(5) John i. 1, 2, 3.—In the beginning was the Word, and the word was with God and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by him; and without him was not any thing made that was made. Verse 14.—And the word was made flesh, and dwelt among us (and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth).

(6) Matth. i. 23.—Behold a Virgin shall be with child, and shall bring forth a son, and they shall call his name Emmanuel, which, being interpreted, is, God with us. Luke i. 34, 35.—Then said Mary unto the angel, How shall this be, seeing I know not a man? And the angel answered and said unto her, The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee: therefore also that holy thing which shall be born of thee, shall be called the Son of God.

(7) Psalm cxxxix. 7, 8, 9, 10.—Whither shall I go from thy spirit? or, whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me.

(8) Luke xxiv. 6.—He is not here, but is risen.

(9) John xvi. 16.—A little while and ye shall not see me: and again, a little while and ye shall see me, because I go to the Father.

(10) Matth. i. 23.—See reference 11 in preceding page. Chap. xxviii. 20.—Lo, I am with you alway even unto the end of the world.

(11) John iii. 8.—The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit.

(12) Isaiah lxvi. 1.—Thus saith the Lord, The heaven is my throne, and the earth is my footstool: where is the house that ye build unto me? and where is the place of my rest?

(13) Psalm c. 5.—The Lord is good: his mercy is everlasting.

(14) Psalm cxxxix. 8.—If I make my bed in hell, behold thou art there.

I by him,¹ in him,² chosen was,³
 Yet of the choice he's not the cause :⁴
 For sov'reign mercy ne'er was bought,
 Yet through his blood a vent is sought,⁵

In him concenter'd at his death
 His Father's love,⁷ his Father's wrath :⁸
 Ev'n he whom passion never seiz'd,⁹
 Was then most angry, when most pleas'd.¹⁰

Justice requir'd that he should die,¹¹
 Who yet was slain unrighteously :¹²
 And dy'd in mercy and in wrath,
 A lawful and a lawless death.¹³

With him I neither liv'd nor dy'd,
 And yet with him was crucify'd.¹⁴

(1) As God. (2) As Mediator.

(3) Eph. i. 4.—According as he hath chosen us in him, before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before him in love.

(4) But himself the Father's first elect. Isa. xlii. 1.—Behold, my servant, whom I uphold; mine elect, in whom my soul delighteth. Mat. xii. 18.—Behold, my servant whom I have chosen, my beloved in whom my soul is well pleased.

(5) John iii. 16.—God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, &c. Rom. ix. 11.—For the children being not yet born, neither having done any good, or evil, that the purpose of God, according to election, might stand, not of works, but of him that calleth. Verse 13.—It is written, Jacob have I loved, but Esau have I hated. Verse 15.—God saith to Moses, I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy, and I will have compassion on whom I will have compassion.

(6) Rom. iii. 24, 25.—Being justified freely by his grace, through the redemption that is in Jesus Christ: whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation though faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins, &c. Chap. v. 9.—Being justified by his blood, we shall be saved from wrath through him. Verse 21. That as sin hath reigned unto death, even so might grace reign through righteousness unto eternal life, by Jesus Christ our Lord.

(7) John x. 17.—Therefore doth my Father love me, because I lay down my life, that I may take it again.

(8) Isa. liii. 8.—Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise him; he hath put him to grief.

(9) Isa. xxviii. 4.—Fury is not in me.

(10) Rom. vii. 32.—He spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all. Eph. v. 2.—Christ hath given himself for us, an offering and a sacrifice to God, for a sweet smelling savour.

(11) Hebrews vii. 22.—By so much was Jesus made surety of a better testament. Chap. ix. 16.—For where a testament is, there must also of necessity be the death of the testator. Ver. 22, 23.—And almost all things are by the law purged with blood; and without shedding of blood there is no remission. It was therefore necessary that the patterns of things in the heavens should be purified with these; but the heavenly things themselves with better sacrifice than these.

(12) Matth. xxvii. 4.—I (viz. Judas) have sinned, in that I have betrayed the innocent blood. Ver. 23.—And the governor said, Why, what evil hath he done? But they cried out the more, Let him be crucified!

(13) Acts ii. 23.—Jesus of Nazareth, being delivered by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God, ye have taken, and by wicked hands have crucified and slain. Chap. iv. 27.—For, of a truth, against thy holy child Jesus, whom thou hast anointed, both Herod and Pontius Pilate, with the Gentiles, and the people of Israel were gathered together, &c.

(14) Gal. ii. 20.—I am crucified with Christ.

Law-curses stopt his breath, that he
Might stop its mouth from cursing me.¹

'Tis now a thousand years and more
Since heav'n receiv'd him ; yet I know,
When he ascended up on high,
To mount the throne, ev'n so did I.²

Hence, though earth's dunghill I embrace,
I sit with him in heavenly place.³
In divers distant orbs I move,
Inthrall'd below, enthron'd above.

SECTION II.

The mystery of the Saint's Life, State, and Frame

My life's a pleasure⁴ and a pain ;⁵
A real loss, a real gain ;⁶
A glorious paradise of joys,⁷
A grievous prison of annoys.⁸

I daily joy, and daily mourn,⁹
Yet daily wait the tide's return :¹⁰
Then sorrow deep my spirit cheers,
I'm joyful in a flood of tears.¹¹

(1) Gal. iii. 13.—Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us : for it is written, Cursed is every one that hangeth upon a tree.

(2) Col. iii. 1.—If ye then be risen with Christ, &c. Heb. vi. 20.—Whither the forerunner is for us entered, even Jesus, &c.

(3) Eph. ii. 5, 6.—Even when we were dead in sins he hath quickened us together with Christ, and hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus.

(4) Prov. iii. 17.—Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

(5) Psalm cxx. 5.—Wo is me, that I sojourn in Mesech, that I dwell in the tents of Kedar.

(6) Phil. iii. 7.—But what things were gain to me, these I counted loss for Christ. Chap. i. 21, 22, 23, 24.—For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain. But if I live in the flesh, this is the fruit of my labour : yet what I shall choose, I wot not. For I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ ; which is far better ; nevertheless to abide in the flesh, is more needful for you.

(7) 1 Pet. i. 8.—Whom having not seen, ye love ; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable, and full of glory.

(8) Psalm cxlii. 7.—Bring my soul out of prison, that I may praise thy name.

(9) 1 Pet. i. 6.—Wherein ye greatly rejoice, though now, for a season, if need be, ye are in heaviness, through manifold temptations. 1 Cor. i. 4.—Who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God. Job xxx. 28.—I went mourning without the sun, &c.

(10) Isaiah viii. 17.—And I will wait upon the Lord that hideth his face from the house of Jacob, and I will look for him.

(11) Zech. xii. 10.—And I will pour upon the house of David, and upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem, the spirit of grace and of supplications, and they shall look upon

Good cause I have still to be sad,¹
 Good reason always to be glad.²
 Hence still my joys with sorrows meet,³
 And still my tears are bitter sweet.⁴

I'm crossed, and yet have all my will,⁵
 I'm always empty, always full.
 I hunger now, and thirst no more,⁶
 Yet do more eager than before.⁸

With meat and drink indeed I'm blest,⁹
 Yet feed on hunger, drink on thirst.¹⁰

me whom they have pierced, and they shall mourn for him, as one mourneth for his only son, and shall be in bitterness for him as one that is in bitterness for his first-born. Ezek. xxxvi. 31, 32.—Then shall ye remember your own evil ways, and your doings that were not good, and shall loathe yourselves in your own sight, for your iniquities and for your abominations. Not for your sakes do I this, saith the Lord God, be it known unto you: be ashamed and confounded for your own ways, O house of Israel. Hos. xii. 3, 4.—He (viz. Jacob) took his brother by the heel in the womb and by his strength he had power with God; yea, he had power over the angel, and prevailed; he wept and made supplication unto him; he found him in Bethel, and there he spake with us. Luke vii. 30.—And a woman that was a sinner stood at his feet behind him weeping, and began to wash his feet with tears, and did wipe them with the hairs of her head, and kissed his feet, and anointed them with the ointment. John xx. 15, 16.—Jesus saith unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? whom seekest thou? She, supposing him to be the gardener, saith unto him, Sir, if thou hast borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away, Jesus saith unto her, Mary. She turned herself, and saith unto him, Rabboni, which is to say, Master. Ver. 20.—Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord.

(1) Rom. vii. 24.—O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?

(2) 2 Cor. ii. 14.—Thanks be unto God, which always causeth us to triumph in Christ.

(3) 2 Cor. vi. 10.—as sorrowing, yet always rejoicing.

(4) Zech. xii. 10.—See figure 12. Psalm cxvi. 5.—They that sow in tears, shall reap in joy. Isa. lxi. 2, 3.—The Lord hath sent me to comfort all that mourn; to appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, to give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness, &c. Mat. v. 4.—Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.

(5) Luke xxii. 42.—Father, if thou be willing, remove this cup from me; nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done. Acts xxi. 14.—And when he (viz. Paul) would not be persuaded, we ceased, saying, the will of the Lord be done.

(6) 2 Cor. vi. 10.—As having nothing, and yet possessing all things.

(7) John vi. 35.—And Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life; he that cometh to me, shall never hunger; and he that believeth on me, shall never thirst.

(8) Psalm xlii. 1, 2.—As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God. My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God; when shall I come and appear before God? And lxxiii. 1.—O God, thou art my God, early will I seek thee, my soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is. And lxxiii. 25.—Whom have I in heaven but thee? And there is none upon the earth that I desire besides thee. Isa. xxv. 8, 9.—Yea, in the way of thy judgments, O Lord, have we waited for thee; the desire of our soul is to thy name, and to the remembrance of thee. With my soul have I desired thee in the night, yea, with my spirit within me will I seek thee early.

(9) John vi. 55.—For my flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed.

(10) Job xxix. 2, 3, 4.—O that I were as in months past, as in the days when God preserved me; when his candle shined upon my head, and when by his light I walked through darkness; as I was in the days of my youth, when the secret of God was upon my tabernacle. Psalm lxxvii. 10, 11, 12.—I will remember the years of the

My hunger brings a plenteous store,¹
My plenty makes me hunger more.²

Strange is the place of my abode,
I dwell at home, I dwell abroad.³
I am not where all men me see,
But where I never yet could be.⁴

I'm full of hell,⁵ yet full of heaven;⁶
I'm still upright,⁷ yet still uneven.⁸
Imperfect,⁹ yet a perfect saint;¹⁰
I'm ever poor,¹¹ yet never want.¹²

No mortal eye sees God and lives,¹³
Yet sight of him my soul revives.¹⁴

right hand of the Most High. I will remember the works of the Lord; surely I will remember thy wonders of old. I will meditate also of all thy works, and talk of thy doings. Song v. 8.—I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem, if ye find my Beloved, that ye tell him, that I am sick of love. Chap. viii. 1.—O that thou wert as my brother, that sucked the breasts of my mother! when I should find thee without, I would kiss thee; yea, I should not be despised.

(1) Mat. v. 6.—Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled.

(2) 2 Cor. v. 2.—For in this we groan earnestly desiring to be clothed upon with our house which is from heaven. Phil. i. 23.—For I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ; which is far better, &c. Song ii. 3, 4, 5.—I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste. He brought me to the banquetting house, and his banner over me was love. Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples; for I am sick of love.

(3) Job iv. 19.—How much less them that dwell in houses of clay, whose foundation is in the dust, which are crushed before the moth? Psalm xc. 1.—Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations. And xci. 1.—He that dwelleth in the secret places of the Most High, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. 1 John iv. 16.—God is love, and he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him.

(4) Isa. xxxiii. 16.—He shall dwell on high; his place of defence shall be the munition of rocks. Eph. ii. 5.—And hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus.

(5) Eccl ix. 3.—The heart of the sons of men is full of evil, and madness is in their heart while they live, and after that they go to the dead.

(6) Eph. iii. 17.—And to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with the fulness of God.

(7) Psalm xviii. 23.—I was also upright before him: and I kept myself from mine iniquity.

(8) Ezek. xvii. 25.—Hear now, O house of Israel, Are not your ways unequal?

(9) Rev. iii. 2.—Be watchful and strengthen the things that remain, which are ready to die; for I have not found thy works perfect before God.

(10) 1 Cor. ii. 6.—Howbeit we speak wisdom among them that are perfect, &c.

(11) Psalm xl. 17.—But I am poor and needy, yet the Lord thinketh upon me.

(12) Psalm xxiii. 1.—The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want. And xxxiv. 10.—The young lions may lack and suffer hunger, but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing.

(13) Exodus xxxiii. 20.—And he said, Thou canst not see my face; for there shall no man see me, and live.

(14) John vi. 40.—And this is the will of him that sent me, that every one which seeth the Son, and believeth on him, may have everlasting life. Chap. xx. 20.—Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord.

I live best when I see most bright;¹
Yet live by faith, and not by sight.²

I'm lib'ral,³ yet have nought to spare:⁴
Most richly cloth'd,⁵ yet stript and bare.⁶
My stock is risen by my fall;⁷
For, having nothing, I have all.⁸

I'm sinful,⁹ yet I have no sin;¹⁰
All spotted o'er,¹¹ yet wholly clean.¹²
Blackness and beauty both I share,
A hellish black, a heav'nly fair.¹³

They're of the devil, who sin amain:¹⁴
But I'm of God, yet sin retain:¹⁵

(1) 2 Cor. iii. 18.—But we all with open face, beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, we are changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord. Chap. iv. 6.—For God who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined into your hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God, in the face of Jesus Christ.

(2) Gal. ii. 20.—I am crucified with Christ: Nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me. 2 Cor. v. 7.—For we walk by faith, not by sight.

(3) Psalm xxxvii. 21.—The wicked borroweth, and payeth not again: but the righteous sheweth mercy, and giveth.

(4) Zeph. iii. 12.—I will also leave in the midst of thee an afflicted and poor people, and they shall trust in the name of the Lord.

(5) Isaiah lxi. 10.—I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul shall be joyful in my God, for he hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, he hath covered me with the robe of righteousness, as a bridegroom decketh himself with ornaments, and as a bride adorneth herself with her jewels.

(6) Ezekiel xvi. 7.—I have caused thee to multiply as the bud of the field, and thou hast increased and waxen great, thou art come to excellent ornaments: thy breasts are fashioned, and thine hair is grown, whereas thou wast naked and bare. Rev. iii. 16.—Because thou sayest, I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked.

(7) Rom. viii. 28.—And we know that all things work together for good, to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose.

(8) 2 Cor. vi. 10.—As having nothing, and yet possessing all things.

(9) Rom. vii. 14.—For we know that the law is spiritual; but I am carnal, sold under sin. Ver. 24.—O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death!

(10) Num. xxiii. 21.—He hath not beheld iniquity in Jacob, neither hath he seen perverseness in Israel. 1 John iii. 9.—Whosoever is born of God, doth not commit sin; for his seed remaineth in him: and he cannot sin because he is born of God.

(11) Psal. xiv. 3.—They are all gone aside, they are altogether become filthy; there is none that doth good, no not one.

(12) Song iv. 7.—Thou art all fair, my love, there is no spot in thee.

(13) Song i. 4.—I am black, but comely, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, as the tents of Kedar, as the curtains of Solomon. Ver. 15.—Behold thou art fair, my love; behold, thou art fair, thou hast doves eyes.

(14) 1 John iii. 8.—He that committeth sin, is of the devil; for the devil sinneth from the beginning.

(15) 1 John i. 8.—If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us.

This traitor vile the throne assumes,¹
Prevails, yet never overcomes.²

I'm without guile an Isr'elite,³
Yet like a guileful hypocrite;⁴
Maintaining truth in th' inward part,⁵
With falsehood rooted in my heart.⁶

Two masters, sure, I cannot serve,⁷
But must from one regardless swerve;
Yet self is for my master known,⁸
And Jesus is my Lord alone.⁹

I seek myself incessantly,¹⁰
Yet daily do myself deny.¹¹
To me 'tis lawful evermore
Myself to love and to abhor.¹²

(1) Rom. vii. 23.—But I see another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin, which is in my members.

(2) Psalm lxxv. 3.—Iniquities prevail against me; as for our transgressions, thou shalt purge them away. Rom. vii. 14.—For sin shall not have dominion over you; for ye are not under the law, but under grace.

(3) John i. 47.—Jesus saw Nathaniel coming to him, and saith of him, Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile. Psalm xxxii. 2.—Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile.

(4) Psalm xix. 12.—Who can understand his errors? Cleanse thou me from secret faults.

(5) Psalm li. 6.—Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts; and in the hidden part thou shalt make me know wisdom.

(6) Matth. xv. 19.—For out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witness, blasphemies.

(7) Matth. vi. 24.—No man can serve two masters; for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and Mammon.

(8) Hosea x. 1.—Israel is an empty vine, he bringeth forth fruit unto himself; according to the multitude of his fruit, he hath increased the altars; according to the goodness of his land, they have made goodly images. Matth. xvi. 24.—Then said Jesus unto his disciples, If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me.

(9) Isaiah xxiv. 13.—O Lord our God, other lords beside thee have had dominion over us: but by thee only will we make mention of thy name. John xx. 28. And Thomas answered and said unto him, My Lord, and my God.

(10) James iv. 3.—Ye ask, and ye receive not, because ye ask amiss, that ye may consume it upon your lusts. Jer. xlv. 2, 5.—Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, unto thee, O Baruch. And seekest thou great things for thyself? seek them not; for behold, I will bring evil upon all flesh, saith the Lord; but thy life will I give unto thee for a prey in all places where thou goest.

(11) Matth. xvi. 24.—See reference 8.

(12) Lev. xix. 18.—Thou shalt not avenge, nor bear any grudge against the children of my people, but thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself: I am the Lord. Eph. v. 29.—For no man ever yet hated his own flesh, but nourisheth and cherisheth it, even as the Lord the church. John xii. 25.—He that loveth his life, shall lose it; and he that hateth his life in this world, shall keep it unto life eternal. Job xlii. 6.—Wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes.

In this vain world would I live, yet see
 I'm dead to it, and it to me.¹
 My joy is endless,² yet at best
 Does hardly for a moment last.³

SECTION III.

Mysteries about the Saint's Work and Warfare, Sins, Sorrows and Joys.

THE work is great I'm called unto,⁴
 Yet nothing's left for me to do :⁵
 Hence for my work Heav'n has prepar'd
 No wages,⁶ yet a great reward.⁷

To works, but not to working dead ;
 From sin, but not from sinning freed.⁹

(1) Col. iii. 3.—For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God. Gal. vi. 14.—But God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world.

(2) John xvi. 22.—And ye now therefore have sorrow ; but I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you. 2 Thes. ii. 16. Now our Lord Jesus Christ himself, and God even our Father, which hath loved us, and hath given us everlasting consolation, and good hope through grace, &c.

(3) Psalm xxx. 7.—Lord, by thy favour thou hast made my mountain to stand strong : thou didst hide thy face, and I was troubled. Isaiah xlix. 13, 14. Sing, O heavens ; and be joyful, O earth ; and break forth into singing, O mountains : for the Lord hath comforted his people, and will have mercy upon his afflicted. But Zion said, The Lord hath forsaken me, and my Lord hath forgotten me.

(4) Phil. ii. 12.—Wherefore my beloved, as ye have always obeyed, not as in my presence only, but now much more in my absence ; work your own salvation with fear and trembling.

(5) Phil. ii. 13.—For it is God which worketh in you, both to will and to do, of his good pleasure. Lev. xx. 7, 8 —Sanctify yourselves therefore, and be ye holy ; for I am the Lord your God. And ye shall keep my statutes, and do them ; I am the Lord which sanctify you.

(6) Rom. vi. 23.—For the wages of sin is death ; but the gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Chap. xi. 6.—And if by grace, then it is no more of works ; otherwise grace is no more grace. But if it be of works, then it is no more grace ; otherwise works is no more works.

(7) Psalm xix. 11.—Moreover, by them (viz. the judgments of the Lord) is thy servant warned ; and in keeping them there is great reward. Psalm lviii. 11 Verily there is a reward for the righteous : verily he is a God that judgeth in the earth.

(8) Rom. vii. 4.—Wherefore, my brethern, ye also are become dead to the law by the body of Christ ; that ye should be married to another, even to him who is raised from the dead, that we should bring forth fruit unto God. Gal. ii. 19.—For I, through the law, am dead to the law, that I might live unto God.

(9) 1 John i. 8 —If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us. Chap. iii. 9.—Whosoever is born of God, doth not commit sin ; for his seed remaineth in him : and he cannot sin, because he is born of God.

I clear myself from no offence,¹
Yet wash my hands in innocence.²

My Father's anger burns like fire,³
Without a spark of furious ire :⁴
Though still my sins displeasing be ;⁵
Yet still I know he's pleas'd with me⁶

Triumphing is my constant trade ;⁷
Who yet am often captive led.⁸
My bloody war does never cease ;⁹
Yet I maintain a stable peace.¹⁰

My foes assaulting conquer me,
Yet ne'er obtain the victory ;¹¹
For all my battles lost or won,
Were gain'd before they were begun.¹²

I'm still at ease, and still oppress ;
Have constant trouble, constant rest ;¹³

(1) Rom. vii. 18.—For I know, that in me, (that is in my flesh) dwelleth no good thing ; for to will is present with me ; but how to perform that which is good, I find not.

(2) Psalm xxvi. 6.—I will wash mine hands in innocency ; so will I compass thine altar, O Lord.

(3) 1 Kings xi. 9.—And the Lord was angry with Solomon, because his heart was turned from the Lord God of Israel, which had appeared unto him twice.

(4) Isaiah xxvii. 4.—Fury is not in me. Chap. 9. 10.—For this is as the waters of Noah unto me ; for as I have sworn that the waters of Noah should no more go over the earth ; so have I sworn that I would not be wroth with thee, nor rebuke thee. For the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed, but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee.

(5) Hab. i. 13.—Thou art of purer eyes than to behold evil, and canst not look on iniquity. Jer. xlv. 4.—Howbeit, I send unto you all my servants the prophets, rising early, and sending them, saying, Oh do not this abominable thing that I hate.

(6) Mat. iii. 17.—And lo, a voice from heaven, saying, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased. Rom. v. 10.—When we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son.

(7) 2 Cor. ii. 14.—Now, thanks be unto God, which always causeth us to triumph in Christ.

(8) Rom. vii. 23.—But I see another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin, which is in my members.

(9) Rom. vii. 23.—See figure 8. 1 Tim. vi. 12.—Fight the good fight of faith, &c. Gal. v. 17.—For the flesh lusteth against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh ; and these are contrary the one to the other ; so that ye cannot do the things that ye would.

(10) Rom. v. 1.—Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ. Isaiah liv. 10.—See figure 4.

(11) Rom. vii. 23.—See figure 5. Chap. viii. 37.—Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors, through him that loved us.

(12) 1 Cor. xv. 57.—But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.

(13) 2 Cor. iv. 8.—We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed ; we are perplexed, but not in despair. John xvi. 33.—These things I have spoken unto you,

Both clear and cloudy,¹ free and bound;²
Both dead and living,³ lost and found.⁴

Sin for my good does work and win;⁵
Yet 'tis not good for me to sin.⁶
My pleasure issues from my pain;⁷
My losses still increase my gain.⁸

I'm heal'd ev'n when my plagues abound,⁹
Cover'd with dust ev'n when I'm crown'd:¹⁰
As low as death, when living high;¹¹
Nor shall I live, yet cannot die.¹²

that in me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world. Heb. iv. 3.—For we which have believed, do enter into rest.

(1) Zech. xiv. 6, 7.—And it shall come to pass in that day, that the light shall not be clear, nor dark. But it shall be one day, which shall be known to the Lord, not day nor night, but it shall come to pass, that at evening-time it shall be light. Micah. vii. 8.—Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy; when I fall, I shall rise, when I sit in darkness, the Lord shall be light unto me.

(2) John viii. 36.—If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed. Acts xx. 23.—The Holy Ghost witnessing in every city, saying, that bonds and afflictions abide me.

(3) 2 Cor. vi. 9.—As dying, and behold, we live. Col. iii. 3.—For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God.

(4) Matth. xviii. 11.—For the Son of man is come to save that which was lost. Psalm cxix. 176.—I have gone astray like a lost sheep; seek thy servant. Phil. iii. 9.—And be found in him, not having mine own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through faith of Christ, &c.

(5) Rom. viii. 21.—And we know that all things work together for good, to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose. Chap. xi. 11.—I say then, Have they stumbled that they should fall? God forbid, but rather through their fall salvation is come unto the Gentiles, for to provoke them to jealousy.

(6) Psalm lxxxix. 31, 32.—If they break my statutes, and keep not my commandments, then will I visit their transgression with the rod, and their iniquity with stripes.

(7) Psalm cxix. 67.—Before I was afflicted, I went astray: but now I have kept thy word. Verse 71.—It is good for me that I have been afflicted: that I might learn thy statutes. James i. 2.—My brethren, count it all joy, when ye fall into divers temptations.

(8) Matth. x. 39.—He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it. Mark x. 29, 30. And Jesus answered and said, Verily, I say unto you, There is no man that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my sake and the gospel's, but he shall receive an hundredfold now in this time, houses and brethren, and sisters, and mothers, and children, and lands, with persecutions; and, in the world to come, eternal life.

(9) Rom. vii. 24, 25.—O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death? I thank God, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

(10) Viz. With mercy, Job xlii. 5, 6.—I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear; but now mine eye seeth thee. Wherefore, I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes. Ezek. xvi. 63.—That thou mayest remember, and be confounded, and never open thy mouth any more, because of thy shame, when I am pacified toward thee for all that thou hast done, saith the Lord God.

(11) 2 Cor. vi. 9.—As dying, and behold, we live.

(12) Heb. ix. 27.—It is appointed unto men once to die. John v. 24.—Verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life. Chap. vi. 40.—And this is the will of him that sent me, that every one which seeth the Son, and believeth on him, may have everlasting life. Verse 50, 51.—This is the bread which cometh down from heaven, that a man may eat

For all my sins my heart is sad,
 Since God's dishonoured,¹ yet I'm glad,
 Though once I was a slave to sin,²
 Since God does thereby honour win,³

My sins are ever in his eye,⁴
 Yet he beholds no sin in me,⁵
 His mind that keeps them all in store,
 Will yet remember them no more.⁶

Because my sins are great, I feel
 Great fears of heavy wrath;⁷ yet still
 For mercy seek, for pardon wait,
 Because my sins are very great.⁸

I hope when plunged into despair,⁹
 I tremble when I have no fear.¹⁰

thereof, and not die. I am the living bread which came down from heaven: if any man eat of this bread, he shall live for ever: and the bread that I will give, is my flesh, which I will give for the life of the world.

(1) Psalm li. 4.—Against thee, thee only have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight.

(2) Rom. xvi. 17.—But God be thanked, that ye were the servants of sin; but ye have obeyed from the heart that form of doctrine which was delivered you.

(3) Isaiah xlv. 23.—Sing, O heavens; for the Lord hath done it: shout, ye lower parts of the earth: break forth into singing, ye mountains, O forests, and every tree therein: for the Lord hath redeemed Jacob, and glorified himself in Israel. Eph. i. 6.—To the praise of the glory of his grace. Verse 12.—That we should be to the praise of his glory.

(4) Rev. iii. 1.—I know thy works, that thou hast a name that thou livest, and art dead. Verse 15.—I know thy works that thou art neither cold nor hot.

(5) Numbers xxiii. 21.—He hath not beheld iniquity in Jacob, neither hath he seen perverseness in Israel. Song iv. 7.—Thou art all fair, my love, there is no spot in thee. Ezekiel xvi. 14.—And thy renown went forth among the heathens for thy beauty: for it was perfect through my comeliness, which I had put upon thee, saith the Lord God.

(6) Isaiah xliii. 25.—I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins. Jer. xxxi. 4.—I will forgive their iniquity, and I will remember their sin no more. Heb. viii. 12.—I will be merciful to their unrighteousness, and their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more.

(7) Ezra ix. 13, 14.—And after all that is come upon us for our evil deeds, and for our great trespass, seeing that thou our God hast punished us less than our iniquities deserve, and hast given us such deliverance as this, should we again break thy commandments, and join in affinity with the people of these abominations? Would'st not thou be angry with us till thou hadst consumed us, so that there should be no remnant nor escaping? Psalm xxxviii. 1.—O Lord, rebuke me not in thy wrath: neither chasten me in thy hot displeasure.

(8) Psalm xxv. 11.—For thy name's sake, O Lord, pardon mine iniquity; for it is great. Jer. xiv. 7.—O Lord, though our iniquities testify against us, do thou it for thy name's sake; for our backslidings are many, we have sinned against thee.

(9) Rom. iv. 18.—Who (viz. Abraham) against hope believed in hope. 2 Cor. i. 8, 9.—For we would not, brethren, have you ignorant of our trouble which came to us in Asia, that we were pressed out of measure, above strength, in so much that we despaired even of life; but we had the sentence of death in ourselves, that we should not trust in ourselves, but in God which raiseth the dead.

(10) Phil. ii. 2.—Wherefore, my beloved, as ye have always obeyed, not as in my presence only, but now much more in my absence; work out your own salvation with fear and trembling. Luke i. 74.—That he would grant us, that we being delivered out of the hands of our enemies, might serve him without fear.

Pardons dispel my griefs and fears,¹
And yet dissolve my heart in tears.²

SECTION IV.

*Mysteries in Faith's Extractions, Way and Walk, Prayers and Answers, Heights,
and Depths, Fear and Love.*

WITH wasps and bees my busy bill
Sucks ill from good, and good from ill :³
Humility makes my pride to grow,
And pride aspiring lays me low.⁴

My standing does my fall procure,⁵
My falling makes me stand more sure.⁶

(1) Mat. ix. 2.—Jesus said unto the sick of the palsy, Son, be of good cheer, thy sins be forgiven thee.

(2) Ezek. xxxvi. 25, 26.—Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean; from all your filthiness and from all your idols will I cleanse you. A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you; and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you an heart of flesh. Verse 31.—Then shall ye remember your own evil ways, and your doings that were not good, and shall loathe yourselves in your own sight, for your iniquities, and for your abominations. Chap. xvi. 63.—That thou mayst remember and be confounded, and never open thy mouth any more because of thy shame, when I am pacified towards thee for all that thou hast done.

(3) Rom. ii. 4.—Or despisest thou the riches of his goodness, and forbearance, and long-suffering, not knowing that the goodness of God leadeth thee to repentance? Chap. vii. 1, 2.—What shall we say then? Shall we continue in sin, that grace may abound? God forbid; how shall we that are dead to sin, live any longer therein; Ver. 15.—What then? shall we sin, because we are not under the law, but under grace? God forbid. Chap. viii. 28.—And we know that all things work together for good, to them that love God, to them who are called according to his purpose. Phil. i. 12.—But I would ye should understand, brethren, that the things which happened unto me, have fallen out rather unto the furtherance of the gospel. Psal. cxix. 71.—It is good for me that I have been afflicted; that I might learn thy statutes.

(4) 2 Cor. xii. 7.—And lest I should be exalted above measure, through the abundance of the revelations, there was given to me a thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan to buffet me, lest I should be exalted above measure. Prov. xxix. 23.—A man's pride shall bring him low; but honour shall uphold the humble in spirit. 2 Chron. xxxii. 26.—Hezekiah humbled himself for the pride of his heart (both he and the inhabitants of Jerusalem), so that the wrath of the Lord came not upon them in the days of Hezekiah.

(5) Psalm xxx. 6, 7.—And in my prosperity I said, I shall never be moved; Lord, by thy favour thou hast made my mountain to stand strong; thou didst hide thy face, and I was troubled.

(6) Prov. xxiv. 16.—For a just man falleth seven times, and riseth up again. Psalm xxxvii. 24.—Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down; for the Lord upholdeth him with his hand.

My poison does my physic prove,¹
My enmity provokes my love.²

My poverty infers my wealth,³
My sickness issues in my health.⁴
My hardness tends to make me soft,⁵
And killing things to cure me oft.⁶

While high attainments cast me down,
My deep abasement raise me soon.⁷
My best things oft have evil brood;⁸
My worst things work my greatest good.⁹

My inward foes, that me alarm,
Breed me much hurt, yet little harm.¹⁰

(1) 2 Cor. xii. 7, 8.—And lest I should be exalted above measure, through the abundance of the revelations, there was given unto me a thorn in the flesh the messenger of Satan, to buffet me, lest I should be exalted above measure: For this thing I besought the Lord thrice, that it might depart from me. Isa. xxvii. 8, 9. In measure, when it shooteth forth, thou wilt debate with it; he stayeth his rough wind in the day of the east wind: By this, therefore, shall the iniquity of Jacob be purged, and this is all the fruit to take away his sin.

(2) Gal. v. 17.—The flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh. Ver. 24.—And they that are Christ's have crucified the flesh, with the affections and lusts.

(3) Rev. ii. 9.—I know thy poverty, but thou art rich. 2 Cor. xvi. 10.—As having nothing, and yet possessing all things.

(4) Matth. ix. 12.—They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick. Isaiah lvii. 17, 18.—For the iniquity of his covetousness was I wroth, and smote him; I hid me, and was wroth; and he went on frowardly in the way of his heart. I have seen his ways, and will heal him: I will lead him also, and restore comforts unto him, and to his mourners.

(5) Isaiah lxiii. 17.—O Lord, why hast thou made us to err from thy ways? and hardened our heart from thy fear? Return for thy servants' sake, the tribes of thine inheritance.

(6) 2 Cor. i. 9.—But we had the sentence of death in ourselves, that we should not trust in ourselves, but in God who raiseth the dead. Hosea v. 15.—I will go and return to my place, till they acknowledge their offence and seek my face: in their affliction they will seek me early. Chap. i. 6.—Come let us return unto the Lord; for he hath torn, and he will heal us; he hath smitten, and he will bind us up.

(7) 1 Peter v. 5, 6.—Be subject one to another, and be clothed with humility; for God resisteth the proud, and giveth grace to the humble. Humble yourselves therefore under the mighty hand of God, that he may exalt you in due time. Psalm cxvi. 6.—I was brought low, and he helped me.

(8) Psalm xxx. 6, 7.—In my prosperity I said, I shall never be moved. Lord by thy favour thou hast made my mountain to stand strong: thou didst hide thy face, and I was troubled. Deut. xxxii. 14, 15.—Butter of kine, and milk of sheep, with fat of lambs, and rams of the breed of Bashan, and goats, with the fat of kidneys of wheat, and thou didst drink the pure blood of the grape; But Jeshurun waxed fat, and kicked; thou art waxen fat; thou art grown thick; thou art covered with fatness: Then he forsook God which made him, and lightly esteemed the Rock of his salvation. Psalm cvi. 7.—Our fathers understood not thy wonders in Egypt, they remembered not the multitude of thy mercies, but provoked him at the sea, even at the Red Sea.

(9) Psalm xxx. 11.—Thou hast turned for me my mourning into dancing; thou hast put off my sackcloth, and girded me with gladness. Rom. viii. 28.—See figure 3. p. 181.

(10) Jer. x. 19.—Wo is me for my hurt, my wound is grievous: but I said, Truly this is a grief, and I must bear it. 1 Pet. iii. 13.—And who is he that will harm you, if ye be followers of that which is good?

I get no good by them,¹ yet see
To my chief good they cause me flee.²

They reach to me a deadly stroke,³
To send to me a living Rock.⁴
They made me long for Canaan's banks,⁵
Yet sure I owe them little thanks.

I travel,⁶ yet stand firm and fast;⁷
I run,⁸ but yet I make no haste.⁹
I take a way both old and new,¹⁰
Within my sight,¹¹ yet out of view,¹²

My way directs me in the way,¹³
And will not suffer me to stray:¹⁴
Though high and out of sight it be,
I'm in the way, the way's in me.¹⁵

(1) 1 Pet. ii. 11.—In themselves, but much evil. Dearly beloved, I beseech you, as strangers and pilgrims, abstain from fleshly lusts, which war against the soul. James i. 14, 15.—But every man is tempted, when he is drawn away by his own lust, and enticed. Then when lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin; and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death.

(2) Psalm cxlii. 9.—Deliver me, O Lord, from mine enemies: I flee unto thee to hide me.

(3) Rom. viii. 13.—If ye live after the flesh, ye shall die.

(4) Psalm xviii. 46, 47.—The Lord liveth, and blessed be my rock: and let the God of my salvation be exalted. It is God that avengeth me, and subdueth the people under me.

(5) Psalm lv. 6.—And I said, O that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away and be at rest. And cxx. 5.—Woe is me that I sojourn in Mesech, that I dwell in the tents of Kedar. Rom. viii. 20, 23.—For the creature was made subject to vanity, not willingly, but by reason of him who had subjected the same in hope: because the creature itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption, into the glorious liberty of the children of God. For we know that the whole creation groaneth, and travaileth in pain together until now; and not only they, but ourselves also which have the first-fruits of the Spirit, even we ourselves groan within ourselves, waiting for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of our body.

(6) Heb. xi. 13.—And confessed that they were strangers, and pilgrims on the earth.

(7) 1 Cor. xvi. 13.—Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong.

(8) Heb. xii. 1.—Let us run with patience the race that is set before us.

(9) Isaiah xxviii. 16.—He that believeth, shall not make haste.

(10) Jer. vi. 16.—Thus saith the Lord, Stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls. Heb. x. 19, 20.—Having therefore, brethren, boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, by a new and living way, which he hath consecrated for us, through the vail, that is to say, his flesh.

(11) 1 Cor. xiii. 12.—For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face; now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

(12) John xvi. 10.—I go to my Father, and ye see me no more.

(13) John xvi. 6.—Jesus saith unto me, I am the way; no man cometh unto the Father, but by me.

(14) Isaiah xlii. 16.—And I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known; I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them. Chap. lv. 4.—Behold, I have given him for a leader and commander to the people.

(15) Isaiah xxxv. 8.—And an high way shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called the way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it, but it shall be for

'Tis straight,¹ yet full of heights and depths ;²
 I keep the way,³ the way me keeps.⁴
 And being that to which I tend,
 My very way's my journey's end.⁵

When I'm in company I groan,
 Because I then am most alone ;⁶
 Yet, in my closet secrecy,
 I'm joyful in my company,⁷

I'm heard afar,⁸ without a noise ;
 I cry without a lifted voice :⁹
 Still moving in devotion's sphere,¹⁰
 Yet seldom steady persevere.¹¹

those ; the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein. John xv. 4.—Abide in me, and I in you. Chap. xvii. 23.—I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one, and that the world may know that thou hast sent me, and hast loved them, as thou hast loved me. Verse 26.—And I have declared unto them thy name, and will declare it : that the love wherewith thou hast loved me, may be in them, and I in them.

(1) Matth. iii. 3.—This is he that was spoken of by the prophet Easias, saying, the voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight.

(2) Isaiah xi. 3, 4.—The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a high way for our God. Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low ; and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain. Chap. xlii. 16.—See figure 14. p. 183 .Psalm lxxvii. 183.—Thy way, O God, is in the sanctuary. Verse 19.—Thy way is in the sea, and thy path in the great waters, and thy footsteps are not known.

(3) Psalm xxxvii. 34.—Wait on the Lord, and keep his way, and he shall exalt thee to inherit the land.

(4) Psalm cxxi. 3, 4.—He will not suffer thy foot to be moved ; he that keepeth thee, will not slumber. Behold, he that keepeth Israel, shall neither slumber nor sleep.

(5) Heb. xii. 22, 23, 24.—But ye are come unto mount Sion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the first-born, which are written in heaven, and to God the judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling that speaketh better things than that of Abel. 1 Thes. iv. 17—Then we which are alive, and remain, shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air ; and so shall we ever be with the Lord.

(6) Song. i. 7.—Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest, where thou makest thy flock to rest at noon ; for why should I be as one that turneth aside by the flocks of thy companions ?

(7) Song vii. 11, 12.—Come, my beloved, let us go forth into the field ; let us lodge in the villages. Let us get up early to the vineyards ; let us see if the vine flourish, whether the tender grape appear, and the pomegranates bud forth : there will I give thee my loves.

(8) Psalm xx. 6.—Now know I, that the Lord saveth his anointed : he will hear him from his holy heaven, with the saving strength of his right hand.

(9) 1 Sam. i. 13, 15.—Now Hannah, she spake in her heart, only her lips moved but her voice was not heard : therefore Eli thought she had been drunken. And Eli said unto her, How long wilt thou be drunken ? put away thy wine from thee. And Hannah answered and said, No, my Lord ; I am a woman of a sorrowful spirit ; I have drunk neither wine, nor strong drink, but have poured out my soul before the Lord.

(10) 1 Thes. v. 17 —Pray without ceasing

(11) Hosea vi. 4.—O Ephraim, what shall I do unto thee ! O Judah, what shall

I'm heard when answered soon or late,¹
 And heard when I no answer get;²
 Yea, kindly answer'd, when refus'd,³
 And friendly treat when harshly us'd.⁴

My fervent pray'rs ne'er did prevail,⁵
 Nor e'er of prevalency fail.⁶
 I wrestle till my strength be spent,⁷
 Yet yield when strong recruits are sent.⁸

I languish for my husband's charms,⁹
 Yet faint away when in his arms.¹⁰
 My sweetest health does sickness prove;
 When love me heals, I'm sick of love.¹¹

I do unto thee? for your goodness is as a morning cloud, and as the early dew, it goeth away.

(1) Isaiah xlix. 8.—Thus saith the Lord, In an acceptable time have I heard thee and in a day of salvation have I helped thee.

(2) Mat. xxvi. 39.—And Jesus went a little farther, and fell on his face, and prayed, saying, O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt.

(3) Psalm xxii. 1—3.—My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me? why art thou so far from helping me, and from the words of my roaring? O my God, I cry in the day-time, but thou hearest not; and in the night-season, and am not silent. But thou art holy, O thou that inhabitest the praises of Israel.

(4) Heb. xii. 5—10.—And ye have forgotten the exhortation which speaketh unto you as unto children, My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of him. For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth. If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons: for what son is he whom the father chasteneth not? But if ye be without chastisement, whereof all are partakers, then are ye bastards, and not sons. Furthermore, we have had fathers of our flesh, which corrected us, and we gave them reverence: shall we not much rather be in subjection unto the Father of spirits and live? For they verily for a few days chastened us after their own pleasure; but he for our profit, that we might be the partakers of his holiness.

(5) Dan. ix. 18, 19.—O my God, incline thine ear, and hear, open thine eyes, and behold our desolations, and the city which is called by thy name; for we do not present our supplications before thee for our righteousnesses, but for thy great mercies. O Lord, hear; O Lord, forgive; O Lord, hearken and do; defer not, for thine own sake, O my God; for thy city, and the people that are called by thy name.

(6) James v. 16.—The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.

(7) Gen. xxxii. 24, 25.—And Jacob was left alone: and there wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day. And when he saw that he prevailed not against him, he touched the hollow of his thigh; and the hollow of Jacob's thigh was out of joint, as he wrestled with him.

(8) Psalm cxxxviii. 3.—In the day when I cried, thou answeredst me; and strengthened me with strength in my soul. Gen. xviii. 32, 33.—And he said, O let not the Lord be angry, and I will speak yet but this once; Peradventure ten shall be found there. And he said, I will not destroy it for ten's sake. And the Lord went his way, as soon as he had left communing with Abraham; and Abraham returned unto his place.

(9) Psalm lxiii. 2.—My flesh longeth to see thy power and thy glory, so as I have seen thee in the sanctuary. And xxvii. 4.—One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after, that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to enquire in his temple.

(10) Rev. i. 17.—And when I saw him, I fell at his feet as dead; and he laid his right hand upon me, saying unto me, Fear not, I am the first and the last.

(11) Song ii. 4, 5.—He brought me to the banquetting-house, and his banner over me was love. Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples, for I am sick of love.

I am most merry when most sad ;¹
 Most full of sorrow when I'm glad :²
 Most precious when I am most vile,³
 And most at home when in exile.⁴

My base and honourable birth,
 Excites my mourning and my mirth⁵
 I'm poor, yet stor'd with untold rent ;⁶
 Most weak, and yet omnipotent.⁷

On earth there's none so great and high,⁸
 Nor yet so low and mean as I ;⁹

(1) 2 Cor. vii. 10.—For godly sorrow worketh repentance unto salvation not to be repented of. Eccl. vii. 3.—Sorrow is better than laughter ; for by the sadness of the countenance the heart is made better.

(2) Prov. xiv. 13.—Even in laughter the heart is sorrowful ; and the end of that mirth is heaviness.

(3) Job xl. 4.—Behold I am vile ! what shall I answer thee ? I will lay mine hand upon my mouth. Chap. xlii. 5, 6.—I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear ; but now mine eye seeth thee ; Wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes. Jer. xxxi. 18—20.—I have surely heard Ephraim bemoaning himself thus, Thou hast chastised me, and I was chastised, as a bullock unaccustomed to the yoke ; turn thou me, and I shall be turned ; for thou art the Lord my God. Surely after that I was turned, I repented ; and after that I was instructed, I smote upon my thigh : I was ashamed, yea, even confounded, because I did bear the reproach of my youth. Is Ephraim my dear son ? Is he a pleasant child ? For since I spake against him, I do earnestly remember him still : Therefore my bowels are troubled for him : I will surely have mercy upon him, saith the Lord.

(4) Ezek. i. 1.—Now it came to pass in the thirtieth year, in the fourth month, in the fifth day of the month (as I was among the captives by the river of Chebar) that the heavens were opened, and I saw visions of God. Rev. i. 9, 10.—I John, who also am your brother, and companion in tribulation, and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ, was in the isle called Patmos, for the word of God, and for the testimony of Jesus Christ. I was in the spirit on the Lord's day, and heard behind me a great voice, as of a trumpet, &c. John xvi. 32.—Behold, the hour cometh, yea, is now come, that ye shall be scattered, every man to his own, and shall leave me alone, and yet I am not alone, because the Father is with me.

(5) Ezek. xvi. 3, 4.—Thus saith the Lord God unto Jerusalem, Thy birth, and thy nativity is of the land of Canaan ; thy Father was an Amorite, and thy mother an Hittite. And as for thy nativity in the day thou wast born, thy navel was not cut, neither wast thou washed in water to supple thee ; thou wast not salted at all, nor swaddled at all. John i. 13.—Which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God. Psalm li. 5.—Behold, I was shapen in iniquity ; and in sin did my mother conceive me. 1 Pet. i. 3.—Blessed be the God and father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to his abundant mercy, hath begotten us again unto a lively hope, by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead.

(6) Rev. iii. 17, 18.—Because thou sayest, I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing ; and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable and poor, and blind, and naked. I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayst be rich ; and white raiment, that thou mayst be clothed, and that the shame of thy nakedness do not appear : and anoint thine eyes with eye salve, that thou mayst see. Eph. iii. 8.—Unto me who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given, that I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ.

(7) John xv. 5.—Without me ye can do nothing. Phil. iv. 13.—I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.

(8) Psalm xvi. 3.—But to the saints that are in the earth, and to the excellent in whom is all my delight. Isaiah xliii. 4.—Since thou wast precious in my sight, thou hast been honourable, and I have loved thee ; therefore will I give men for thee, and people for thy life.

(9) Eph. iii. 8.—See figure 6. 1 Tim. i. 15.—This is a faithful saying, and

None or so foolish,¹ or so wise ;²
So often fall, so often rise.³

I seeing him I never saw,⁴
Serve without fear, and yet with awe.⁵
Though love, when, perfect, fear remove ;⁶
Yet most I fear, when most I love.⁷

All things are lawful unto me,⁸
Yet many things unlawful be :⁹
To some I perfect hatred bear,¹⁰
Yet keep the law of love entire.¹¹

I'm bound to love my friends,¹² but yet
I sin unless I do them hate :¹³

worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners ; of whom I am chief.

(1) Psalm lxxiii. 22.—So foolish was I and ignorant ; I was as a beast before thee. Prov. xxx. 2, 3.—Surely I am more brutish than any man, and have not the understanding of a man. I neither learned wisdom, nor have the knowledge of the holy.

(2) 1 Cor. i. 30.—But of him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom, &c. Matth. xi. 25, 26.—At that time Jesus answered and said, I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes. Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight. Chap. xiii. 11.—Jesus answered and said unto them, Because it is given unto you to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven, but to them it is not given.

(3) Prov. xxiv. 16.—A just man falleth seven times, and riseth up again.

(4) 1 Pet. i. 8.—Whom having not seen, ye love ; in whom though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice, with joy unspeakable, and full of glory. Heb. xi. 1.—Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.

(5) Luke i. 74.—That he would grant unto us, that we being delivered out of the hand of our enemies, might serve him without fear. Heb. xii. 28.—Wherefore we receiving a kingdom which cannot be moved, let us have grace whereby we may serve God acceptably, with reverence and godly fear.

(6) 1 John iv. 18.—There is no fear in love ; but perfect love casteth out fear : because fear hath torment ; he that feareth is not made perfect in love.

(7) Jer. xxxiii. 9.—And it shall be to me a name of joy, of praise, and an honour before all the nations of the earth, which shall hear all the good that I do unto them ; and they shall fear and tremble for all the goodness, and for all the prosperity that I procure unto it. Hosea iii. 5.—Afterwards shall the children of Israel return, and seek the Lord their God, and David their king ; and shall fear the Lord, and his goodness in the latter days.

(8) 1 Cor. vi. 12.—All things are lawful unto me, but all things are not expedient ; all things are lawful for me, but I will not be brought under the power of any.

(9) Exod. xx. 1—17.—And God spake all these words, saying, I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage. Thou shalt have no other gods before me, &c.

(10) Psalm cxxxix. 21, 22.—Do not I hate them, O Lord, that hate thee ? And am not I grieved with those that rise up against thee ; I hate them with perfect hatred : I count them mine enemies.

(11) 2 Chron. xix. 2.—And Jehu, the son of Hanani the seer, went out to meet him, and said to king Jehoshaphat, Shouldst thou help the ungodly, and help them that hate the Lord ? therefore is wrath upon thee from before the Lord.

(12) Lev. xix. 18.—Thou shalt not avenge, nor bear any grudge against the children of thy people ; but thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself : I am the Lord.

(13) Luke xiv. 26.—If any man come to me, and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple.

I am oblig'd to hate my foes,¹
Yet bound to love and pray for those.²

Heart-love to one I'm call'd t' impart,
Yet God still calls for all my heart.³
I do him and his service both
By nature love,⁴ by nature lothe.⁵

SECTION V.

Mysteries about Flesh and Spirit, Liberty and Bondage, Life and Death.

MUCH like my heart both false and true,⁶
I have a name both old and new.⁷
No new thing is below the sun;⁸
Yet all is new, and old things gone.⁹

(1) Viz. As they are the foes of God. Judges v. 31.—So let thine enemies perish, O Lord; but let them that love him, be as the sun when he goeth forth in his might. Psalm xvii. 13, 17.—Arise, O Lord: disappoint him, cast him down: deliver my soul from the wicked, which is thy sword: from men which are thy hand. O Lord, from men of the world, which have their portion in this life; and whose belly thou fillest with thy hid treasure: they are full of children, and leave the rest of their substance to their babes.

(2) Matth. v. 44.—But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you.

(3) Matth. xix. 19.—Jesus saith unto him, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. Chap. xxii. 37.—Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind.

(4) 1 John v. 2.—By this we know that we love the children of God, when we love God and keep his commandments.

(5) Rom. viii. 7.—The carnal mind is enmity against God; for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be. Col. i. 21.—And you that were sometime alienated, and enemies in your mind by wicked works, yet now hath he reconciled.

(6) Jer. xvii. 9.—The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked, who can know it. Heb. x. 22.—Let us draw near with a true heart, in full assurance of faith, having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience, and our bodies washed with pure water.

(7) Rom. ix. 25, 26.—As he saith also in Osee, I will call them my people, which were not my people; and her beloved, which was not beloved. And it shall come to pass, that in the place where it was said unto them, Ye are not my people; there shall they be called, The children of the living God. Rev. ii. 17.—He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches. To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna, and will give him a white stone and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth, saving he that receiveth it. Chap. iii. 12.—Him that overcometh, will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out: and I will write upon him the name of my God, and the name of the city of my God, which is new Jerusalem, which cometh down out of heaven from my God, and I will write upon him my new name.

(8) Eccl. i. 9.—The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done, is that which shall be done; and there is no new thing under the sun.

(9) 2 Cor. v. 13.—If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are past away; behold, all things are become new. Rev. xxi. 5.—And he that sat upon the throne, said, Behold I make all things new.

Though in my flesh dwells no good thing,¹
 Yet Christ in me I joyful sing;²
 Sin I confess and I deny;
 For, though I sin, it is not I.³

I sin against, and with my will;⁴
 I'm innocent, yet guilty still.⁵
 Though fain I'd be the greatest saint,⁶
 To be the least I'd be content.⁷

My lowness may my height evince.⁸
 I'm both a beggar and a prince.⁹
 With meanest subjects I appear,¹⁰
 With kings a royal sceptre bear.¹¹

(1) Rom. vii. 18.—For I know, that in me (that is, in my flesh) dwelleth no good thing; for to will is present with me, but how to perform that which is good, I find not.

(2) Col. i. 27.—To whom God would make known what is the riches of the glory of this mystery among the Gentiles; which is Christ in you, the hope of glory.

(3) Rom. vii. 14—20.—For we know that the law is spiritual; but I am carnal, sold under sin. For that which I do, I allow not; for that I would, that I do not; but what I hate, that I do. If then I do that which I would not, I consent unto the law, that it is good. Now then, It is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me. For I know that in me (that is, in my flesh) dwelleth no good thing; for to will is present with me, but how to perform that which is good, I find not. For the good that I would, I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I do. Now, if I do that I would not, it is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me. 1 John iii. 9.—Whosoever is born of God, doth not commit sin; for his seed remaineth in him; and he cannot sin, because he is born of God.

(4) Rom. vii. 21—25.—I find then a law, that when I would do good, evil is present with me. For I delight in the law of God, after the inward man. But I see another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin, which is in my members. O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death? I thank God, through Jesus Christ our Lord. So then, with the mind I myself serve the law of God; but with the flesh the law of sin.

(5) Psalm xix. 13.—Keep back thy servant from presumptuous sins, let them not have dominion over me; then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression. And cxix. 3.—If thou, Lord, shouldst mark iniquities; O Lord, who shall stand?

(6) Psalm xxvii. 4.—One thing have I desired of the Lord that will I seek after, that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple.

(7) Psalm lxxxiv. 10.—For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand; I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.

(8) Job v. 11.—To set up on high those that be low; that those which mourn may be exalted to safety.

(9) 1 Sam. ii. 8.—The Lord raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth up the beggar from the dunghill, to set them among princes, and to make them inherit the throne of glory; for the pillars of the earth are the Lord's, and he hath set the world upon them. Gen. xxxii. 28.—And the angel said, thy name shall be called no more Jacob, but Israel; for as a prince thou hast power with God and with men, and hast prevailed. Rev. i. 5, 6.—Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God; to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever, Amen.

(10) Phil. ii. 10.—That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth. Heb. i. 6.—And again, when he bringeth the first-begotten into the world, he saith, and let all the angels of God worship him.

(11) Rev. ii. 26, 27.—And he that overcometh and keepeth my words unto the end

I'm both unfetter'd and involv'd;¹
 By law condemn'd, by law absolv'd²
 My guilt condignly punish'd see,
 Yet I the guilty wretch go free.³

My gain did by my loss begin;⁴
 My righteousness commenc'd by sin;⁵
 My perfect peace by bloody strife;⁶
 Life is my death, and death my life.⁷

I'm (in this present life I know)
 A captive and a freeman too;⁸
 And though my death can't set me free,
 It will perfect my liberty.⁹

I am not worth a dusty grain,
 Yet more than worlds of golden gain;
 Though worthless I myself indite,
 Yet shall as worthy walk in white.¹⁰

to him will I give power over the nations; (and he shall rule them with a rod of iron, as the vessels of a potter shall they be broken to shivers) even as I received of my Father.

(1) Psalm cxvi. 16.—Oh, Lord, truly, I am thy servant, I am thy servant, and the servant of thy handmaid: thou hast loosed my bonds. Rom. vii. 23.—But I see another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin, which is in my members.

(2) John iii. 20.—For if our heart condemn us, God is greater than our heart, and knoweth all things. Rom. viii. 1.—There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit. Ver. 33, 34.—Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth: who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea, rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us.

(3) Gal. iii. 13.—Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us; for it is written, Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree.

(4) Rom. iii. 23, 24.—For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God: being justified freely by his grace, through the redemption that is in Jesus Christ.

(5) Rom. iii. 5.—But if our unrighteousness commend the righteousness of God, what shall we say? Chap. v. 20, 21.—But where sin abounded, grace did much more abound: that as sin hath reigned unto death, even so might grace reign through righteousness unto eternal life, by Jesus Christ our Lord.

(6) Col. i. 20.—And, having made peace through the blood of his cross, by him to reconcile all things unto himself; by him, I say, whether they be things on earth or things in heaven.

(7) The life of sin is our death, 1 Tim. v. 6.—But she that liveth in pleasure, is dead while she liveth. The death of Christ our life, 2 Cor. v. 14, 15.—For the love of Christ constraineth us, because we thus judge, that if one died for all, then were all dead: and that he died for all, that they which live, should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto him which died for them, and rose again.

(8) Rom. vii. 25.—See figure 1. Chap. viii. 2.—For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus, hath made me free from the law of sin and death.

(9) John viii. 36.—If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed. Rev. xiv. 13.—And I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them. 2 Cor. v. 4.—For we that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened; not for that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality might be swallowed up of life.

(10) Gen. xxxii. 10.—I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies, and of all

SECTION VI.

The mystery of Free Justification through Christ's Obedience and Satisfaction.

No creature ever could or will
For sin yield satisfaction full;¹
Yet justice from the creature's hand
Both sought and got its full demand.²

Hence though I am, as well I know,
A debtor,³ yet I nothing owe.⁴
My creditor has nought to say,⁵
Yet never had I ought to pay.⁶

He freely pardoned every mite,⁷
Yet would no single farthing quit.⁸
Hence ev'ry bliss that falls to me
I dearly bought, yet wholly free.⁹

the truth, which thou hast shewed unto thy servant; for with my staff I passed over this Jordan, and now I am become two bands. Rev. iii. 4.—Thou hast a few names even in Sardis, which have not defiled their garments; and they shall walk with me in white; for they are worthy.

(1) Psalm xlix. 8.—For the redemption of their soul is precious, and it ceaseth for ever. Isaiah xl. 16.—And Lebanon is not sufficient to burn, nor all the beasts thereof for a burnt-offering.

(2) Psalm xl. 7.—Sacrifice and offering thou didst not desire, mine ear thou hast opened: burnt offering and sin-offering hast thou not required. Heb. x. 5, 6, 7.—Wherefore, when he cometh into the world, he saith, Sacrifice and offering thou wouldst not, but a body hast thou prepared me: in burnt-offerings and sacrifices for sin thou hast had no pleasure: then said I, Lo! I come (in the volume of the book it is written of me) to do thy will, O God. Eph. v. 2.—Christ hath loved us, and hath given himself for us, an offering and a sacrifice to God for a sweet smelling savour.

(3) Matth. vi. 12.—And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.

(4) Rom. iii. 24, 25.—Being justified freely by his grace, through the redemption that is in Jesus Christ; whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation, through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God. Heb. x. 14.—For by one offering he hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified.

(5) Rom. viii. 33, 34.—Who shall lay any thing to the charge of God's elect! It is God that justifieth: who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea, rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us.

(6) Rom. v. 6.—For when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly. Ver. 8.—But God commendeth his love towards us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.

(7) Acts xiii. 38, 39.—Be it known unto you therefore, men and brethren, that through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins; and by him all that believe are justified from all things from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses.

(8) Rom. iii. 24, 25.—See figure 5. Chap. viii. 22.—He spared not his Son, but delivered him up for us all.

(9) 1 Pet. i. 18, 19.—Forasmuch as ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, from your vain conversation received by tradition from your fathers; but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot. Eph. i. 7.—In whom we have redemption through

All pardon that I need I have,
 Yet daily pardon need to crave.¹
 The law's arrest keeps me in awe,²
 But yet 'gainst me there is no law.³

Though truth my just damnation crave,⁴
 Yet truth's engaged my soul to save.⁵
 My whole salvation comes by this,
 Fair truth and mercy's mutual kiss.⁶

Law-breakers ne'er it's curse have miss'd ;
 But I ne'er kept it, yet am bless'd.⁷
 I can't be justified by it,⁸
 And yet I can't but be acquit.⁹

his blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace. 2 Tim. i. 9.—Who hath saved us, and called us with a holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus, before the world began.

(1) Psalm cxiii. 3.—Who forgiveth all thine iniquities : who healeth all thy diseases. And xxv. 11.—For thy name's sake, O Lord, pardon mine iniquity ; for it is very great. Luke xi. 4.—And forgive us our sins : for we also forgive every one that is indebted to us. Dan. ix. 19.—O Lord, hear ; O Lord, forgive ; O Lord, hearken and do ; defer not, for thine own sake, O my God : for thy city and thy people are called by thy name.

(2) Psalm cxix. 120.—My flesh trembleth for fear of thee, and I am afraid of thy judgments. Rom vii. 9.—I was alive without the law once : but when the commandment came, sin revived, and I died. Verse 13.—Was then that which is good made death unto me ? God forbid. But sin, that it might appear sin, working death in me by that which is good ; that sin, by the commandment, might become exceeding sinful.

(3) Gal. v. 23.—The fruit of the Spirit is—meekness, temperance ; against such there is no law. 1 Tim i. 9.—Knowing this, that the law is not made for a righteous man, but for the lawless and disobedient, &c.

(4) Ezek. xviii. 4.—The soul that sinneth, it shall die.

(5) 1 Tim. i. 15.—This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners ; of whom I am chief.

(6) Psalm lxxxv. 10.—Mercy and truth are met together : righteousness and peace have kissed each other.

(7) Gal. iii. 20.—As many as are of the works of the law, are under the curse : for it is written, Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things written in the book of the law to do them. Verse, 13, 14.—Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us ; for it is written, Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree ; that the blessing of Abraham might come on the Gentiles through Jesus Christ ; that we might receive the promise of the Spirit through faith.

(8) Rom. iii. 20.—Therefore by the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in his sight ; for by the law is the knowledge of sin. Gal. ii. 16.—Knowing that a man is not justified by the works of the law, but by the faith of Jesus Christ, even we have believed in Jesus Christ, that we might be justified by the faith of Christ, and not by the works of the law ; for, by the works of the law shall no flesh be justified. Chap. iii. 11.—But that no man is justified by the law in the sight of God it is evident ; for, The just shall live by faith.

(9) Rom. viii. 1.—There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus. Ver. 3, 4 —For what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God did, sending his own Son, in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin condemned sin in the flesh : that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit. 2 Cor. v. 21.—For he hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin ; that we might be made the righteousness of God in him. Rom. iii. 26.—To declare, I say, at this time, his righteousness ; that he might be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus.

I'm not oblig'd to keep it more,¹
 Yet more oblig'd than e'er before.²
 By perfect doing life I find,³
 Yet *do* and *live* no more me bind.⁴

These terms no change can undergo,
 Yet sweetly changed they are;⁵ for lo,
 My *doing* caus'd my *life*,⁶ but now,
 My *life's* the cause that makes me *do*.⁷

Though *works* of *righteousness* I store,⁸
 Yet *righteousness* of *works* abhor;⁹
 For righteousness without a flaw,
 Is *righteousness without the law*.¹⁰

(1) Rom. vi. 14.—Sin shall not have dominion over you : for ye are not under the law, but under grace. Gal. v. 1—4.—Stand fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage. Behold, I Paul, say unto you, that if ye be circumcised, Christ shall profit you nothing. For I testify again to every man that is circumcised, that he is a debtor to do the whole law. Christ is become of no effect unto you, whosoever of you are justified by the law ; ye are fallen from grace.

(2) Rom. vi. 1, 2.—What shall we say then ? Shall we continue in sin, that grace may abound ? God forbid : How shall we that are dead to sin, live any longer therein ? Ver. 15.—What then ? Shall we sin, because we are not under the law, but under grace ? God forbid.

(3) Rom. v. 17, 18, 19.—They which receive abundance of grace, and of the gift of righteousness, shall reign in life by one, Jesus Christ.—By the righteousness of one, the free gift came upon all men unto justification of life.—By the obedience of one shall many be made righteous.

(4) Rom. x. 5—9.—For Moses describeth the righteousness which is of the law, That the man which doth these things, shall live by them. But the righteousness which is of faith speaketh on this wise, Say not in thine heart, Who shall ascend into heaven ; (that is, to bring Christ down from above) : Or, Who shall descend into the deep ? (that is, to bring up Christ again from the dead) : But what saith it ? The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth, and in thy heart ; that is the word of faith which we preach, That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart, that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.

(5) Rom. iii. 31.—Do ye then make void the law through faith ? God forbid : yea, we establish the law.

(6) Rom. x. 5.—See figure 4.

(7) John xiv. 19.—Because I live, ye shall live also. Chap. xv. 5.—I am the vine, ye are the branches : he that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit ; for without me ye can do nothing. Rom. vii. 4.—Wherefore, my brethren, ye also are become dead to the law by the body of Christ ; that ye should be married to another, even to him who is raised from the dead, that we should bring forth fruit unto God. Ezek. xxxvi. 27.—And I will put my spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes ; and ye shall keep my judgments, and do them.

(8) Phil. i. 11.—Being filled with the fruits of righteousness, which are by Jesus Christ unto the glory and praise of God.

(9) Phil. iii. 9.—And be found in him, not having mine own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith. Isaiah lxiv. 6.—All our righteousness are as filthy rags. Rom. iv. 6.—Even as David also describeth the blessedness of the man unto whom God imputeth righteousness without works.

(10) Rom. ii. 20.—22.—Therefore, by the deeds of the law, there shall no flesh be justified in his sight ; for by the law is the knowledge of sin. But now the righteousness of God without the law is manifested, being witnessed by the law and the prophets ; even the righteousness of God which is by faith of Jesus Christ unto all, and upon all them that believe ; for there is no difference.

In duty's way I'm bound to lie,¹
 Yet out of duties bound to fly :²
 Hence merit I renounce with shame,³
 Yet right to life by merit claim.⁴

Merit of perfect righteousness
 I never had,⁵ yet never miss ;⁶
 On this condition I have all,⁷
 Yet all is unconditional.⁸

Though freest mercy I implore,⁹
 Yet I am safe on justice' score,¹⁰
 Which never could the guilty free,¹¹
 Yet fully clears most guilty me.¹²

(1) Prov. viii. 34.—Blessed is the man that heareth me, watching daily at my gates, waiting at the posts of my doors.

(2) Isaiah lvii. 12.—I will declare my righteousness, and thy works, for they shall not profit thee. Luke xvii. 10.—When ye shall have done all those things which are commanded you, say, We are unprofitable servants : we have done that which was our duty to do.

(3) Psalm xvi. 2.—O my soul, thou hast said unto the Lord, Thou art my Lord : my goodness extendeth not to thee. Ezek. xxvi. 32.—Not for your sakes do I this, saith the Lord God, be it known unto you ; be ashamed and confounded for your own ways, O house of Israel.

(4) Rom. v. 18, 19.—By the righteousness of one, the free gift came upon all men unto justification of life.—By the obedience of one, shall many be made righteous. Isaiah xlv. 24, 25.—Surely, shall one say, In the Lord have I righteousness and strength ; even to him shall men come, and all that are incensed against him shall be ashamed. In the Lord shall all the seed of Israel be justified, and shall glory.

(5) Rom. iii. 9, 10.—What then ? Are we better than they ? No, in no wise ; for we have before proved both Jews and Gentiles, that they are all under sin : as it is written, There is none righteous, no not one. Verse 19.—Now we know, that what things soever the law saith, it saith to them who are under the law : that every mouth may be stopped, and all the world become guilty before God.

(6) 1 Cor. i. 30.—But of him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us, —righteousness. Isaiah xlv. 24.—See figure 4. Jer. xxiii. 6.—In his days Judah shall be saved, and Israel shall dwell safely ; and this is his name whereby he shall be called, THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS.

(7) Isaiah xlii. 21.—The Lord is well pleased for his righteousness sake : He will magnify the law and make it honourable. Matth. iii. 15.—Thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness. Verse 17.—and lo, a voice from heaven, saying, This is my beloved son in whom I am well pleased.

(8) Isaiah lv. 1.—Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money, come ye, buy, and eat ; yea come, buy wine and milk, without money and without price. Rev. xxii. 17.—Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.

(9) Psalm li. 1.—Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving kindness ; according to the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.

(10) Rom. iii. 24—26.—Being justified freely by his grace, through the redemption that is in Jesus Christ ; whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation, through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God ; to declare, I say at this time his righteousness : that he might be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus. 1 John i. 9.—If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.

(11) Exod. xxxiv. 6, 7.—And the Lord passed by before him, and proclaimed, The Lord, the Lord,—that will by no means clear the guilty.

(12) Rom. iv. 5.—To him that worketh not, but believeth on him that justified the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness.

SECTION VII.

The Mystery of God the Justifier, Rom. iii. 26, justified both in his justifying and condemning; or, Soul-justification and Self-condemnation.

My Jesus needs not save,¹ yet must;²
 He is my hope,³ I am his trust.⁴
 He paid the double debt, well known
 To be all mine, yet all his own.⁵

Hence, though I ne'er had more or less
 Of justice-pleasing righteousness,⁶
 Yet here is one wrought to my hand,
 As full as justice can demand,⁷

By this my Judge is more appeas'd
 Than e'er my sin his honour les'd:⁸

(1) Rom. ix. 5.—Christ is over all, God blessed for ever.

(2) John x. 16.—And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be one fold, and one shepherd. Verse 18.—Noman taketh it (viz. my life) from me; but I lay it down of myself: I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again. This commandment have I received of my Father. Luke ii. 49.—And Jesus said unto them (viz. Joseph and his mother), How is it that ye sought me? wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?

(3) Jer. xiv. 8.—O the hope of Israel, the Saviour thereof in time of trouble, &c. Chap. xvii. 17.—Be not a terror unto me; thou art my hope in the day of evil. 1 Tim. i. 1.—Paul an apostle of Jesus Christ, by the commandment of God our Saviour, and our Lord Jesus Christ, which is our hope.

(4) John xvii. 6.—I have manifested thy name unto the men which thou gavest me out of the world; thine they were, and thou gavest them me. 2 Tim. i. 12.—I know whom I have believed; and I am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day.

(5) Isaiah liii. 4—6.—Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows; yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted. But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him, and with his stripes we are healed. All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way, and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all. Verse 8.—For the transgression of my people was he stricken. Heb. vii. 22.—By so much was Jesus made a surety of a better testament.

(6) Rom. iii. 9, 10, 19.—See figure 5, p. 194.

(7) Dan. ix. 24—Seventy weeks are determined upon thy people, and upon thy holy city, to finish the transgression, and to make an end of sins, and to make reconciliation for iniquity, and to bring in everlasting righteousness, &c. Zech. xiii. 7.—Awake, O Sword, against my Shepherd, and against the man that is my fellow, saith the Lord of hosts: smite the Shepherd, and the sheep shall be scattered; and I will turn mine hand upon the little ones.

(8) Rom. v. 8—11.—But God commended his love towards us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us. Much more then, being now justified by his blood, we shall be saved from wrath through him. For if when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son; much more being reconciled, we shall be saved by his life. And not only so, but we also joy in God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have now received the atonement. Heb. ix. 14.—How much more shall the blood of Christ, who, through the eternal Spirit, offered himself without spot to God, purge your conscience from dead works to serve the living God.

Yea, justice can't be pleas'd so well
By all the torments borne in hell.¹

Full satisfaction here is such,
As hell can never yield so much;²
Though justice therefore might me damn,
Yet by more justice saved I am.³

Here every divine property
Is to the highest set on high;⁴
Hence God his glory would injure,
If my salvation were not sure.⁵

My peace and safety lie in this,
My creditor my surety is.⁶
The judgment-day I dread the less,
The judge is made my righteousness.⁷

(1) Heb. x. 5, 6.—Wherefore when he cometh into the world, he saith, Sacrifice and offering thou wouldst not, but a body hast thou prepared me; in burnt-offerings and sacrifices for sin thou hast had no pleasure. Verse 14.—By one offering he hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified. Verse 29.—Of how much sorer punishment, suppose ye, shall he be thought worthy, who hath trodden under foot the Son of God, and hath counted the blood of the covenant, wherewith he was sanctified, an unholy thing, and hath done despite unto the Spirit of grace.

(2) Rom. v. 11.—See figure 8, p. 195. Eph. v. 2.—Christ hath given himself for us, an offering and a sacrifice to God for a sweet-smelling savour. 1 Peter i. 18, 19.—Forasmuch as ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things as silver and gold, from your vain conversation received by tradition from your fathers; but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a Lamb without blemish and without spot. Gal. iii. 13.—Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us.

(3) 1 Pet. iii. 18.—Christ hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, (that he might bring us to God,) being put to death in the flesh, but quickened by the Spirit. Rom. iii. 26.—To declare, I say, at this time his righteousness; that he might be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus. 1 John ii. 2.—And he is the propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world. Chap. iv. 10.—Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son, to be the propitiation for our sins.

(4) Rom. iii. 25.—Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation, through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God. Psalm lxxxv. 10.—Mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other. 2 Cor. v. 18, 19.—And all things are of God, who hath reconciled us to himself by Jesus Christ, and hath given to us the ministry of reconciliation; to wit, that God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them; and hath committed unto us the word of reconciliation. Verse 21.—For he hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in him. Luke ii. 14.—Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to wards men.

(5) Isaiah xlv. 23.—Sing, O heavens; for the Lord hath done it; shout, ye lower parts of the earth; break forth into singing, ye mountains, O forest and every tree therein; for the Lord hath redeemed Jacob, and glorified himself in Israel. Eph. i. 6.—To the praise of the glory of his grace, wherein he hath made us accepted in the Beloved. Verse 12.—That we should be to the praise of his glory, who first trusted in Christ.

(6) Psalm cxix. 122.—Be surety to thy servant for good; let not the proud oppress me. Heb. vii. 22.—By so much was Jesus made a surety of a better testament.

(7) 1 Cor. i. 30.—But of him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us,

He paid out for a bankrupt crew
The debt that to himself was due ;
And satisfied himself for me,
When he did justice satisfy.¹

He to the law, though Lord of it,
Did most obediently submit.²
What he ne'er broke, and yet must die,
I never kept, yet live must I.³

The law, which him its keeper kill'd,
In me its breaker is fulfill'd ;⁴
Yea, magnify'd and honour'd more
Than sin defac'd it e'er before.⁵

Hence, though the law condemn at large,
It can lay nothing to my charge ;⁶
Nor find such ground to challege me,
As heaven hath found to justify.⁷

righteousness. Chap. xv. 55, 57.—O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin ; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.

(1) Zech. xiii. 7.—See figure 7. p. 195. Rom. ix. 5.—Christ is over all, God blessed for ever. Phil. ii. 6, 8.—Christ Jesus being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God ; but made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men ; and being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.

(2) Ibid. Gal. iv. 4, 5.—But when the fulness of the time was come, God sent forth his Son made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons.

(3) 1 Pet. iii. 18.—See figure 3. p. 196. 2 Cor. v. 21.—See figure 4. p. 196. 1 John iv. 19.—In this was manifested the love of God towards us, because that God sent his only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through him.

(4) Rom. viii. 3, 4.—For what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God sending his own Son, in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin condemned sin in the flesh ; that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit.

(5) Isaiah xlii. 21.—The Lord is well pleased, for his righteousness' sake, he will magnify the law, and make it honourable. Rom. v. 18—21.—Therefore as by the offence of one, judgment came upon all men to condemnation ; even so by the righteousness of one, the free gift came upon all men unto justification of life. For as by one man's disobedience, many were made sinners ; so by the obedience of one, shall many be made righteous. Moreover, the law entered, that the offence might abound ; but where sin abounded, grace did much more abound ; that as sin hath reigned unto death, even so might grace reign through righteousness unto eternal life, by Jesus Christ our Lord.

(6) Rom. viii. 1.—There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus. Verse 3. 4.—See figure 4. Verse 33, 34.—Who shall lay any thing to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth : who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea, rather that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us.

(7) Job xxxiii. 24.—Then he is gracious unto him, and saith, Deliver him from going down to the pit, I have found a ransom. Rom. iii. 25, 26.—Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation, through faith in his blood ; to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God ; to declare, I say, at this time, his righteousness ; that he might be just, and the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus.

But though he freely me remit,
 I never can myself acquit.¹
 My judge condemns me not, I grant ;
 Yet justify myself I can't.²

From him I have a pardon got,
 But yet myself I pardon not.³
 His rich forgiveness still I have,
 Yet never can myself forgive.⁴

The more he's toward me pleas'd,
 The more I'm with myself displeas'd.⁵
 The more I am absolved by him,
 The more I do myself condemn.⁶

While he in heav'n dooms me to dwell,
 Then I adjudge myself to hell ;⁷

(1) 2 Sam. xii. 13.—And David said unto Nathan, I have sinned against the Lord. And Nathan said unto David, The Lord also hath put away thy sin ; thou shalt not die. Psalm li. 2, 3.—Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin. For I acknowledge my transgressions ; and my sin is ever before me.

(2) Rom. viii. 1. 33.—See figure 6, p. 179. Job. ix. 20.—If I justify myself, mine own mouth shall condemn me ; If I say, I am perfect, it shall also prove me perverse.

(3) 2 Cor. vii. 11.—For behold this self-same thing that ye sorrowed after a godly sort, what carefulness it wrought in you ; yea, what clearing of yourselves ; yea, what indignation ; yea, what fear ; yea, what vehement desire ; yea, what zeal ; yea, what revenge ?

(4) Isaiah xxxviii. 15.—What shall I say ? he hath both spoken unto me, and himself hath done it ; I shall go softly all my years in the bitterness of my soul.

(5) Ezek. xvi. 63.—That thou mayst remember and be confounded, and never open thy mouth any more, because of thy shame, when I am pacified toward thee for all that thou hast done, saith the Lord God.

(6) Luke xviii. 13, 14.—And the publican standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, God be merciful to me a sinner. I tell you, this man went down to his house justified rather than the other ; for every one that exalteth himself, shall be abased ; and he that humbleth himself, shall be exalted. Ezek. xxxvi. 31, 32.—Then shall ye remember your own evil ways, and your doings that were not good, and shall loathe yourselves in your own sight, for your iniquities, and for your abominations. Not for your sakes do I this, saith the Lord God, be it known unto you ; be ashamed and confounded for your own ways, O house of Israel. Jer. xxxi. 19.—Surely after that I was turned, I repented ; and after that I was instructed, I smote upon my thigh ; I was ashamed, yea, even confounded, because I did bear the reproach of my youth.

(7) Mat. xxv. 34,—39.—Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you, from the foundation of the world. For I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat ; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink ; I was a stranger and ye took me in ; naked, and ye clothed me ; I was sick, and ye visited me ; I was in prison and ye came unto me. Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungered, and fed thee ? or thirsty, and gave thee drink ? When saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in ? or naked, and clothed thee ? Or, when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee ? 2 Cor. xi. 31.—If we would judge ourselves, we should not be judged. Luké xv. 20, 21.—And he (viz. the prodigal son,) arose, and came to his father. But when he was a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him. And the son said unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son. Gen. xxxii. 9, 10. And Jacob said, O God of my father Abraham, and God of my father Isaac, the Lord which saidst unto me, Return unto thy country, and

Yet still I to his judgment 'gree,
And clear him for absolving me.¹

Thus he clears me, and I him clear ;
I justify my justifier.²
Let him condemn or justify,
From all injustice I am free.³

SECTION VIII.

The Mystery of Sanctification imperfect in this Life ; or, the Believer doing all, and doing nothing.

MINE arms embrace my God,⁴ yet I
Had never arms to reach so high ;⁵

to thy kindred, and I will deal well with thee ; I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies, and of all the truth, which thou hast shewed unto thy servant ; for with my staff I passed over this Jordan, and now I am become two bands.

(1) Psalm li. 4.—Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight ; that thou mightest be justified when thou speakest, and be clear when thou judgest. And xi. 7.—The righteous Lord loveth righteousness ; his countenance doth behold the upright. And cxlv. 16, 17.—Thou openest thine hand, and satisfiest the desire of every living thing. The Lord is righteous in all his ways, and holy in all his works. Rev. xv. 3.—And they sung the song of Moses the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb, saying, Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty : just and true are thy ways, thou king of saints.

(2) Rom. iii. 26.—To declare, I say, at this time his righteousness ; that he might be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus. Isa. lxxv. 21.—There is no God else beside me ; a just God and a Saviour. Ver. 24.—Surely, shall one say, In the Lord have I righteousness and strength. Chap. lxxiii. 1.—Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah ? This that is glorious in his apparel, travelling in the greatness of his strength ? I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save. Zech. ix. 9.—Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion ; shout O daughter of Jerusalem ; behold, thy King cometh unto thee ; he is just, and having salvation, &c.

(3) Job. xxv. 4, 5, 6.—How then can man be justified with God ? or how can he be clean that is born of a woman ? Behold even to the moon, and it shineth not ; yea, the stars are not pure in his sight. How much less man that is a worm ; and the son of man which is a worm. Psalm lxxxix. 14.—Justice and judgment are the habitation of thy throne ; mercy and truth shall go before thy face. And xcvi. 2.—Clouds and darkness, are around about him ; righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne. Rom. iii. 19, 20.—Now we know that what things soever the law saith, it saith to them who are under the law ; that every mouth may be stopped, and all the world may become guilty before God. Therefore, by the deeds of the law, there shall no flesh be justified in his sight ; for by the law is the knowledge of sin. Ver. 23, 24, 25.—For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God ; being freely justified by his grace, through the redemption that is in Jesus Christ ; whom God hath set forth to be the propitiation, through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God. Psalm xxii. 2, 3,—O my God, I cry in the day-time, but thou hearest not ; and in the night season, and am not silent. But thou art holy, O thou that inhabitest the praises of Israel.

(4) Song iii. 4.—It was but a little that I passed from them, but I found him whom my soul loveth ; I held him, and would not let him go, until I had brought him into my mother's house, and into the chamber of her that conceived me.

(5) Psalm lxi. 2.—From the end of the earth will I cry unto thee, when my heart is overwhelmed ; lead me to the rock that is higher than I.

His alone me holds¹ yet lo !
I hold and will not let him go. ²

I do according to his call ;
And yet not I, but he does all :³
But though he works to will and do,⁴
I without force work freely too.⁵

His will and mine agree full well, ⁶
Yet disagree like heaven and hell.⁷
His nature's mine,⁸ and mine is his ; ⁹
Yet so was never that nor this.¹⁰

I know him and his name yet own
He and his name can ne'er be known.¹¹
His gracious coming makes me do :
I know he comes, yet know not how.¹²

(1) Psalm lxi. — My soul followeth hard after thee ; thy right hand upholdeth me. Isa. xli. 10. — Fear thou not, for I am with thee ; be not dismayed, for I am thy God ; I will strengthen thee, yea, I will help thee, yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness.

(2) Gen. xxxii. 26. — And he [the angel] said, Let me go, for the day breaketh ; and he [viz. Jacob] said, I will not let thee go, except thou bless me.

(3) 1 Cor. xv. 10. — But by the grace of God I am what I am ; and his grace which was bestowed on me, was not in vain ; but I laboured more abundantly than they all ; yet not I, but the grace of God which was with me. Ver. 58. — Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord.

(4) Phil. ii. 13. — It is God which worketh in you, both to will and to do, of his good pleasure.

(5) Psalm cx. 3. — Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power. — And cxvi. O Lord, truly I am thy servant, I am thy servant, and the son of thy handmaid ; thou hast loosed my bonds.

(6) Matth. vi. 10. — Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Psalm xl. 8. — I delight to do thy will, O my God ; yea, thy law is within my heart.

(7) Mat. xxii. 28, 29. — A certain man had two sons, and he came to the first, and said, Son, go work to-day in my vineyard ; He answered and said, I will not, &c. John v. 40. — Ye will not come to me, that ye might have life. Mat. xxiii. 37. — O Jerusalem, Jerusalem ! thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not !

(8) 2 Pet. i. 4. — Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises ; that by these you might be partakers of the divine nature.

(9) Heb. ii. 14. — Forasmuch then as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, he also himself likewise took part of the same. Verse 16. — For verily he took not on him the nature of angels ; but he took on him the seed of Abraham.

(10) Isa. x. 17, 18. — All nations before him are as nothing, and they are counted to him less than nothing, and vanity. To whom will ye liken God ? or what likeness will ye compare unto him.

(11) Psalm ix. 10. — They that know thy name will put their trust in thee. Prov. xxx. 3, 4. — I [viz. Agur] neither learned wisdom, nor have the knowledge of the holy. Who hath ascended up into heaven, or descended ? Who hath gathered the wind in his fists ? Who hath bound the waters in a garment ? Who hath established all the ends of the earth ? What is his name, and what is his son's name, if thou canst tell ?

(12) Song iv. 16. — Awake, O north wind, and come, thou south, blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out ; let my Beloved come into his garden, and eat his pleasant fruits. John iii. 8 — The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth ; so is every one that is born of the Spirit.

I have no good but what he gave,¹
 Yet he commands the good I have.²
 And though my good to him ascends,³
 My goodness to him ne'er extends.⁴

I take hold of his cov'nant free;⁵
 But find it must take hold of me.⁶
 I'm bound to keep it,⁷ yet 'tis bail,
 And bound to keep me without fail.⁸

The bond on my part cannot last,⁹
 Yet on both sides stands firm and fast.¹⁰

(1) 1 Chron. xxix. 14.—And David said, But who am I, and what is my people, that we should be able to offer so willingly after this sort? For all things come of thee, and of thine own have we given thee. 2 Cor. iii. 5.—Not that we are sufficient of ourselves to think anything as of ourselves; but our sufficiency is of God.

(2) 2 Cor. x. 18.—For not he that commendeth himself is approved, but whom the Lord commendeth. Rom. xii. 1, 2.—I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service. And be not conformed to this world; but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God.

(3) Psalm xxv. 1.—Unto thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul. And cxli. 2.—Let my prayer be sent before thee as incense; and the lifting up of my hands as the evening sacrifice. Eph. iii. 12.—In whom, viz. Jesus Christ, we have boldness and access with confidence by the faith of him. Heb. x. 19.—Having therefore, brethren, boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, &c.

(4) Psalm xvi. 2.—O my soul, thou hast said unto the Lord, thou art my Lord; my goodness extendeth not to thee.

(5) Isa. lvi. 4.—Thus saith the Lord unto the eunuchs that take hold of my covenant, &c. Ver. 6.—Also the sons of the stranger, that join themselves to the Lord to serve him, and to love the name of the Lord, to be his servants, every one that taketh hold of my covenant, &c.

(6) Zech. i. 6.—But my words and my statutes, which I commanded my servants, the prophets, did they not take hold of your fathers? And they returned and said, Like as the Lord of hosts thought to do unto us, according to our ways, and according to our doings, so hath he dealt with us. Psalm cx. 2, 3.—The Lord shall send the rod of thy strength out of Zion: rule thou in the midst of thine enemies. Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power, &c. Rom. i. 16.—I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ; for it is the power of God unto salvation, to every one that believeth, to the Jew first, and also to the Greek. 2 Cor. ii. 16.—to the other we are the savour of life unto life: and who is sufficient for these things?

(7) Psalm ciii. 17, 11.—The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting, upon them that fear him: and his righteousness unto children's children: to such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them. John xvii. 6.—I have manifested thy name unto the men which thou gavest me out, of the world: thine they were, and thou gavest them me; and they have kept thy word.

(8) Psalm lxxxix. 33—36.—Nevertheless, my loving-kindness will I not utterly take from him, nor suffer my faithfulness to fail. My covenant will I not break, nor alter the thing that has gone out of my lips. Once have I sworn by my holiness, that I will not lie unto David. His seed shall endure for ever, and his throne as the sun before me.

(9) Psalm lxxxix. 30, 31, 32.—If his children forsake my law, and walk not in my judgments; if they break my statutes, and keep not my commandments; then will I visit their transgression with the rod, and their iniquity with stripes.

(10) Psalm lxxxix. 2, 3, 4.—For I have said, Mercy shall be built up for ever; thy faithfulness shalt thou establish in the very heavens. I have made a covenant with my chosen; I have sworn unto David, my servant. Thy seed will I establish for ever—

I break my bands at every shock,
Yet never is the bargain broke.¹

Daily, alas ! I disobey,²
Yet yield obedience ev'ry day.³
I'm an imperfect, perfect man,⁴
That can do all, yet nothing can.⁵

I'm from beneath,⁶ and from above,⁷
A child of wrath,⁸ a child of love.⁹
A stranger e'en where all me know ;
A pilgrim, yet I no-where go.¹⁰

I trade abroad, yet stay at home :¹¹
My tabernacle is my tomb.¹²
I can be prisoned, yet abroad ;
Bound hand and foot, yet walk with God.¹³

and build up thy throne to all generations. Ver. 28, 29.—My mercy will I keep for him for evermore, and my covenant shall stand fast with him. His seed also will I make to endure for ever, and his throne as the days of heaven. Jer. xxxii. 10.—And I will make an everlasting covenant with them, that I will not turn away from them to do them good ; but I will put my fear into their hearts, that they shall not depart from me.

(1) Psalm lxxviii. 37.—Their heart was not right with him, neither were they stedfast in his covenant. Isa. liv. 10.—The mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed ; but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord, that hath mercy on thee.

(2) James iii. 2.—In many things we offend all.

(3) Psalm lxi. 8.—So will I sing praises unto thy name for ever, that I may daily perform my vows. Heb. iii. 13.—But exhort one another daily while it is called To-day ; lest any of you be hardened through the deceitfulness of sin.

(4) Psalm xxxvii. 37.—Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright ; for the end of that man is peace. Rev. iii. 2.—Be watchful, and strengthen the things which remain, that are ready to die : for I have not found thy works perfect before God.

(5) Phil. iv. 13.—I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me. John xv. 5.—I am the vine, ye are the branches : he that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit ; for without me ye can do nothing.

(6) John viii. 23.—And Jesus said unto the Jews, Ye are from beneath :—ye are of this world, &c.

(7) Gal. iv. 26.—Jerusalem which is above, is free, which is the mother of us all. Ver. 28.—Now we, brethren, as Isaac was, are the children of promise. John i. 13.—Which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God. And iii. 5, 6.—Jesus answered, Verily, verily, I say unto thee (viz. Nicodemus) Except a man be born of water, and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God. That which is born of the Spirit, is spirit.

(8) Eph. ii. 3.—We were by nature the children of wrath, even as others.

(9) Rom. ix. 8.—The children of the promise are counted for the seed.

(10) Heb. xi. 11.—These all confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth. 1 Pet. ii. 21.—Dearly beloved, I beseech you as strangers and pilgrims, &c.

(11) Phil. iii. 20.—For our conversation is in heaven, from whence also we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ.

(12) 2 Cor. v. 1, 2.—For we know, that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. For in this we groan earnestly, desiring to be clothed upon with our house which is from heaven. Ver. 4.—For we in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened ; not for that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality might be swallowed up of life.

(13) Acts xvi. 24, 25.—The jailor having received such a charge, thrust them into

SECTION IX.

The Mystery of various names given to the Saints and the Church of Christ; or, the Flesh and Spirit described from inanimate things, Vegetables and Sensitives.

To tell the world my proper name,
Is both my glory and my shame;¹
For like my black and comely face,
My name is sin, my name is grace.²

Most fitly I'm assimilate
To various things inanimate,
A standing lake,³ a running flood,⁴
A fixed star,⁵ a passing cloud.⁶

A cake unturned, nor cold, nor hot;⁷
A vessel sound,⁸ a broken pot;⁹

the inner prison, and made their feet fast in the stocks. And at midnight Paul and Silas prayed, and sang praises unto God. 2 Tim. ii. 9.—Wherein I suffer trouble as an evil doer, even unto bonds; but the word of God is not bound. 2 Cor. vi. 4, 5.—But in all things approving ourselves as the ministers of God, in much patience, in afflictions, in necessities, in distresses, in stripes, in imprisonments, in tumults, in labours, in watchings, in fastings.

(1) Hosea i. 9.—Then said God, Call his name Lo-ammi; for ye are not my people, and I will not be your God. Chap. ii. 1.—Say ye unto your brethren, Ammi, and to your sisters, Ruhamah. Verse 23.—And I will have mercy upon her, that had not obtained mercy; and I will say to them which were not my people, Thou art my people; and they shall say, Thou art my God.

(2) Song i. 5.—I am black, but comely, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, as the tents of Kedar, as the curtains of Solomon. 1 Tim. i. 14.—This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief. Isa. lxii. 2, 3.—And the Gentiles shall see thy righteousness, and all kings thy glory; and thou shalt be called by a new name, which the mouth of the Lord shall name. Thou shalt also be a crown of glory in the hand of the Lord, and a royal diadem in the hand of thy God.

(3) Jer. xlviii. 11.—Moab hath been at ease from his youth, and he hath settled on his lees, and hath not been emptied from vessel to vessel, neither hath he gone into captivity; therefore his taste remained in him, and his scent is not changed.

(4) Isa. xlix. 3.—I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground; I will pour my Spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thine offspring.

(5) Dan. xii. 3.—And they that be wise, shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever; And in opposition to those called wandering stars, Jude 13.

(6) Hosea vi. 4.—O Ephraim, what shall I do unto thee? O Judah, what shall I do unto thee? for your goodness is as a morning cloud, and as the early dew, it goeth away.

(7) Hosea viii. 8.—Ephraim, he hath mixed himself among the people; Ephraim is a cake not turned. Rev. iii. 15.—I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot; I would thou wert cold or hot.

(8) Rom. ix. 21.—Hath not the potter power over the clay, of the same lump to make one vessel unto honour, and another unto dishonour.

(9) Psalm xxxi. 12.—I am forgotten as a dead man out of mind: I am like a broken vessel.

A rising sun,¹ a drooping wing :²
A flinty rock,³ a flowing spring.³

A rotten beam,⁵ a virid stem ;⁶
A menstr'ous cloth,⁷ a royal gem :⁸
A garden barr'd,⁹ an open field :¹⁰
A gliding stream,¹¹ a fountain seal'd.¹²

Of various *vegetables* see
A fair and lively map in me.
A fragrant rose,¹³ a noisome weed ;¹⁴
A rotting,¹⁵ yet immortal seed.¹⁶

(1) Matth. xiii. 43.—Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their father.

(2) Psalm lv. 6.—And I said, O that I had wings like a dove ! for then would I fly away, and be at rest.

(3) Zech. vii. 12.—They made their hearts as an adamant stone, lest they should hear the law, and the words which the Lord of hosts hath sent in his Spirit by the former prophets.

(4) John iv. 13, 14.—Jesus answered and said unto her, Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst : but the water that I shall give him, shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life.

(5) Isa. xvii. 9, 10.—In that day shall his strong cities be as a forsaken bough, and an uppermost branch, which they left, because of the children of Israel : and there shall be desolation. Because thou hast forgotten the God of thy salvation and hast not been mindful of the rock of thy strength ; therefore shalt thou plant pleasant plants, and shalt set it with strange slips. Chap. xxvii. 11.—When the boughs thereof are withered, they shall be broken off ; the women come and set them on fire ; for it is a people of no understanding : therefore he that made them, will not have mercy on them ; and he that formed them, will show them no favour.

(6) Prov. xi. 28.—The righteous shall flourish as a branch. Psalm xcii. 12, 13.—The righteous shall flourish like the palm-tree ; he shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon. Those that be planted in the house of the Lord, shall flourish in the courts of our God.

(7) Isa. xxx. 22.—Ye shall defile also the covering of thy graven images of silver, and the ornament of thy molten images of gold ; thou shalt cast them away as a menstruous cloth ; thou shalt say to it, Get thee hence. Chap. lxiv. 6.—But we are all as an unclean thing, and all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags.

(8) Isa. lxii. 3.—Thou shalt also be a crown of glory in the hand of the Lord, and a royal diadem in the hand of thy God.

(9) Song iv. 12.—A garden inclosed is my sister, my spouse.

(10) Matth. xiii. 14, 15.—Another parable Jesus put forth unto them, saying, The kingdom of heaven is likened unto a man which sowed good seed in his field : but while men slept, his enemy came, and sowed tares among the wheat, and went his way.

(11) Song iv. 13.—(My sister is) a fountain of gardens, a well of living waters, and streams from Lebanon.

(12) Song iv. 12.—A spring shut up, a fountain sealed, is my sister, my spouse.

(13) Isa. xxxv. 1.—The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them ; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose.

(14) Isa. v. 5.—What could have been done more to my vineyard, that I have not done in it ? Wherefore when I looked that it should bring forth grapes, brought it forth wild grapes ?

(15) Gen. iii. 19.—In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat thy bread, till thou return unto the ground ; for out of it thou wast taken ; for dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return.

(16) 1 Pet. i. 23.—Being born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the word of God which liveth and abideth for ever.

I'm with'ring grass,¹ and growing corn;²
 A pleasant plant,³ an irksome thorn;⁴
 An empty vine,⁵ a fruitful tree;⁶
 An humble shrub,⁷ a cedar high.⁸

A noxious brier,⁹ a harmless pine;¹⁰
 A sapless twig,¹¹ a bleeding vine;¹²
 A stable fir,¹³ a pliant bush;¹⁴
 A noble oak,¹⁵ a naughty rush.¹⁶

With sensitives I may compare,
 While I their various natures share :

(1) Isa. xl. 7.—The grass withereth, the flower fadeth ; because the Spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it ; surely the people is grass.

(2) Hosea xiv. 7.—They that dwell under his shadow shall return, they shall revive as the corn, and grow as the vine ; the scent thereof shall be as the wine of Lebanon.

(3) Isa. v. 7.—The vineyard of the Lord of hosts is the house of Israel, and the men of Judah is his pleasant plant.

(4) Micah vii. 4.—The best of them is a brier ; the most upright is sharper than a thorn-hedge.

(5) Hosea x. 1.—Israel is an empty vine, he bringeth forth fruit unto himself.

(6) Psalm i. 3.—And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth fruit in his season ; his leaf also shall not wither, and whatsoever he doth shall prosper.

(7) Ezek. xvii. 5, 6.—He (viz. a great eagle) took also the seed of the land, and planted it in a fruitful field, he placed it by great waters, and set it as a willow-tree. And it grew, and became a spreading vine of low stature, whose branches turned toward him, and the roots thereof were under him ; so it became a vine, and brought forth branches, and shot forth sprigs. Ver. 24.—And all the trees of the field shall know that I the Lord have brought down the high tree, have exalted the low tree, have dried up the green tree, and have made the dry tree to flourish : I the Lord have spoken and have done it. Mark iv. 30, 31.—And Jesus said, Whereunto shall we liken the kingdom of God ? or with what comparison shall we compare it ? It is like a grain of mustard seed, which when it is sown in the earth, is less than all the seeds that be in the earth.

(8) Psalm xcii. 12.—The righteous shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon.

(9) Micah vi. 4.—The best of them is a brier : the most upright is sharper than a thorn hedge.

(10) Isa. xlii. 19.—I will set in the desert, the fir-tree, and the pine, and the box-tree together.

(11) John xv. 4.—Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself except it abide in the vine ; no more can ye, except ye abide in me. Ver 6.—If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered.

(12) John xv. 5.—I am the vine, ye are the branches ; he that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit ; for without me ye can do nothing. Song ii. 13.—The fig-tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape gave a good smell. Ver. 15.—Take us the foxes, the little foxes that spoil the vines ; for our vines have tender grapes.

(13) Isa. lv. 13.—Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree ; and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle-tree ; and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off. And lx. 13.—The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir-tree, the pine-tree, and the box together, to beautify the place of my sanctuary ; and I will make the place of my feet glorious.

(14) Matth. xii. 7.—And as they departed, Jesus began to say unto the multitudes concerning John, What went ye into the wilderness to see ? A reed shaken with the wind ?

(15) Isa. vi. 13.—But yet in it shall be a tenth, and it shall return, and it shall be eaten : as a teil-tree, and as an oak whose substance is in them, when they cast their leaves : so the holy seed shall be the substance thereof.

(16) Isa. lviii. 5.—Is it such a fast that I have chosen ? a day for a man to afflict

Their distinct names may justly suit
A strange, a reasonable brute.¹

The sacred page my state describes
From volatile and reptile tribes;
From ugly vipers,² beauteous birds;³
From soaring hosts,⁴ and swinish herds.⁵

I'm rank'd with beasts of different kinds,
With spiteful tygers,⁶ loving hynds;⁷
And creatures of distinguish'd forms,
With mounting eagles,⁸ creeping worms.⁹

A mixture of each sort I am;
A hurtful snake,¹⁰ a harmless lamb;¹¹
A tardy ass,¹² a speedy roe;¹³
A lion bold,¹⁴ a tim'rous doe.¹⁵

A slothful owl,¹⁶ a busy ant;¹⁷

his soul? is it to bow down his head as a bulrush, and to spread sackcloth and ashes under him? Wilt thou call this a fast and an acceptable day to the Lord?

(1) Psalm lxxii. 22.—So foolish was I (viz. Asaph), and ignorant; I was as a beast before thee. Prov. xxx. 2.—Surely I (viz. Agur) am more brutish than any man, and have not the understanding of a man.

(2) Mat. iii. 7.—But when John saw many of the Pharisees and Sadducees come to his baptism, he said unto them, O generation of vipers, &c.

(3) Song ii. 12.—The time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.

(4) Isa. lx. 8.—Who are these that fly as a cloud, and as the doves to their windows.

(5) Mat. vii. 6.—Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, neither cast ye your pearls before swine, lest they trample them under their feet, and turn again and rend you. 2 Pet. ii. 22.—But it is happened unto them according to the true proverb. The dog is turned to his own vomit again; and, The sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire.

(6) Psalm xxii. 16.—For dogs have compassed me, the assembly of the wicked have enclosed me; they pierced my hands and my feet. Phil. iii. 3.—Beware of dogs, beware of evil-workers, beware of the concision.

(7) Psalm xviii. 33.—God maketh my feet like hind's feet, and setteth me upon my high places. Prov. 19.—Let her (viz. the wife of thy youth) be as the loving hind, and pleasant roe, let her breasts satisfy thee at all times, and be thou ravished always with her love.

(8) Isa. xl. 31.—They shall mount up with wings as eagles.

(9) Psalm xxii. 6.—But I am a worm, and no man. Isa. xli. 14.—Fear not, thou worm Jacob, and ye men of Israel, &c.

(10) Psalm lvi. 4.—Their poison is like the poison of a serpent; they are like the deaf adder, that stoppeth the ear.

(11) John xxi. 15.—So when they had dined, Jesus saith to Simon Peter, Simon son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these? He saith unto him, Yea, Lord; thou knowest that I love thee. He saith unto him, Feed my lambs.

(12) Job. xi. 12.—Vain man would be wise, though man be born like a wild ass's colt.

(13) Prov. vi. 5.—Deliver thyself (my son) as a roe from the hand of the hunter.

(14) Prov. xxviii. 1.—The righteous are bold as a lion.

(15) Isa. ii. 19.—And they shall go into the holes of the rocks, and to the caves of the earth, for fear of the Lord, and for the glory of his majesty, when he ariseth to shake terribly the earth.

(16) Psalm cii. 6.—I am like an owl of the desert.

(17) Prov. vi. 6.—Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise, &c.

A dove to mourn,¹ a lark to chant;²
 And with less equals to compare,
 An ugly toad,³ an angel fair.⁴

SECTION X.

The Mystery of the Saints' Old and New Man further described; and the Means of their spiritual Life.

TEMPTATIONS breed me much annoy,⁵
 Yet divers such I count all joy.⁶
 On earth I see confusions reel,⁷
 Yet wisdom ord'ring all things well.⁸

I sleep, yet have a waking ear;⁹
 I'm blind and deaf, yet see and hear;¹⁰
 Dumb, yet cry, ABBA, Father, plain;¹¹
 Born only once, yet born again.¹²

(1) Isa. xxxviii. 14.—Like a crane or a swallow so did I chatter; I did mourn as a dove: mine eyes fail with looking upward: O Lord, I am oppressed, undertake from me. Ezek. vii. 16.—But they that escape of them (viz. Israel) shall escape, and shall be on the mountains like doves of the valleys, all of them mourning, every one for his iniquity.

(2) Song ii. 12.—The time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.

(3) Rom. iii. 13.—The poison of asps is under their lips. Job xl. 4.—Behold, I am vile, what shall I answer thee? I will lay mine hand upon my mouth.

(4) Acts vi. 15.—And all that sat in the council, looking stedfastly on him (viz. Stephen) saw his face as if it had been the face of an angel. 3 Cor. iii. 18. But we all with open face, beholding as in a glass, the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the spirit of the Lord.

(5) Heb. xii. 11.—Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous, &c. 1. Pet. i. 6.—Wherein we greatly rejoice, though now for a season (if need be) ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations.

(6) James i. 2.—My brethren, count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations.

(7) Psalm lxxxii. 5.—They know not, neither will they understand; they walk on in darkness; all the foundations of the earth are out of course.

(8) Psalm xxix. 10.—The Lord sitteth upon the flood: yea, the Lord sitteth King for ever. And lxxxix. 9.—Thou rulest the raging of the sea: when the waves thereof arise, thou stillest them. Rom. viii. 28.—And we know that all things work together for good, to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose.

(9) Song v. 2.—I sleep, but my heart waketh: it is the voice of my beloved that knocketh, saying, Open to me, my sister, my love, my dove, my undefiled; for my head is filled with dew, and my locks with the drops of the night.

(10) Isa. xlii. 18, 19.—Hear, ye deaf, and look, ye blind, that ye may see. Who is blind, but my servant? or deaf as my messenger that I sent? who is blind as he that is perfect, and blind as the Lord's servant? And xxxv. 5.—Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped.

(11) Isa. xxxv. 6.—Then shall the tongue of the dumb sing: for in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert. Rom. viii. 15.—For ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear; but ye have received the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father.

(12) John iii. 3—6.—Jesus answered and said unto him (viz. Nicodemus), Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God. Nicodemus saith unto him, How can a man be born again, when he is old? can he enter the second time into his mother's womb, and be born? Jesus answered,

My heart's a mirror dim and bright,¹
 A compound strange of day and night :²
 Of dung and di'monds, dross and gold ;³
 Of summer heat, and winter cold.⁴

Down like a stone I sink and dive,⁵
 Yet daily upward soar and thrive.⁶
 To heav'n I fly, to earth I tend ;⁷
 Still better grow, yet never mend.⁸

My heav'n and glory's sure to me,
 Though thereof seldom sure I be ;⁹

Verily, verily, I say unto the, Except a man be born of water, and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God. That which is born of flesh, is flesh ; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit.

(1) Lam. v. 17.—For this our heart is faint, for these things our eyes are dim. Isa. xxxii. 3.—And the eyes of them that see, shall not be dim, &c.

(2) Zech. xiv. 7.—But it shall be one day, which shall be known to the Lord, not day, nor night ; but it shall come to pass, that at evening-time it shall be light.

(3) Mal. ii. 3.—Behold, I will corrupt your seed, and spread dung upon your faces, even the dung of your solemn feasts, and one shall take you away with it. Phil. iii. 8.—Yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss, for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord : for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung that I may win Christ. Isa. lxii. 3.—Thou shalt also be a crown of glory in the hand of the Lord, and a royal diadem in the hand of thy God. Isa. i. 25.—And I will turn my hand upon thee, and purely purge away thy dross, and take away all thy sin. Job xxiii. 10.—God knoweth the way that I take : when he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold.

(4) Psalm xxxix. 3.—My heart was hot within me ; while I was musing, the fire burned.—Luke xxiv. 32.—And they said one to another, Did not our heart burn within us, while he talked with us by the way, and while he opened to us the scriptures ! Mat. xxiv. 12.—And because iniquity shall abound, the love of many shall wax cold. Rev. ii. 4.—Nevertheless I have somewhat against thee, because thou hast left thy first love.

(5) Psalm xlii. 6, 7.—O my God, my soul is cast down within me ; therefore will I remember thee from the land of Jordan, and of the Hermonites, from the hill, Mizar. Deep calleth unto deep, at the noise of thy waterspouts ; all thy waves and thy billows have gone over me.

(6) Psalm xlii. 8, 9.—Yet the Lord will command his loving-kindness in the day-time, and in the night his song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life. I will say unto God my rock, Why hast thou forgotten me ? why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy ? Verse 11.—Why art thou cast down, O my soul ? and why art thou disquieted within me ? hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God.

(7) Col. iii. 1, 2.—If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth. Psalm xliv. 23.—Our soul is bowed down to the dust ; our belly cleaveth unto the earth.

(8) Hosea xiv. 5.—I will be as the dew unto Israel : he shall grow as the lily, and cast forth his roots as Lebanon. Verse 7.—They that dwell under his shadow shall return ; they shall revive as the corn, and grow as the vine : the scent thereof shall be as the wine of Lebanon. Phil. iii. 12—14.—Not as though I had already attained either were already perfect ; but I follow after, if that I may apprehend that for which also I am apprehended of Christ Jesus—Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended : but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark, for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus Rom. vii. 23, 24.—But I see another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin, which is in my members. O wretched man that I am ! who shall deliver me from the body of this death ?

9) John xiv. 2, 3.—In my father's house are many mansions ; if it were not so,

Yet what makes me the surer is,
God is my glory,¹ I am his.²

My life's expos'd to open view,³
Yet closely hid, and known to few,⁴
Some know my place, and whence I came,
Yet neither whence, nor where I am.⁵

I live in earth, which is not odd :
But lo ! I also live with God :⁶
A Spirit without flesh and blood,
Yet with them both to yield me food.⁷

I live what others live upon,
Yet live I not on bread alone ;
But food adapted to my mind,
Bare words, yet not on empty wind,⁸

I'm no Anthropophagite rude,
Though fed with human flesh and blood :

I would have told you : I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also. 2 Pet. i. 10.—Wherefore the rather, brethren, give diligence to make your calling and election sure. Heb. iv. 1.—Let us therefore fear, lest a promise being left us of entering into his rest, any of you should seem to come short of it.

(1) Psalm iii. 3.—But thou, O Lord, art a shield for me ; my glory, and the lifter up of mine head. Isa. lx. 19.—The sun shall be no more thy light by day, neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto thee ; but the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory.

(2) Isa. xlv. 13.—I will place salvation in Zion for Israel my glory. 2 Cor. viii. 23.—Whether any do enquire of Titus he is my partner, and fellow helper concerning you : or our brethren be enquired of, they are the messengers of the churches, and the glory of Christ.

(3) Psalm xlix. 13.—Thou makest us a reproach to our neighbours, a scorn and derision to them that are round about us.

(4) Col. iii. 3.—Your life is hid with Christ in God.

(5) John iii. 9, 10.—Nicodemus answered and said unto him, How can these things be ; Jesus answered and said unto him, Art thou a master of Israel, and knowest not these things ? Prov. xiv. 10.—The heart knoweth his own bitterness ; and a stranger doth not intermeddle with his joy. 1 John iv. 16.—And we have known and believed the love that God hath to us, God is love ; and he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him.

(6) Gal. ii. 10.—I am crucified with Christ ; nevertheless I live ; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me ; and the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me.

(7) John iv. 24.—God is a Spirit, and they that worship him, must worship him in spirit and in truth. And vi. 53, 54, 55.—Then Jesus said unto them (viz. the Jews) Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you. Whoso eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, hath eternal life, and I will raise him up at the last day. For my flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed.

(8) Mat. iv. 4.—But Jesus answered and said (unto the tempter,) It is written, Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God. Jer. xv. 16.—Thy words were found, and I did eat them ; and thy word was unto me the joy, and rejoicing of mine heart, for I am called by thy name, O Lord God of Hosts.

But live superlatively fine ;
My food's all spirit, all divine.¹

I feast on fulness night and day ;²
Yet pinch'd for want, I pine away.³
My leanness, leanness, ah ! I cry ;⁴
Yet fat and full of sap am I.⁵

As all amphibious creatures do,
I live in land and water too :⁶
To good and evil equal bent,⁷
I'm both a devil,⁸ and a saint.⁹

While some men who on earth are gods,¹⁰
Are with the God of heav'n at odds,¹¹

(1) John vi. 57, 58.—As the living Father hath sent me, and I live by the Father ; so he that eateth me, even he shall live by me. This is that bread which came down from heaven ; not as your fathers did eat manna, and are dead ; he that eateth of this bread, shall live for ever.—Ver. 63.—It is the spirit that quickeneth, the flesh profiteth nothing : the words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life.

(2) Isaiah xxv. 6.—And in this mountain shall the Lord of hosts make unto all people a feast of fat things, a feast of wines on the lees, of fat things full of marrow, of wines on the lees well refined. Psalm i. 2.—But his delight is in the law of the Lord, and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

(3) Isaiah xli. 17.—When the poor and needy seek water, and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I the Lord will hear them, I the God of Israel will not forsake them. Psalm xl. 17.—But I am poor and needy, yet the Lord thinketh upon me ; thou art my help and my deliverer, make no tarrying, O my God.

(4) Isaiah xxv. 16.—From the uttermost parts of the earth have we heard songs, even glory to the righteous.—But I said, My leanness, my leanness, wo unto me : the treacherous dealers have dealt treacherously : yea, the treacherous dealers have dealt very treacherously.

(5) Psalm xcii. 13, 14.—Those that be planted in the house of the Lord, shall flourish in the courts of our God. They shall still bring forth fruit in old age ; they shall be fat and flourishing. And civ. 16.—The trees of the Lord are full of sap, the cedars of Lebanon which he hath planted.

(6) Psalm xcvi. 9.—I will walk before the Lord in the land of the living. And lxix. 1, 2.—Save me, O God, for the waters are come in unto my soul. I sink in deep mire, where there is no standing ; I am come into deep waters, where the floods overflow me. And lxxxviii. 17.—Thy terrors came round about me daily like water, they compassed me about together.

(7) Rom. vii. 21.—I find then a law, that when I would do good, evil is present with me.

(8) John vi. 70.—Jesus answered them, Have I not chosen you twelve, and one of you is a devil ? And viii. 44.—Ye are of your Father the devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do. James iii. 15.—This wisdom descendeth not from above, but is earthly, sensual, devilish.

(9) 2 Cor. vi. 11.—And such were some of you : but ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the spirit of our God.

(10) Psalm lxxxii. 6.—I have said, Ye are gods ; and all of you are children of the Most High.

(11) Psalm lxxxii. 1, 2.—God standeth in the congregation of the mighty ; he judgeth among the gods. How long will ye judge unjustly, and accept the persons of the wicked ? Selah. Verse 5.—They know not, neither will they understand : they walk on in darkness : all the foundations of the earth are out of course.

My heart, where hellish legions are,¹
Is with the hosts of hell at war.²

My will fulfils what's hard to tell,
The counsel both of heav'n³ and hell :⁴
Heav'n, without sin, will'd sin to be ;⁵
Yet will to sin, is sin in me.⁶

To duty seldom I adhere,⁷
Yet to the end I persevere.⁸
I die and rot beneath the clod ;⁹
Yet live and reign as long as God.¹⁰

SECTION XI.

The Mystery of Christ, his Names, Natures, and Offices.

MY Lord appears ! awake my soul !

(1) Matth. xv. 19.—For out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witness, blasphemies. Luke iii. 30.—And Jesus asked, him saying, What is thy name ? And he said, Legion : because many devils were entered into him.

(2) Eph. vi. 12.—For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness, of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.

(3) Rev. xvii. 27.—For God hath put in their hearts to fulfil his will, and to agree, and give their kingdom unto the beast, until the word of God shall be fulfilled.

(4) Eph. ii. 3.—Among whom also we all had our conversation in times past, in the lusts of our flesh, fulfilling the desires of the flesh, and of the mind, and were by nature the children of wrath, even as others.

(5) James i. 13.—Let no man say, when he is tempted, I am tempted of God : for God cannot be tempted with evil, neither tempteth he any man. Acts i. 15, 16.—And in those days Peter stood up in the midst of the disciples, and said, Men and brethren, this scripture must needs have been fulfilled, which the Holy Ghost by the mouth of David, spake before concerning Judas, which was guide to them that took Jesus. And ii. 23.—Jesus of Nazareth, being delivered by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God, ye have taken, and by wicked hands have crucified and slain. And iv. 27, 28.—For, of a truth, against thy holy child Jesus, whom thou hast anointed, both Herod and Pontius Pilate, with the Gentiles, and the people of Israel were gathered together, for to do whatsoever thy hand and thy counsel determined before to be done.

(6) Hosea v. 11.—Ephraim is oppressed, and broken in judgment ; because he willingly walked after the commandment. 2 Cor. viii. 11, 12.—Now therefore perform the doing of it ; that as there was a readiness to will, so there may be a performance also out of that which you have. For if there be first a willing mind, it is accepted, according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not.

(7) Psalm cxix. 176.—I have gone astray like a lost sheep, seek thy servant ; for I do not forget thy commandments.

(8) Heb. x. 39.—But we are not of them that draw back unto perdition : but of them that believe to the saving of the soul.

(9) Psalm xc. 3.—Thou turnest man to destruction ; and sayst, Return ye children of men.

(10) John v. 24.—Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation ; but is passed from death into life. Rev. iii. 21.—To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his throne. And xxii. 5.—And there shall be no night there ; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun ; for the Lord God giveth them light : and they shall reign for ever and ever.

Admire his name *the Wonderful*.¹
 An infinite and finite mind,²
 Eternity and time conjoin'd.³

The everlasting Father styl'd,
 Yet lately born the virgin's child.⁴
 Nor father he, nor mother had,
 Yet full with both relations clad.⁵

His titles differ and accord,
 As *David's son*, and *David's Lord*.⁶
 Through earth and hell how conqu'ring rode,
 The dying man, the rising God ?⁷

My nature is corruption doom'd ;⁸
 Yet, when my nature he assum'd,
 He nor on him (to drink the brook)⁹

(1) Isaiah ix. 6.—For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given, and the government shall be upon his shoulder ; and his name shall be called, Wonderful.

(2) Psalm cxlvii. 5.—Great is our Lord, and of great power ; his understanding is infinite. Luke ii. 52.—And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man.

(3) Gal. iv. 4.—But when the fulness of the time was come, God sent forth his Son, made of a woman, made under the law.

(4) Isa. ix. 6.—For unto us a child is born ;—and his name shall be called—The everlasting Father. Mat. i. 23.—Behold a virgin shall be with child, and shall bring forth a son, and they shall call his name Emmanuel, which being interpreted is, God with us.

(5) Heb. vii. 3.—For this Melchisedec—without father, without mother, without descent, having neither beginning of days nor end of life ; but made like unto the Son of God, abideth a priest continually. Luke ii. 48, 49.—And when they saw him they were amazed : and his mother said unto him, Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us ? Behold, thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing. And he said unto them, How is it that ye sought me ? Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business ?

(6) Matth. xxii. 41—45.—While the Pharisees were gathered together, Jesus asked them, saying, What think ye of Christ ? Whose son is he ? They say unto him The Son of David. He saith unto them, How then doth David, in spirit, call him Lord, saying, The Lord said unto my Lord, sit thou on my right hand until I make thine enemies thy footstool ? If David then call him Lord, how is he his son ? &c.

(7) Mat. xxi. 5.—Tell ye the daughter of Sion, Behold thy King cometh unto thee, meek, and sitting upon an ass, and a colt the foal of an ass. Ver. 8, 9.—And a very great multitude spread their garments in the way ; others cut down branches from the trees, and strawed them in the way. And the multitudes that went before, and that followed, cried, saying, Hosanna to the son of David : Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord, Hosanna in the highest. Ver. 12.—And Jesus went into the temple of God, and cast out all them that sold and bought in the temple, and overthrew the tables of the money-changers, and the seats of them that sold doves. Col. ii. 15.—And having spoiled principalities and powers, he made a shew of them openly, triumphing over them in it (viz. his cross). Rom. iv. 25.—Jesus our Lord was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification. Eph. iv. 8.—Wherefore he (viz. David) saith, When he ascended on high, he led captivity captive, and gave gifts unto men. Rom. i. 4.—Jesus Christ our Lord was declared to be the Son of God with power, according to the spirit of holiness, by the resurrection from the dead.

(8) Eph. iv. 22.—Put off concerning the former conversation, the old man, which is corrupt, according to the deceitful lusts.

(9) Psalm cx. 7.—He shall drink of the brook in the way : therefore shall he lift up the head.

My person nor corruption took.¹

Yet he assum'd my sin and guilt,²
For which the noble blood was spilt.
Great was the guilt o'erflowing flood,
The creature's and Creator's blood!³

The Chief of chiefs amazing came,⁴
To bear the glory and the shame;⁵
Anointed chief with oil of joy,⁶
Crown'd chief with thorns of sharp annoy.⁷

Lo! in his white and ruddy face
Roses and lilies strive for place;⁸
The morning-star, the rising sun
With equal speed and splendour run.⁹

(1) Rom. viii. 3.—God sent his own son, in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin condemned sin in the flesh. John i. 14.—And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us (and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth. Luke i. 35.—And the angel answered and said unto Mary The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the highest shall overshadow thee: therefore also that holy thing which shall be born of thee, shall be called the Son of God. Heb. ii. 16.—For verily he took not on him the nature of angels; but he took on him the seed of Abraham. And vii. 26, 27.—For such an High priest became us, who is holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners, and made higher than the heavens: who needed not daily, as those high priests, to offer up sacrifice, first for his own sins, then for the peoples'; for this he did once, when he offered up himself.

(2) Isa. lii. 5, 6.—All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all. 2 Cor. v. 21.—God hath made Christ to be sin for us, who knew no sin: that we might be made the righteousness of God in him. Matth. xx. 28.—The Son of man came to give his life a ransom for many.

(3) Rom. iii. 25.—Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God. Acts xx. 28.—Feed the church of God, which he hath purchased with his own blood. 1 Pet. i. 18, 19.—Forasmuch as ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, from your vain conversation, received by tradition from your fathers; but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a Lamb without blemish and without spot. 1 John iii. 16.—Hereby perceive we the love of God, because he laid down his life for us.

(4) Rev. i. 4, 5.—Grace be unto you, and peace from Jesus Christ, who is the faithful witness, and the first-begotten of the dead, and the prince of the kings of the earth.

(5) Zech. vi. 12, 13.—Behold, the man whose name is the BRANCH—he shall build the temple of the Lord, and he shall bear the glory. Heb. xii. 2.—Jesus, for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross, despising the shame, &c.

(6) Psalm xlv. 7.—Thou lovest righteousness, and hatest wickedness: therefore God, thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows.

(7) Mat. xxvii. 29.—And when they had plaited a crown of thorns, they put it upon his head, and a reed in his right hand; and they bowed the knee before him, and mocked him, saying, Hail king of the Jews.

(8) Song ii. 1.—I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valleys. Chap. iii. 10.—My beloved is white and ruddy, the chiefest among ten thousand.

(9) Rev. xxii. 6.—I (Jesus) am the root and the offspring of David, and the bright and morning star. Mal. iv. 2.—But unto you that fear my name, shall the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings; and ye shall go forth, and grow up as calves of the stall.

How glorious is the church's Head,
The Son of God, the woman's seed!¹
How searchless is his noble clan,²
The first, the last, the second man!³

With equal brightness in his face,
Shines divine justice, divine grace:⁴
The jarring glories kindly meet,
Stern vengeance, and compassion sweet.⁵

God is a Spirit; seems it odd
To sing aloud the blood of God?⁶
Yea, hence my peace and joy result,
And here my lasting hope is built.⁷

Love through his blood a vent has sought,
Yet divine love was never bought:

(1) Col. i. 18.—And Christ is the head of the body, the church; who is the beginning, the first born from the dead: that in all things he might have the pre-eminence. John iii. 16.—God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him, should not perish, but have everlasting life. Gen. iii. 15.—And I (viz. the Lord God) will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed: it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel.

(2) Isaiah liii. 8.—He was taken from prison and from judgment: and who shall declare his generation? Prov. xxx. 4.—Who hath ascended up into heaven, or descended? who hath gathered the wind in his fists? who hath bound the waters in a garment? who hath established all the ends of the earth? what is his name, and what is his Son's name, if thou canst tell?

(3) Rev. i. 11.—I am Alpha and Omega, the first and the last. 1 Cor. xv. 45.—The last Adam was made a quickening Spirit. Verse 47.—The second man is the Lord from heaven.

(4) 2 Cor. iv. 6.—For God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God, in the face of Jesus Christ. Rom. iii. 24—26.—Being justified freely by his grace, through the redemption that is in Jesus Christ: whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation, through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God; to declare, I say, at this time his righteousness: that he might be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus. Eph. i. 6, 7.—To the praise of the glory of his grace, wherein he hath made us accepted in the Beloved: in whom we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace.

(5) Rom. v. 20, 21.—But where sin abounded, grace did much more abound; that as sin hath reigned unto death, even so might grace reign through righteousness unto eternal life, by Jesus Christ our Lord. Psalm lxxxv. 10.—Mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other.

(6) John iv. 24.—God is a spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth. Acts xx. 28.—Feed the church of God, which he hath purchased with his own blood.

(7) Rom. v. 1.—Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ. Verse 10.—For if when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son; much more being reconciled, we shall be saved by his life. 1 Pet. iii. 15.—Be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you, with meekness and fear. Verse 18.—For Christ hath also once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust (that he might bring us to God) being put to death in the flesh, but quickened by the Spirit.

Mercy could never purchas'd be,
Yet ev'ry mercy purchas'd he.¹

His triple station brought my peace,
The Altar, Priest, and Sacrifice ;²
His triple office ev'ry thing,
My Priest, my Prophet is, and King.³

This King, who only man became,
Is both the Lion and the Lamb :⁴
A King of kings, and kingdoms broad ;⁵
A servant both to man and God.⁶

This Prophet kind himself has set
To be my book and alphabet,
And ev'ry needful letter plain,
*Alpha, Omega, and Amen.*⁷

(1) Rom v. 9.—Much more then being now justified by his blood, we shall be saved from wrath through him. Verse 21.—See figure 5. p. 216. John ii. 16.—God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him, should not perish, but have everlasting life. Rom. ix. 15.—God saith to Moses, I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy ; and I will have compassion on whom I will have compassion. Eph. i. 3.—Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ.

(2) Heb. xiii. 10.—We have an altar whereof they have no right to eat, which serve the tabernacle. And ii. 17.—Wherefore in all things it behoved him to be made like unto his brethren ; that he might be a merciful and faithful High-priest, in things pertaining to God, to make reconciliation for the sins of the people. And ix. 26.—But now once in the end of the world, hath Christ appeared, to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself.

(3) Acts vii. 37.—This is that Moses which said unto the children of Israel, A prophet shall the Lord your God raise up unto you of your brethren, like unto me ; him shall ye hear. Isa. xxxiii. 22.—The Lord is our judge, the Lord is our law-giver, the Lord is our king, he will save us.

(4) 1 Tim. iii. 16.—And without controversy, great is the mystery of godliness ; God was manifested in the flesh, &c. Rev. v. 5, 6.—And one of the elders saith unto me (viz. John) Weep not ; behold, the Lion of the tribe of Judah, the root of David, hath prevailed to open the book, and to loose the seven seals thereof. And I beheld, and lo, in the midst of the throne, and of the four beasts, and in the midst of the elders stood a Lamb as it had been slain, having seven horns, and seven eyes which are the seven spirits of God, sent forth unto all the earth. Verse 12.—Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power, and riches and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing.

(5) Rev. xix. 16.—And he (viz. the Word of God) hath on his vesture and on his thigh a name written, KING OF KINGS, AND LORD OF LORDS. Isaiah xxxvii. 15, 16.—And Hezekiah prayed unto the Lord, saying, O Lord of hosts, God of Israel, that dwellest between the cherubims, thou art the God ; even thou alone of all the kingdoms of the earth, thou hast made heaven and earth. Rev. xi. 15.—And the seventh angel sounded, and there were great voices in heaven, saying, The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of his Christ ; and he shall reign for ever and ever.

(6) Matth. xx. 28.—The son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many. Phil. ii. 7.—Christ Jesus made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men. Isaiah xlii. 1.—Behold my servant, whom I uphold ; mine elect, in whom my soul delighteth. And liii. 11.—By his knowledge shall my righteous servant justify many.

(7) Rev. i. 8—I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, saith the

SECTION XII.

The Mystery of the Believer's mixed State further enlarged; and his getting Good of Evil.

BEHOLD, I'm all defiled with sin,¹
 Yet, lo ! all glorious am within.²
 In *Egypt* and in *Goshen* dwell ;³
 Still moveless, and in motion still.⁴

Unto the name that most I dread,
 I flee with joyful wings and speed.⁵
 My daily hope does most depend
 On him I daily most offend.⁶

All things against me are combin'd,
 Yet working for my good, I find.⁷
 I'm rich in midst of poverties ;⁸
 And happy in my miseries.⁹

Lord, which is, and which was, and which is to come, the Almighty. Verse 11.—I am Alpha and Omega, the first and the last ; and, What thou (John) seest, write in a book, and send it to the seven churches which are in Asia. And xxi. 6.—I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end ; I will give unto him that is athirst, of the fountain of the water of life freely. And xxii. 13.—I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last. And iii. 14.—And unto the angel of the church of the Laodiceans, write, These things saith the Amen, the faithful and true witness, the beginning of the creation of God, &c.

(1) Isaiah lxiv. 6.—But we are all as an unclean thing, and all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags.

(2) Psalm xlv. 15.—The King's daughter is all glorious within ; her clothing is of wrought gold.

(3) Psalm cxx. 5, 6.—Wo is me, that I sojourn in Mesech, that I dwell in the tents of Kedar. My soul hath long dwelt with him that hateth peace. And xvi. 5, 6.—The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance, and of my cup ; thou maintainest my lot. The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places ; yea, I have a goodly heritage.

(4) 1 Cor. xv. 58.—Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye stedfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord.

(5) Psalm cxliii. 2.—O Lord, enter not into judgment with thy servant ; for in thy sight shall no man living be justified. Ver. 9.—Deliver me, O Lord, from mine enemies I flee unto thee to hide me.

(6) Psalm xxv. 11.—For thy name's sake, O Lord, pardon mine iniquity ; for it is great. Jer. xiv. 7.—O Lord, though our iniquities testify against us, do thou it for thy name's sake : for our backslidings are many, we have sinned against thee.

(7) Gen. xlii. 36.—And Jacob their father said unto them, Me have ye bereaved of my children ; Joseph is not, and Simeon is not, and ye will take Benjamin away : all these things are against me. Rom. viii. 28.—And we know that all things work together for good, to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose.

(8) Rev. ii. 8, 9.—And unto the angel of the church in Smyrna, write, these things saith the first and the last, which was dead, and is alive ; I know thy works, and tribulation, and poverty, but thou art rich.

(9) Rom. v. 3—5.—And not only so, but we glory in tribulations also, knowing that tribulation worketh patience ; and patience, experience ; and experience, hope ; and hope maketh not ashamed, because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the holy Ghost which is given unto us. 2 Cor. xii. 10.—Therefore I (Paul) take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses, for Christ's sake : for when I am weak, then am I strong.

Oft my comforter sends me grief ;
 My helper sends me no relief.¹
 Yet herein my advantage lies,
 That help and comfort he denies.²

As seamsters into pieces cut
 The cloth they into form would put ;
 He cuts me down to make me up,
 And empties me to fill my cup.³

I never can myself enjoy,
 Till he my woful self destroy :
 And most of all myself I am,
 When most I do myself disclaim.⁴

I glory in infirmities,⁵
 Yet daily I'm asham'd of these ;⁶
 Yea, all my pride gives up the ghost,
 When once I but begin to boast.⁷

My chemistry is most exact,
 Heav'n out of hell I do extract ;⁸

(1) Lam. i. 16.—For these things I weep ; mine eye, mine eye runneth down with water, because the Comforter that should relieve my soul is far from me. Isa. xlv. 15.—Verily thou art a God that hidest thyself, O God of Israel, the Saviour.

(2) Isa. xxx. 18.—And therefore will the Lord wait, that he may be gracious unto you ; and therefore will he be exalted, that he may have mercy upon you ; for the Lord is a God of judgment ; blessed are all they that wait for him.

(3) Hosea v. 14.—I will go and return to my place, till they acknowledge their offence, and seek my face ! in their affliction they will seek me early. And vi. 1, 2.—Come and let us return unto the Lord ; for he hath torn, and he will heal us ; he hath smitten, and he will bind us up. After two days will he revive us, in the third day he will raise us up, and we shall live in his sight. Psalm cvii. 9.—God satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness. Luke i. 53.—And Mary said, He hath filled the hungry with good things, and the rich he hath sent empty away.

(4) Luke ix. 23, 24.—And Jesus said to them all, If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me. For whosoever will save his life, shall lose it ; but whosoever will lose his life for my sake, the same shall save it. Rom. viii. 13.—If ye live after the flesh, ye shall die ; but if ye through the spirit do mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live. 2 Cor. xii. 10.—See figure 9, p. 216.

(5) 2 Cor. xii. 9.—Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rather rest upon me.

(6) Psal. lxxiii. 15, 16.—If I say, I will speak thus, behold, I should offend against the generation of thy children. When I sought to know this, it was too painful for me, &c. And lxxvii. 8, 9, 10.—Is his mercy clean gone for ever ? Doth his promise fail for evermore ? Hath God forgotten to be gracious ? Hath he in anger shut up his tender mercies ? Selah. And I said, This is my infirmity ; but I will remember the years of the right hand of the Most High.

(7) Isa. xlv. 24, 25.—Surely, shall one say, In the Lord have I righteousness and strength : even to him shall men come, and all that are incensed against him, shall be ashamed. In the Lord shall all the seed of Israel be justified, and shall glory. Psalm xlv. 6.—I will not trust in my bow, neither shall my sword save me. Verse 8.—In God we boast all the day long ; and praise thy name for ever. Selah.

(8) Jonah ii. 1, 2.—Then Jonah prayed unto the Lord his God out of the fish's belly, and said, I cried by reason of mine affliction unto the Lord, and he heard me : out of the belly of hell cried I, and thou heardest my voice. Ver. 4.—Then said I, I

This art to me a tribute brings
Of useful out of hurtful things.¹

I learn to draw well out of woe,
And thus to disappoint the foe :²
The thorns that in my flesh abide,
Do prick the tympany of pride.³

By wounding foils the field I win,
And sin itself destroys my sin :⁴
My lusts break one-another's pate,
And each corruption kills its mate.⁵

am cast out of thy sight : yet I will look again toward thy holy temple. Mat. xv. 26, 27, 28.—But Jesus answered and said unto the woman of Canaan, It is not meet to take the children's bread, and to cast it to dogs. And she said, Truth, Lord ; yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their master's table. Then Jesus answered and said unto her, O woman, great is thy faith ; be it unto thee even as thou wilt. And her daughter was made whole from that very hour. Psalm xlii. 6, 7, 8.—O my God, my soul is cast down within me ; therefore will I remember thee from the land of Jordan, and of the Hermonites, from the hill Mizar. Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy water spouts ; all thy waves and thy billows are gone over me. Yet the Lord will command his loving kindness in the day-time, and in the night his song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life.

(1) Rom. v. 3, 4, 5.—See figure 9, p. 216.

(2) Micah vii. 8.—Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy ; when I fall, I shall arise ; when I sit in darkness, the Lord shall be a light unto me.

(3) 2 Cor. xii. 7.—And lest I should be exalted above measure through the abundance of revelations, there was given to me a thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan to buffet me, lest I should be exalted above measure.

(4) Rom. vii. 35, 37.—Who shall separate us from the love of Christ ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword ? Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors, through him that loved us. Psalm lxxv. 3.—Iniquities prevail against me ; as for our transgressions, thou shalt purge them away. 2 Chron. xxxii. 24, 25, 26.—In those days Hezekiah was sick to the death, and prayed unto the Lord, and he spake unto him, and he gave him a sign. But Hezekiah rendered not again, according to the benefit done unto him : for his heart was lifted up ; therefore there was wrath upon him, and upon Judah and Jerusalem. Notwithstanding, Hezekiah humbled himself for the pride of his heart (both he and the inhabitants of Jerusalem) so that the wrath of the Lord came not upon them in the days of Hezekiah.

(5) Rom. vii. 7, 8, 9.—What shall we say then ? Is the law sin ! God forbid. Nay, I had not known sin, but by the law ; for I had not known lust, except the law had said, Thou shalt not covet. But sin taking occasion by the commandment, wrought in me all manner of concupiscence. For without the law sin was dead. For I was alive without the law once ; but when the commandment came, sin revived, and I died. Verse 11.—For sin taking occasion by the commandment, deceived me, and by it slew me. Ver. 13.—Was then that which is good made death unto me ? God forbid. But sin, that it might appear sin, working death in me by that which is good ; that sin, by the commandment, might become exceeding sinful. Where you see the sight and feeling of sin killed self. John ix. 39, 40, 41.—And Jesus said, For judgment I am come into this world : that they which see not, might see ; and that they which see, may be made blind. And some of the Pharisees which were with him, heard these words, and said unto him, Are we blind also ? Jesus said unto them, If ye were blind, ye should have no sin : but now ye say, We see : therefore your sin remaineth. Psalm lix. 11.—Slay them not, lest my people forget : scatter them by thy power ; and bring them down, O Lord, our shield—Mat. xxvi. 33, 34.—Peter answered and said unto him, Though all men shall be offended because of thee, yet will I never be offended. Jesus saith unto him, Verily I say unto thee, that this night, before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice. Verse 75.—And Peter remembered the words of Jesus, which said unto him, Before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice. And he went out, and wept bitterly.

I *smell* the bait, I *feel* the harm
Of corrupt ways, and take th' alarm.
I *taste* the bitterness of sin
And then to relish grace begin.¹

I *hear* the fools profanely talk,
Thence wisdom learn in word and walk :²
I *see* them through the passage broad,
And learn to take the narrow road.³

SECTION XIII.

The Mystery of the Saint's Adversaries and Adversities.

A LUMP of woe affliction is,
Yet thence I borrow lumps of bliss :⁴
Though few can see a blessing in't,
It is my furnace and my mint.⁵

(1) Rom. vi. 21.—What fruit had ye then in those things, whereof ye are now ashamed? For the end of those things is death. Psalm xix. 11.—Moreover, by them (viz. the judgments of the Lord) is thy servant warned: and in keeping of them there is great reward. And lxxiii. 17, 18, 19.—Until I went into the sanctuary of God; then understood I their end. Surely thou didst set them in slippery places; thou castedst them down into destruction. How are they brought into desolation, as in a moment! they are utterly consumed with terrors. Jer. ii. 19.—Thine own wickedness shall correct thee, and thy backslidings shall reprove thee; know therefore and see, that it is an evil thing and bitter, that thou hast forsaken the Lord thy God, and that my fear is not in thee, saith the Lord God of hosts.

(2) Job xxi. 13, 14, 15.—They spend their days in wealth, and in a moment go down to the grave. Therefore they say unto God, Depart from us; for we desire not the knowledge of thy ways. What is the Almighty, that we should serve him? and what profit shall we have, if we pray unto him? Eph. iv. 20, 21, 22.—But ye have not so learned Christ: if so be that ye have heard him, and have been taught by him as the truth is in Jesus? that ye put off concerning the former conversation, the old man, which is corrupt according to the deceitful lusts. And ver. 6, 7, 8.—Let no man deceive you with vain words; for because of these things cometh the wrath of God upon the children of disobedience. Be ye not therefore partakers with them. For ye were sometimes darkness, but now are ye light in the Lord; walk as children of light. Verse 11.—And have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them.

(3) Matth. vii. 13, 14.—Enter ye in at the strait gate; for wide is the gate, and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat; because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.

(4) Heb. xii. 11.—Now, no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous: nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness. unto them which are exercised thereby. James i. 12.—Blessed is the man that endureth temptation; for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love him.

(5) Isa. xxxi. 9.—And he (viz. the Assyrian) shall pass over to his strong hold, for fear; and his princes shall be afraid of the ensign, saith the Lord, whose fire is in Zion, and his furnace is in Jerusalem.

Its sharpness does my lusts dispatch ;¹
 Its suddenness alarms my watch ;²
 Its bitterness refines my taste,
 And weans me from the creature's breast :³

Its weightiness doth try my back,
 That faith and patience be not slack :⁴
 It is a fanning wind, whereby
 I am unchaff'd of vanity.⁵

A furnace to refine my grace,⁶
 A wing to lift my soul apace :⁷
 Hence still the more I sob distrest,
 The more I sing my endless rest.⁸

Mine enemies that seek my hurt,
 Of all their bad designs come short ;⁹
 They serve me duly to my mind,
 With favours which they ne'er designed.¹⁰

The fury of my foes makes me
 Fast to my peaceful refuge flee ;¹¹
 And ev'ry persecuting elf
 Does make me understand myself.¹²

(1) Psalm xlv. 5.—Thine arrows are sharp in the heart of the king's enemies ; whereby the people fall under thee.

(2) Mark xiii. 35, 36, 37.—Watch ye therefore, (for ye know not when the Master of the house cometh ; at even, or at midnight, or at the cock-crowing, or in the morning,) lest coming suddenly, he find you sleeping. And what I say unto you, I say unto all, Watch.

(3) Jer. ii. 19.—See figure 1, p. 219. And iv. 18.—Thy way and thy doings have procured these things unto thee, this is thy wickedness, because it is bitter, because it reacheth unto thine heart.

(4) James i. 2, 3, 4.—My brethren, count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations ; knowing this, that the trial of your faith worketh patience. But let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing.

(5) Isa. xxvii. 7, 9.—In measure when it shooteth forth, thou wilt debate with it ; he stayeth his rough wind in the day of his east-wind. By this therefore shall the iniquity of Jacob be purged ; and this is all the fruit to take away his sin.

(6) Mal. iii. 3.—And he (viz. the Messenger of the covenant) shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver : and he shall purify the sons of Levi, and purge them as gold and silver, that they may offer unto the Lord an offering in righteousness.

(7) Psalm cxliii. 9.—Deliver me, O Lord, from mine enemies ; I flee unto thee to hide me.

(8) 2 Cor. iv. 16, 17.—For which cause we faint not ; but though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day. For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

(9) Psalm xxxiii. 10.—The Lord bringeth the council of the heathen to nought ; he maketh the devices of the people of none effect.

(10) Gen. l. 20.—And Joseph said unto his brethren.—As for you, ye thought evil against me ; but God meant it unto good, to bring to pass, as it is this day, to save much people alive.

(11) Psalm lv. 23.—But thou, O God, shalt bring them down into the pit of destruction ; bloody and deceitful men shall not live out half their days ; but I will trust in thee.

(12) My sin ; Isa. xlii. 42.—Who gave Jacob for a spoil, and Israel to the robbers ?

Their slanders cannot work my shame,¹
 Their vile reproaches raise my name;²
 In peace with Heav'n my soul can dwell,
 Even when they damn me down to hell.³

Their fury can't the treaty harm,⁴
 Their passion does my pity warm;⁵
 Their madness only calms my blood;⁶
 By doing hurt, they do me good.⁷

Did not the Lord, he against whom we have sinned? For they would not walk in his ways, neither were they obedient unto his law.—My duty; 2 Sam. xvi. 11, 12.—And David said to Abishai, and to all his servants, Behold, my son, which came forth of my bowels, seeketh my life; how much more now may this Benjamite do it? Let him alone, and let him curse; for the Lord hath bidden him. It may be that the Lord will look on mine affliction, and that the Lord will requite me good for his cursing this day. Micah vii. 8, 9.—Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy; when I fall, I shall arise; when I sit in darkness, the Lord shall be a light unto me. I will bear the indignation of the Lord, because I have sinned against him, until he plead my cause, and execute judgment for me; he will bring me forth to the light, and I shall behold his righteousness.—My safety; Psalm ix. 9, 10.—The Lord also will be a refuge for the oppressed, a refuge in times of trouble. And they that know thy name, will put their trust in thee; for thou, Lord, hast not forsaken them that seek thee. Verse 16.—The Lord is known by the judgment which he executeth; the wicked is snared in the work of his own hands. Higgsion, Selah.

(1) Psalm xxxi. 13, 14.—For I have heard the slander of many; fear was on every side, while they took counsel together against me, they devised to take away my life. But I trusted in thee, O Lord: I said, Thou art my God.

(2) 1 Pet. iv. 14.—If ye be reproached for the name of Christ, happy are ye; for the spirit of glory and of God resteth upon you; on their part he is evil spoken of, but on your part he is glorified.

(3) Numb. xxiii. 7, 8.—And Balaam took up his parable, and said, Balak the king of Moab hath brought me from Aram, out of the mountains of the east, saying, Come, curse me Jacob, and come, defy Israel. How shall I curse, whom God hath not cursed? or how shall I defy, whom the Lord hath not defied? Verse 23.—Surely there is no enchantment against Jacob, neither is there any divination against Israel: according to this time it shall be said of Jacob, and of Israel, What hath God wrought!

(4) Prov. xxvi. 2.—As the bird by wandering, as the swallow by flying, so the curse causeless shall not come.

(5) 1 Pet. iii. 8, 9.—Finally, be ye all of one mind, having compassion one of another; love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous; not rendering evil for evil, or railing for railing; but contrariwise, blessing; knowing that ye are thereunto called, that ye should inherit a blessing.

(6) Psalm lxix. 12, 13.—They that sit in the gate speak against me; and I was the song of the drunkards. But as for me my prayer is unto thee, O Lord in an acceptable time: O God, in the multitude of thy mercy hear me, in the truth of thy salvation.

(7) Gen. l. 20.—See figure 10, p. 220. Esther ix. 20—25.—And Mordecai wrote these things, and sent letters unto all the Jews that were in all the provinces of the king Ahasuerus, both nigh and far, to stablish this among them, that they should keep the fourteenth day of the month Adar, and the fifteenth day of the same yearly; as the days wherein the Jews rested from their enemies, and the month which was turned unto them from sorrow to joy, and from mourning into a good day: that they should make them days of feasting and joy, and of sending portions one to another, and gifts to the poor. And the Jews undertook to do as they had begun, and as Mordecai had written unto them. Because Haman, the son of Hammedatha the Agagite, the enemy of all the Jews, had advised against the Jews to destroy them, and had cast Pur (that is, the lot) to consume them, and to destroy them; but when Esther came before the king, he commanded by letters, that his wicked device which he devised against the Jews, should return upon his own head, and that he and his sons should be hanged on the gallows.

They are my sordid slaves I wot ;
 My drudges though they know it not :¹
 They act to me a kindly part,
 With little kindness in their heart.²

They wash my outer-house when foul,
 Yea, wash my inner filth of soul :³
 They help to purge away my blot,
 For Moab is my washing-pot.⁴

(1) Jer. xxv. 8, 9.—Therefore thus saith the Lord of hosts, Because ye have not heard my words, Behold, I will send and take all the families of the north, saith the Lord, and Nebuchadnezzar, the king of Babylon my servant, and will bring them against this land, and against the inhabitants thereof, and against all these nations round about, and will utterly destroy them, and make them an astonishment, and an hissing, and perpetual desolations. Verse 12.—And it shall come to pass, when seventy years are accomplished, that I will punish the king of Babylon, and that nation, saith the Lord, for their iniquity, and the land of the Chaldeans, and will make it perpetual desolations. Isa. x. 5, 6.—O Assyrian, the rod of mine anger, and the staff in their hand is mine indignation. I will send him against an hypocritical nation ; and against the people of my wrath will I give him a charge to take the spoil, and to take the prey, and to tread them down like the mire of the streets. Verse 12.—Wherefore it shall come to pass, that when the Lord hath performed his whole work upon mount Zion, and on Jerusalem, I will punish the fruit of the stout heart of the king of Assyria, and the glory of his high looks. And xlv. 24, 28.—Thus saith the Lord thy Redeemer, and he that formed thee from the womb, I am the Lord—that saith of Cyrus, He is my shepherd, and shall perform all my pleasure, even saying to Jerusalem, Thou shalt be built ; and to the temple, Thy foundations shall be laid. And xlv. 1.—Thus saith the Lord to his anointed, to Cyrus, whose right-hand I have holden, to subdue nations before him ; and I will loose the loins of kings to open before him the two-leaved gates, and the gates shall not be shut. Ver. 4.—For Jacob my servant's sake, and Israel mine elect. I have even called thee by thy name ; I have sir-named thee, though thou hast not known me.

(2) Matth. v. 10—12.—Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness-sake ; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad ; for great is your reward in heaven ; for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you. Luke vi. 22, 23.—Blessed are ye when men shall hate you, and when they shall separate you from their company, and shall reproach you, and cast out your name as evil, for the Son of man's sake. Rejoice ye in that day, and leap for joy ; for behold, your reward is great in heaven ; for in the like manner did their fathers unto the prophets.

(3) Isa. iv. 3—5.—And it shall come to pass, that he that is left in Zion, and he that remaineth in Jerusalem, shall be called holy, even every one that is written among the living in Jerusalem : when the Lord shall have washed away the filth of the daughters of Zion, and shall have purged the blood of Jerusalem from the midst thereof, by the spirit of judgment, and by the spirit of burning. And the Lord will create upon every dwelling place of mount Zion, and upon her assemblies a cloud, and smoke by day, and the shining of a flaming fire by night ; for upon all the glory shall be a defence. And xxvii. 9.—By this therefore shall the iniquity of Jacob be purged, and this is all the fruit to take away his sin ; when he maketh all the stones of the altar as chalk-stones that are beaten in sunder, the groves and images shall not stand up.

(4) Psalm lx. 8.—Moab is my wash-pot, &c.

SECTION XIV.

*The mystery of the Believer's Pardon and Security from revenging Wrath,
notwithstanding his Sin's Desert.*

I, THOUGH from condemnation free,
Find such condemnables in me,
As make more heavy wrath my due
Than falls on all the damned crew.¹

But though my crimes deserve the pit,
I'm no more *liable* to it ;
Remission, seal'd with blood and death.
Secures me from deserved wrath.²

And having now a pardon free,
To hell obnoxious cannot be,
Nor to a threat, except anent [*about.*]
Paternal wrath and chastisement.³

My soul may oft be fill'd indeed
With slavish fear and hellish dread :⁴
This from my unbelief does spring,⁵
My faith speaks out some better thing.

Faith sees no legal guilt again,
Though sin and its desert remain :⁶

(1) Rom. viii. 1.—There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh but after the spirit. And vii. 18.—For I know, that in me (that is in my flesh) dwelleth no good thing ; for to will is present with me, but how to perform that which is good, I find not. 1 Tim. i. 15. 16.—This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners ; of whom I am chief. Howbeit, for this cause I obtained mercy, that in me first Jesus Christ might shew forth all long-suffering, for a pattern to them which should hereafter believe on him to everlasting life.

(2) Gal. iii. 13.—Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us ; for it is written, Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree. Rom. v. 9.—Much more then being now justified by his blood, we shall be saved from wrath through him. Eph. i. 7.—In whom we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace.

(3) 1 Thes. i. 10.—And to wait for his Son from heaven, whom he raised from the dead, even Jesus which delivered us from the wrath to come. Isa. liv. 9, 10.—For this is as the waters of Noah unto me : for as I have sworn that the waters of Noah should no more go over the earth ; so have I sworn that I would not be wroth with thee, nor rebuke thee. For the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed, but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord, that hath mercy on thee. Psalm lxxxix. 30—33.—If his children forsake my law, and walk not in my judgments ; if they break my statutes, and keep not my commandments ; then will I visit their transgressions with the rod, and their iniquity with stripes. Nevertheless, my loving-kindness will I not utterly take from him, nor suffer my faithfulness to fail.

(4) Mat. xiv. 26.—And when the disciples saw Jesus walking on the sea, they were troubled, saying it is a spirit ; and they cried out for fear.

(5) Mark. iv. 40.—And Jesus said unto his disciples, Why are ye so fearful ? How is it that ye have no faith ?

(6) Rom. vii. 6.—But now we are delivered from the law, that being dead where-

Some hidden wonders hence result ;
I'm full of sin, yet free of guilt ;¹

Guilt is the legal bond or knot,
That binds to wrath and vengeance hot ;²
But sin may be where guilt's away,
And guilt where sin could never stay.

Guilt without any sin has been,
As in my Surety may be seen ;
'The elect's guilt upon him came,
Yet still he was the *holy Lamb*.³

Sin without guilt may likewise be,
As may appear in pardon'd me :
For though my sin, alas ! does stay,
Yet pardon takes the guilt away.⁴

Thus freed I am, yet still involv'd ;
A guilty sinner, yet absolv'd :⁵
Though pardon leave no guilt behind,
Yet sin's desert remains I find.⁶

Guilt and demerit differ here,
Though of their names confounded are,

in we were held ; that we should serve in newness of spirit, and not in the oldness of the letter. Chap. viii. 3, 4.—For what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God did, sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin condemned sin in the flesh ; that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh, but after the spirit.

(1) Rom. vii. 14.—For we know that the law is spiritual ; but I am carnal, sold under sin. Chap. viii. 33, 34.—Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect ? It is God that justifieth ; who is he that condemneth ? It is Christ that died, yea, rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us.

(2) Deut. xxvii. 26.—Cursed be he that confirmeth not all the words of this law, to do them : and all the people shall say, Amen. Rom. i. 18.—For the wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness, and unrighteousness of men, who hold the truth in unrighteousness.

(3) Isa. liii. 6.—The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all. Heb. vii. 26.—For such an high-priest became us, who is holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners.

(4) Rom. vii. 24.—O wretched man that I am ! who shall deliver me from the body of this death ? Acts xiii. 38, 39.—Be it known unto you therefore, men and brethren, that through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins ; and by him all that believe, are justified from all things, from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses.

(5) Rom. iii. 19.—Now we know, that what things soever the law saith, it saith to them who are under the law : that every mouth may be stopped, and all the world may become guilty before God. Being justified freely by his grace, through the redemption that is in Jesus Christ.

(6) Rom. iv. 6—8.—Even as David also describeth the blessedness of the man unto whom the Lord imputeth righteousness without works, saying, Blessed are they whose iniquities are forgiven, and whose sins are covered. Blessed is the man to whom the Lord will not impute sin. Psalm li. 3, 4.—For I acknowledge my transgressions ; and my sin is ever before me. Against thee, thee only have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight : that thou mightest be justified when thou speakest, and be clear when thou judgest. And cxiii. 2.—O Lord, enter not into judgment with thy servant ; for in thy sight shall no man living be justified.

I'm guilty in *myself* always,
Since sin's demerit ever stays.¹

Yet in *my Head* I'm always free
From proper guilt affecting me ;
Because my Surety's blood cancell'd
The bond of curses once me held.²

The guilt that pardon did divorce,
From legal threat'nings drew its force ;³
But sin's desert that lodges still,
Is drawn from sin's intrinsic ill.⁴

Were guilt nought else but sin's desert,
Of pardon I'd renounce my part ;
For, were I now in heaven to dwell,
I'd own my sins deserved hell.⁵

This does my highest wonder move
At matchless justifying love,
That thus secures from endless death
A wretch deserving double wrath.⁶

(1) Rom. vii. 13, 14.—Was then that which is good, made death unto me ? God forbid. But sin, that it might appear sin, working death in me by that which is good ; that sin by the commandment might become exceeding sinful. For we know that the law is spiritual ; but I am carnal, sold under sin. Eph. v. 6.—Let no man deceive you with vain words ; for because of these things cometh the wrath of God upon the children of disobedience.

(2) Rom. v. 1.—Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ. Verse 9.—Much more then, being now justified by his blood, we shall be saved from wrath through him. Ver. 11.—And not only so, but we also joy in God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have now received the atonement.

(3) Gal. iii. 10.—For as many as are of the works of the law, are under the curse ; for it is written, Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them. Verse 13.—Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us ; for it is written, Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree.

(4) Psalm li. 4.—See figure 6, p. 224.—Luke xv. 18.—I will arise, and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee.

(5) Luke xv. 19.—And am no more worthy to be called thy son. Rev. v. 4.—And I (John) wept much because no man was found worthy to open, and to read the book, neither to look thereon. Verse 9.—And they sung a new song, saying, Thou art worthy to take the book, and to open the seals thereof ; for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation. Verse 11—13.—And I beheld, and I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne, and the beasts, and the elders ; and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands ; saying with a loud voice, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing. And every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying, Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever.

(6) Rom. vii. 23, 24.—O wretched man that I am ! who shall deliver me from the body of this death ? I thank God, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Chap. viii. 1.—There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit. 1 Tim. i. 13.—Who was before a blasphemer, and a persecutor, and injurious ; but I obtained mercy, because I did it

Though well my black desert I know,
Yet I'm not liable to woe;
While full and complete righteousness
Imputed for my freedom is.¹

Hence my security from wrath,
As firmly stands on Jesus' death,²
As does my title unto heav'n
Upon his great obedience giv'n.³

The sentence Heav'n did full pronounce,
Has pardon'd all my sins at once;
And ev'n from future crimes acquit,
Before I could the facts commit.⁴

I'm always in a pardon'd state
Before and after sin;⁵ but yet,

ignorantly, in unbelief. Verse 15—17.—This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief. Howbeit, for this cause I obtained mercy, that in me first Jesus Christ might shew forth all long suffering, for a pattern to them which should hereafter believe on him to life everlasting.—Now unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, be honour and glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

(1) 1 Cor. i. 30.—But of him are ye in Christ Jesus, who, of God, is made unto us —righteousness—and redemption. 2 Cor. v. 21.—God hath made Christ to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in him. Rom. iv. 11.—And he (viz. Abraham) received the sign of circumcision, a seal of the righteousness of the faith which he had, yet being uncircumcised; that he might be the Father of all them that believe, though they be not circumcised; that righteousness may be imputed unto them also. Verse 22—25.—And therefore it was imputed to him for righteousness. Now it was not written for his sake alone, that it was imputed to him; but for us also, to whom it shall be imputed, if we believe on him that raised up Jesus our Lord from the dead, who was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification.

(2) Rom. v. 9.—Much more then being now justified by his blood, we shall be saved from wrath through him.

(3) Rom. v. 17, 18, 19.—They which receive abundance of grace, and of the gift of righteousness, shall reign in life by one, Jesus Christ —By the righteousness of one, the free gift came upon all men unto justification of life.—By the obedience of one, shall many be made righteous. Verse 21.—Grace reigns through righteousness unto eternal life, by Jesus Christ our Lord.

(4) Psalm ciii. 3.—Bless the Lord, O my soul—who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases. 2 Cor. vi. 19.—God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them.—Verse 21. See figure 1. Dan. ix. 24.—Seventy weeks are determined upon thy people, and upon thy holy city, to finish the transgression, and to make an end of sins, and to make reconciliation for iniquity, and to bring in everlasting righteousness. Isa. liv. 10.—For the mountains shall depart, and the hills shall be removed; but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord, that hath mercy on thee. Heb. viii. 12.—For I will be merciful to their unrighteousness, and their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more.

(5) Rom. viii. 1.—There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit. Verse 33—39.—Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth: who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea, rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right-hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us.—Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? Nay, in all these things we are more than

That vainly I presume not hence,
I'm seldom pardon'd to my sense.¹

Sin brings a vengeance on my head,
Though from avenging wrath I'm freed.²
And though my sins all pardon'd be,
Their pardon's not applied to me.³

Thus though I need no pardon more,
Yet need new pardons every hour,⁴
In point of application free :
Lord, wash anew, and pardon me.

SECTION XV.

The Mystery of Faith and Sight. See Part VI. Chap. 4.

STRANGE contradictions me befall,
I can't believe unless I see ;⁵
Yet never can believe at all,
Till once I shut the seeing eye.⁶

When sight of sweet experience
Can give my faith no helping hand,⁷

conquerors, through him that loved us. For I am persuaded, that neither, death, nor life, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

(1) Psalm xxv. 11.—For thy name's sake, O Lord, pardon mine iniquity ; for it is great. And li. 8, 9.—Make me hear joy and gladness ; that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice. Hide thy face from my sins ; and blot out all mine iniquities. Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation ; and uphold me with thy free Spirit.

(2) Psalm xcix. 8.—Thou answeredst them, O Lord our God ; thou wast a God that forgavest them, though thou tookest vengeance of their inventions. 1 Thes. i. 10.—And to wait for his Son from heaven, whom he raised from the dead, even Jesus which delivered us from the wrath to come.

(3) Psalm xxxv. 2.—O Lord, say unto my soul, I am thy salvation. And lxxxv. 8.—I will hear what God the Lord will speak ; for he will speak peace unto his people, and to his saints ; but let them not turn again to folly. Mat. ix. 2.—And behold, they brought to him a man sick of the palsy, lying on a bed ; and Jesus seeing their faith, said unto the sick of the palsy, Son, be of good cheer, thy sins be forgiven thee.

(4) Mat. vi. 12.—And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. 1 John i. 7, 8.—If we walk in the light, as God is in the light, we have fellowship one with another ; and the blood of Jesus Christ, his son, cleanseth us from all sin. If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us.

(5) John vi. 40.—And this is the will of him that sent me, that every one which seeth the Son, and believeth on him, may have everlasting life.

(6) John xx. 29.—Jesus saith unto him, Thomas, because thou hast seen me, thou hast believed : blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed.

(7) Isaiah viii. 17.—And I will wait upon the Lord, that hideth his face from the house of Jacob ; and I will look for him. Chap. i. 10.—Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of his servant, that walketh in darkness, and hath no light ? Let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God.

The sight of sound intelligence
Will give it ample ground to stand.¹

I walk by faith and not by sight;²
Yet knowledge does my faith resound,³
Which cannot walk but in the light,⁴
Ev'n when experience runs a-ground.⁵

By knowledge I discern and spy
In divine light the object shown;⁶
By faith I take and close apply
The glorious object as mine own.⁷

My faith thus stands on divine light,
Believing what it clearly sees;⁸
Yet faith is opposite to sight,
Trusting its ear, and not its eyes.⁹

Faith list'ning to a sweet report,
Still comes by hearing, not by sight;¹⁰
Yet is not faith of saving sort,
But when it sees in divine light.¹¹

In fears I spend my vital breath:
In doubts I waste my passing years;¹²

(1) Eph. i. 15—19.—Wherefore I also, after I heard of your faith in the Lord Jesus, and love unto all the saints, cease not to give thanks for you, making mention of you in my prayers: that the God of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of glory, may give unto you the spirit of wisdom and revelation, in the knowledge of him: the eyes of your understanding being enlightened; that ye may know what is the hope of his calling, and what the riches of the glory of his inheritance in the saints, and what is the exceeding greatness of his power to us-ward who believe, according to the working of his mighty power, &c. And 2 Cor. iv. 6.—And God who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God, in the face of Jesus Christ

(2) 2 Cor. v. 7.—For we walk by faith, not by sight.

(3) John ii. 11.—This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee, and manifested forth his glory; and his disciples believed on him.

(4) Psalm ix. 10.—And they that know thy name, will put their trust in thee.

(5) Psalm xxvii. 14.—Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart: wait, I say, on the Lord.

(6) 2 Cor. iii. 18.—But we all with open face, beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord.

(7) John i. 12.—But as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name.

(8) Gal. i. 16.—But when it pleased God—to reveal his Son in me, that I might preach him among the Heathen; immediately I conferred not with flesh and blood.

(9) Eph. i. 13.—In Christ ye also trusted, after that ye heard the word of truth, the gospel of your salvation.

(10) Rom. x. 17.—So then, faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God.

(11) Psalm xxxvi. 7.—How excellent is thy loving-kindness, O God! therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings. Verse 9.—For with thee is the fountain of life; in thy light shall we see light.

(12) Psalm lxxvii. 3, 4.—I remembered God, and was troubled: I complained, and my spirit was overwhelmed. Selah. Thou holdest mine eyes waking: I am so

Yet still the life I live is faith,
 The opposite of doubts and fears.¹
 'Tween clearing faith and clouding sense,
 I walk in darkness and in light.²
 I'm certain oft, when in suspense,
 While sure by faith, and not by sight.³

SECTION XVI.

The Mystery of Faith and Works, and Reward of Grace and Debt.

I. Of FAITH and WORKS.

He that in *word* offendeth not,
 Is call'd a perfect man I wot;⁴
 Yet he whose *thoughts* and *deeds* are bad,
 The law-perfection never had.⁵

I am design'd a perfect soul,
 Ev'n though I never kept the whole,

troubled that I cannot speak. John xx. 25.—But Thomas said unto the other disciples, Except I shall see in his hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into his side, I will not believe. Luke xxiv. 21.—We trusted that it had been he which should have redeemed Israel.

(1) Gal. ii. 20.—I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me. Mark v. 36.—As soon as Jesus heard the word that was spoken, he saith unto the ruler of the synagogue, Be not afraid, only believe. Mat. viii. 26.—And Jesus saith unto his disciples, Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith? Chap. xiv. 31.—And Jesus saith unto Peter, O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt.

(2) Job xxix. 1, 2, 3 —Moreover Job continued his parable, and said, Oh that I were as in months past, as in the days when God preserved me: when his candle shined upon my head, and when, by his light, I walked through darkness. Psalm cxii. 4.—Unto the upright there ariseth light in darkness.

(3) 1 Pet. i. 8.—Whom, having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable, and full of glory. Rom. iv. 18—21.—Abraham against hope believed in hope, that he might become the father of many nations; according to that which was spoken, So shall thy seed be. And being not weak in faith, he considered not his own body now dead, when he was about an hundred years old, neither yet the deadness of Sarah's womb. He staggered not at the promise of God, through unbelief; but was strong in faith, giving glory to God: and being fully persuaded, that what he promised, he was able also to perform. Psalm lxxxix. 36—39.—His seed shall endure for ever, and his throne as the sun before me. It shall be established for ever as the moon, and as a faithful witness in heaven. Selah. But thou hast cast off and abhorred, thou hast been wroth with thine anointed. Thou hast made void the covenant of thy servant; thou hast profaned his crown by casting it to the ground.

(4) James iii. 2.—If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man, and able also to bridle the whole body.

(5) James ii. 10.—For whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all.

Nor any precept ;¹ for 'tis known,
He breaks them all that breaks but one.²

By faith I do *perfection* claim,³
By works I never grasp the name :⁴
Yet without works my faith is nought,⁵
And thereby no perfection brought.

Works without faith, will never speed,⁶
Faith without works is wholly dead :⁷
Yet I am justify'd by faith,
Which no law-works adjutant hath.⁸

Yea, gospel-works no help can lend,⁹
Though still they do by faith attend :¹⁰

(1) Rom. iv. 5, 6.—To him that worketh not, but believeth of him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness. Even as David also describeth the blessedness of the man unto whom God imputeth righteousness without works Job i. 1 —There was a man in the land of Uz, whose name was Job, and that man was perfect and upright, and one that feared God, and eschewed evil. Psalm lxxi. 16.—I will go in the strength of the Lord God ; I will make mention of thy righteousness, even of thine only. Eccles. vii. 20.—For there is not a just man upon earth, that doeth good, and sinneth not.

(2) James ii. 10.—See figure 5. p. 229.

(3) Phil. iii. 9.—I count all things but dung, that I may win Christ, and be found in him, not having mine own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith.

(4) Gal. ii. 16.—Knowing that a man is not justified by the works of the law but by the faith of Jesus Christ ; even we have believed in Jesus Christ ; that we might be justified by the faith of Christ, and not by the works of the law ; for by the works of the law shall no flesh be justified.

(5) James ii. 14.—What doth it profit, my brethren, though a man say he hath faith, and have not works ? can faith save him ?

(6) Heb. xi. 6.—Without faith it is impossible to please God : for he that cometh to God, must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him. Rom. xiv. 23.—Whatsoever is not of faith, is sin.

(7) James ii. 17.—Even so faith, if it hath not works, is dead, being alone. Verse 26.—For as the body without the spirit is dead, so faith without works is dead also.

(8) Rom. iii. 21, 22.—But now the righteousness of God without the law is manifested, being witnessed by the law and the prophets ; even the righteousness of God which is by faith of Jesus Christ unto all, and upon all them that believe ; for there is no difference. Chap. iv. 4, 5, 6.—Now to him that worketh, is the reward not reckoned of grace, but of debt. But to him that worketh not, but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness. Even as David also describeth the blessedness of the man unto whom God imputeth righteousness without works.

(9) Phil. iii. 4—9.—If any other man thinketh that he hath whereof he might trust in the flesh, I more ;—touching the righteousness which is in the law, blameless. But what things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ. Yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss, for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord ; for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them dung that I may win Christ, and be found in him, not having mine own righteousness which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith. Isa. lxiv. 9.—But we are all as an unclean thing, and all our righteousness are as filthy rags. Hosca. xiii. 9.—O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself : but in me is thy help. Isa. xlv. 24, 25.—Surely shall one say, In the Lord have I righteousness and strength ; even to him shall men come, and all that are incensed against him shall be ashamed. In the Lord shall all the seed of Israel be justified, and shall glory.

(10) Tit. iii. 8.—This is a faithful saying, and these things I will that thou affirm constantly, that they which have believed in God, might be careful to maintain good

Yet faith by works is perfect made,
And by their presence justify'd.¹

But works with faith could never vie,
And only faith can justify :²
Yet still my justifying faith
No justifying value hath.³

Lo ! justifying grace from heaven
Is foreign ware and freely given :⁴
And saving faith is well content
To be a mere recipient.⁵

Faith's active in my sanctity ;⁶
But here its act it will deny,⁷
And frankly own it never went
Beyond a passive instrument.⁸

works ; these things are good and profitable unto men. James ii. 18.—Yea, a man may say, Thou hast faith, and I have works ? shew me thy faith without thy works and I will shew thee my faith by my works.

(1) James ii. 21, 22.—Was not Abraham our Father justified by works, when he had offered Isaac, his son, upon the altar ? Seest thou how faith wrought with his works, and by works was faith made perfect ? Verse 24.—Ye see then how that by works a man is justified, and not by faith only.

(2) Rom. iv. 16.—Therefore it is of faith, that it might be by grace ; to the end the promise might be sure to all the seed. Tit. iii. 3—7.—But after that the kindness and love of God our Saviour toward man appeared, not by works of righteousness, which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost ; which he shed on us abundantly, through Jesus Christ our Saviour : that being justified by his grace, we should be made heirs according to the hope of eternal life. Acts x. 43.—To him give all the prophets witness, that through his name, whosoever believeth in him, shall receive remission of sins.

(3) Gal. iii. 21, 22.—Is the law then against the promises of God ? God forbid : for it there had been a law given, which could have given life, verily righteousness should have been by the law. But the scripture hath concluded all under sin, that the promise by faith of Jesus Christ might be given to them that believe. Luke xxi. 31, 32.—And the Lord said, Simon, Simon, behold, Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat : but I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not ; and when thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren. 2 Cor. iii. 5.—Not that we are sufficient of ourselves to think anything as of ourselves ; but our sufficiency is of God. Chap. vii. 5.—Of such an one will I glory ; yet of myself I will not glory, but in mine infirmities.

(4) Rom. v. 16, 17.—The free gift is of many offences unto justification. They which receive abundance of grace, and of the gift of righteousness, shall reign in life by one, Jesus Christ. Chap. iii. 24.—Being justified freely by his grace, through the redemption that is in Jesus Christ.

(5) Rom. v. 11.—And not only so, but we also joy in God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have now received the atonement. Ver. 17.—See figure 4, above cited.

(6) Gal. v. 6.—For in Jesus Christ, neither circumcision availeth any thing, nor uncircumcision, but faith which worketh by love. Acts xv. 9.—God put no difference between us and them, purifying their hearts by faith. Chap. xxvi. 18.—To open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them which are sanctified by faith that is in me.

(7) Rom. iv. 16.—Therefore it is of faith, that it might be by grace. Chap. xi. 6.—And if by grace, then it is no more of works ; otherwise grace is no more grace.

(8) Eph. ii. 8, 9.—For by grace are ye saved, through faith ; and that not of yourselves ; it is the gift of God ; not of works, lest any man should boast. 1 Cor. iv. 7.—For who maketh thee to differ from another ? and what hast thou that thou

I labour much, like holy Paul ;
And yet not I, but grace does all :¹
I try to spread my little sails,
And wait for powerful moving gales.²

When pow'r's convey'd I work ; but see,
'Tis still his pow'r that works in me.
I am an agent at his call,
Yet nothing am, for grace is all.³

II. *Of Rewards of GRACE and DEBT.*

IN all my works I still regard
The recompence of full reward :⁴
Yet such my working is withal,
I look for no reward at all.⁵

God's my reward exceeding great,
No lesser heaven than this I wait :⁶
But where's the earning work so broad,
To set me up an heir of God ?⁷

didst not receive ? Now, if thou didst receive it, why dost thou glory as if thou hadst not received it ? Hebrews xi. 11.—Through faith also Sarah herself received strength to conceive seed, and was delivered of a child when she was past age, because she judged him faithful who had promised. Ver. 17.—By faith Abraham, when he was tried, offered up Isaac, and he that had received the promises offered up his only begotten son. Ver. 19.—Accounting that God was able to raise him up, even from the dead ; from whence also he received him in a figure. Ver. 35.—Women received their dead raised to life again ; and others were tortured, not accepting deliverance ; that they might obtain a better resurrection.

(1) Cor. xv. 10.—But by the grace of God I am what I am : and his grace which was bestowed upon me, was not in vain ; but I laboured more abundantly than they all : yet not I, but the grace of God which was with me.

(2) Psalm lxxi. 16.—I will go in the strength of the Lord God ; I will make mention of thy righteousness, even of thine only. Song iv. 16.—Awake, O north wind, and come thou south ; blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out.

(3) Phil. ii. 12, 13.—Wherefore, my beloved, as ye have always obeyed, not as in my presence only, but now much more in my absence ; work out your own salvation with fear and trembling. For it is God which worketh in you, both to will and to do of his good pleasure. Gal. ii. 20.—I am crucified with Christ : nevertheless I live ; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me ; and the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me. 2 Cor. xii. 9.—And the Lord said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee : for my strength is made perfect in weakness. Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me.

(4) Heb. xi. 24—26.—By faith Moses, when he was come to years, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter ; choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season ; esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt ; for he had respect unto the recompence of the reward.

(5) 2 Tim. i. 9 —God hath saved us, and called us with an holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace which was given, us in Christ Jesus, before the world began. Titus iii. 5.—Not by works of righteousness, which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost.

(6) Gen. xv. 1.—After these things the word of the Lord came unto Abram in a vision, saying, fear not, Abram : I am thy shield, and thy exceeding great reward. Psalm lxxiii. 25, 26.—Whom have I in heaven but thee ? and there is none upon earth that I desire besides thee. My flesh and my heart faileth : but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever.

(7) Ezekiel xxxvi. 32.—Not for your sakes do I this, saith the Lord God, be it

Rewards of debt, rewards of grace,
Are opposites in ev'ry case;¹
Yet sure I am, they'll both agree
Most jointly in rewarding me.²

Though hell's my just reward for sin,³
Heav'n as my just reward I'll win.⁴
Both these my just rewards I know,
Yet truly neither of them so.⁵

Hell can't in justice be my lot,
Since justice satisfaction got;⁶
Nor heav'n in justice be my share,
Since mercy only brings me there.⁷

Yet heav'n is mine by solemn oath,
In justice and in mercy both:⁸

known unto you: be ashamed and confounded for your own ways, O house of Israel. Rom. viii. 16. 17.—The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God. And if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ.

(1) Rom. iv. 4.—Now to him that worketh is the reward not reckoned of grace but of debt.

(2) Psalm lvii. 11.—Verily there is a reward for the righteous: verily he is a God that judgeth in the earth. Isa. lxii. 11.—Behold, the Lord hath proclaimed unto the end of the world. Say ye to the daughters of Zion, Behold, thy salvation cometh; behold, his reward is with him, and his work before him. And xl. 10.—Behold, the Lord God will come with strong hand, and his arm shall rule for him: behold, his reward is with him, and his work before him.

(3) Rom. vi. 21.—What fruit had ye then in those things, whereof ye are now ashamed? For the end of those things is death. Verse 23.—The wages of sin is death. Eph. v. 6.—Let no man deceive you with vain words; for because of these things cometh the wrath of God upon the children of disobedience. Gal. iii. 10.—For as many as are of the works of the law, are under the curse: for it is written, Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them.

(4) Gal. iii. 13, 14.—Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us: for it is written, Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree; that the blessing of Abraham might come on the Gentiles through Jesus Christ; that we might receive the promise of the Spirit through faith. Eph. i. 13, 14.—In Christ also, after that ye believed, ye were sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise, which is the earnest of our inheritance, until the redemption of the purchased possession, unto the praise of his glory. Rom. v. 21.—Grace reigns through righteousness unto eternal life, by Jesus Christ our Lord. And vi. 23.—The gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

(5) Viz. Through these opposite voices of law and gospel.

(6) Rom. iii. 25, 26.—Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation, through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God; to declare, I say, at this time his righteousness; that he might be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus.

(7) Rom. ix. 15, 16.—God saith to Moses, I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy: and I will have compassion on whom I will have compassion.—So then it is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that sheweth mercy. Titus. iii. 4—7.—But after that the kindness and love of God our Saviour toward man appeared, not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost; which he shed on us abundantly, through Jesus Christ our Saviour; that being justified by his grace, we should be made heirs according to the hope of eternal life.

(8) Psalm lxxxix. 35, 36.—Once have I sworn by my holiness, that I will not lie unto David. His seed shall endure for ever, and his throne as the sun before me.

And God in Christ is all my trust,
Because he's merciful and just.¹

CONCLUSION.

HERE is the Riddle, where's the man
Of judgment, to expound?
For masters fam'd that cannot scan,
In Israel may be found.²

We justly those in wisdom's list
Establish'd saints may call,
Whose bitter-sweet experience blest
Can clearly grasp it all.³

Some babes in grace may mint and mar,
Yet aiming right succeed :⁴
But strangers they in Isra'l are,
Who not at all can read.⁵

Heb. vi. 17, 18.—Wherein God willing more abundantly to shew unto the heirs of promise the immutability of his counsel, confirmed it by an oath ; that by two immutable things, in which it was impossible for God to lie, we might have a strong consolation, who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us. Psal. lxxxix, 14.—Justice and judgment are the habitation of thy throne ; mercy and truth shall go before thy face. Verse 16.—In thy name shall they rejoice all the day : and in thy righteousness shall they be exalted. Verse 24.—But my faithfulness and my mercy shall be with him (viz. David my servant) ; and in my name shall his horn be exalted. Verse 28.—My mercy will I keep for him for evermore, and my covenant shall stand fast with him.

(1) Heb. ii. 17.—Wherefore in all things it behoved him to be made like unto his brethren ; that he might be a merciful and faithful high-priest in things pertaining to God, to make reconciliation for the sins of the people. 1 John i. 7—9.—If we walk in the light, as God is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin. If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us. If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.

(2) John iii. 10.—Jesus answered and said unto Nicodemus, Art thou a master of Israel, and knowest not these things?

(3) Mat. xi. 25.—At that time Jesus answered and said, I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent and hast revealed them unto babes. Chap. xiii. 11.—Jesus answered and said unto his disciples, Because it is given unto you to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven, but to them it is not given.

(4) 1 Cor. iii. 1, 2.—And I, brethren, could not speak unto you as unto spiritual, but as unto carnal, even as unto babes in Christ. I have fed you with milk, and not with meat : for hitherto ye were not able to bear it, neither yet now are ye able. Heb. v. 12—14.—For when for the time ye ought to be teachers, ye have need that one teach you again which be the first principles of the oracles of God ; and are become such as have need of milk, and not of strong meat. For every one that useth milk, is unskillful in the word of righteousness : for he is a babe. But strong meat belongeth to them that are of full age, even those who, by reason of use, have their senses exercised to discern both good and evil. Chap. vi. 1.—Therefore, leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ, let us go on unto perfection ; not laying again the foundation of repentance from dead works, and of faith towards God, &c. 1 John ii. 12, 13.—I write unto you, little children, because your sins are forgiven you for his name's sake.—I write unto you, little children, because ye have known the Father.

(5) 2 Cor. iv. 3, 4.—But if our gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost ; in whom the god of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believe not, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them.

GOSPEL SONNETS.

PART IV.

THE BELIEVER'S LODGING AND INN, WHILE ON EARTH:

Or a POEM and PARAPHRASE on Psalm lxxxiv.

Ver. 1.—*How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!*

JEHOVAH, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Sole Monarch of the universal host,
Whom the attendant armies still revere,
Which in bright robes surround the higher sphere;
Whose sov'reign empire sways the hellish band
Of ranked legions in th' infernal land;
Who hold'st the earth at thy unrivall'd beck,
And stay'st proud forces with a humble check;
Ev'n thou whose name commands an awful dread,
Yet deigns to dwell with man in very deed:
O what refreshment fills the dwelling-place
Of thine exuberant unbounded grace!
Which with sweet pow'r does joy and praise extort,
In Zion's tents, thine ever-lov'd resort;
Where glad'ning streams of mercy from above
Make souls brimful of warm seraphic love.
Of sweetest odours all thy garments smells;
Thy dismal absence proves a thousand hells,
But heav'ns of joys are where thine honour dwells.

Ver. 2.—*My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord: my heart
and my flesh crieth out for the living God.*

THEREFORE on thee I centre my desire,
Which vehemently bursts out in ardent fire,
Deprived, ah! I languish in my plaint,

My bones are feeble and my spirits faint.
 My longing soul pants to behold again
 The temple fill'd with thy majestic train ;
 Those palaces with heav'nly odour strew'd,
 And regal courts, where Zion's King is view'd ;
 To see the beauty of the highest One,
 Upon his holy mount, his lofty throne ;
 Whence virtue running from the living Head
 Restores the dying, and revives the dead.
 For him my heart with cries repeated sounds,
 To which my flesh with echoes loud rebounds ;
 For him, for him, who life in death can give,
 For him, for him, whose sole prerogative
 Is from and to eternity to live.

Ver. 3.—*Yea, the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, My King and my God.*

ALAS ! how from thy lovely dwellings I,
 Long banish'd do the happy birds envy ;
 Which, chusing thy high altars for their nest,
 On rafters of thy tabernacle rest !
 Here dwells the sparrow of a chirping tongue,
 And here the swallow lays her tender young :
 Faint sacrilege ! they seize the sacred spot,
 And seem to glory o'er my absent lot.
 Yet sure I have more special right to thee
 Than all the brutal hosts of earth and sea ;
 That Sov'reign, at whose government they bow,
 Is wholly mine by his eternal vow ;
 My King to rule my heart, and quell my foes,
 My God t' extract my well from present woes,
 And crown with endless glory at the close.

Ver. 4.—*Blessed are they that dwell in thy house : they will be still praising thee.*

O HAPPY they that haunt thy house below,
 And to thy royal sanctuary flow ;
 Not for itself, but for the glorious One,
 Who there inhabits his erected throne !
 Others pass by, but here their dwelling is ;
 O happy people, crown'd with bays of bliss !
 Bless'd with the splendid lustre of his face,
 Bless'd with the high melodious sound of grace,
 That wakens souls into a sweet amaze,
 And turns their spirits to a harp of praise ;
 Which loudly makes the lower temple ring
 With hallelujahs to the mighty king :
 And thus they antedate the nobler song

Of that celestial and triumphant throng
Who warble notes of praise eternity along.

Ver. 5.—Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee.

WHAT weights of bliss their happy shoulders load,
Whose strength lies treasured in a potent God ?
Self-drained souls, yet flowing to the brim,
Because void in themselves, but full in him.
Adam the first discussed their stock of strength.
The second well retrieved the sum at length ;
Who keeps t' himself, a surer hand indeed,
To give not as they list, but as thy need.
When raging furies threaten sudden harms,
He then extends his everlasting arms ;
When Satan drives his pointed fiery darts,
He gives them courage and undaunted hearts,
To quell his deadly force with divine skill,
And adds new strength to do their sovereign's will :
When sore harass'd by some outrageous lust,
He, levelling its power unto the dust,
Makes saints to own him worthy of their trust.

Ver. 6.—In whose hearts are the ways of them. Who passing through the valley of Baca, make it a well : the rain also filleth the pools.

SUCH heav'n born souls are not to earth confin'd,
Truth's highway fills their elevated mind :
They bound for Zion, press with forward aim,
As Isr'el's males to old Jerusalem.
Their holy path lies through a parched land,
Through oppositions numerous and grand.
Traversing scorched deserts, ragged rocks,
And Baca's wither'd vale, like thirsty flocks ;
Yet with unshaken vigour homeward go,
Not mov'd by all opposing harms below,
They digging wells on this Gilboa top,
The vale of Achor yields a door of hope :
For heav'n in plenty does their labour crown,
By making silver show'rs to trickle down ;
Till empty pools imbibe a pleasant fill,
And weary souls are heart'ned up the hill,
By massy drops of joy which down distill.

Ver. 7.—They go from strength to strength, every one of them in Zion appeareth before God.

THUS they, refreshed by superior aid,
Are not defatigated nor dismay'd ;
Because they are, O truth of awful dread !

As potent as JEHOVAH in their head.
 Hence they shall travel with triumphant minds,
 In spite of ragged paths and boist'rous winds.
 The roughest ways their vigour ne'er abates,
 Each new assault their strength redintegrates,
 When they through mortal blows seem to give o'er,
 Their strength by intermitting gathers more.
 And thus they, with unweary'd zeal endued,
 Still as their journey have their strength renew'd.
 So glorious is the race, that once begun,
 Each one contends his fellow to outrun ;
 Till all uniting in a glorious band,
 Before the Lamb's high throne adoring stand,
 And harp his lofty praise in Zion land.

Ver. 8.—*O Lord God of hosts, hear my prayer : give ear, O God of Jacob.*

GREAT God of num'rous hosts, who reigns alone
 The sole possessor of th' imperial throne :
 Since mental tastes of thy delicious grace
 So sweetly relish in thy holy place,
 This is the subject of my tabled pray'r,
 To have the vision of thy glory there.
 O let my cry pierce the etherial frame,
 And mercy's echo follow down the same.
 Omniscient Being, favour my desire,
 Hide not thy goodness in paternal ire :
 Why, thou hast giv'n in an eternal band
 To Jacob and his seed thy royal hand.
 And promis'd, by thy sacred Deity,
 His King and covenanted God to be ;
 Therefore my hopes are center'd all in thee.

Ver. 9.—*Behold, O God, our shield ; and look upon the face of thine anointed.*

OMNIPOTENT, whose armour none can wield,
 Zion's great buckler and defensive shield ;
 Thy pure untainted eyes cannot behold
 Deformed mortals in their sinful mold,
 Unless their names be graved on the breast
 Of Zion's holy consecrated Priest.
 When they his white and glorious garments wear,
 Then sin and guilt both wholly disappear :
 Because o'erwhelmed in the crimson flood,
 And Ocean of a dying Surety's blood :
 They also, vested with his radiant grace,
 Reflect the lustre of his holy face.
 They're not themselves now, but divinely trim ;
 For wholly what they are, they are in him :
 And hence JEHOVAH's all-discerning eye

Cannot in them espy deformity.
Then look on him, Lord ; and in him on me.

Ver. 10.—*For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand : I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.*

MAY I possess as thy domestic child,
The house that by Jehovah's name is styl'd :
For royal glories deck those courts of thine,
Which with majestic rays so brightly shine,
That should my mind present an earth of gold,
As full of worldly joys as earth can hold ;
Sweet grace so fills my house, I'd grudge to spare,
One moment here, for thousand ages there.
No earthly object shall my love confine,
That Being which possesses all, is mine.
My spirit therefore rather would embrace
The meanest office in his holy place,
And by the threshold of his house within,
Than sit in splendor on a throne of sin.
In Jesus' courts I'd chuse the lowest place,
At his saints' feet, so I might see his face.
Yea, though my lamp of outward peace should burn
Most brightly, yet I would incessant mourn,
While in a wicked Mesech I sojourn.

Ver. 11.—*For the Lord God is a sun and shield ; the Lord will give grace and glory ; no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.*

FOR God the Lord, whose courts I love to haunt,
Is ev'ry thing that empty souls can want ;
A sun for light, a shield for strength ; yea, more,
On earth he gives his grace, in heav'n his glore.
This radiant sun, of life and light the source,
Scatters the shades by's circumambient course :
Yea, guides bemisted souls with heartsome beams,
And gloriously irradiating gleams.
This massy shield is polish'd bright with pow'r,
For helping weaklings in a per'lous hour.
Here's all that weary travellers would have :
A sun to cherish, and a shield to save.
Grace also here is giv'n t' adorn the soul,
And yield to glory in the heav'nly pole.
All divine treasure to the saint is due ;
Nothing's deny'd, if truth itself be true.
The treasure is so vast it can't be told :
Nothing that God can give, will God withhold.
To whom he doth his saving grace impart,
To them he gives himself, his hand, his heart ;
Uprightness too of heart and life does fall
Unto their share, who having him, have all.
In them the grace he gives, he still regards ;

Gives holiness, and then his gift rewards.
 For to his own upright and divine brood
 He's bound to grant ev'n all that's great and good,
 By's own word, firm oath, and sacred blood.

Ver. 12.—*O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.*

O THEN, Jehovah, God of armies strong,
 To whom the power's of earth and heav'n belong;
 How vastly blessed is the fixed man,
 Who by a firm fiducial boldness can,
 Through grace and strength dispensed from above,
 So sweetly scan the height of divine love,
 As to derive his comfort wholly thence,
 And on this rock to found his confidence?
 Whose faith has reared up for a firm abode
 A stable building on a living God?
 Who, spoil'd of human props both great and small,
 Does chuse a triune Deity for all?
 What scrolls of bliss are in this *all* inroll'd,
 Is too sublime for seraphs to unfold.
 Sist, human wisdom, in a deep amaze!
 Let rapid floods of life his glory raise,
 Till time be drowned in his eternal praise.

A FOURFOLD EXERCISE FOR THE BELIEVER IN HIS LODGING.

I. THE HOLY LAW ; OR,

The Ten Commandments.—Exod. xx. 3—17.

1. No God but me thou shalt adore.
2. No image frame to bow before.
3. My holy name take not in vain.
4. My sacred Sabbath don't profane.
5. To parents render due respect.
6. All murder shun and malice check.
7. From filth and whoredom base abstain.
8. From theft and all unlawful gain.
9. False witness flee, and sland'ring spite.
10. Nor covet what's thy neighbour's right.

II. THE UNHOLY HEART, THE DIRECT OPPOSITE TO GOD'S LAW.

Rom. vii. 14 ; Or,

The Knowledge of Sin by the Law—Rom. iii. 20.

1. My heart's to many gods a slave,
2. Of imagery a hideous cave,
3. An hoard of God-dishon'ring crimes.
4. A waster base of holy times.
5. A throne of pride and self-conceit.

6. A slaughter-house of wrath and hate.
7. A cage of birds and thoughts unclean.
8. A den of thieves and frauds unseen.
9. An heap of calumnies unspent.
10. A gulph of greed and discontent.

III. THE GLORIOUS GOSPEL ;

OR

Christ the End of the Law for Righteousness—Rom. x. 4.

And the absolute need of this remedy inferred from the Premises.

HENCE I conclude, and clearly see,
 There's by the law no life for me ;
 Which damn's each soul to endless thrall,
 Whose heart and life fulfils not all.
 What shall I do, unless for bail,
 I from the law to grace appeal ?
 She reigns through Jesus' righteousness,
 Which giving justice full redress,
 On grace's door this motto grav'd,
Let sin be damn'd, and sinners sav'd.
 O wisdom's deep mysterious way !
 Lo, at this door I'll waiting stay,
 Till sin and hell both pass away.
 But in this bliss to shew my part,
 Grant, through thy law grav'd in my heart,
 My life may shew thy graving art.

IV. THE PRAYER OF FAITH.

Which may be conceived in the following Words of a certain Author.

*Sum tuus in vita, tua sunt mea funera, Christe ;
 Da, precor, imperii sceptrâ tenera, tui.
 Cur etenim, moriens, tot vulnera sæva tulisti,
 Si non sum regni portio parva tui ?
 Cur rigido latuit tua vita incluso sepulchro,
 Si non est mea mors morte fugata tua ?
 Ergo mihi certâ præstes, O Christe, salutem ?
 Meque tuo lotum sanguine, Christe, juva.*

Which may be thus Englished.

Jesus, I'm thine in life and death ;
 O let me conqu'ring hold thy throne.
 Why shar'd the cross thy vital breath,
 If not to make me share thy crown ?
 Why laid in jail of cruel grave,
 If not thy death from death me free ?
 Then, Lord, insure the bliss I crave,
 Seal'd with thy blood, and succour me.

G O S P E L S O N N E T S.

P A R T V.

THE BELIEVER'S SOLILOQUY :
ESPECIALLY IN TIMES OF DESERTION, TEMPTATION,
AFFLICTION, &c.

SECTION I.

The Deserted Believer longing for perfect Freedom from Sin.

AH ! mournful case ! what can afford
Contentment, when an absent Lord
Will now his kindness neither prove
By smiles of grace, nor lines of love ?

What heart can joy, what soul can sing,
While winter over-runs the spring ?
I die, yet can't my death condole :
Lord, save a dying, drooping soul.

In pain, yet unconcern'd, I live ;
And languish when I should believe.
Lord, if thou cease to come and stay
My soul in sin will pine away.

In sin, whose ill no tongue can tell,
To live is death, to die is hell :
O save, if not from thrall's arrest,
Yet save me, Lord, from sin at least.

This for his merit's sake I seek,
Whose blood and wounds do mercy speak ;
Who left the rank of glorious choirs,
And heav'nly flow'rs for earthly briars.

Our Samson took an holy nap
Upon our feeble nature's lap :
He wand'ring in a pilgrim's weed,
Did taste our griefs, to help our need.

Earth's fury did upon him light ;
How black was Herod's cruel spite !

Who, to be sure of murd'ring one,
Lest he be spar'd did pity none !

Hell hunts the babe a few days old,
That came to rifle Satan's fold :
All hands pursu'd him ev'n to death,
That came to save from sin and wrath.

O mercy ! ignorant of bounds !
Which all created thought confounds ;
He ran outright a saving race
For them that unto death him chase.

O sin ! how heavy is thy weight,
That press'd the glorious God of might,
Till prostrate on the freezing ground,
He sweat his clotted blood around :

His hand the pond'rous globe does prop,
This weight ne'er made him sweat a drop :
But when sin's load upon him lies,
He falls and sweats, and groans and dies.

Alas ! if God sink under sin,
How shall the man that dies therein ?
How deeply down, when to the load
He adds the slighted blood of God.

Lord, let thy fall my rise obtain,
Thy grievous shame my glory gain ;
Thy cross my lasting crown procure,
Thy death my endless life insure.

O send me down a draught of love,
Or take me hence to drink above :
Here Marah's water fills my cup,
But there all griefs are swallow'd up.

Love here is scarce a faint desire ;
But there the sparks a flaming fire.
Joys here are drops that passing flee ;
But there an over-flowing sea.

My faith, that sees so darkly here,
Will there resign to vision clear ;
My hope, that's here a weary groan,
Will to fruition yield the throne.

Here fetters hamper freedom's wing ;
But there the captive is a king :
And grace is like a bury'd seed ;
But sinners there are saints indeed.

My portion's here a crumb at best ;
But there the Lamb's eternal feast :

My praise is now a smother'd fire ;
But then I'll sing and never tire.

Now dusky shadows cloud my day :
But then the shades will flee away :
My Lord will break the dimming glass,
And shew his glory face to face.

My num'rous foes now beat me down :
But then I'll wear the victor's crown :
Yet all the revenues I'll bring
To Zion's everlasting King.

SECTION II.

*The deserted Believer's Prayer under Complaints of Unbelief, Darkness, Deadness,
and Hardness.*

WHAT means this wicked wand'ring heart ?
This trembling ague of my soul ?
Would Jesus but a look impart ;
One look from him would make we whole.

But will he turn to me his face,
From whom he justly did withdraw ?
To me who slighted all that grace
I in my past experience saw ?

Lord, for thy promise sake return,
Apply thy pard'ning cleansing blood ;
Look down with pity on a worm,
With cov'nant mercy do me good.

When thy free Sp'rit the word applies,
And kindly tells me thou art mine,
My faithless sinking heart replies,
Ah, Lord ! I wish I could be thine.

My faith's so 'nighted in my doubts,
I cast the offer'd good away ;
And lose, by raising vain disputes,
The wonted blessings of the day.

Was e'er one pres'd with such a load,
Or pierc'd with such an unseen dart ;
To find at once an absent God,
And yet, alas ! a careless heart ?

Such grief as mine a griefless grief,
Did ever any mortal share ?
An hopeless hope, a lifeless life,
Or such unwonted careless care ?

'Tis sad, Lord ! when for night's solace
Nor moon, nor starry gleams appear :
Yet worse, when in this dismal case
My heart is hard'ned from thy fear.

'Twas not because no show'rs did flow
Of heav'nly manna at my door ;
But by my folly I'm into
A worse condition than before.

Come, Lord, with greater pow'r ; for why,
Mine, sure, is not a common case ;
Thou offer'st to unveil : yet I
Do scarce incline to see thy face.

Such languid faint desires I feel
Within this wicked stupid heart ;
I should, I would ; but that I will
I hardly dare with truth assert.

O to be free of that vile wrack,
That basely keeps me from my God !
I flee from thee, Lord : bring me back
By tender love or by thy rod.

In paths of righteousness direct,
New proofs of thy remission give ;
Then of thy name I'll mention make
With grateful praises while I live :

On banks of mercy's boundless deep
With sweeter ease I'll soar and sing,
Than kings of feather'd hosts, that sweep
The oozy shore with easy wing.

But if thy mind omniscient know
I'm for this absent bless unfit,
Give grace to hate my sins, and to
Their righteous punishment submit.

But let me ne'er thy Spirit lack,
That by his aid my pray'rs may come
Before him, who can wisely make
Ev'n distance lead his people home.

Deep wisdom can my soul prepare
By present woes for absent bliss.
By acid griefs that now I share,
He can convey the joys I miss.

Who all from nothing's womb disclos'd,
Can make th' amazing product cease ;
With him our order is confus'd,
By him confusion brings forth peace.

Then, Lord, ne'er let me basely spurn
 Against thy searchless unknown ways;
 But magnify thy work, and turn
 My groans and murmurs into praise.

Let me submissive, while I live,
 Thy awful justice own with fear:
 Yet pensive, let me never grieve
 Thy tender mercy by despair.

Since though by sin I foully swerv'd,
 And lewdly from my glory fell;
 I'm chasten'd here, and not reserved
 To feel the weight of sin in hell:

Thy high right hand's once joyful days
 In my distress I'll call to mind;
 And own that all thy darkest ways
 Will clearly prove thee good and kind.

SECTION III.

The Believer wading through Depths of Desertion and Corruption.

LORD, when thy face thou hid'st,
 And leav'st me long to plore,
 I faithless doubt of all thou didst
 And wrought'st for me before.

No marks of love I find,
 No grains of grace, but wracks;
 No track of heav'n is left behind,
 No groan, no smoaking flax.

But say, if all the gusts
 And grains of love be spent,
 Say, Farewell Christ, and welcome lusts;
 Stop, stop, I melt, I faint.

Lord, yet thou hast my heart,
 This bargain black I hate;
 I dare not, cannot, will not part
 With thee at such a rate.

Once, like a Father good,
 Thou didst with grace perfume;
 Wast thou a Father to conclude
 With dreadful judge's doom?

Confirm thy former deed,
 Reform what is defil'd;
 I was, I am, I'll still abide
 Thy choice, thy charge, thy child.

Love-seals thou didst impart,
 Lock'd up in mind I have ;
 Hell cannot rase out of my heart
 What heav'n did there engrave.

Thou once didst make me whole
 By thy almighty hand ;
 Thou mad'st me vow and gift my soul ;
 Both vow and gift shall stand,

But since my folly gross
 My joyful cup did spill,
 Make me the captive of thy cross,
 Submissive to thy will.

Self in myself I hate,
 That's matter of my groan ;
 Nor can I rid me from the mate
 That causes me to moan.

O frail, inconstant flesh !
 Soon trapt in ev'ry gin ;
 Soon turn'd, o'erturn'd, and so afresh
 Plung'd in the gulph of sin.

Shall I be slave to sin,
 My Lord's most bloody foe ?
 I feel its pow'rful sway within :
 How long shall it be so ?

How long Lord shall I stay ?
 How long in Mesech here ?
 Dishon'ring thee from day to day,
 Whose name's to me so dear ?

While sin, Lord, breeds my grief,
 And makes me sadly pine ;
 With blinks of grace, O grant relief,
 Till beams of glory shine !

SECTION IV.

Complaint of Sin, Sorrow, and want of Love.

If black doom by desert should go,
 Then, Lord ; my due desert is death ;
 Which robs from souls immortal joy,
 And from their bodies mortal breath.

But in so great a Saviour,
 Can e'er so base a worm's annoy
 Add any glory to thy power,
 Or any gladdness to thy joy ?

Thou justly mayst me doom to death,
And everlasting flames of fire ;
But on a wretch to pour thy wrath
Can ever sure be worth thine ire.

Since Jesus the atonement was,
Let tender mercy me release ;
Let him be umpire of my cause,
And pass the gladsome doom of peace.

Let grace forgive, and love forget
My base, my vile apostacy ;
And temper thy deserved hate
With love and mercy toward me.

The ruffling winds and raging blasts
Hold me in constant cruel chase ;
They break my anchors, sails and masts,
Allowing no reposing place.

The boist'rous seas with swelling floods,
On ev'ry side against me fight.
Heav'n, overcast with stormy clouds,
Dim's all the planet's guiding light,

The hellish furies lie in wait
To win my soul into their pow'r ;
To make me bite at ev'ry bait,
And thus my killing'bane devour.

I lie enchain'd in sin and thrall,
Next border unto black despair ;
Till grace restore, and of my fall
The doleful ruins all repair.

My hov'ring thoughts would flee to glore,
And nestle safe above the sky ;
Fain would my tumbling ship ashore
At that sure anchor quiet lie.

But mounting thoughts are haled down
With heavy poise of corrupt load ;
And blust'ring storms deny with frown
An harbour of secure abode.

To drown the weight that wakes the blast,
Thy sin subduing grace afford ;
The storm might cease, could I but cast
This troublous Jonah overboard.

Base flesh, with fleshly pleasures gain'd,
Sweet grace's kindly suit declines ;
When mercy courts me for its friend,
Anon my sordid flesh repines.

Soar up, my soul, to Tabor hill,
 Cast off this loathsome pressing load ;
 Long is the date of thine exile,
 While absent from the Lord, thy God.

Dote not on earthly weeds and toys,
 Which do not, cannot suit thy taste ;
 The flow'rs of everlasting joys
 Grow up apace for thy repast.

Sith that the glorious God above
 In Jesus bears a love to thee ;
 How base, how brutish is thy love
 Of any being less than he ?

Who for thy love did choose thy grief,
 Content in love to live and die :
 Who lov'd thy love more than his life,
 And with his life thy love did buy.

Since then the God of richest love
 With thy poor love enamour'd is :
 How high a crime will thee reprove,
 If not enamour'd deep with his ?

Since on the verdant field of grace
 His love does thine so hot pursue ;
 Let love meet love with chaste embrace,
 Thy mite a thousand-fold is due.

Rise, love, thou early heav'n, and sing,
 Young little dawn of endless day :
 I'll on the mounting fiery wing
 In joyful raptures melt away.

SECTION V.

The deserted Soul's Prayer for the Lord's gracious and sin-subduing presence.

KIND Jesus, come in love to me,
 And make no longer stay :
 Or else receive my soul to thee,
 That breathes to be away.

A Lazar at thy gate I lie,
 As well it me becomes,
 For children's bread asham'd to cry ;
 O grant a dog the crumbs.

My wounds and rags my need proclaim,
 Thy needful help ensure ;
 My wounds bear witness that I'm lame :
 My rags that I am poor.

Thou many at thy door does feed,
With mercy when distrest ;
O wilt thou not show an alm's-deed
To me among the rest.

None else can give my soul relief,
None else can ease my moan,
But he whose absence is my grief ;
All other joys be gone.

How can I cease from sad complaint ?
How can I be at rest ?
My mind can never be content
To want my noble guest.

Drop down, mine eyes, and never tire,
Cease not on any terms,
Until I have my heart's desire,
My Lord within my arms.

My heart, my hand, my spirits fail,
When hiding off he goes ;
My flesh, my foes, my lusts prevail,
And work my daily woes.

When shall I see that glorious sight
Will all my sins destroy ?
That Lord of love, that lamp of light,
Will banish all annoy !

O could I but from sinning cease,
And wait on Pisgah's hill,
Until I see him face to face,
Then should my soul be still.

But since corruption cleaves to me,
While I in Kedar dwell ;
O give me leave to long for thee,
For absence is a hell.

Thy glory should be dear to me,
Who me so dear has bought ;
O save from rendering ill to thee
For good which thou hast wrought.

With fear I crave, with hope I cry,
Oh promis'd favour send !
Be thou thyself, though chang'ling I
Ungratefully offend.

Out of the way remove the lets,
Cleanse this polluted den ;
Tender my suits, cancel my debts :
Sweet Jesus, say, AMEN.

SECTION IV.

The Song of Heaven desired by Saints on Earth.

AURORA veils her rosy face,
When brighter Phœbus takes her place ;
So glad will grace resign her room
To glory in the heav'nly home.

Happy the company that's gone
From cross to crown, from thrall to throne ;
How loud they sing upon the shore,
To which they sail'd in heart before !

Bless'd are the dead, yea, saith the word,
That die in Christ the living Lord,
And on the other side of death
Thus joyful spend their praising breath :

" Death from all death hath set us free,
And will our gain for ever be ;
Death loos'd the massy chains of woe,
To let the mournful captives go.

" Death is to us a sweet repose ;
The bud was op'd to shew the rose ;
The cage was broke to let us fly,
And build our happy nest on high.

" Lo ! here we do triumphant reign,
And joyful sing in lofty strain.
Lo ! here we rest, and love to be,
Enjoying more than faith could see.

" The thousandth part we now behold,
By mortal tongues was never told :
We got a taste, but now above
We forage in the fields of love.

" Faith once stole down a distant kiss ;
Now love cleaves to the cheek of bliss ;
Beyond the fears of more mishap
We gladly rest in glory's lap.

" Earth was to us a seat of war ;
In thrones of triumph now we are.
We long'd to see our Jesus dear,
And sought him there, but find him here.

" We walk in white without annoy,
In glorious galleries of joy ;
And crown'd with everlasting bays,
We rival cherubs in their praise.

“ No longer we complain of wants,
We see the glorious King of saints,
Amidst his joyful hosts around,
With all the divine glory crown'd.

“ We see him at his table head
With living water, living bread,
His cheerful guests incessant load
With all the plenitude of God.

“ We see the holy flaming fires,
Cherubic and seraphic quires ;
And gladly join with those on high,
To warble praise eternally.

“ Glory to God that here we came,
And glory to the glorious Lamb :
Our light, our life, our joy, our all
Is in our arms, and ever shall.

“ Our Lord is ours, and we are his :
Yea, now we see him as he is :
And hence we like unto him are,
And full his glorious image share.

“ No darkness now, no dismal night ;
No vapour intercepts the light ;
We see for ever face to face
The highest Prince in highest place.

“ This, this does heav'n enough afford,
We are for ever with the Lord :
We want no more for all is giv'n ;
His presence is the heart of heav'n.”

While thus I laid my list'ning ear
Close to the door of heav'n to hear :
And then the sacred page did view,
Which told me all I heard was true :

Yet shew'd me that the heav'nly song
Surpasses ev'ry mortal tongue,
With such unutterable strains
As none in fett'ring flesh attains :

Then said I, “ O to mount away,
And leave this heavy clog of clay !
Let wings of time more hasty fly,
That I may join the songs on high.”

GOSPEL SONNETS.

PART VI.

THE BELIEVER'S PRINCIPLES.

Concerning—1, Creation and Redemption ; 2, Law and Gospel ; 3, Justification and Sanctification ; 4, Faith and Sense ; 5, Heaven and Earth.

CHAPTER I.

THE BELIEVER'S PRINCIPLES CONCERNING CREATION AND REDEMPTION, OR, SOME OF THE FIRST PRINCIPLES OF THE ORACLES OF GOD.

SECTION I.

OF CREATION.—*The first chapter of Genesis compendized ; or the first Seven Days' Work, from the following Latin lines Englished.*

PRIMA dies cœlum, & terram, lucemque, creavit.
Altera distendit spatium, discrimen aquarum.
Tertia secernens undas, dat gramina terris.
Quarta creat solemn & lunam, cœlestiaque astra.
Quinta dedit pisces, eadem genus omne volantum.
Sexta tulit pecudes, hominem quoque quem Deus ipse
Condidit ; inde operis requies lux septima fulsit.

In English thus,

1. The first day, heav'n, earth, light, Jehovah sent.
2. The next, a water-sund'ring firmament.
3. The third made dry land spring with flow'ry pride.
4. The fourth set up bright lamps, times to divide.
5. The fifth brought swimming fish and flying fowl.
6. The sixth, earth's herds, and man to bear the rule.
7. The seveth brought forth no more, yet brought the best.
The lab'ring creature's and Creator's rest.

Or thus,

The first day, at Jehovah's word,
Did heav'n, and earth, and light afford.

The next, a firmament so wide
As might the water's course divide.

The third, severing lands from seas,
Made earth produce herbs, grass, and trees.

The fourth, sun, moon, and stars of light
Set up to rule the day and night.

The fifth made fish in depths to move,
And fowls to fly in air above.

The sixth all earthly beasts did bring,
And man to be the creature's king.

The seventh of all these days the best,
Was made for God and man to rest.

Redemption-work doth bring again
The first of these to be the main.

Fetching new heav'ns and earths in sight,
And immortality to light.

Since then the first is now the best,
Keep well this pledge of endless rest.

The Sum of CREATION.

ALL things from nothing, to their sov'reign Lord
Obedient rose, at his commanding word.
Fair in his eye the whole creation stood ;
He saw the building, and pronounced it good.

And now each work (while nature's fabric stands)
Loud for its wise and mighty Lord demands
A rent of praise, a loud and lofty song
From ev'ry rational beholder's tongue.

SECTION II.

OF REDEMPTION.—*The Mystery of the Redeemer's Incarnation ; or, God manifested in the flesh*—1 Tim. iii. 16. John i. 14.

WHAT, though the waters, struck with dread,
Rise up and form a pyramid ?
Though floods should gush from rocks and stones,
Or living souls from wither'd bones ?

To hear of an incarnate God,
Is yet more wonderful and odd ;
Or to behold how God most high
Could in our nature breathe and die.

What, though the bright angelic forms
 Degraded were to crawling worms?
 These creatures were but creatures still,
 Transform'd at their Creator's will.

Though creatures change a thousand ways,
 It cannot such amazement raise,
 Nor such a scene as this display,
 Th' eternal Word a piece of clay.

God man a strange contexture fix'd,
 Yet not confused nor commix'd;
 Yet still a myst'ry great and fresh,
 A Spirit infinite made flesh.

What, though, when nothing heard his call,
 Nothing obey'd and brought forth all?
 What, though he nothing's brood maintain,
 Or all annihilate again?

Let nothing into being pass,
 Or back again to what it was?
 But, lo! the God of beings here,
 As turn'd to nothing doth appear.

All heav'n's astonish'd at his form,
 The mighty God became a worm,
 Down Arian pride to him should bow,
 He's Jesus and Jehovah too.

The Sum of REDEMPTION.

With haughty mind to Godhead man aspir'd,
 With loving mind our manhood God desir'd:
 Man was by pride from place of pleasure chas'd,
 God man by love in greater pleasure plac'd.

Man seeking to ascend procur'd our fall;
 God yielding to descend remov'd our thrall:
 The Judge was cast, the guilty to acquit;
 The sun defac'd to lend the shades the light.

SECTION III.

The Redeemer's Work; Or, Christ all in all, and our complete Redemption.

A GOSPEL CATECHISM FOR YOUNG CHRISTIANS.

QUESTION.

KIND teacher, may I come to learn
 In this abrupt address,
 By framing questions that concern,
 My endless happiness?

ANSWER.

Yea, child ; but if you'd learn to run
The great salvation race,
Know that the name of Christ alone,
Can answer ev'ry case.

Q. By sin my God and all is lost,
O where may God be found ?

A. In Christ ; for so the Holy Ghost
Shews by the joyful sound.

Q. But how will God with sinful me
Again be reconcil'd ?

A. In Christ, in whom his grace to thee
And favour is reveal'd.

Q. O how shall I a sharer prove,
And see his glorious grace ?

A. In Christ, the image of his love,
And brightness of his face.

Q. Where shall I seek all divine store,
And without fail obtain ?

A. In Christ, in whom for evermore,
His fulness does remain.

Q. But how shall I escape and flee
Th' avenging wrath of God ?

A. In Christ, who bore upon the tree
That whole amazing load.

Q. Alas ! I'm daily apt to stray,
How shall I heav'n-ward make ?

A. Through Christ, the consecrated way,
Design'd for thee to take.

Q. Ah ! where's my title, right, or claim
To that eternal bliss ?

A. In Christ alone, that glorious name,
The Lord our righteousness.

Q. But who unfit can enter there,
Or with such nasty feet ?

A. Christ by his blood presents thee fair,
His Spirit makes thee meet.

Q. But mayn't my spirit, weak as grass,
Fail ere it reach the length ?

A. Jesus, the Lord thy righteousness,
Will be the Lord thy strength.

Q. May'nt hellish hosts and wicked foes
Sore by the way molest ?

- A. Christ is a friend to bridle those,
And give the weary rest.
- Q. May'nt guilty conscience loudly brand,
And all my comfort chase ?
- A. Christ with a pardon in his hand,
Can show his smiling face.
- Q. But how can divine mercy vent,
Where sins are great and throng ?
- A. Christ is the channel with descent
That mercy runs along.
- Q. But may not justice interpose,
And stand in mercy's way ?
- A. Jesus did all the debt thou owes
To divine justice pay.
- Q. Where shall mine eyes the pardon spy,
Unto my saving good ?
- A. In Christ's free promise see it lie,
In his atoning blood.
- Q. What ground have I to trust and say,
The promise is not vain ?
- A. In Christ the promises are Yea,
In him they are Amen.
- Q. But where is Christ himself, O where,
With promises so sweet ?
- A. Christ's in the promises, and there
Thy faith and he may meet.
- Q. Is Christ in them, and they in Christ
How shall I thus descry ?
- A. His blood and Spirit therein list
To seal and to apply.
- Q. 'Gainst legal fiery threats of wrath,
Pray, what defence is best ?
- A. Christ's full obedience ey'd by faith :
There should the guilty rest.
- Q. But how shall faith be had ? Alas !
I find I can't believe.
- A. Christ is the author of that grace ;
And faith is his to give.
- Q. Ah ! when may faithless I expect
He'll such a bliss bequeath ?
- A. He will of unbelief convict,
And pave the way for faith.
- Q. Repentance must attend, but whence
Shall I this grace receive ?

- A. Christ is exalted as a prince ?
All needful grace to give.
- Q. How can so vile a lump of dust
Heart-holiness expect ?
- A. Christ by his holy Spirit must
This gradual change effect.
- Q. How shall I do the works aright
I'm daily bound unto ?
- A. Christ in thee, by his Spirit's might
Works both to will and do.
- Q. How shall my maladies be heal'd,
So sore molesting me ?
- A. Christ is the great Physician seal'd,
The Lord that healeth thee.
- Q. By pray'r I ought to seek his face ;
This course how shall I drive ?
- A. 'Tis Christ alone that has the grace
And Sp'rit of pray'r to give.
- Q. Salvation-work is great and high ;
Alas ! what shall I do ?
- A. Christ is the Alpha thereof, aye,
And the Omega too.
- Q. What pillar then is most secure
To build my hope upon ?
- A. Christ only the foundation sure,
The living corner-stone.
- Q. When I'm with black pollution stain'd,
How shall I cleansed be ?
- A. Christ is a fountain for that end
Set open wide for thee.
- Q. What shall I do when plagues abound,
With sorrows, griefs, and fears ?
- A. Christ has a balsam for thy wounds,
A bottle for thy tears.
- Q. But is there any help for one
That utterly is lost ?
- A. Christ saves from sin, and he alone,
Even to the uttermost.
- Q. But where shall I be safe at last
From hell and endless death ?
- A. Christ is a refuge from the blast
Of everlasting wrath.
- Q. But may'nt ev'n nat'ral death to me
Become a dreadful thing ?

A. Christ by his death, in love to thee,
Did ev'ry death unsting.

Q. Why, Sir, is Christ the whole you say ?
No answer else I find ?

A. Because were Christ, our *all* away,
There's nothing left behind.

Q. How can he answer ev'ry case,
And help in every thrall ?

A. Because he is the Lord of grace,
JEHOVAH, all in all.

Q. How is he present to supply,
And to relieve us thus ?

A. Because his glorious name is high,
IMMANUEL, *God with us*.

Q. Has he alone all pow'r to save ;
Is nothing left to man ?

A. Yea, without Christ we nothing have,
Without him nothing can.

Q. May'nt some from hence take latitude
And room their lusts to please ?
If Christ do all, then very good,
Let us take carnal ease.

A. Christ will in flaming vengeance come,
With fury in his face,
To damn his foes that dare presume,
And thus abuse his grace.

SECTION IV.

*Faith and Works both excluded from the Matter of Justification before God, that
Redemption may appear to be only in Christ.*

WHO dare an holy God address,
With an unholy righteousness ?
Who can endure his awful probe,
Without perfection for their robe ?

None could his great tribunal face
Were faith itself their fairest dress :
Faith takes the robe, but never brags,
Itself has got but filthy rags.

Faith claims no share, and works far less,
In justice-pleasing righteousness ;
The servant were to me abhorr'd,
Would claim the glory of his Lord.

Blasphemous unbelief may claim
The praises of the worthy Lamb ;
But faith disclaiming all its best,
Not on itself, but Christ, will rest.

I'm sav'd and justify'd by faith,
Which yet no saving value hath ;
Nor e'er pretends to save from thrall
But in its object has it all.

'Tis Christ alone saves guilty me,
And makes my right to life so free,
That in himself it stands alone :
Faith takes the right, but gives me none.

I dare not act with this intent,
For acts of mine to draw the rent ;
Nor do good works with this design,
To win the crown by works of mine.

I'd thus the promis'd grace forsake,
Nor Jesus for my Saviour take ;
Yea, thus would dreadfully presume,
And work mine own eternal doom.

Presumption cannot rise more high,
I'd make the truth of God a lie,
The God of truth a liar too ;
What more mischief could Satan do ?

Why, I'd discredit God's record
Concerning Jesus Christ, the Lord,
His glorious and eternal Son,
Whose blood has life eternal won.

In him, says God, this life I give,
In him shall therefore men believe,
My gift embracing in their arms ;
None shall be sav'd on other terms.

Vain man must stoop and freely take,
Or else embrace a burning lake :
Proud nature must submit to grace,
And to the divine righteousness.

In vain on works our hope is built,
Our actions nothing are but guilt :
The best obedience of our own
Dare not appear before his throne.

What finite worm can bear the load,
The fury of an angry God ?
What mortal vigour can withstand
The vengeance of his lifted hand ?

The law can never save us now,
To damn is all that it can do.
Heav'n casts all righteousness of ours,
The law of works is out of doors.

No merit, money, more or less,
Can buy the gift of righteousness.
O may I take what Heav'n does give :
JEHOVAH, help me to believe !

And in that righteousness to trust,
Which only makes a sinner just.
And then, the truth of faith to prove,
Lord, make my faith to work by love.

CHAPTER II.

THE BELIEVER'S PRINCIPLES CONCERNING THE LAW AND THE GOSPEL.

Particularly—The Mystery, the Difference, the Harmony, the Place and Station of Law and Gospel.

SECTION I.

The Mystery of Law and Gospel.

THOUGH law-commands and gospel-grace
Agree in mutual joint embrace ;¹
Yet law and gospel in a shock
Can never draw an equal yoke.²

The law of works, the law of grace,
Can't stand together in one place ;
The brighter scene destroys the dark,
As Dagon fell before the ark.³

(1) Rom. iii. 31.—Do we then make void the law through faith? God forbid: yea, we establish the law. Gal. iii. 21.—Is the law then against the promises of God? God forbid: for if there had been a law given which could have given life, verily righteousness should have been by the law.

(2) Psalm cxxx. 3, 4.—If thou, Lord, shouldst mark iniquities, O Lord, who shall stand? But there is forgiveness with thee, that thou mayst be feared. Verse 7, 8.—Let Israel hope in the Lord; for, with the Lord there is mercy: and with him is plenteous redemption: and he shall redeem Israel from all his iniquities. And cxlii. 2.—O Lord, enter not into judgment with thy servant; for in thy sight shall no man living be justified. Verse 8.—Cause me to hear thy loving-kindness in the morning, for in thee do I trust: cause me to know the way wherein I should walk, for I lift up my soul unto thee.

(3) Rom. vi. 14, 15.—Sin shall not have dominion over you: for ye are not under the law, but under grace. What then? shall we sin because we are not under the law, but under grace? God forbid. Chap. vii. 4—6.—Wherefore, my brethren, ye also are become dead to the law by the body of Christ; that ye should be married to another, even to him who is raised from the dead, that we should bring forth fruit unto God. For when we were in the flesh, the motions of sin which were by the

They harmonise like marry'd pairs,¹
 Yet are at odds, and keep not squares;²
 As mercy stands from merit far,
 The letter and the Spirit jar.³

The law does gospel-comforts harm,
 The gospel breaks the legal arm;⁴
 Yet both exalt each other's horn,
 And garlands bring their head t' adorn.⁵

I through the law am dead to it,
 To legal works and self-conceit;⁶
 Yet, lo! through gospel grace I live,
 And to the law due-honour give.⁷

The law great room for boasting makes,
 But grace my pride and boasting breaks;⁸
 Yet all my boasts the law does kill,⁹
 And grace makes room to boast my fill.¹⁰

law, did work in our members to bring forth fruit unto death. But now ye are delivered from the law, that being dead wherein we were held; that we should serve in newness of spirit, and not in the oldness of the letter. 2 Cor. iii. 7—10.—But if the ministration of death, written and engraven on stones, was glorious, so that the children of Israel could not stedfastly behold the face of Moses, for the glory of his countenance, which glory was to be done away: how shall not the ministration of the Spirit be rather glorious? For, if the ministration of condemnation be glory, much more doth the ministration of righteousness exceed in glory. For even that which was made glorious, had no glory in this respect, by reason of the glory that excelleth.

(1) Gal. iii. 24.—Wherefore the law was our school-master, to bring us unto Christ, that we might be justified by faith.

(2) Rom. xi. 6.—And if (election be) by grace, then it is no more of works; otherwise grace is no more grace; but if it be of works, then it is no more grace; otherwise work is no more work.

(3) 2 Cor. iii. 6.—The letter killeth; but the Spirit giveth life.

(4) Heb. ii. 15.—And deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage. Phil. iii. 7—9.—But what things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ. Yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss, for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord; for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung that I may win Christ, and be found in him, not having mine own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith.

(5) Gal. ii. 9.—For I, through the law, am dead to the law, that I might live unto God.

(6) Rom. vii. 9.—But now we are delivered from the law, that being dead wherein we were held; that we should serve in newness of spirit, and not in the oldness of the letter. Verse 9.—For I was alive without the law once; but when the commandment came, sin revived, and I died.

(7) Rom. vii. 4.—Wherefore, my brethren, ye also are become dead to the law by the body of Christ, that ye should be married to another, even to him who is raised from the dead, that we should bring forth fruit unto God. And x. 4.—Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth.

(8) Rom. iii. 27.—Where is boasting then? It is excluded. By what law? of works? Nay, but by the law of faith.

(9) Rom. iii. 19.—Now we know that what things soever the law saith, it saith to them who are under the law; that every mouth may be stopped, and all the world may become guilty before God.

(10) 1 Cor. i. 29—31.—That no flesh should glory in his presence. But of him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption; that, according as it is written, He that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord.

The gospel makes me keep the law ;¹
 Yet from its painful service draw :²
 It does all law-demands fulfil,³
 Yet makes them wholly void and null.⁴

The gospel gives me no command,⁵
 Yet by obeying it I stand.⁶
 To strict obedience though it call,⁷
 Does bind to none, but promise all.⁸

The law does strict commandment give,
 That I the gospel news believe ;⁹
 But yet it teaches no such thing,
 Nor e'er could gospel-tidings bring.¹⁰

When I the gospel-truth believe,
 Obedience to the law I give :¹¹
 And when I don't the law¹² observe,
 I from the gospel-method swerve.¹³

(1) Tit. ii. 11, 12.—For the grace of God, that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men ; teaching us, that denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world.

(2) Gal. v. 1.—Stand fast, therefore, in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage.

(3) Rom. viii. 3, 4.—For what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God sending his own son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin condemned sin in the flesh ; that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh but after the Spirit.

(4) Rom. vi. 14.—Sin shall not have dominion over you : for ye are not under the law, but under grace. Gal. iv. 4, 5.—But when the fulness of the time was come, God sent forth his Son made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law.

(5) Gal. iii. 8.—And the scripture foreseeing that God would justify the heathen through faith, preached before the gospel unto Abraham, saying, in thee shall all nations be blessed.

(6) Mark xvi. 16.—He that believeth, and is baptized, shall be saved.

(7) 2 Thes. i. 7, 8.—The Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven, with his mighty angels, in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ.

(8) John iii. 17.—God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world ; but that the world through him might be saved. And xii. 47.—And if any man hear my words, and believe not, I judge him not ; for I came not to judge the world, but to save the world. Heb. viii. 10—12.—For this is the covenant that I will make with the house of Israel after those days, saith the Lord ; I will put my laws into their mind, and write them in their hearts ; and I will be to them a God, and they shall be to me a people. And they shall not teach every man his neighbour, and every man his brother, saying, Know the Lord ; for all shall know me from the least to the greatest. For I will be merciful to their unrighteousness, and their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more.

(9) John iii. 18.—He that believeth on him, is not condemned ; but he that believeth not, is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God.

(10) Rom. x. 5.—For Moses describeth the righteousness which is of the law, That the man which doth those things shall live by them. And iii. 19.—Now we know that what things soever the law saith, it saith to them who are under the law ; that every mouth may be stopped, and all the world may become guilty before God.

(11) John iii. 18.—He that believeth on him, is not condemned.

(12) Viz. as it is a rule.

(13) Tit. ii. 11, 12.—See figure 1.

Yet if I do the law¹ obey,
 I am not in the gospel-way,²
 Which does to sweet obedience draw :³
 Yet is the gospel no new law.⁴

All precepts to the law belong,
 Yet in the gospel-field are throng.⁵
 Curs'd ev'ry gospel-slighter is,⁶
 Yet all its office is to bless.⁷

It from the law has pow'r to kill,⁸
 Yet saving does its pow'r fulfil ;⁹
 No savour but of life it hath,¹⁰
 Yet most the savour is of death.¹¹

Weakness perfection doth exclude,
 The law is perfect, just, and good :¹²

(1) Viz. as it is a covenant.

(2) Gal. v. 3, 4.—For I testify again to every man that is circumcised, that he is a debtor to do the whole law. Christ is become of no effect unto you ; whosoever of you are justified by the law, ye are fallen from grace.

(3) Rom. xvi. 25, 26.—The mystery that was kept secret since the world began, —now is made manifest, and by the scriptures of the prophets, according to the commandment of the everlasting God, made known to all nations for the obedience of faith.

(4) Gal. iii. 21.—Is the law then against the promises of God ? God forbid : for if there had been a law given which could have given life, verily righteousness should have been by the law.

(5) Matth. v. 17, 18.—Think not that I am come to destroy the law or the prophets : I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil. For verily I say unto you, Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled, &c. Psalm cxix. 96.—I have seen an end of all perfection ; but thy commandment is exceeding broad.

(6) Heb. x. 26—29.—For if we sin wilfully after that we have received the knowledge of the truth, there remaineth no more sacrifice for sins, but a certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation, which shall devour the adversaries. He that despised Moses' law, died without mercy, under two or three witnesses ; of how much sorer punishment, suppose ye, shall he be thought worthy of, who hath trodden under foot the Son of God, and hath counted the blood of the covenant, wherewith he was sanctified, an unholy thing, and hath done despite unto the Spirit of grace ? Chap. xii. 25.—See that ye refuse not him that speaketh ; for if they escaped not who refused him that speak on earth, much more shall not we escape, if we turn away from him that speaketh from heaven.

(7) Rom. xv. 29.—And I am sure that when I come unto you, I shall come in the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ. Acts iii. 26.—Unto you first, God having raised up his Son Jesus, sent him to bless you, in turning away every one of you from his iniquities.

(8) John iii. 18.—He that beliveth not, is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God. Mark xvi. 16.—He that believeth not, shall be damned. Heb. ii. 3.—How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation ?

(9) Eph. i. 13.—In Christ ye also trusted, after that ye heard the word of truth, the gospel of your salvation. 1 Tim. i. 15.—This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came unto the world to save sinners ; of whom I am chief.

(10) Phil. ii. 16.—Holding forth the word of life, &c. 2 Tim. i. 1.—Paul an apostle of Jesus Christ by the will of God, according to the promise of life, which is in Christ Jesus. Ver. 10.—Our Saviour Jesus Christ—hath abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality to light, through the gospel.

(11) 2 Cor. ii. 16.—To the one we are the savour of death unto death, &c.

(12) Psalm cxix. 96.—I have seen an end of all perfection : but thy commandment

Ye can it nothing perfect make,
But all the comers to it break.¹

Strength to the gospel does belong,
Mighty through God it is, and strong :²
It to the law does strength emit,
Yet 'tis the law gives strength to it.

The gospel gives the law, I see,
Sufficient strength to justify ;³
Yet I may say in truth it is
The law that gives the gospel this.⁴

For as the law no sinner clears,
But how the gospel garment wears ;
So none are justify'd by grace,
Unless the law-demand have place.⁵

Again the law, which yet seems worse,
Gives gospel-news condemning force ;⁶
Yet they are news that never can,
Nor never will condemn a man.⁷

is exceeding broad. Rom. viii. 12.—Wherefore the law is holy ; and the commandment holy, and just, and good. Heb. vii. 19.—For the law made nothing perfect, but the bringing in of a better hope did ; by the which we draw nigh unto God.

(1) Heb. vii. 19.—See figure above, Chap. x. 1.—For the law having a shadow of good things to come, and not the very image of the things, can never with those sacrifices which they offered year by year continually, make the comers thereunto perfect.

(2) Rom. i. 16.—For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ : for it is the power of God unto salvation, to every one that beliveth, to the Jew first, and also to the Greek. 2 Cor. x. 4, 5.—For the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strong holds ; casting down imaginations, and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ.

(3) Rom. viii. 1.—There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh but after the Spirit. Ver. 3, 4.—For what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God DID, sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin condemned sin in the flesh ; that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh but after the spirit.

(4) Rom. iii. 31.—Do we then make void the law through faith? God forbid ; yea, we establish the law. Chap. x. 4.—For Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth.

(5) Rom. iii. 19—22.—Now we know that what things soever the law saith, it saith to them who are under the law : that every mouth may be stopped, and all the world may become guilty before God. Therefore by the deeds of the law, there shall no flesh be justified in his sight : for by the law is the knowledge of sin. But now the righteousness of God, without the law, is manifested, being witnessed by the law and the prophets ; even the righteousness of God which is by faith of Jesus Christ unto all, and upon all them that believe : for there is no difference. Chap. v. 19.—By the obedience of one shall many be made righteous. Ver. 21.—Grace reigns through righteousness unto eternal life, by Jesus Christ our Lord.

(6) John iii. 18.—He that believeth on him, is not condemned : but he that believeth not, is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God.

(7) Luke ii. 10, 11.—And the angel said unto them (viz. the shepherds) Fear not ; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people :

Dread threat'nings to the law pertain,¹
 Not to the gospel's golden chain :²
 Yet all law-threats and Sinai's ire
 To gospel-grace are walls of fire.³

The righteous law assoileth none
 Of Adam's guilty race, save one :⁴
 Who being guilty, for this cause
 By God's just law condemned was.⁵

Yet free of guilt it did him see :
 Hence fully clear'd, and set him free :⁶
 Yet, had not guilt his soul involv'd,
 By law he could not been absolved.⁷

But he withal condemn'd and spoil'd
 The law of works, which him assoil'd :⁸

For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. John iii. 17.—For God sent not his Son into the world, to condemn the world ; but that the world through him might be saved. Chap. xiii. 47.—And if any man hear my words, and believe not, I judge him not : for I came not to judge the world, but to save the world.

(1) Gal. iii. 10.—For as many as are of the works of the law, are under the curse ; for it is written, Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them.

(2) Acts xiii. 26.—Men and brethen, children of the stock of Abraham, and whosoever among you feareth God, to you is the word of this salvation sent.

(3) Mark xvi. 16.—He that believeth not, shall be damned. Heb. ii. 3.—How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation. Chap. x. 25—29.—Se figure 6, p. 264.

(4) Rom. v. 19.—For, as by one man's disobedience many were made sinners : so, by the obedience of one shall many be made righteous. John xvii. 4.—I have glorified thee on the earth : I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do.

(5) Isa. liii. 6.—The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all. Gal. i. 13.—Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us ; for it is written, Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree

(6) Heb. vii. 26.—For such an High priest became us, who is holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners, and made higher than the heavens. Dan. ix. 24.—Seventy weeks are determined upon thy people, and upon thy holy city, to finish the transgression, and to make an end of sins, and to make reconciliation for iniquity, and to bring in everlasting righteousness, and to seal up the vision and prophecy, and to anoint the most holy. 2 Tim. iii. 16.—And without controversy, great is the mystery of godliness : God was manifest in the flesh, justified in the Spirit, seen of angels, preached unto the Gentiles, believed on in the world, received up into glory. Rom. ii. 13.—For not the hearers of the law are just before God, but the doers of the law shall be justified. Isa. i. 8.—He is near that justifieth me, who will contend with me ? let us stand together ; who is mine adversary ? let him come near to me.

(7) 2 Cor. v. 21.—God hath made Christ to be sin for us, who knew no sin ; that we might be made the righteousness of God in him. 1 Pet. iii. 18.—Christ hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God ; being put to death in the flesh, but quickened by the Spirit.

(8) Col. ii. 14, 15.—Blotting out the hand-writing of ordinances that was against us, which was contrary to us, and took it out of the way, nailing it to his cross ; and having spoiled principalities and powers, he made a show of them openly, triumphing over them in it. Rom. viii. 3.—For what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God sending his own Son, in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin condemned sin in the flesh.

But now the law is (in these views)
The marrow of the gospel-news.¹

The law can justify no man
That is a sinner² yet it can
Thus favour sinful men, and free
The chief of sinners, guilty me.³

The gospel too acquiteth none
That have not put perfection on ;⁴
And yet it cleareth none (I grant)
But those who all perfection want.⁵

Those that with gospel clearance meet,
Must by the law be found complete ;⁶
Yet never could (again I grant)
The gospel justify a saint.⁷

All perfect persons it controls,⁸

(1) Rom. x. 4.—For Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth. Isa. xlv. 24.—Surely, shall one say, In the Lord have I righteousness and strength. Jer. xxiii. 6.—In his days Judah shall be saved, and Israel shall dwell safely ; but this is his name whereby he shall be called, **THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS.**

(2) Rom. iii. 19, 20.—Now we knew, that what things soever the law saith, it saith to them who are under the law ; that every mouth may be stopped, and all the world may become guilty before God. Therefore by the deeds of the law, there shall no flesh be justified in his sight ; for by the law is the knowledge of sin.

(3) The law of works, as fulfilled by Christ, can and does so, Rom. viii. 3, 4.—For what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin condemned sin in the flesh ; that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit. Ver. 33, 34.—Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect ? It is God that justifieth ; who is he that condemneth ? It is Christ that died ; yea, rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us.

(4) Rom. iii. 21, 22.—But now the righteousness of God, without the law is manifested, being witnessed by the law and the prophets ; even the righteousness of God, which is by the faith of Jesus Christ unto all, and upon all them that believe ; for there is no difference.

(5) Rom. iv. 5.—To him that worketh not, but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness.

(6) 1 Cor. i. 30.—But of him are ye in Christ Jesus, who, of God, is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption. Col. ii. 10.—And, ye are complete in him, which is the head of all principality and power.

(7) Matth. ix. 13.—I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance, Rom. iii. 10.—There is none righteous, no not one. Chap. ix. 30, 31, 32.—What shall we say then ? That the Gentiles, which followed not after righteousness, have attained to righteousness, even the righteousness which is of faith, but, Israel, which followed after the law of righteousness, hath not attained to the law of righteousness. Wherefore ? Because they sought it not by faith, but, as it were, by the works of the law. Chap. x. 3.—Israel being ignorant of God's righteousness, and going about to establish their own righteousness, have not submitted themselves to the righteousness of God. 1 Tim. i. 15.—This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners ; of whom I am chief.

(8) Matth. xxi. 31.—Jesus saith unto them (viz. the Pharisees,) Verily I say unto you, that the publicans and the harlots go into the kingdom of God before you, Luke xviii. 9—14.—And Jesus spake this parable unto certain who trusted in themselves that they were righteous, and despised others : Two men went up into the

And justifies ungodly souls;¹
 Yet still no man its grace partakes,
 But whom it truly godly makes.²

The law withstands the gospel-path,³
 Which yet its approbation hath:⁴
 The gospel thwarts the legal way,⁵
 Yet will approve the law for ay.⁶

Hence though the gospel's comely frame
 Doth openly the law condemn;⁷

temple to pray; the one a Pharisee, and the other a publican. The Pharisee stood and prayed thus with himself, God, I thank thee, that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican. I fast twice in the week; I give tithes of all that I possess. And the publican standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, God be merciful to me a sinner.—I tell you, this man went down to his house justified rather than the other: for every one that exalteth himself, shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself, shall be exalted. Ver. 21, 22.—And he (viz. the ruler) said, All these have I kept from my youth up. Now when Jesus heard these things, he said unto them, Yet lackest thou one thing: sell all that thou hast, and distribute unto the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come, follow me.

(1) Rom. iv. 5, 6.—To him that worketh not, but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness. Even as David also describeth the blessedness of the man unto whom God imputeth righteousness without works.

(2) Titus ii. 11—14.—The grace of God that bringeth salvation, hath appeared to all men; teaching us, that denying ungodliness, and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world; looking for that blessed hope and the glorious appearing of the great God, and our Saviour Jesus Christ: who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works—Chap. iii. 4, 5.—After that the kindness and love of God our Saviour toward man appeared, not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost. Ver. 8.—This is a faithful saying, and these things I will that thou affirm constantly, that they which have believed in God, might be careful to maintain good works: these things are good and profitable unto men.

(3) 1 Cor. xv. 56.—The strength of sin is the law. Rom. iv. 14.—Sin shall not have dominion over you: for ye are not under the law, but under grace. Chap. x. 3.—Israel being ignorant of God's righteousness, and going about to establish their own righteousness, have not submitted themselves unto the righteousness of God.

(4) Isa. xlii. 21.—The Lord is well pleased for his righteousness sake; he will magnify the law, and make it honourable. Matth. iii. 17.—And lo, a voice from heaven saying, This is my beloved son in whom I am well pleased.

(5) Rom. ix. 31, 32, 33.—But Israel, which followed after the law of righteousness hath not attained to the law of righteousness? Wherefore? Because they sought it not by faith, but as it were by the works of the law; for they stumbled at that stumbling-stone; as it is written, Behold I lay in Sion a stumbling-stone, and rock of offence; and whosoever believeth on him, shall not be ashamed.

(6) Rom. vii. 7.—What shall we say then? Is the law sin? God forbid. Nay, I had not known sin, but by the law; for I had not known lust, except the law had said, Thou shalt not covet. Ver. 10.—And the commandment which was ordained to life, I found to be unto death. Ver. 12.—Wherefore the law is holy; and the commandment holy, and just, and good.

(7) Rom. x. 5—9.—For Moses describeth the righteousness which is of the law. That the man which doth these things, shall live by them. But the righteousness which is of faith speaketh on this wise, Say not in thine heart, Who shall ascend into heaven? (that is to bring Christ down from above;) or, Who shall descend into the deep? (that is, to bring up Christ again from the dead) But what saith it? The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth, and in thy heart: that is the word of faith

Yet they are blind, who never saw
The gospel justify the law.¹

Thus gospel-grace, and law-commands,
Both bind and loose each other's hands :
They can't agree on any terms,²
Yet hug each other in their arms.³

Those that divide them, cannot be
The friends of truth and variety ;⁴
Yet those that dare confound the two,
Destroy them both, and gender woe.⁵

This paradox none can decipher,
That plough not with the gospel-heifer.

which we preach, That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart, that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.

(1) Rom. iii. 31.—Do we then make void the law through faith? God forbid : yea, we establish the law.

(2) Gal. iv. 21—26.—Tell me, ye that desire to be under the law, do ye not hear the law? For it is written, that Abraham had two sons ; the one by a bond-maid, the other by a free woman. But he who was of the bond woman, was born after the flesh : but he of the free woman was by promise. Which things are an allegory ; for these are the two covenants ; the one from the mount Sinai, which gendereth to bondage, which is Agar. For this Agar is mount Sinai in Arabia, and answereth to Jerusalem, which now is, and is in bondage with her children. But Jerusalem which is the above, is free, which is the mother of us all.

(3) Psalm lxxxv. 28.—Mercy and truth are met together ; righteousness and peace have kissed each other.

(4) Matth. xxiii. 23.—Wo unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites ; for ye pay tithes of mint, and annise, and cummin, and have omitted the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy, and faith : these ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone. Rom. ii. 23.—Thou that makest thy boast of the law, through breaking the law, dishonourest thou God? Verse 45, 46.—For circumcision verily profiteth, if thou keep the law : but if thou be a breaker of the law, thy circumcision is made uncircumcision. Therefore, if the uncircumcision keep the righteousness of the law, shall not this uncircumcision be counted for circumcision? Matth. xix. 6.—What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder. Chap. iii. 15.—And Jesus answering, said unto him (viz. John), Suffer it to be so now ; for thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness. Then he suffered him. Chap. v. 17.—Think not that I am come to destroy the law or the prophets : I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil. Ver. 19, 20.—Whosoever therefore, shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven ; but whosoever shall do, and teach them, the same shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven. For I say unto you, That except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven. 1 John. v. 6.—This is he that came by water and blood, even Jesus Christ ; not by water only, but by water and blood ; and it is the spirit that beareth witness, because the spirit is truth.

(5) Gal. i. 6, 7, 8.—I marvel, that ye are so soon removed from him that called you into the grace of Christ, unto another gospel ; which is not another ; but there be some that trouble you, and would pervert the gospel of Christ. But though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel unto you, than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed. Zeph. i. 4.—I will cut off—ver. 5.—them that worship, and that swear by the Lord, and that swear by Malcham. Acts xv. 7.—And when there had been much disputing, Peter rose up and said unto them, Men and brethren, ye know how that a good while ago, God made choice among us, that the Gentiles by my mouth should hear the word of the gospel, and believe.

SECTION II.

The Difference betwixt the Law and the Gospel.

THE law supposing I have all,
Does ever for perfection call.
The gospel suits my total want,
And all the law can seek does grant.

The law could promise life to me,
If my obedience perfect be :
But grace does promise life upon
My Lord's obedience alone.

The law says, Do, and life you'll win ;
But grace says, Live, for all is done ;
The former cannot ease my grief ;
The latter yields me full relief.

By law convinc'd of sinful breach ;
By gospel-grace I comfort reach :
The one my condemnation bears ;
The other justifies and clears.

The law shews my arrears are great ;
The gospel freely pays my debt :
The first does me the bankrupt curse ;
The last does bless and fill my purse.

The law will not abate a mite ;
The gospel all the sum will quite :
There God in threat'nings is array'd,
But here in promises display'd.

The law and gospel disagree,
Like Hagar, Sarah, bond and free :
The former's Hagar's servitude ;
The latter Sarah's happy brood.

To Sinai black, and Zion fair,
The word does law and grace compare.
Their cursing and their blessing vie
With Ebal and Gerizzam high.

The law excludes not boasting vain,
But rather feeds it to my bane :
But gospel-grace allows no boasts,
Save in the King, the Lord of hosts.

Ver. 10, 11.—Now, therefore, why tempt ye God, to put a yoke upon the neck of the disciples, which neither our fathers nor we are able to bear? But we believe that through the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, we shall be saved even as they. Gal. v. 1.—Stand fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage. Ver. 4.—Christ is become of none effect unto you, whosoever of you are justified by the law ; ye are fallen from grace.

The law still irritates my sin,
And hardens my proud heart therein ;
But grace's melting pow'r renews,
And my corruption strong subdues.

The law with thunder, Sinai-like,
Does always dread and terror speak :
The gospel makes a joyful noise,
And charms me with a still, calm voice.

The legal trumpet war proclaims,
In wrathful threats, and fire, and flames :
The gospel-pipe, a peaceful sound,
Which spreads a kindly breath around.

The law is weak through sinful flesh ;
The gospel brings recruits afresh :
The first a killing letter wears ;
The last a quick'ning spirit bears.

The law that seeks perfection's height,
Yet gives no strength, nor offers might ;
But precious gospel-tidings glad
Declare where all is to be had.

From me alone the law does crave,
What grace affirms in Christ I have :
When therefore law-pursuits enthrall,
I send the law to grace for all.

The law brings terror to molest,
The gospel gives the weary rest.
The one does flags of death display,
The other shews the living way.

The law by Moses was exprest ;
The glorious gospel came by Christ :
The first dim nature's light may trace ;
The last is only known by grace.

The law may rouse me from my sloth,
To faith and to repentance both :
And though the law commandeth each,
Yet neither of them can it teach.

Nor will accept for current coin
The duties which it does enjoin :
It seeks all, but accepts no less
Than constant, perfect righteousness.

The gospel, on the other hand,
Although it issue no command,
But strictly view'd, does whole consist
In promises and offers blest ;

Yet does it many duties teach,
Which legal light could never reach;
Thus faith, repentance, and the like,
Are fire that gospel-engines strike.

They have acceptance here through grace,
The law affords them no such place :
Yet still they come through both their hands,
Through gospel-teachings, law-commands.

The law's a house of bondage sore ;
The gospel opes the prison-door :
The first me hamper'd in its net ;
The law at freedom kindly set.

The precept craves, the gospel gives ;
While that me presses, this relieves ;
And or affords the strength I lack,
Or takes the burden off my back.

The law requires on pain of death ;
The gospel courts with loving breath :
While that conveys a deadly wound ;
This makes me perfect, whole, and sound.

Their viewing how diseas'd I am,
I here perceive the healing balm :
Afflicted there with sense of need,
But here refresh'd with meet remede.

The law's a charge for what I owe ;
The gospel my discharge to show :
The one a scene of fears doth ope ;
The other is the door of hope.

An angry God the law reveal'd ;
The gospel shows him reconcil'd :
By that I know he was displeas'd ;
By this I see his wrath appeas'd.

The law thus shews the divine ire,
And nothing but consuming fire.
The gospel brings the olive-branch,
And blood the burning fire to quench.

The law still shews a fiery face ;
The gospel shews a throne of grace ;
There Justice rides alone in state ;
But here she takes the mercy-seat.

In SUM.

Lo ! in the law Jehovah dwells,
But Jesus is conceal'd ;
Whereas the gospel's nothing else
But Jesus Christ reveal'd.

SECTION III.

The Harmony betwixt the Law and the Gospel.

THE law's a tutor much in vogue,
To gospel grace a pedagogue ;
The gospel to the law no less
Than its full end for righteousness.

When once the fiery law of God
Has chas'd me to the gospel-road ;
Then back unto the holy law
Most kindly gospel-grace will draw.

When by the law to grace I'm school'd ;
Grace by the law will have me rul'd :
Hence, if I don't the law obey,
I cannot keep the gospel-way.

When I the gospel-news believe,
Obedience to the law I give :
And that both in its fed'ral dress,
And as a rule of holiness.

Lo ! in my head I render all
For which the fiery law can call :
His blood unto its fire was fuel,
His Spirit shapes me to its rule.

When law and gospel kindly meet,
To serve each other both unite ;
Sweet promises, and stern commands,
Do work to one-another's hands.

The divine law demands no less
Than human perfect righteousness ;
The gospel gives it this and more,
Ev'n divine righteousness in store,

Whate'er the righteous law require,
The gospel grants its whole desire.
Are law commands exceeding broad ?
So is the righteousness of God.

How great soe'er the legal charge,
The gospel-payment's equal large :
No less by man the law can bray,
When grace provides a God to pay.

The law makes gospel-banquets sweet :
The gospel makes the law complete :
Law-suits to grace's storehouse draw ;
Grace decks and magnifies the law.

Both law and gospel close combine,
To make each other's lustre shine :
The gospel all law-breakers shames ;
The law all gospel-slighters damns.

The law is holy, just, and good ;
All this the gospel seals with blood,
And clears the royal law's just dues
With dearly purchas'd revenues.

The law commands me to believe ;
The gospel saving faith does give :
The law enjoins me to repent :
The gospel gives my tears a vent.

What in the gospel-mint is coin'd,
The same is in the law enjoin'd :
Whatever gospel-tidings teach,
The law's authority doth reach.

Here join the law and gospel hands,
What this me teaches, that commands :
What virtuous forms the gospel please
The same the law doth authorise.

And thus the law-commandment seals
Whatever gospel-grace reveals ;
The gospel also for my good
Seals all the law-demands with blood.

The law most perfect still remains,
And ev'ry duty full contains :
The gospel its perfection speaks,
And therefore gives whate'er it seeks.

Next, what by law I'm bound unto,
The same the gospel makes me do :
What perceptively that can crave,
This effectively can engrave.

All that by precepts Heav'n expects,
Free grace by promises effects :
To what the law by fear may move,
To that the gospel leads by love.

To run to work, the law commands ;
The gospel gives me feet and hands :
The one requires that I obey ;
The other does the pow'r convey.

What in the law has duty's place,
The gospel changes to a grace :
Hence legal duties therein nam'd,
Are herein gospel-graces fam'd.

The precept checks me when I stray ;
The promise holds me in the way :
That shews my folly when I roam ;
And this most kindly brings me home :

Law-threats and precepts both, I see,
With gospel-promises agree ;
They to the gospel are a fence,
And it to them a maintenance.

The law will justify all those
Who with the gospel-ransom close :
The gospel too approves for aye
All those that do the law obey.

The righteous law condemns each man
That dare reject the gospel-plan :
The holy gospel none will save,
On whom it won't the law engrave.

When Christ the tree of life did climb,
I see both law and grace in him :
In him the law its end does gain ;
In him the promise is Amen.

The law makes grace's pasture sweet,
Grace makes the law my sav'ry meat :
Yea, sweeter than the honey-comb,
When grace and mercy brings it home.

The precepts of the law me show
What fruits of gratitude I owe :
But gospel-grace begets the brood,
And moves me to the gratitude.

Law-terrors panse the putrid sore ;
And gospel-grace applies the cure :
The one ploughs up the fallow ground ;
The other sows the seed around.

A rigid master was the law,
Demanding brick, denying straw :
But when with gospel-tongue it sings,
It bids me fly, and gives me wings.

In SUM.

Both law and gospel close unite,
Are seen with more solace,
Where truth and mercy kindly meet,
In fair IMMANUEL's face.

SECTION IV.

The proper Place and Station of the Law and the Gospel.

NOTE.—That in the four following Paragraphs, as well as in the three preceding Sections, by Law is mostly understood the doctrine of the Covenant of Works; and by Gospel, the doctrine of the Covenant of Grace.

PARAGRAPH I.

The Place and Station of Law and Gospel in general.

WHEN we the sacred record view,
Or divine Test'ments old and new;
The matter in most pages fix'd,
Is law and gospel intermix'd.

Yet few, ev'n in a learned age,
Can so resolve the sacred page,
As to discern with equal eye,
Where law where gospel sever'd lie.

One divine text with double clause
May speak the gospel's voice and laws:¹
Hence men to blend them both are apt,
Should in one sentence both be wrapt.

But that we may the truth pursue,
And give both law and grace their due,
And God the glory there display'd;
The following rules may give us aid.

Where-e'er in sacred writ we see
A word of grace or promise free,
With blessings dropt for Jesus' sake:
We these for gospel-news may take.

But where a precept strict we find
With promise to our doing join'd,
Or threat'ning with a wrathful frown;
This is the law we justly own.

(1) *Ex. Gr.* Lev. xx. 7, 8.—Sanctify yourselves therefore, and be ye holy; for I am the Lord your God. And ye shall keep my statutes, and do them; I am the Lord which sanctifieth you. 1 John iv. 7.—Beloved, let us love one another: for love is of God; and every one that loveth, is born of God, and knoweth God. Rom. v. 21.—That as sin hath reigned unto death, even so might grace reign through righteousness unto eternal life, by Jesus Christ our Lord. Chap. vi. 23.—For the wages of sin is death: but the gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Mark xvi. 15, 16.—And he said unto them, Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized, shall be saved: but he that believeth not, shall be damned. John iii. 18.—He that believeth on him, is not condemned: but he that believeth not, is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God, &c.

PARAGRAPH II.

The Place and Station of Law and Gospel in particular. Where the Difference is noted betwixt the Gospel largely viewed in its Dispensation, and strictly in itself; and betwixt the Gospel and faith receiving it.

WOULDST thou distinctly know the sound
Of law and grace, then don't confound
The *dispensation* with the *grace* ;
For these two have a distinct place.

The gospel thus dispens'd we see,
" Believe, and thou shalt saved be ;
If not, thou shalt be damn'd to hell,
And in eternal torments dwell."

Here precepts in it are dispens'd,
With threat'nings of damnation fenc'd ;
The legal sanction here takes place,
That none may dare abuse free grace.

Yet nor does that command of faith,
Nor this tremendous threat of wrath,
Belong to gospel strictly so ;
But to its dispensation do.

The method of dispensing here,
Does law and gospel jointly bear ;
Because the law's subservient,
Unto the gospel's blest intent.

Precepts and threat'nings both make way
The gospel blessings to convey ;
Which differs much, though thus dispens'd
From laws and threats whereby 'tis fenc'd.

" Believe and thou shalt saved be,"
Is gospel, but improperly ;
Yet safely men may call it thus,
Because 'tis so dispens'd to us.

But sure the gospel-news we sing,
Must be some other glorious thing,
Than precepts to believe the same,
Whatever way we blend their name.

The gospel-treasure's something more
Than means that do apply the store :
Believing is the method pav'd ;
The gospel is the thing believ'd.

The precious thing is tidings sweet,
Of Christ a Saviour most complete,
To save from sin, and death, and wrath ;
Which tidings tend to gender faith.

Faith comes by hearing God's record
Concerning Jesus Christ the Lord ;
And is the method Heav'n has blest
For bringing to the gospel-rest.

The joyful sound is news of grace,
And life to Adam's guilty race,
Through Jesus' righteousness divine,
Which bright from faith to faith does shine.

The promise of immortal bliss
Is made to this full righteousness :
By this our right to life is bought ;
Faith begs to right and buys it not.

True faith receives the offer'd good,
And promise seal'd with precious blood :
It gives no title to the bliss,
But takes th' entitling righteousness.

This object great of saving faith,
And this alone the promise hath ;
For 'tis not made to faith's poor act
But is the prize that faith does take :

And only as it takes the same,
It bears a great and famous name ;
For self and all its grandeur down
It throws, that Christ may wear the crown

But if new laws and threats were all
That gospel properly we call,
Then were the precept to believe,
No better news than Do and Live.

If then we won't distinguish here,
We cloud, but don't the gospel clear ;
We blend it with the fiery law,
And all into confusion draw.

The law of works we introduce,
As if old merit were in use,
When man could life by doing won,
Ev'n though the work by grace were done.

Old Adam in his innocence
Deriv'd his power of doing hence :
As all he could was wholly due :
So all the working strength, he knew,

Was only from the grace of God,
Who with such favour did him load :
Yet was the promise to his act,
That he might merit by compact.

No merit but of paction could
Of men or angels e'er be told ;
The God-man only was so high
To merit by condignity.

Were life now promised to our act,
Or to our works by paction tack'd ;
Though God should his assistance grant,
'Tis still a doing covenant

Though Heav'n its helping grace should yield,
Yet merit's still upon the field ;
We cast the name, yet still 'tis found
Disclaim'd but with a verbal sound.

If one should borrow tools from you,
That he some famous work might do ;
When once his work is well prepar'd,
He sure deserves his due reward ;

Yea, justly may he claim his due,
Although he borrow'd tools from you :
Ev'n thus the borrow'd strength of grace
Can't hinder merit to take place.

From whence soe'er we borrow pow'rs,
If life depend on works of ours ;
Or if we make the gospel thus
In any sort depend on us ;

We give the law the gospel-place,
Rewards of debt the room of grace ;
We mix heav'n's treasures with our trash,
And magnify corrupted flesh.

The new and gospel covenant
No promise to our works will grant
But to the doing of our Head,
And in him to each gospel-deed.

To godliness, which is great gain,
Promise is said to appertain :
But know, lest you the gospel mar,
In whom it is we godly are :

To him and to his righteousness
Still primar'ly the promise is :
And not ev'n to the gracious deed,
Save in and through the glorious Head.

Pray let us here observe the odds,
How law and grace take counter roads,
The law of works no promise spake
Unto the agent, but the act ;

It primar'ly no promise made
 Unto the person, but the deed ;
 Whate'er the doing person shar'd,
 'Twas for his deed he had reward.

The law of grace o'erturns the scale,
 And makes the quite reverse prevail :
 Its promise lights not on the deed,
 But on the doing person's head ;

Not for his doing, but for this,
 Because in Christ his portion is ;
 Which union to the living Prince,
 His living works and deeds evince.

Good fruits have promise in this view,
 As union to the BRANCH they shew :
 To whom the promises pertain,
 In him all Yea, and all Amen.

Observe, pray ; for if here we err,
 And do not Christ alone prefer,
 But think the promise partly stands
 On our obeying new commands :

Th' old cov'nant-place to works we give,
 Or mingle Grace with Do and Live ;
 We overcloud the gospel charms,
 And also break our working arms.

More honour to the law profess,
 But giving more, we give it less :
 Its heavy yoke in vain we draw,
 By turning gospel into law.

We rob grace of its joyful sound,
 And bury Christ in Moses' ground ;
 At best we run a legal race
 Upon the field of gospel-grace.

PARAGRAPH III.

The Gospel no New Law ; but a joyful sound of Grace and Mercy.

Law-precepts in a gospel-mold,
 We may as gospel-doctrine hold,
 But gospel-calls in legal dress,
 The joyful sound of grace suppress.

Faith and repentance may be taught,
 And yet no gospel-tidings brought ;
 If as mere duties these we press,
 And not as parts of promis'd bliss.

If only precepts we present,
Though urg'd with strongest argument,
We leave the weak'ned sinner's hope
In darkness of despair to grope.

The man whom legal precepts chase,
As yet estrang'd to sov'reign grace,
Mistaking evangelic charms,
As if they stood on legal terms.

Looks to himself, though dead in sin,
For grounds of faith and hope within :
Hence fears and fetters grow and swell,
Since nought's within but sin and hell.

But faith that looks to promis'd grace,
Clean out of self the soul will chase,
To Christ for righteousness and strength,
And finds the joyful rest at length.

Proud flesh and blood will startle here,
And hardly such report can bear.
That Heav'n all saving store will give
To them that work not, but believe.

Yet not of works, but 'tis the race
Of faith, that it may be of grace :
For faith does nothing but agree
To welcome this salvation free.

“ *Come down Zaccheus ; quickly come,*
Salvation's brought unto thy home ;
In vain thou climb'st the legal tree ;
Salvation freely comes to thee.

“ *Thou dream'st of coming up to terms,*
Come down into my saving arms ;
Down, down, and get a pardon free,
On terms already wrought by me.

“ *Behold the blessings of my blood,*
Bought for thy everlasting good,
And freely all to be convey'd
Upon the price already paid.

“ *I know thou hast no good, and see*
I cannot stand in terms with thee,
Whose fall has left thee nought to claim,
Nor aught to boast but sin and shame.”

The law of heavy hard commands
Confirms the wak'ned sinner's bands ;
But grace proclaims relieving news,
And scenes of matchless mercy shews.

No precept clogs the gospel call,
 But therein grace is *all in all* ;
 No law is here but that of grace,
 Which brings relief in ev'ry case.

The gospel is the promise fair
 Of grace, all ruins to repair ;
 And leaves no sinner room to say,
 " Alas ! this debt I cannot pay ;

" This grievous yoke I cannot bear,
 This high demand I cannot clear."
 Grace stops the mouth of such complaints,
 And store of full supply presents.

The glorious gospel is (in brief,)
 A sov'reign word of sweet relief ;
 Not clogg'd with cumbersome commands,
 To bind the soul's receiving hands.

'Tis joyful news of sov'reign grace,
 That reigns in state through righteousness,
 To ransom from all threat'ning woes,
 And answer all commanding Do's.

This gospel comes with help indeed,
 Adapted unto sinners' need.
 These joyful news that suit their case,
 Are chariots of his drawing grace.

'Tis here the Spirit powerful rides,
 The fountains of the deep divides ;
 The King of glory's splendour shews,
 And wins the heart with welcome news.

PARAGRAPH IV.

The Gospel further described as a Bundle of Good News, and gracious Promises.

THE first grand promise forth did break
 In threats against the tempting snake ;
 So may the gospel in commands,
 Yet nor in threats or precepts stands :

But 'tis a doctrine of free grants
 To sinners, that they may be saints :
 A joyful sound of royal gifts,
 To obviate unbelieving shifts :

A promise of divine supplies,
 To work all gracious qualities.
 In those, who pronest to rebel,
 Are only qualify'd for hell.

Courting vile sinners, ev'n the chief,
It leaves no cloak for unbelief ;
But ev'n on gross Manassehs calls,
On Mary Magdalens and Sauls.

'Tis good news of a fountain ope
For sin and filth ; a door of hope
For those that lie in blood and gore,
And of a salve for ev'ry sore.

Glad news of sight unto the blind ;
Of light unto the dark'ned mind ;
Of healing to the deadly sick ;
And mercy both to Jew and Greek.

Good news of gold to poor that lack :
Of raiment to the naked back :
Of binding to the wounds that smart ;
And rest unto the weary heart.

Glad news of freedom to the bound
Of store all losses to refund,
Of endless life unto the dead,
And present help in time of need.

Good news of heav'n, where angels dwell,
To those that well deserved hell :
Of strength to weak for work and war,
And access near to those afar.

Glad news of joy to those that weep,
And tender care of cripple sheep :
Of shelter to the soul pursu'd
And cleansing to the hellish-hued :

Of floods to sap the parched ground,
And streams to run the desert round ;
Of ransom to the captive caught,
And harbour to the found'ring yacht :

Of timely aid to weary groans ;
Of joy restor'd to broken bones :
Of grace divine to graceless preys,
And glory to the vile and base :

Of living water pure, that teems
On fainting souls refreshing streams ;
Of gen'rous wine to cheer the strong,
And milk to feed the tender young :

Of saving faith to faithless ones ;
Of soft'ning grace to flinty stones ;
Of pardon to a guilty crew,
And mercy free, where wrath was due.

Good news of welcome kind to all,
That come to Jesus at his call ;
Yea, new of drawing pow'r, when scant,
To those that fain would come and can't.

Glad news of rich mysterious grace,
And mercy meeting ev'ry case ;
Of store immense all voids to fill,
And ree to whosoever will.

Of Christ exalted as a Prince,
Pardons to give a penitence ;
Of grace o'ercoming stubborn wills,
And leaping over Bether hills.

Faith comes by hearing these reports :
Straight to the court of grace resorts,
And, free of mercenary thought,
Gets royal bounty all for nought.

Faith's wing within the clammy sea
Of legal merit cannot flee ;
But mounting mercy's air apace,
Soars in the element of grace.

But as free love the blessing gives
To him that works not, but believes ;
So faith, once reaching its desire,
Works hard by love, but not by hire.

CHAPTER III.

THE BELIEVER'S PRINCIPLES CONCERNING JUSTIFICATION AND SANCTIFICATION,
THEIR DIFFERENCE AND HARMONY.

SECTION I.

The Difference between Justification and Sanctification ; or Righteousness imputed and Grace imparted : in upwards of thirty particulars.¹

KIND Jesus spent his life to spin
My robe of perfect righteousness ;
But by his Spirit's work within
He forms my gracious holy dress.

(1)—That (METRI CAUSA) *Justification* is sometimes here expressed by the words, *Imputed grace, justifying grace, righteousness, &c.*—*Sanctification* by the names, *Imparted grace, graces, holiness, sanctity, &c.* ; which the judicious will easily understand.

He as a Priest me justifies,
His blood does roaring conscience still ;
But as a King he sanctifies,
And subjugates my stubborn will.

He justifying by his merit,
Imputes to me his righteousness ;
But sanctifying by his Spirit,
Infuses in me saving grace.

My justifying righteousness
Can merit by condignity :
But nothing with my strongest grace
Can be deserv'd by naughty me.

This justifying favour sets,
The guilt of all my sin remote :
But sanctifying grace deletes
The filth and blackness of its blot.

By virtue of this righteousness
Sin can't condemn nor justly brand :
By virtue of infused grace
Anon it ceases to command.

The righteousness which I enjoy,
Sin's damning pow'r will wholly stay ;
And grace imparted will destroy
Its ruling domineering sway.

The former is my Judge's act
Of condonation full and free :
The latter his commenced fact,
And gradual work advanc'd in me.

The former's instantaneous,
The moment that I first believe :
The latter is, as Heav'n allows,
Progressive while on earth I live.

The first will peace to conscience give,
The last the filthy heart will cleanse ;
The first effects a relative,
The last a real inward change.

The former pardons ev'ry sin,
And counts me righteous, free, and just ;
The latter quickens grace within,
And mortifies my sin and lust.

Imputed grace intitles me
Unto eternal happiness ;
Imparted grace will qualify
That heav'nly kingdom to possess.

My righteousness is infinite,
Both subjectively and in kind ;
My holiness most incomplete,
And daily wavers like the wind.

So lasting is my outer dress,
It never wears nor waxes old ;
My inner garb of grace decays
And fades, if Heav'n do not uphold.

My righteousness and pardon is
At once most perfect and complete ;
But sancity admits degrees,
Does vary, fluctuate, and fleet.

Hence fix'd, my righteousness divine
No real change can undergo ;
But all my graces wax and wane,
By various turnings ebb and flow.

I'm by the first as righteous now,
As e'er hereafter I can be :
The last will to perfection grow,
Heav'n only is the full degree.

The first is equal, wholly giv'n,
And still the same in ev'ry saint ;
The last unequal and unev'n,
While some enjoy what others want.

My righteousness divine is fresh,
For ever pure and heav'nly both ;
My sanctity is partly flesh,
And justly term'd a menstrous cloth.

My righteousness I magnify,
'Tis my triumphant lofty flag ;
But, pois'd with this, my sanctity
Is nothing but a filthy rag.

I glory in my righteousness,
And loud extol it with my tongue ;
But all my grace, compar'd with this,
I under-rate as loss and dung.

By justifying grace I'm apt
Of divine favour free to boast ;
By holiness I'm partly shap'd
Into his image I had los

The first to divine justice pays
A rent to still the furious storm ;
The last to divine holiness
Instructs me duly to perform.

The first does quench the fiery law,
Its rigid cov'nant fully stay ;
The last its rule embroider'd draw,
To deck my heart, and gild my way.

The subject of my righteousness
Is Christ himself, my glorious Head ;
But I the subject am of grace,
As he supplies my daily need.

The matter of the former too
Is only Christ's obedience dear ;
But, lo ! his helping me to do
Is all the work and matter here.

I on my righteousness rely
For Heav'n's acceptance free, and win ;
But in this matter must deny
My grace, ev'n as I do my sin.

Though all my graces precious are,
Yea, perfect also in desire ;
They cannot stand before the bar
Where awful justice is umpire :

But in the robe that Christ did spin,
They are of great and high request ;
They have acceptance wrapt within
My elder Brother's bloody vest.

My righteousness proclaims me great
And fair, even in the sight of God ;
But sanctity's my main off-set
Before the gazing world abroad.

More justify'd I cannot be
By all my most religious acts ;
But these increase my sanctity,
That's still attended with defects.

My righteousness the safest ark
Midst ev'ry threat'ning flood will be ;
My graces but a leaking bark
Upon a stormy raging sea.

I see in justifying grace
God's love to me does ardent burn ;
But by imparted holiness
I grateful love to love return.

My righteousness is that which draws
My thankful heart to this respect ;
The former then is first the cause,
The latter is the sweet effect.

Christ is in justifying me,
By name, *The Lord my righteousness* :
But as he comes to sanctify,
The Lord my strength and help he is.

In that I have the patient's place,
For there JEHOVAH's act is all :
But in the other I'm through grace
An agent working at his call.

The first does slavish fear forbid,
For there his wrath revenging ends ;
The last commands my filial dread,
For here paternal ire attends.

The former does annul my woe,
By God's judicial sentence past ;
The latter makes my graces grow,
Faith, love, repentance and the rest.

The first does divine pard'ning love
Most freely manifest to me ;
The last makes shining graces prove
Mine int'rest in the pardon free.

My soul in justifying grace
Does full and free acceptance gain :
In sanctity I heav'nward press
By sweet assistance I obtain.

The first declares I'm free of debt,
And nothing left for me to pay :
The last makes me a debtor yet,
But helps to pay it ev'ry day.

My righteousness with wounds and blood
Discharg'd both law and justice score ;
Hence with the debt of gratitude
I'll charge myself for evermore.

SECTION II.

The Harmony between Justification and Sanctification.

HE who me decks with righteousness,
With grace will also clothe ;
For glorious Jesus came to bliss
By blood and water both.

That in his righteousness I trust,
My sanctity will show,
Though graces cannot make me just,
They shew me to be so.

All those who freely justify'd
Are of the pardon'd race,
Anon are also sanctify'd
And purified by grace.

Where justice stern does justify,
There holiness is clear'd :
Heav'n's equity and sanctity
Can never be sever'd.

Hence, when my soul with pardon deck'd,
Perceives no divine ire,
Then holiness I do affect
With passionate desire.

His justifying grace is such
As wafts my soul to heav'n :
I cannot choose but love him much,
Who much has me forgiv'n.

The Sun of righteousness that brings
Remission in his rays,
The healing in his golden wings
Of light and heat conveys.

Where-ever Jesus is a Priest,
There will he be a King ;
He that assoils from sin's arrest,
Won't tolerate its reign.

The title of a precious grace
To faith may justly fall,
Because its open arms embrace
A precious Christ for all.

From precious faith a precious strife
Of precious virtues flow ;
A precious heart, a precious life,
And precious duties too.

Where-ever faith does justify,
It purifies the heart ;
The pardon and the purity
Join hands and never part.

The happy state of pardon doth
An holy life infer :
In subjects capable of both
They never sunder'd were.

Yet in defence of truth must we
Distinctly view the twain :
That how they differ, how agree,
We may in truth maintain.

Two natures in one person dwell,
Which no division know,
In our renown'd IMMANUEL,
Without confusion too.

Those that divide them, grossly err,
Though yet distinct they be :
Those who confusion hence infer,
Imagine blasphemy.

Thus righteousness and grace we must
Not sunder nor confound ;
Else holy peace to us is lost,
And sacred truth we wound.

While we their proper place maintain,
In friendship sweet they dwell ;
But or to part or blend the twain,
Are errors hatch'd in hell.

To separate what God does join,
Is wicked and profane :
To mix and mutilate his coin,
Is damnable and vain.

Though plain distinction must take place,
Yet no division here,
Nor dark confusion, else the grace
Of both will disappear.

Lo ! errors gross on ev'ry side
Conspire to hurt and wound ;
Antinomists do them divide,
And legalists confound.

CHAPTER IV.

THE BELIEVER'S PRINCIPLES CONCERNING FAITH AND SENSE.

1. Of Faith and Sense Natural ; 2. Of Faith and Sense Spiritual ; 3. The Harmony and Discord between Faith and Sense ; 4. The Valour and Victories of Faith ; 5. The Heights and Depths of Sense ; 6. Faith and Frames compared, or Faith building upon Sense discovered.

SECTION I.

Faith and Sense Natural, compared and distinguished.

WHEN Abram's body, Sarah's womb,
Were ripe for nothing but the tomb,
Exceeding old, and wholly dead,
Unlike to bear the promis'd seed :

Faith said, I shall an Isaac see ;
No no, said sense ; it cannot be :

Blind reason to augment the strife,
Adds, How can death engender life ?

My heart is like a rotten tomb,
More dead than ever Sarah's womb ;
O ! can the promis'd seed of grace
Spring forth from such a barren place !

Sense gazing but on flinty rocks,
My hope and expectation chokes :
But could I, skill'd in Abram's art,
O'erlook my dead and barren heart ;

And build my hope on nothing less
Than divine pow'r and faithfulness :
Soon would I find him raise up sons
To Abram, out of rocks and stones.

Faith acts as busy boatmen do,
Who backward look and forward row ;
It looks intent to things unseen,
Thinks objects visible too mean.

Sense thinks it madness thus to steer,
And only trusts its eye and ear ;
Into faith's boat dare thrust its oar
And put it further from the shore.

Faith does alone the promise eye ;
Sense won't believe unless it see ;
Nor can it trust the divine guide,
Unless it have both wind and tide.

Faith thinks the promise sure and good :
Sence doth depend on likelihood ;
Faith ev'n in storms believes the seers ;
Sense calls all men, ev'n prophets, liars.

Faith uses means, but rests on none ;
Sense fails when outward means are gone
Trusts more in probabilities,
Than all the divine promises.

It rests upon the rusty beam
Of outward things that hopeful seem ;
Let these its support sink or cease,
No promise then can yield it peace.

True faith that's of a divine brood,
Consults not base with flesh and blood ;
But carnal sense which ever errs,
With carnal reason still confers.

What ! won't my disciples believe
That I am risen from the grave ?

Why will they pore on dust and death,
And overlook my quick'ning breath?

Why do they slight the word I spake?
And rather sorry counsel take
With death, and with a pow'rless grave,
If they their captive can't relieve?

Sense does enquire if tombs of clay,
Can send their guests alive away?
But faith will hear JEHOVAH's word,
Of life and death the Sov'reign Lord.

Should I give ear to rotten dust,
Or to the tombs confine my trust:
No resurrection can I see,
For dust that flies into mine eye.

What! Thomas, can't thou trust so much
To me as to thy sight and touch?
Won't thou believe till sense be guide,
And thrust its hand into my side?

Where is thy faith if it depends
On nothing but thy finger-ends?
But bless'd are they who truth do seal
By faith, yet neither see nor feel.

SECTION II.

*Faith and Sense Spiritual, compared and distinguished. Where also the Difference
between the Assurance of Faith, and the Assurance of Sense.*

THE certainty of faith and sense
Wide differ in experience:
Faith builds upon, *Thus saith the Lord*;
Sense views his work; and not his word.

God's word without is faith's resort;
His work within doth sense support.
By faith we trust him without pawns; [*pledges.*]
By sense we handle with our hands.

By faith the word of truth's receiv'd;
By sense we know we have believ'd.
Faith's certain by fiducial acts:
Sense by its evidential facts.

Faith credits the divine report;
Sense to his breathing makes resort:
That on his word of grace will hing;
This on his Spirit witnessing.

By faith I take the Lord for mine ;
By sense I feel his love divine ;
By that I touch his garment hem ;
By this find virtue thence to stream.

By faith I have mine all on hand ;
By sense I have some stock in hand ;
By that some vision is begun ;
By this I some fruition win.

My faith can fend ev'n in exile ;
Sense cannot live without a smile.
By faith I to his promise fly ;
By sense I in his bosom lie.

Faith builds upon the truth of God,
That lies within the promise broad :
But sense upon the truth of grace
His hand within my heart did place.

Thus Christ's the object faith will eye ;
And faith's the object sense may see ;
Faith keeps the truth of God in view,
While sense the truth of faith may shew.

Hence faith's assurance firm can stand,
When sense's in the deep may strand ;
And faith's persuasion full prevail,
When comfortable sense may fail.

I am assur'd when faith's in act,
Though sense and feeling both I lack :
And thus mysterious is my lot,
I'm oft assur'd when I am not ;

Of pierc'd with racking doubts and fears ;
Yet faith these brambles never bears ;
But unbelief, that cuts my breath,
And stops the language of my faith.

Clamours of unbelieving fears
So frequently disturb my ears
I cannot hear what faith would say,
Till once the noisy clamours stay.

And then will fresh experience find,
When faith gets leave to speak its mind,
The native language thereof is,
My Lord is mine and I am his.

Sad doubtings compass me about,
Yet faith itself could never doubt ;
For as the sacred volume saith,
Much doubting argues little faith.

The doubts and fears that work my grief,
Flow not from faith, but unbelief;
For, faith, whene'er it acteth, cures
The plague of doubts, and me assures.

But when mine eye of faith's asleep,
I dream of drowning in the deep:
But, as befalls the sleeping eye,
Though sight remain it cannot see:

The seeing faculty abides,
Though sleep from active seeing hides;
So faith's assuring powers endure
Ev'n when it ceases to assure.

There's still persuasion in my faith,
Ev'n when I'm fill'd with fears of wrath;
The trusting habit still remains,
Though slumbers hold the act in chains.

Th' assuring faculty it keeps,
Ev'n when its eye in darkness sleeps,
Wrapp'd up in doubts; but when it wakes,
It rouses up assuring acts.

SECTION III.

The Harmony and Discord between Faith and Sense; how they help, and how they mar each other.

THOUGH gallant faith can keep the field
When cow'rdly sense will fly or yield;
Yet while I view their usual path
Sense often stands and falls with faith.

Faith ushers in sweet peace and joy,
Which further heartens faith's employ:
Faith like the head, and sense the heart,
Do mutual vigour fresh impart.

When lively faith and feeling sweet
Like dearest darlings kindly meet,
They straight each other help and hug
In loving friendship close and snug.

Faith gives to sense both life and breath,
And sense gives joy and strength to faith:
"O now, says faith, how fond do I
In sense's glowing bosom lie!"

Their mutual kindness then is such,
That oft they doting too, too much,

Embrace each other out of breath :
As Æsop hugg'd his child to death.

Faith leaping into sense's arms,
Allur'd with her bewitching charms,
In hugging these, let rashly slip
The proper object of its grip.

Which being lost, behold the thrall !
Anon faith loses sense and all ;
Thus unawares cuts sense's breath,
While sense trips up the heels of faith.

Her charms assuming Jesus' place,
While faith's lull'd in her soft embrace
Lo ! soon in dying pleasures wrapt,
Its living joy away is snapt.

SECTION IV.

The Valour and Victories of Faith.

By faith I unseen Being see
Forth lower beings call,
And say to nothing, *Let it be* ;
And nothing hatches all.

By faith I know the worlds were made
By God's great word of might ;
How soon *Let there be Light*, he said,
That moment there was light.

By faith I soar and force my flight
Through all the clouds of sense ;
I see the glories out of sight,
With brighter evidence.

By faith I mount the azure sky,
And from the lofty sphere,
The earth a little more espy,
Unworthy of my care.

By faith I see the unseen things,
Hid from all mortal's eyes ;
Proud reason stretching all its wings,
Beneath me flutt'ring lies.

By faith I build my lasting hope
On righteousness divine ;
Nor can I sink with such a prop,
Whatever storms combine.

By faith my works, my righteousness,
And duties all I own
But loss and dung ; and lay my stress
On what my Lord has done.

By faith I overcome the world,
And all its hurtful charms ;
I'm in the heav'nly chariot hurl'd
Through all opposing harms ;

By faith I have a conqu'ring pow'r
To tread upon my foes,
To triumph in a dying hour
And banish all my woes.

By faith in midst of wrongs I'm right,
In sad decays I thrive ;
In weakness I am strong in might,
In death I am alive.

By faith I stand when deep I fall,
In darkness I have light ;
Nor dare I doubt and question all
When all is out of sight.

By faith I trust a pardon free,
Which puzzles flesh and blood ;
To think that God can justify,
Where yet he sees no good.

By faith I keep my Lord's commands,
To verify my trust ;
I purify my heart and hands,
And mortify my lust.

By faith my melting soul repents,
When pierced Christ appears ;
My heart in grateful praises vents,
Mine eyes in joyful tears.

By faith I can the mountains vast
Of sin and guilt remove ;
And them into the ocean cast,
The sea of blood and love.

By faith I see JEHOVAH high
Upon a throne of grace :
I see him lay his vengeance by,
And smile in Jesus' face.

By faith I hope to see the sun,
The light of grace that lent ;
His everlasting circles ran
In glory's firmament.

By faith I'm more than conqueror,
 Ev'n though I nothing can ;
 Because I set JEHOVAH's pow'r
 Before me in the van.

By faith I counterplot my foes,
 Nor need their ambush fear ;
 Because my life-guard also goes
 Behind me in the rear.

By faith I walk, I run, I fly ;
 By faith I suffer thrall ;
 By faith, I'm fit to live and die ;
 By faith I can do all.

SECTION V.

The Heights and Depths of Sense.

WHEN Heav'n me grants at certain times,
 Amidst a powerful gale,
 Sweet liberty to moan my crimes,
 And wand'rings to bewail ;

Then do I dream my sinful brood,
 Drown'd in the ocean main
 Of chrystal tears and crimson blood,
 Will never live again.

I get my foes beneath my feet,
 I bruise the serpent's head ;
 I hope the vict'ry is complete,
 And all my lusts are dead.

How gladly do I think and say,
 When thus it is with me,
 Sin to my sense is clean away,
 And so shall ever be ?

But, Ah ! alas ! th' ensuing hour
 My lusts arise and swell,
 They rage and reinforce their pow'r,
 With new recruits from hell.

Though I resolv'd and swore through grace
 In very solemn terms,
 I never should my lusts embrace,
 Nor yield unto their charms :

Yet such deceitful friends they are,
 While I no danger dream,
 I'm snar'd before I am aware,
 And hurry'd down the stream.

Into the gulph of sin anon
I'm plunged head and ears ;
Grace to my sense is wholly gone,
And I am chain'd in fears ;

Till straight my Lord with sweet surprise
Returns to loose my bands,
With kind compassion in his eyes,
And pardon in his hands.

Yet thus my life is nothing else
But heav'n and hell by turns ;
My soul that now in Goshen dwells,
Anon in Egypt mourns.

SECTION VI.

Faith and Frames compared ; or Faith building upon Sense discovered.

FAITH has for its foundation broad
A stable rock on which I stand,
The truth and faithfulness of God :
All other grounds are sinking sand.

My frames and feelings ebb and flow ;
And when my faith depends on them,
It fleets and staggers to and fro,
And dies amidst the dying frame.

That faith is surely most unstay'd,
Its stagg'ring can't be counted strange
That builds its hope of lasting aid
On things that ev'ry moment change.

But could my faith lay all its load
On Jesus' everlasting name,
Upon the righteousness of God,
And divine truth that's still the same

Could I believe what God has spoke,
Rely on his unchanging love,
And cease to grasp at fleeting smoke,
No changes would my mountain move.

But when, how soon the frame's away,
And comfortable feelings fail ;
So soon my faith falls in decay,
And unbelieving doubts prevail :

This proves the charge of latent vice,
And plain my faith's defects may show
I built the house on thawing ice,
That tumbles with the melting snow.

When divine smiles in sight appear
And I enjoy the heav'nly gale ;
When wind and tide, and all is fair,
I dream my faith shall never fail :

My heart will false conclusions draw,
That strong my mountain shall remain :
That in my faith there's not a flaw,
I'll never, never doubt again.

I think the only rest I take,
Is God's unfading word and name :
And fancy not my faith so weak,
As e'er to trust a fading frame.

But ah ! by sudden turns I see
My lying heart's fallacious guilt,
And that my faith, not firm in me,
On sinking sand was partly built :

For lo ! when warming beams are gone,
And shadows fall ; alas ! 'tis odd,
I cannot wait the rising sun,
I cannot trust a hiding God.

So much my faith's affiance seems
Its life from fading joys to bring,
That when I lose the dying streams,
I cannot trust the living spring.

When drops of comfort quickly dry'd
And sensible enjoyments fail ;
When cheering apples are deny'd,
Then doubts instead of faith prevail.

But why, though food be snatch'd from me,
Should I distrust the glorious root,
And still affront the standing tree,
By trusting more to falling fruit ?

The smallest trials may evince
My faith unfit to stand the shock,
That more depends on fleeting sense,
Than on the fix'd eternal Rock.

The safest ark when floods arise,
Is stable truth that changes not ;
How weak's my faith, that more relies
On feeble sense's floating boat ?

For when the fleeting frame is gone,
I strait my state in question call ;
I drop and sink in deeps anon,
As if my frame were all in all.

But though I miss the pleasing gale,
 And heav'n withdraw the charming glance ;
 Unless JEHOVAH's oath can fail,
 My faith may keep its countenance.

The frame of nature shall decay,
 Time-changes break her rusty chains ;
 Yea, heav'n and earth shall pass away ;
 But faith's foundation firm remains.

Heav'n's promises so fix'dly stand,
 Engrav'd with an immortal pen,
 In great IMMANUEL's mighty hand,
 All hell's attempts to raze are vain.

Did faith with none but truth advise,
 My steady soul would move no more,
 Than stable hills when tempests rise,
 Or solid rocks when billows roar.

But when my faith the counsel hears
 Of present sense and reason blind,
 My wav'ring spirit then appears
 A feather toss'd with ev'ry wind.

Lame legs of faith unequal crook ;
 Thus mine, alas ! unev'nly stand,
 Else I would trust my stable rock,
 Not fading frames and feeble sand :

I would, when dying comforts fly,
 As much as when they present were,
 Upon my living joy rely,
 Help, Lord, for here I daily err.

CHAPTER V.

THE BELIEVER'S PRINCIPLES CONCERNING HEAVEN AND EARTH.

SECTION I.

The Work and Contention of Heaven.

In heav'nly choirs a question rose,
 That stirr'd up strife will never close,
 What rank of all the ransom'd race
 Owes highest praise to sov'reign grace ?

Babes thither caught from womb and breast,
 Claim'd right to sing above the rest ;
 Because they found the happy shore
 They never saw nor sought before.

Those that arriv'd at riper age,
Before they left the dusky stage,
Thought grace deserv'd yet higher praise,
That wash'd the blots of num'rous days.

Anon the war more close began,
What praising harps should lead the van ?
And which of grace's heav'nly peers
Was deepest run in her arrears ?

" 'Tis I (said one), 'bove all my race,
Am debtor chief to glorious grace."
" Nay, (said another), hark I trow
I'm more oblig'd to grace than you."

" Stay, (said a third), I deepest share
I owning praise beyond compare ;
The chief of sinners you'll allow,
Must be the chief of singers now."

" Hold, (said a fourth), I here protest
My praises must outvie the best ;
For I'm of all the human race
The highest miracle of grace."

" Stop, (said a fifth), these notes forbear,
Lo ! I'm the greatest wonder here ;
For I of all the race that fell,
Deserv'd the lowest place in hell."

A soul that higher yet aspir'd,
With equal love to Jesus fir'd,
" 'Tis mine to sing the highest notes
To love, that wash'd the foulest blots."

" Ho ! (cried a mate) 'tis mine I'll prove,
Who sinn'd in spite of light and love,
To sound his praise with loudest bell,
That saved me from the lowest hell."

" Come, come, (said one), I'll hold the plea
That highest praise is due by me ;
For mine, of all the sav'd by grace,
Was the most dreadful, desp'rate case."

Another, rising at his side,
As fond to praise, and free of pride,
Cry'd, " Pray give place, for I defy
That you should owe more praise than I

" I'll yield to none in this debate ;
I'm run so deep in grace's debt,
That sure I am, I boldly can
Compare with all the heav'nly clan."

Quick o'er their head a trump awoke,
"Your songs my very heart have spoke ;
But ev'ry note you here propall,
Belongs to me beyond you all."

The list'ning millions round about
With sweet resentment loudly shout ;
"What voice is this, comparing notes,
That to their song chief place allots ?

"We can't allow of such a sound,
That you alone have highest ground
To sing the royalties of grace :
We claim the same adoring place."

What ! will no rival-singer yield
He has a match upon the field ?
"Come then, and let us all agree
To praise upon the highest key."

Then jointly all the harpers round
In mind unite with solemn sound,
And strokes upon the highest string,
Made all the heav'nly arches ring :

Ring loud with Hallelujah's high,
To him that sent his Son to die ;
And to the worthy lamb of God,
That lov'd and wash'd them in his blood.

Free grace was sov'reign empress crown'd
In pomp, with joyous shout around :
Assisting angels clapp'd their wings,
And sounding grace on all their strings.

The emulation round the throne
Made prostrate hosts (who ev'ry one
The humblest place their right avow)
Strive who shall give the lowest bow.

The next contention without vice
Among the birds of Paradise,
Made ev'ry glorious warbling throat
Strive who should raise the highest note.

Thus in sweet holy humble strife,
Along their endless, joyful life,
Of Jesus all the harpers rove,
And sing the wonders of his love.

Their discord makes them all unite
In raptures most divinely sweet ;
So great the song, so grave the base,
Melodious music fills the place.

SECTION II.

Earth despicable—Heaven desirable.

THERE'S nothing round the spacious earth
To suit my vast desires ;
To more refined and solid mirth
My boundless thought aspires.

Fain would I leave this mournful place,
This music dull, where none
But heavy notes have any grace,
And mirth accents the moan :

Where troubles tread upon reliefs,
New woes with older blend ;
Where rolling storms and circling griefs
Run round without an end :

Where waters wrestling with the stones,
Do fight themselves to foam,
And hollow clouds, with thund'ring groans,
Discharge their pregnant womb :

Where eagles mounting meet with rubs
That dash them from the sky ;
And cedars, shrinking into shrubs,
In ruin prostrate lie :

Where sin the author of turmoils,
The cause of death and hell ;
The one thing foul that all things foils,
Does most befriended dwell.

The purchaser of night and woe,
The forfeiter of day,
The debt that ev'ry man did owe,
But only God could pay.

Bewitching ill, indors'd with hope,
Subscribed with despair :
Ugly in death when eyes are ope,
Though life may paint it fair.

Small wonder that I droop alone
In such a doleful place ;
When lo ! my dearest friend is gone,
My Faither hides his face.

And though in words I seem to show
The fawning poets style,
Yet is my plaint no feigned woe ;
I languish in exile.

I long to share the happiness
Of that triumphant throne,
That swim in seas of boundless bliss
Eternity along.

When but in drops here by the way
Free love distils itself,
I pour contempt on hills of prey,
And heaps of wordly pelf.

To be amidst my little joys,
Thrones, sceptres, crowns, and kings,
Are nothing else but little toys,
And despicable things.

Down with disdain earth's pomp I thurst,
But tempting wealth away ;
Heav'n is not made of yellow dust,
Nor bliss of glittering clay.

Sweet was the hour I freedom felt
To call my Jesus mine ;
To see his smiling face, and melt
In pleasures all divine.

Let fools an heav'n of shades pursue,
But I for substance am :
The heav'n I seek is likeness to,
And vision of the Lamb.

The worthy Lamb with glory crown'd
In his august abode ;
Enthron'd sublime, and deck'd around
With all the pomp of God.

I long to join the saints above,
Who crown'd with glorious bays,
Through radiant files of angels move,
And rival them in praise :

In praise to JAH, the God of love,
The fair incarnate Son,
The holy co-eternal Dove,
The good, the great Three-one.

In hope to sing without a sob
The anthem ever new,
I gladly bid the dusty globe,
And vain delights, Adieu.

SMOKING SPIRITUALIZED.

IN TWO PARTS.

THE FIRST PART BEING AN OLD MEDITATION UPON SMOKING TOBACCO ; THE SECOND, A
NEW ADDITION TO IT, OR IMPROVEMENT OF IT.

PART I.

THIS Indian weed now wither'd quite,
Tho' green at noon, cut down at night,
Shows thy decay ;
All flesh is hay.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

The pipe so lily-like and weak,
Does thus thy mortal state bespeak.
Thou art ev'n such,
Gone with a puff.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

And when the smoke ascends on high,
Then thou behold'st the vanity
Of worldly stuff,
Gone with a puff.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

And when the pipe grows foul within,
Think on thy soul defil'd with sin ;
For then the fire,
It does require.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

And seest the ashes cast away ;
Then to thyself thou mayest say ;
That to the dust
Return thou must.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

PART II.

WAS this small plant for thee cut down ?
So was the plant of great renown ;
Which mercy sends
For nobler ends.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

Doth juice medicinal proceed
From such a naughty foreign weed ?
Then what's the pow'r
Of Jesse's flow'r ?
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

The promise, like the pipe, inlays,
And by the mouth of faith conveys
What virtue flows
From Sharon's rose.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

In vain th' unlighted pipe you blow ;
Your pains in inward means are so,
'Till heav'nly fire
The heart inspire.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

The smoke, like burning incense, tow'rs
So should a praying heart of yours,
With ardent cries,
Surmount the skies.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco

A P A R A P H R A S E,
OR
LARGE EXPLICATORY POEM
UPON
THE SONG OF SOLOMON :
WHEREIN THE
MUTUAL LOVE OF CHRIST AND HIS CHURCH
CONTAINED IN THAT OLD TESTAMENT SONG, IS IMITATED IN THE
LANGUAGE OF THE NEW TESTAMENT, AND ADAPTED TO THE
GOSPEL DISPENSATION.

PREFACE TO THE PARAPHRASE,

DIRECTED TO THE

CURIOUS AND SERIOUS READERS.

CURIOUS READER,

I DO not propose by the following lines, to satisfy your curiosity any further than by a plain explication of this Scriptural Song, in a way adapted to the New Testament dispensation ; and, perhaps, you will be at no loss, if you find the equity of the Paraphrase, even where you lose the elegance of the poem ; or, if you find any truth to edify your soul, though you should miss a pompous embellishment to gratify your fancy. If I had been of the opinion, that no poem should see the light, but such as has the name of some great and famous poet prefixed to it, and could reasonably expect the universal applause of a learned age, I would never have consented to the publication of this, in a day wherein the art of poesy is improved to such great perfection by some, whose bright genius has made them capable to set forth their poetical productions in a very beautiful and splendid dress. If I thought that nothing now cast into the mould of metre could be useful and edifying, but what is superlatively fine, I would have been quite discouraged from this attempt ; but to be of this mind were, in effect, to think there could be no wholesome food but what is presented in a lordly dish ; no good lodging in any house, but such as were built by some curious mechanic, or famous architect ; nor convenient accommodation in any room or chamber, but such as were finely painted, or hung around with very neat arras. How few would there be to fight for their country, if none were allowed to do so, but mighty heroes, great champions, and such as are head and shoulders higher than others ? How many must go naked, if no clothing were allowed but silk and satin, and rich embroideries ? It will be hard to persuade the world that none should write, or make use of a pen, but such as could imitate the finest copper-plate ; or that none should open their mouth to speak above their breath, but such as can equal the finest orator.

But though, in this Essay, I pretend not to act the part of the lofty poet ; yet I have endeavoured, that what I hope is obvious to the vulgar and not above their view, may be, at the same time, not nauseous to the polite, nor below their view, if they are such as can lay aside the sullen air of criticism. Those to whom no plain, serious gospel-truths can give any satisfaction, and to whom nothing else but flowers of wit, and flights of rhetoric can give delight, do, perhaps, too much bewray their ignorance of pious pleasures. The soul may be miserably hungered and starved, where the fancy only is pleased and feasted. And hence I look upon it as a most candid and ingenious acknowledgement of a famous and religious poet,* in the preface to his excellent Hymns and spiritual Songs, speaking of some of them ; “ I confess myself, says he, to have been too oft tempted away from the more spiritual designs I proposed, by some gay and flowery expressions that gratified the fancy ; the bright images too oft prevailed above the fire of divine affection, and the light exceeded the heat.” Now, though I own, that the defect of my poetical talent might lead me to an acknowledgement of a quite other nature, being sensible how much every paragraph here despairs of giving much delight to those of a more refined

taste, and of pleasing the fancy with many bright embellishments of poetry ; yet the great scarcity of these may have this great advantage, that here there are few such beautiful flowers, or bright images, to tempt any man away from the spiritual design ; or so to gratify the fancy, and to prevail above the fire of divine affection that should burn in the heart with a heat equal to the light. Not that I am disobliged with these gay and flowery expressions, in this and other valuable authors, whereby they are so apt to be a temptation to themselves and their readers, even in their spiritual Songs, for, I must confess, they have been oft so tempting and alluring to myself, that as I have frequently, both here and elsewhere, essayed to imitate them, by adopting some of their delicious metaphors, so I would have certainly run into the same fault, if I had been endued with the same genius ; only I may infer from the foresaid confession, that poems upon divine subjects, which afford not a train of those gay temptations, that bewitch the fancy and divert the imagination, may, upon this account, be at least not the less fitted for advancing spiritual designs and divine affection.

I am not here to make any apology for the metre, though some may judge that, in this essay, I have studied rhyme as much as poesy. I know that there may be good music and measure without the gingle of a crambo ; and that it is a great weakness to humour the sound, so as to darken the sense. I own, my difficulty never lay much in studying the crambo, with the even cadency ; for these, if they be any parts or properties of poesy, occurred natively enough, without much thought : and perhaps, it would have been a fault to have slighted the rhyme designedly in a composure of this sort, fitted for the religious recreation of serious Christians ; especially when I find the forementioned eminent poet (by whose remarks, of which I had a little specimen, perhaps the following sheets had been better polished for the public, had his circumstances allowed a more close and full review thereof) in his Hymns, page 194, by a marginal note, I find him, I say, hoping, "the reader will forgive the neglect of rhyme even in the first and third lines of the Stanza throughout some following pages ;" which supposes it may be a fault, in his opinion, not to humour the metre in essays of this nature. But, if any think, I have done it too much, all I can accuse myself of, is only that I did not neglect the rhyme, when words favouring it, appeared to me as apposite to the purpose as others, and the low genius afforded no better.

I am sorry for your sake, curious reader, that precious truth is here set before you in such a coarse garb ; but, if you attend to the matter, it will, as I formerly said, be no loss to you, that you have not here many artful embroideries. I do not indeed think that sacred truth can be set off in too comely a dress ; no more than I think that the Holy Bible can be printed with too good a type, or too fine a paper ; but, if every page and passage thereof were illuminate or adorned with fine cuts, I suppose this would do more harm than good, and be more diverting than edifying.

I should be glad to see this sacred book painted forth in more lively, pure, and spiritual colours, than it can appear into, in this homely Essay : however, if the picture here be but just, you will perhaps be much obliged to a genius that could not set it within a curiously gilded frame to divert your eye from it.

But when you hear of the spiritual and religious design of this Poem, and that (as I may shew in the other part of the preface) the subject thereof is not the Fair Circassian, but the Fair Christian, and his infinitely fairer Head and Husband JESUS CHRIST ; though the theme be more noble in itself, and more needful to be read and considered, then all the wanton sonnets in the world, however artfully trimmed ; yet I am afraid this subject be thought so jejune, insipid, and unfashionable, that it is possible, after you have satisfied your curiosity so as to glance over a few lines of this book, you may throw it aside like an old almanac, and soon give your judgment *pro* or *con* ; and this is all the poor profit and advantage you shall get by it, if you remain always more curious than serious. And since I have done with you, I shall apply myself to these to whom this little Essay will readily be more welcome and acceptable.

SERIOUS READER,

THOUGH it is especially for your spiritual edification, and comfort, I have essayed, in this manner, to explain and open up the gospel that is contained in this sacred Song ; yet I design not to say one word to you in commendation of

this Poem upon it ; nor does it deserve I should, if it cannot, through the blessings of God, commend itself to your heart and experience. But if you are exercised unto godliness, and acquainted with the sweet life of fellowship and communion with our Lord Jesus Christ, I hope you shall see here a picture and representation both of his heart towards you, and of your heart towards him : and a portraiture of the sweetest experience of intimacy with heaven, that the bride of Christ can have upon earth. And I judge, that a song upon this subject is not unseasonable amidst these evil days, wherein the songs of the temple are like to be turned into howlings, and wherein the bride, the Lamb's wife, is ready to hang her harp upon the willows. How desirable were it, if this little book might prove a mean for helping her to sing away her sorrows, and to harmonize with the design of that precious promise, Hos. ii. 15.—“I will give her the Valley of Achor for a door of hope, and she shall sing there !” To drive away the night of trouble with songs of praise, would be a work and exercise most suitable to that gracious name our Lord takes to himself, Job xxxv. 10.—“God our Maker, who gives songs in the night.”

We have a divine precept, perhaps too much forgotten and neglected even among the serious, Eph. v. 18, 19.—“Be filled with the spirit : speaking to yourselves in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs ; singing and making melody in your hearts to the Lord.” And, Col. iii. 16.—“Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly, in wisdom ; teaching and admonishing one another in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord.” And how we are to sing, we are further taught, not only by the apostle's example, 1 Cor. xiv. 15.—“I will sing with the spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also :” but likewise by an express divine appointment, Psalm lxvii. 6, 7.—where the command to sing is repeated five times in a breath, “Sing praises to God, sing praises ; sing praises unto our King, sing praises : sing ye praises with understanding”—Now, this sacred Song of Solomon being very mysterious and metaphorical, that you may be the more able to sing it over with understanding and judgment, I have endeavoured to lay open the mysteries and metaphors thereof to your view.

I have designedly cast this both into the mould of common metre ; because, as it was intended especially for the use of serious Christians in this part of the island ; so, in case any of them should see fit to make some of these lines a part of their spiritual and devout recreation in secret, they might, if they please, sing them over in any of the tunes to which they are accustomed in our Scots churches, where none but the common tunes are used. And on the whole, I am so far from attempting to soar aloft above your capacity, that, where-ever I have been obliged to use any words (such as *prolific*, *mellifluous*, &c.) which I reckon not so obvious to the understanding of the vulgar, I have explained it upon the margin ; and hope it is but very seldom any such words occur to cloud and darken the sense to you.

I know that this sacred book of scripture, wherein the sweetest and noblest instances of the grace of Christ, toward his church and people, are represented under the figure of a conjugal state, has been greatly profaned by impure writers, who have used, or rather abused their poetical art, to the gratifying of carnal minds and, prostituting this holy divine song to the most unholy ends. I have, therefore, endeavoured in this Paraphrase, so to open the import of every metaphor, as to secure it from being perverted and abused to wanton passions ; which, I hope, shall find no handle here by any mode of expression tending to divert the mind from the spirituality of the theme. The composure upon every text here is such, as I think, without great violence done to it, can never be applied to any lovers inferior to that glorious Bridegroom, the Lamb of God ; and *the Bride, the Lamb's wife*, as the church is designed, Rev. xxi. 9.

I thought it needless here, in a prefatory way ; to offer you a Key for opening this Song, since this has been done so oft and so well already by others, and particularly Durham's book upon it, which is so common among many hands ; I refer the reader to his *Claris Cantici*, prefixed to that book. Mr. Henry says, the best key for opening this book is the forty-fifth psalm, which we find applied to Christ in the New Testament. And it seems the more fit this book be now opened in a way suited to that dispensation, since Christ is more frequently and clearly represented in the New Testament than in the Old, as the Bridegroom of his church and people ; for which I might multiply instances, were it needful.

The objections of adversaries, against the divinity of this book, are but weak and trifling, while we are confirmed in the faith of its divine extraction, and spiritual application to the marriage between Christ and his church, by the ancient, constant,

and concurring testimony both of the Jewish and Christian church. And hence, though to carnal minds, it is a flower out of which they have extracted poison; yet, to those that are spiritual, it is sweeter than honey and the honey-comb: inso-much that some have made it the mark and characteristic of a saint, to find and experience the spiritual relish and quickening savour of this part of scripture.

Profane wits, who ridicule this lofty anthem as a carnal Epithalamium, or Marriage-song, seem to be at a nonplus whether to apply it to Solomon's marriage with the Egyptian princess, or a Circassian dame; but they must be yet at a greater loss, what to make of some compliments and commendations given to Solomon's bride, if they were to be properly (and not figuratively) understood. For, how monstrous and ridiculous were it to describe her as having, "An head like Carmel, teeth like a flock of sheep, a nose like the tower of Lebanon looking toward Damascus, and terrible like an army with banners!" &c.—And if Solomon's chariot were to be understood properly and materially, of what matter would they suppose it to be made, when the midst of it is said to be paved with Love? Or, if love be no material thing; how shall it be a material chariot?—But this sacred Song is not the worse, because profane and wanton wits abuse it, and endeavour to fasten their absurd and obscene senses upon some passages of it.—It requires, indeed, as some interpreters acknowledge, a sober and pious, not a foolish and lascivious reader. It breaths forth the hottest flames of love between Christ and his people; and has, in all ages of the church, been most sweet, comfortable, and useful, to all that have read it with serious and spiritual eyes. One of the fathers (viz. Athanasius) comparing this Song with the other scriptures of the Old Testament, says, "It is like John the Baptist among the prophets: other scriptures speak of Christ as coming, and afar off: this speaks of him, and to him, as already come, and near hand: so familiar and present is he here represented both to the faith and sense of his people." Zanchius makes this Song a compend and copy of the spiritual marriage with Christ. And another great divine (Bodius in Eph.) calls it, *Ipsius fidei et religioni Christiane medulla*; i. e., "The very marrow and substance of faith and Christianity itself." And therefore, I hope it will not be reckoned an unprofitable work or service, to open up, in a homely poesy, sunk to the level of vulgar capacities, the great gospel mysteries contained in this allegorical scripture, and in a strain suited to the New Testament dispensation.

This essay, serious reader, being the fruit of some study and application only at leisure hours, is, on this account, the work of several years; and though occasions had allowed, yet the nature of the study, however pleasant in itself, was more severe, both to body and mind, than to have allowed a continued progress in it, without many intermissions, till it was finished. Some parts of this composure being therefore at some years' distance from other parts of it, it is possible some discerning and judicious readers will observe, that some of the texts and chapters are explained with more life and accuracy than others; which may be easily accounted for, by every one who knows that the vein of poesy and frame of spirit is subject to various alterations, higher or lower, at different times.—The greatest defect I have here found myself to labour under, was with reference especially to that spirituality of frame, heavenliness of mind, and close communion with Christ, that an essay to open this sacred divine Song required; since in it the believer's most intimate fellowship with this glorious Bridegroom is represented under so many figurative expressions. However, it has been my earnest desire sometimes, That my labour in this may not be in vain in the Lord; but that it might contribute, through the divine blessing, to the instruction, edification, and comfort of the Lord's people, especially such as have little access to read large comments upon this sacred Song; and particularly those of the congregation which I have so long had a special concern in, and relation to, and to whom I have but very seldom preached upon texts in this book of the Song of Solomon.

It must be owned, there are great depths in this allegorical scripture; the letter whereof kills these that rest in that, and look no further; but the Spirit thereof giveth life—2 Cor. iii. 6; John vi. 63; and that it requires great pains, and caution, to point out the meaning of the Holy Ghost, in every part of this poetical book, and in applying the figures and similies therein to the several graces and virtues of the Bridegroom and Bride; and therefore I have not admitted of any private thought, or imagination of mine own, in the interpretation of this notable part of holy scripture, without observing my view thereof to be agreeable with the judgment of sound commentators upon it. Though they could afford me little help as to the form, yet

from them I willingly collected materials.—Nor did I venture to make a Paraphrase upon any one verse here, till I had consulted them, and was satisfied that I should not deviate from the current of orthodox writers, their judgment upon it, of which you have here a sum. Though yet the Paraphrase is the longer, that I have not only enlarged upon these places that I reckoned were most emphatical, but also touched at the connection of one verse and purpose with another, where I thought it was necessary for the illustration of the scope. Nor have I past over any one verse, however more curtly treated than others, without giving some plain view of the meaning and import of it. And, if more seem to be said upon any verse in this Song than is directly imported in it, I hope it will be reckoned no great fault, if what is said be deducible from it, or necessary for the further explication of it, and for adapting this Paraphrase upon an Old Testament song to a New Testament dispensation. Besides, the sense being cramped and contracted within the narrow bounds of common metre, has sometimes made the repetition (though not of words, yet) of matter unavoidable : and though every explication is but an amplified circumlocution ; yet I have used as few repetitions as could consist with my design of conveying a clear idea of the meaning.

I thought fit to set down the scripture text at large before the Paraphrase ; partly that every one, even of these who would hardly be at the pains to consult their Bibles, might have an opportunity to compare the text and Paraphrase together ; and partly, that there might be occasion to mark, upon the margin, some of the different readings that the original text admits of, which I endeavour also not to neglect in the Paraphrase.

A PARAPHRASE
ON THE
SONG OF SOLOMON.

CHAPTER I.

THE CHURCH'S LOVE UNTO CHRIST.—SHE CONFESSETH HER DEFORMITY, AND PRAYETH
TO BE DIRECTED TO HIS FLOCK.—CHRIST DIRECTETH HER TO THE SHEPHERDS'
TENTS; AND SHEWETH HIS LOVE TO HER, BY GIVING HER GRACIOUS PROMISES,—
THE CHURCH AND CHRIST CONGRATULATE ONE ANOTHER.

THE TITLE.

Ver. 1.—*The Song of Songs, which is Solomon's.*

THE choice of anthems [*songs*] exquisite,
From Sol'mon's sacred pen,
Which doth to heav'nly love excite
The souls of holy men.

Its characters divine evince,
And evidently clear,
A wiser King, a greater prince,
Than Solomon is here.

Who from above did animate,
And with celestial flame
Inspire the song, to equal that
Of Moses and the Lamb.

This to the Lamb's fair Bride belongs,
To sound on all her strings,
With tuneful harp, the Song of Songs
To Christ the King of kings.

CHRIST'S WORDS.

Ver. 2.—*Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth, for thy love is better than
wine.*

Let him who in my room and place
Did act the kindest part,

(1) Heb. *Thy Loves.*

The God of love, and Prince of peace,
The victor of my heart.

With sweet endearments from above,
Let him my soul embrace ;
To shew my interest in his love,
And manifest his grace,

With blessings of thy mouth divine,
O may I favoured be !
More precious is thy love than wine,
More sweet than life to me.

I was among the traitorous crew,
Doom'd to eternal fire,
When he, to pay the ransom, flew
On wings of strong desire.

Jesus the God, with naked arms,
Hangs on a cross and dies.
Then mounts the throne, with mighty charms,
T' embrace me from the skies.

His mouth delicious, Heav'n reveals ;
His kisses from above
Are pardons, promises, and seals
Of everlasting love.

Ver. 3.—*Because of the savour of thy good ointments, thy name is as ointment poured forth ; therefore do the virgins love thee.*

The oil of gladness and of grace,
On thee poured largely forth,
Does spread around, in ev'ry place,
Thy savour and thy worth.

Like precious oil diffus'd, thy name
Along such odour sends ;
That hence from virgin-souls a flame
Of holy love ascends.

Thy love to them, thus shed abroad,
So much inflames their heart,
With love to thee ; that thou their God
Their darling also art.

O sav'ry names ! the Prophet kind,
Anointed to instruct :
Who by his counsel leads the blind,
To glory will conduct.

Th' anointed Priest, by solemn vow,
Did once for sin atone ;

The blood, that was the price, is now
The plea before the throne.

Th' anointed king, to bear the sway
And dash the rebel foes,
To make the feeble win the day,
Though death and hell oppose.

Ev'n virgin-tongue with pleasure sings
Thy lasting honours, thus ;
" Jesus our Prophet ever brings
The light of life to us.

" Jesus our Priest for ever lives
To plead for us above :
Jesus our King for ever gives,
The blessings of his love."

Ver. 4.— *Draw me ; we will run after thee :*

No strength to come to thee have I ;
Yea, Lord, no will to move ;
Till pow'r divine my bonds untie,
And draw with cords of love.

O draw me Jesus, by thy grace,
Allure me by thy charms ;
Then we will run to thine embrace,
And flee into thine arms.

My zeal will other souls excite
When I am drawn to thee ;
With virgin saints will sinners meet,
And run along with me.

—*The King hath brought me into his chambers ; we will be glad and rejoice in thee :—*

The glorious King, whom I besought,
Anon my cry did hear :
Me to his presence-chamber brought,
And kindly drew me near.

Then ev'ry thing that did annoy,
While I his absence mourn'd,
So quickly vanished into joy
My grief to gladness turn'd.

We'll now exult in thee, O King,
With holy cheerfulness ;
Our hearts will joy, our lips will sing,
Our lives will praise express.

— *We will remember thy love more than wine ; the upright love thee.*

Our grateful mem'ries will record
This matchless love of thine,
And keep the relish thereof, Lord,
Beyond the richest wine.

Though fools abound, who nor desire
Nor pleasure fix on thee ;
Yet wisdom's children all conspire,
To love and joy with me.

Th' upright without deceit, that prove
Like gold without alloy,
Make thee the object of their love,
And centre of their joy.

Ver. 5.—*I am black, but comely, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, as the tents of Kedar,
as the curtains of Solomon.*

Ye that professors are at large,
Or that are weak in grace
Take no offence at me, I charge,
Nor at my swarthy race.

Shun not to come and share with me
Both in my love and joy,
Because my visage black ye see
With sin and sore annoy.

Though in myself I'm black indeed,
And in my outward lot ;
Yet, in my lovely glorious Head,
I'm fair without a spot.

Dusky, like Kedar tents, am I,
O ye of Salem's race ;
But yet with Sol'mon's curtains vie
For comlieness by grace.

Verse 6.—*Look not upon me, because I am black, because the sun hath looked
upon me : my mother's children were angry with me :—*

Then gaze not with disdainful eyes
On me in sable clad ;
Nor slight my beauty fair, that lies
Within the gloomy shade.

No wonder I so black became,
If ye the cause will note ;
For sore sun-burnt and scorch'd I am
With persecution hot.

False brethren, that malignant race,
 My mother's sons untrue,
 In rage cast dust upon my face
 And sully'd all my hue.

They poured on me what open shame
 Their malice could conceive ;
 With foul reproaches stain'd my name
 And us'd me like a slave.

*They made me the keeper of the vineyards but mine own vineyard have
 I not kept.*

They of their vineyards me the drudge
 Opprest with crushing care :
 Such servile labours, ye may judge
 My beauty much impair.

Yea, while, alas ! thus toil'd, I slept,
 And sloth my watch remov'd,
 I've not my proper vineyard kept,
 My talents not improv'd.

But though my folly hath me marr'd,
 And wrought my own distress ;
 Yet be not at religion scarr'd,
 Nor stumbled at my bliss.

For 'gainst myself I bear record,
 That hence my slav'ry flows :
 While I neglect to serve my Lord,
 I'm left to serve my foes.

Verse .—*Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest,¹ and where
 thou makest thy flock to rest at noon :*

When sins and sufferings work my grief,
 And both depress me so,
 My Lord alone can give relief ;
 To whom I therefore go.

O thou the darling of my heart,
 My soul's beloved One,
 Who Israel's kindly Shepherd art,
 Thy paths to me make known.

O shew me where thy flocks are fed ;
 Where dost thou cause them eat ;
 And where thou giv'st them rest and shade
 At noon, from scorching heat.

The pasture's fat, the shelter vast,
 That does thy sheep inclose ;

(1) The word is here *active*.

Fain would I feed in their repast,
And rest in their repose.

For why should I be as one that turneth aside by the flocks of thy companions.

For why should I that am thy bride
Be left to starve and stray,
Or seem as one that turns aside
To any crooked way ?

All other loves my soul abhors,
Thy rivals I disdain ;
With flocks of thy competitors
Why should I wander then ?

I all thy feign'd companions hate,
They are a bane to me ;
My soul affects no other mate,
No other Lord but thee.

O if I knew thy fix'd abode,
I'd lodge for ever there ;
Where may I then enjoy my God ?
O tell me, tell me where !

CHRIST'S WORDS.

Ver. 8.—*If thou know not, O thou fairest among women, go thy way forth by the footsteps of the flock, and feed thy kids beside the shepherds' tents.*

O thou my bride, whom I esteem
The fairest of thy race,
However black thy form may seem
While griefs do veil thy grace ;

Dost thou not know, my lovely bride,
The shadow of the rock ?
Nor pastures green where I abide
And feed my little flock ?

Come follow my directing grace,
Which I afford to thee ;
I'll lead thee to the sweetest place
Of fellowship with me :

That hence thy feet may never swerve,
Nor fall in snares and wrack,
The footsteps of the flock observe,
And follow thou the track.

See how they climb the rock in droves,
To social worship prone,

And forthwith haunt retiring groves,
To meet with me alone.

Keep thou the beaten good old path,
Yet new and living way,
Which all my saints have trod by faith
And prayer night and day.

Though none of their dislik'd escapes
Must be a rule to thee ;
Yet follow them in all the steps
Wherein they follow me.

And, while my under shepherds tents
Are kept in good repair,
Attend them still ; for heav'n presents
My choicest dainties there.

These holy ordinances are
The pastures of my grace :
There feast thyself, nor thence debar
Thy little tender race.

Bring children, servants, all thy kids
Along to feed with thee ;
Thy Lord all comers welcome bids
In offers full and free.

Make all within thy charge to haunt
These goodly tents of mine ;
For there my feasts of love I grant
To nourish thee and thine.

Thus, that thy feet no more appear
With other flocks to roam,
In these my best inclosures here
Stay till I bring thee home.

Verse 9.—*I have compared thee.*¹ *O my love, to a company of horses in Pharoah's chariots.*

My love, on whom the stream unspent
Of my affection flows,
Mine ears have heard thy heavy plaint
About the naughty foes.

But they shall know to their remorse,
Their war had better be
To fight with Pharoah's chariot-horse,
Than dare to fight with thee.

To that well-harnest stately rout
I have thy strength compar'd,

(1) Or, made thee like to.

Because my armour round about
Is thy defensive guard.

Thou mayst contemn the burnish'd spear
When brandish'd in the field ;
As warlike horses laugh at fear,
And mock the glitt'ring shield.

The wing'd array more swiftly damps
The foes that thee defy,
Than conq'ring chariots through the camps
On thund'ring wheels that fly.

Weak in thyself thou art, but well
In me resides thy might ;
Therefore the powers of earth and hell
Need never thee affright.

Verse 10.—*Thy cheeks are comely with rows of jewels ; thy neck with chains of gold.*

My love, I heard thee also moan
Thy beauty marr'd and spilt ;
And style thyself a loathsome one,
Deformed with sin and guilt.

But as my blood does counterpoise,
And all thy guilt displace ;
So jewel-graces, golden-joys,
Do beautify thy face.

Each virtue that thy dress bespeaks,
Doth thee more richly deck,
Than rows of gems adorn the cheeks,
Or chains of gold the neck.

An order just thy graces do
Like ev'nly rows maintain ;
By mutual close connexion too
They're link'd as in a chain.

Thou hast thy royal Lord to thank
That thee a Moor betroth'd ;
And then conform to highest rank,
With gold and jewels cloth'd.

To make thy cheeks and neck so fair,
Mine gave I to the stroke ;
My cheeks to them that pluck'd the hair,
My neck to justice' block.

Ver. 11.—*We will make¹ thee borders of gold, with studs of silver.*

Object not, saying, how shall I,
So weak, so black a swain,

(1) The word used for making man at first, Gen. i. 6.

Such beauties in JEHOVAH'S eye
Or furnish or maintain ?

For with united pow'r divine
We FATHER, SON, and SP'IRIT,
Do stand engag'd thee to refine,
And make thy form complete.

Keep thou no finite pow'rs in view,
To grace and deck thee thus ;
Creation-work, both old and new,
Belongs to none but us.

We'll make thee yet more radiant gems
Of grace, without thine aid,
To fence thy robe, like golden hems,
With silver studs inlaid.

Thy growing grace shall thrive and bear
A perfect crop at length ;
Yet by no might within thy sphere,
But our concurring strength.

Thy gold and silver ornament
Must strong and lasting prove ;
For, lo ! it is the pow'rful vent
Of our eternal love.

Of old the good, the great THREE-ONE,
Did jointly take thy part ;
Thy naked soul we thought upon
With pity in our heart.

We held a counsel for thy good,
Where I, without a sob,
Did choose a vesture dipt in blood
To buy thy golden robe.

THE CHURCH'S WORDS.

Ver. 12.—¶ *While the King sitteth at his table, my spikenard sendeth forth the
smell thereof.*

Lo ! Zion's King array'd in state,
And love his luring vest,
Makes ample grace his royal treat,
And me his welcome guest.

When this his splendid table-head
Is with his presence crown'd,
My graces then like spikenard spread
Their grateful odours round.

With joyful heart I smile and sing,
Each grace doth rise and run,

As languid plants revive and spring
In presence of the sun.

If he withdraw, they fade and faint,
Their vigour is restrain'd ;
But, by his sweet return, their scent
And savour is regain'd.

While at his royal feast he sits,
Such vendure fresh is giv'n,
That ev'ry sprig of grace emits
A fragrant smell of heav'n.

My glad affections leap and dance,
When with a smiling face
The King does spread and countenance
The table of his grace.

Verse 13.—*A bundle of myrrh is my Well-beloved unto me ! he shall lie betwixt my breasts.*

No wonder that my spikenard smells
So sweetly when he comes :
His love, that casts the scent excells
The choicest of perfumes.

Faith, love, and joy begin to stir,
And spread their odours high,
When Jesus, like a bunch of myrrh,
Does in my bosom lie.

From this infolded bundle flies
His savour all abroad :
Such complicated sweetness lies
In my incarnate God.

Abundant virtue here I see
To ev'ry case adapt ;
The fulness of a Deity
Is in the bundle wrapt.

Yea, in my well beloved Lord,
This plenitude divine.
Is for my use and comfort stor'd ;
For he himself is mine.

And he has rain'd thus from above
To shew his glorious charms ?
I'll hold him fast by faith and love,
As in my folded arms.

My heart and bosom where he rests,
No other love shall know ;
There he embrac'd shall lie, while lasts
The night of sin and wee.

This sweet repose shall wear away
 The shadows of the night,
 Until the dawning of the day
 Of everlasting light.

Verse 14.—*My Beloved is unto me as a cluster of camphire¹ in the vineyards of En-gedi.*

My best Belov'd, to whom the wings
 Of my affections flee,
 Is sweeter than the sweetest things
 Of heav'n and earth to me.

In vineyards fair of En-gedi
 Are camphire clusters sweet;
 How infinitely more is he,
 In whom I am complete!²

When sin and wrath my conscience press,
 He standeth for my good,
 A cluster full of righteousness,
 And wrath-appeasing blood.

Still fresh in view, I may design
 His dying love to me,
 Like myrrh and camphire, sweet and fine,
 New bleeding from the tree.

By faith I eat the cluster prest,
 And drink the blood he spelt:
 Of all love-banquets here's the best,
 Atonement for my guilt.

To me this bleeding love of his
 Shall ever precious be;
 Whatever he to others is,
 He's *all in all* to me.

CHRIST'S WORDS.

Ver. 15.—*Behold thou art fair, my love; behold thou art fair, thou hast dove's eyes.*

What! is thy heart a bed of rest,
 A room reserv'd for me?
 Behold, I come to be thy guest,
 And vent my heart to thee!

My truth that can't the false decoy
 Of flatt'ring lips approve,
 Asserts, to elevate thy joy,
 Thou art my pleasant love.

1. *Heb.*—COPHER, the same word that signifies an Atonement, or Propitiation.
 (2) *Col.* ii. 10.

Lo, thou art fair ! lo, thou art fair ;
 Twice fair thou art, I say ;
 My righteousness and graces are
 Thy double bright array.

Though thou a spotted leopard
 And black thyself dost see ;
 Yet as a mark of my regard,
 I'll see no spot in thee.

When to a dog of no avail
 Thou humbly dost compare,
 And call thyself a mass of hell,
 Ev'n then I call thee fair.

But since thy faith can hardly own
 My beauty put on thee ;
 Behold ! behold ! twice be it known,
 Thou art all fair to me.

I see the beauty of the dove
 Within thy soul that lies,
 Affections there exactly move,
 Like turtles' charming eyes.

So modest, humble, pure, and chaste,
 And faithful to their mate ;
 On me alone they fix and rest,
 And all my rivals hate.

THE CHURCH'S WORDS.

Ver. 16.—*Behold thou art fair, my Beloved ; yea, pleasant ;—*

What wonders, Lord, dost thou perform,
 That stoopest thus so low,
 To put thy beauty on a worm,
 And then commend it so ?

What ! dost thou praise a native black ?
 I blush to find it true :
 O lend me words to render back
 The praise to whom 'tis due.

Lo ! my Beloved THOU, even THOU,
 Art infinitely fair ;
 Yea, altogether pleasant too,
 And sweet beyond compare.

All comeliness divine in thee
 Most gloriously does shine :
 What beauty thou commends in me,
 Is but the shade of thine.

Dost thou applaud the little stream
 That from thy fulness rose ?
 How highly then should I esteem
 The fountain whence it flows !

How shall I thee extol, my God ?
 It shames me to be mute,
 When thou exalts a loathsome clod
 Wrapt in a borrow'd suit.

But who, alas ! can words invent
 To magnify thy grace ?
 Seraphic pencils cannot paint
 The beauties of thy face.

May my delighted eye still gaze
 On charming pleasures here ;
 And what I cannot loudly praise,
 I'll silently admire.

—Also our bed is green.

How can my tongue the favours hide
 That thus my heart attach !
 For never was a worthless bride
 So happy in her match,

Besides his personage so great,
 His equipage is fine ;
 His furniture and bed of state
 For fellowship divine.

When here his love abroad is shed,
 My soul, his cheerful guest,
 Sleeps in his arms, as in a bed
 Of holy joy and rest.

If wisdom in a mystery
 Will heav'n to hell betroth,
 Th' ensuing miracle must be
 One bed to serve us both.

What kindness here he does avouch,
 No mortal tongue can tell :
 The Heir of heav'n has made a couch
 To hug an heir of hell.

Lo ! this our bed of sweet solace,
 Green like the verdant field,
 Abundant fruits of holiness
 Does by his blessing yield.

To deck our bed of nuptial loves,
 Buds of the spring convey ;

My fertile soul so pregnant proves,
I'm like an olive-green.

Fair blossoms of indulgent grace
That shade the temple round,
With lively verdure paint the place,
And spread the holy ground.

Verse 17.—*The beams of our house are cedar, and our rafters¹ of fir.²*

Our nuptial-bed in Zion stands,
Within our royal court :
For there the blessing God commands,
There is his lov'd resort.

Our stately dwelling-house excels
The seats of mortal kings,
Whose pompous courts are nothing else
But specious empty things.

Their gaudy grandeur shrinks away
Within their with'ring bow'rs ;
No gilded house of mould'ring clay
Is sure and strong like ours.

The holy cov'nant Heav'n commands,
With promises of note,
By which our house compacted stands,
Are beams which never rot.

No cedar-wood from Lebanon,
Nor fir so firm endures,
As these our rafters, which his own
Almighty pow'r secures.

Thus 'stablish'd, even our lower courts
Defy the gates of hell ;
For everlasting strength supports
The dome wherein we dwell.

In precious cypress gall'ries here
We walk along in state ;
Such are the ordinances dear
Of my imperial mate.

In these sweet mansions of his grace
I'll walk with great delight,
Till he prepare a nobler place,
To walk with him in white.

(1) Or Galleries.

(2) Or Cyprus.

CHAPTER II.

THE MUTUAL LOVE OF CHRIST AND HIS CHURCH.—THE HOPE AND CALLING OF THE CHURCH.—CHRIST'S CARE OF THE CHURCH.—THE CHURCH'S PROFESSION, HER FAITH AND HOPE.

CHRIST'S WORDS.

Verse 1.—*I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valleys.*

SUCH tainted air from Adam's bow'r
O'er cursed mankind blows,
That no green bed, nor sav'ry flow'r,
In nature's dessert grows,

Thou then that sings the verdant bed,
Adorn'd with flowers of grace ;
Come see the rose and lily spread,
That thus perfumes the place.

I Jesus, am the fragrant rose,
That healing odours yields ;
And free from common profit grows
In Sharon's open fields.

That all who please may freely come,
Of lapsed human race,
And share the sanative¹ perfume
That suits their sickly case.

My bleeding love, so oft exprest
To guilty sinners, shews
A beauty in my bloody vest,
Beyond the ruddy rose.

Should I to comely show'rs compare
The beauties of my face,
Roses and lilies red and fair,
Would strive in it for place.

But what's my common paint cast o'er
The blossoms of the field,
Though Solomon in all his gloire,
Must to their splendour yield.

Their comely form but serves to foil
The flow'r of flow'rs above,
Sprung from the hottest heav'nly soil,
My Father's fervent love.

(1) Healing.

Who thence the lily did translate
 To valleys here below,
 That virtue from my humbled state
 To sinful worms might flow ;

And that in vales of misery,
 When with'ring comforts fail,
 The Rose of heav'n might also be
 The lily of the vale.

Ver. 2.—*As the lily among the thorns, so is my love among the daughters.*

While I the rose and lily fair
 Join'd as my title claim,
 My love, the bride, must have a share
 Of my enamelled name.

Mine image she so harmless bears
 Amidst a furious broil ;
 She as a lily fair appears
 Ev'n in a thorny soil.

Among the daughters of despite,
 The offspring of the earth,
 Her lily-form, so lovely white,
 Shews her superior birth,

Beset with briars, that pierce and pain,
 Yet precious in my view ;
 She pure and harmless does remain
 Among the noxious crew.

The whole of Satan's children are
 A field of hurtful thorns,
 Enraged by hell, to scratch and mar
 The flow'r that heav'n adorns.

But I'll provide in this turmoil
 My lily with a shield,
 And afterward a better soil,
 My glorious azure field.

THE CHURCH'S WORDS.

Ver. 3.—*As the apple-tree among the trees of the wood, so is my Beloved among the sons.*—

My dearest Lord has won my heart
 With his mellifluous¹ tongue,
 That gives unworthy me a part
 Both in his name and song.

(1) Sweetly eloquent.

He to my need his names doth suit
 As if he could not be
 A rose and lily of repute,
 Without adorning me.

His sav'ry titles thus made known,
 In such endearing ways,
 As wrap his name within my own,
 Provoke my heart to praise.

Awake, my soul, commend his grace,
 And sing the living tree,
 Who by such apples of solace
 Commends himself to thee.

Above the daughters of the earth
 Does he extol my name?
 Above the sons of higher birth
 I will his praise proclaim.

As garden apple-trees excel
 The forest's barren race;
 So shines my Lord o'er mortals all
 With a superior grace.

His fruit so sweet, his form so fair,
 His healing leaves so broad;
 This tree of life bears no compare
 With sons of men or God.

Created shrubs, wild gourds be gone,
 I climb a higher tree;
 Jesus, the living God, alone
 Yields shade and sap to me.

*—I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet
 to my taste.*

What fool soever disagrees
 My sweet experience proves,
 That Jesus is the tree of trees,
 Among a thousand groves,

From paradise, within he grows,
 He spreads his branches vast,
 To give sweet shade for my repose,
 Sweet fruit for my repast.

When sore fatigu'd I sat by faith
 Beneath his cooling shade;
 Screen'd from the heat of scorching wrath,
 My shelter'd soul was glad.

The shadow of his righteousness,
The covert of his blood,
When conscious guilt and dread oppress,
A happy peace conclude.

This shadow shields me from the fire
That strikes the dread and awe,
The flaming Heav'n's incensed ire
And Sinai's fiery law.

Such shelter this thick shade imparts,
That no temptation fierce,
No feather'd shafts, nor fiery darts,
Can once the shadow pierce.

When Christ my screen is interpos'd,
Between the flames and me,
My joyful heart and lips unclos'd
Adore the glorious tree.

No mortal tongue can speak the bliss
That in his shade is giv'n ;
For then I'm safe from all distress,
And taste an early heav'n:

The tree does with immortal food
My fainting soul solace,
With fruits the purchase of his blood,
The apples of his grace.

O here's the tree of life, that gives
The virtue sinners need,
Enliv'ning fruit, and healing leaves,
To raise and cure the dead.¹

Pardons, and promises, and joys,
Upon his branches grow ;
Which, bending down, with gentle poise,
Unload themselves below.

Laden with grace, his fruit he drops,
And spreads my table o'er,
To please my taste, and feed my hopes,
Until I feast in gloire.

Verse 4.—*He brought me to the banqueting-house,² and his banner over me was love.*

Who but my Lord, the living tree,
My leader also is,
That brings me near to taste and see
This love and grace of his ?

(1) Rev. xxii. 2.

(2) Or, House of wine.

Because my fall, he kindly thought,
Did nature's pow'rs displace ;
To his wine-cellars I was brought
By his almighty grace.

Brought from his garden, to his house,
To taste more joy divine :
From sipping of the apple-juice,
To drink the spiced wine.

With sweet and ravishing solace
My soul was feasted there,
In ordinances of his grace,
The house of his repair.

And lo ! the royal flag display'd,
Dy'd with the bleeding vine,
Along my solemn entrance led
Into his house of wine.

With flying colours did I move,
And march triumphantly ;
For then was love, victorious love,
His banner lifted high.

This signal of his grace adorn'd
That stately march of mine :
And for my entertainment turn'd
My water into wine.

Love's conqu'ring flag, for war so near,
Did all my sins subdue ;
Love led the van, love fenc'd the rear,
Love dash'd the hellish crew.

My fainting heart was giv'n o'er,
Till with his ensign spread,
My Standard-bearer went before,
And all the furies fled.

Soul, now to arms : love fights and wins ;
This banner guards my life :
Almighty Love will slay my sins,
And end the bloody strife.

Still therefore to pursue the chase,
Till I triumph above ;
I'll mind the banquet of his grace,
The banner of his love ;

With love he march'd, with love he led,
With love he arm'd my breast ;
With love he drew, with love he fed,
With love he crown'd the feast.

Ver. 5.—*Stay*¹ me with flaggons, comfort² me with apples; for I am sick of love.

Lo ! while my mem'ry does review
His matchless bleeding love,
My spirit falls a bleeding too,
My bowels melt and move.

O ye whose office is to bear,
The vessels of his grace,
Bring flaggons full of comfort here,
And apples of solace.

Large vessels fetch, without delay,
With cordials from above :
Haste, ere my spirits swoon away :
I'm sick, I'm sick of love !

I'm overcome ; I faint, I fail,
Till love shall love relieve :
More love divine the wound can heal
That love divine did give.

The agent Christ alone I view,
Though now my soul that faints
In sickness raves of aid from you,
That are but instruments.

Fill out the wine my Lord did bleed
To stay and strengthen me ;
The deeper in his love I wade,
The sweeter still is he.

Straw me with apples all along ;
Their taste does so surprise,
I'd ly and roll myself among
These fruits of paradise.

Support this sinking heart of mine
Beneath a weight of love,
With living fruit and gen'rous wine
From azure fields above.

I cannot surfeit here nor sist,
Ev'n though my cup run o'er ;
But feed on hunger, drink on thirst,
And covet always more.

New feasts of love I seek, to free
And give love-sickness ease.
How can I lothe what sickens me,
So sweet is my disease ?

(1) Here the verbs are in the plural number, stay ye me, comfort ye me.

(2) Heb. Straw me.

The love, the love that I bespeak,
Does wonders in my soul ;
For, when I'm whole, it makes me sick,
When sick, it makes me whole.

More of the joy that makes me faint
Would give me present ease :
If more should kill me, I'm content
To die of that disease.

Verse 6.—*His left-hand is under my head, and his right hand doth embrace me.*

How soon my fainting soul did cry
For cordials to be brought,
So soon my Lord himself drew nigh,
With more than I had sought.

I sought wine flaggons, but anon
The vine drew near to me :
I sought but apples in my swoon,
And lo ! I found the tree.

When I on servants call'd in vain,
My Lord himself with speed
Did in his arms of love amain
Uphold my fainting head.

My heart's desire is now obtain'd,
I have my royal guest ;
And, by his kind embrace sustain'd,
Do in his bosom rest.

He does with joys that can't be told
My health and strength repair ;
And both his hands about me hold,
To shew his tender care.

His left-hand for my support he
Beneath my head doth place ;
And for my comfort lendeth me
His right-hand's soft embrace.

His presence brings a plenteous show'r
Of blessings from above ;
For now I'm guarded with his pow'r,
And girded with his love.

For my solace 'gainst sin and death
I feel his heav'nly charms ;
And for my safety underneath
His everlasting arms.

Verse 7.—*I charge you,¹ O ye daughters of Jerusalem, by the roes, and by the hinds of the field, that ye stir not up, nor awake my love,² till he please.*

Immortal love her rest and room
Does in my bosom take ;
Woe to the fury that shall come
This joyful rest to break.

Soon as the tim'rous hinds and roes
Are scarr'd from sleep and rest,
Would earth and hell this sweet repose
Maliciously infest.

O Salem's daughters, then I pray,
And charge you stand in awe
To waken love, or do what may
Make Jesus to withdraw.

Yea, all about me I adjure,
Professors and profane ;
Excepting neither rich nor poor,
The sov'reign nor the swain :

By pleasant roes and loving hinds,
Affection's emblem meet ;
By all that's dear to loving minds,
And ev'ry thing that's sweet.

By all that's lovely in your eyes,
I earnestly obtest,
Since Jesus in my bosom lies,
Ye may not mar his rest.

Begone, Sin, Satan, earthly toys,
Far be ye from my heart :
Approach not to disturb my joys,
Nor cause my Lord depart.

His smiles are free, he comes and goes,
My happy hour is this :
Why should ye prove such cursed foes
To interrupt my bliss ?

My glorious Lord now sleeps within
Mine arms of faith and love ;
I charge myself, my heart, my sin,
Not once to stir nor move.

He may as sov'reign countermand
The signals of his grace ;

(1) Heb. Adjure you.

(2) The word my is a supplement, and the word love is in the feminine gender. She speaks of Christ as that love eminently ; or, love in the abstract ; the original runs, that ye stir not up nor awake love till it please.

But never let a sinful hand
Of mine eclipse his face.

Let no deceitful lusts attend,
To rob me of his charms ;
Nor cursed unbelief to rend
My love out of mine arms.

I all the spawn of hell explode,
That would his rest annoy :
O may I never grieve my God,
Nor sin away my joy.

Ver. 8.—¶ *The voice of my Beloved ! Behold, he cometh leaping upon' the mountains, skipping upon the hills.*

Sweet was the rest, but short the stay,
Of Jesus my Belov'd ;
Who lately in my bosom lay,
But instantly remov'd.

Thus doth my sov'reign Lord declare
The freedom of his charms,
By slipping off, amidst my care
To hold him in mine arms.

Great hills, alas ! now intervene
Betwixt my Lord and me ;
His voice unheard, his face unseen ;
Stop, stop ; I hear ! I see !

The voice of my Beloved sounds,
I know the charming lyre ;
No mortal voice so sweetly wounds
And ravishes mine ear.

I hear the voice, I feel the dart,
My breast begins to burn,
The joyful sound revives my heart,
With hopes of his return.

In's volume, *Lo ! I come*, said he,²
And now I see him move,
In solemn triumph towards me,
On wings of wondrous love.

His coming in the flesh I view,
Glad Heav'n his march attends ;
And coming in the Spirit too,
For, lo ! the Dove descends.

Dark shades, adieu ! bright morning springs ;
Behold the gilded sphere !

(1) Or, over.

(2) Psalm xl. 7.

Incarnate Love's perfumed wings
Now cleave the shady air.

He over hills and mountains high
Comes flying on the clouds,
In stately pomp advancing nigh,
Through all opposing crowds.

Of principalities and pow'rs
He makes an open show ;
Down, in his march, he throws the tow'rs
Of hell's outrageous crew.

He skips o'er rocks without delay,
Nor tarries he to climb ;
For hills and mountains in the way
Are but a leap to him.

O'er heaps of sin to run he deigns ;
O'er hills of guilt to flee ;
Nor death, nor hell, nor wrath restrains
His loving march to me.

Verse 9.—*My Beloved is like a roe, or a young hart :—*

When faith itself can hardly see
What pow'r could ever pave
The rocky mountains whereon he
Must come to seek and save ;

When manifold obstructions met,
My loving Jesus made
A stepping-stone of ev'ry let
That in his way was laid.

O'er hills of sin and vales of grief,
O'er mountains, rocks, and seas,
For my salvation and relief
He runs, he leaps, he flies.

O'er every Bether, high and low,
That him and me did part,
He marches like the bounding roe,
Or loving youthful hart.

To manifest that his delights
Were with the sons of men,
He hastens to restore their rights,
And rifle Satan's den.

No doubt remains of his good-will,
Whose speedy march does prove
His joyful fondness to fulfil
His purposes of love.

When heinous trespasses of mine,
 Make me conclude that he
 Will never any more incline
 Again to visit me ;

And yet I see him hastening near,
 And smiling in my face ;
 How can I but adore, admire,
 And magnify his grace !

*Behold, he standeth behind our wall ; he looketh forth¹ at the windows, shewing²
 himself through the lattices.*

Come, friends, admire how he renews
 The visits of his grace,
 And in what various forms he shows,
 The beauties of his face.

His darkest ways will prove him kind ;
 For, when he hides at all,
 He goes not far, but stands behind
 Our own partition-wall.

Though we, alas ! do build up high
 The hiding wall of sin :
 Yet he behind it, very nigh,
 Stands ready to come in.

His feet no rest can elsewhere take,
 But skipping, leaping, move,
 Till me the resting-place he make,
 And centre of his love.

And though, while in this distant place,
 This vale of sin and thrall,
 There's still between me and his face
 A thick, a darkening wall ;

Yet distance alters not his love,
 Nor ought abates his care,
 Which force him through the wall to move,
 And make a window there :

That there, as through a window-glass
 However dark and dim,
 His eyes of love to me may pass,
 Mine eye of faith to him.

Through lattices that light divide,
 Through glorious gospel-lines,
 A vail of flesh, a pierced side
 His love, his beauty shines.

(1) Or, rather, looketh in.

(2) Heb. Flourishing.

Thus, like a beauteous flow'r in spring,
 He shews himself in state,
 Before the window flourishing
 And growing through the grate.

Verse 10.—*My beloved spake, and said unto me ; Rise up, my love, my fair one,
 and come away.*¹

When my beloved Jesus nigh
 Did to my soul appear,
 His matchless beauty charm'd mine eye,
 His gracious words mine ear.

Why, though the sweetest favours giv'n
 Are in his felt embrace ;
 Yet surest intercourse with heav'n
 Is by his word of grace.

I'll therefore sing the words he said,
 And his alluring art,
 Who me no silent visit made,
 But spake unto my heart.

The joyful sound my soul restor'd,
 And heal'd to that degree,
 I never will forget his word
 By which he quick'ned me.

“ Rise up, said he, my pleasant bride,
 And leave what thee annoys ;
 Lay killing fears and damps aside,
 And share my quick'ning joys.

“ My love ! there is no spot in thee
 But what my grace shall hide ;
 Thou art, and evermore shalt be
 My fair and comely bride.

“ And since thou'rt mine by solemn tie,
 And I'm so fond of thee,
 It ill becomes thee to be shy
 And carry strange to me.

“ Are mortal pleasures worth thy stay ?
 Fly from their dying arms ;
 Haste to my bosom, come away,
 And share immortal charms.

Verse 11.—*For, lo ! the winter is past, the rain is over and gone.*

“ Come love, said he, for now thy way
 Is pleasant, safe, and plain :

(1) See Verse 13.

Behold a fair, inviting day,
And heav'n above serene.

"Fear not the storm ; for, ere I gave
The gracious call to thee,
Fair weather I commanded have,
And calm'd the raging sea.

"Thou hast no dang'rous winter-flight,
No drop of wrath to dread ;
The storm did with a vengeance light
Down on thy Surety's head.

"So full did I my charge perform
Once in thy room and place,
That now no killing wrathful storm
Can blow upon thy face.

"Tempestuous wrath and death is past,
Stern justice is appeas'd ;
Since I courageous bore the blast,
All heav'n is fully pleas'd.

"I call thee not to fight and bleed,
But, free of pain and toil,
To follow thy victorious Head,
And gather in the spoil.

"Yea, winter of desertions past,
And rain of trouble o'er,
While by my presence now thou hast
An antepast¹ of gloire.

Verse 12.—*The flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing² of birds is come*

"Come, come ; for now beloved bride,
By warming beams of grace,
The youthful spring with flow'ry pride
Looks smiling in thy face.

"See lapsed nature's cursed earth,
Nipt with a winter-fall,
Now blest with buds of heav'nly birth
And flow'rs around the ball.

"See Adam's dry and blasted root,
Where briars and thorns were rife,
Now bud and bear unfading fruit
Unto immortal life.

"Lo ! heav'n appears upon the ground
Where hell grew up apace ;

(1) Or, foretaste.

(2) Heb.—The time of singing is come. The word rendered singing, signifies also to prune, or crop.

While earthly hearts do now abound
With heav'nly flowers of grace.

"The fading trees of righteousness,
Resumes their fruitful life,
While I the branches lop and dress,
And bless the pruning knife.

"The present time of peaceful spring
From wintry blusters free,
Invite the heav'nly birds to sing
Upon the living tree.

—*And the voice of the turtle¹ is heard in our land.*

"Lo ! now is heard the heav'nly Dove,
The sacred Turtle's voice ;
The joyful sound of grace and love
Makes drooping hearts rejoice.

"Resounding echoes through the plain
From all my little doves,
That in the valleys mourn amain,
Melodious music proves.

"Their hearts that could nor joy nor mourn,
So close bound up and pent,
Have now upon the Lord's return,
A joyful, mournful vent.

"As loving friends, long distant, do
Most joyful meet their wish,
Whose sorrows during absence, now
Dissolving, bleed afresh :

"So wrestling tribes, in cheerful moans,
Their Lord approaching wait,
With joyful hearts, yet mournful tones,
As turtles meet their mate :

"Sweet sounds, alluring all that list,
Are heard on every hand,
Around the field that I have blest,
And styl'd Immanuel's land.

Ver. 13.—*The fig-tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vine with the tender grape give a good smell.*

"Now, now, is the accepted time,
When heav'nly plants of grace
All pressing forward to their prime,
And thriving, grow apace.

(1) By the turtle some understand the Spirit, some the bride.

“ The figs, though yet unripe for meat,
 Appear in green array :
 Young grapes unripe for drink, yet sweet
 And sav’ry scents convey.

“ With joy the early sprigs I see,
 The young and tender race ;
 And view with pleasure in mine eye,
 The smallest buds of grace.

“ Yea, lo ! the well-advanced spring
 Does in abundance now,
 Not only flowers for pleasure bring,
 But fruits for profit too.

“ The living vine incessant does
 To ev’ry branch dispense,
 Most sweet and odorif’rous juice,
 From streams of hell to fence.

“ Are serpents said to flee the smell
 Of vines with fear and dread?
 Perfumes of Heav’n’s true Vine repel
 Th’ old serpent and his seed.

Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away¹.

“ Rise, drooping bride, while spring so sweet,
 In place of winter snell,
 Does thus by various charms invite
 Thine eyes, and ears, and smell.

“ Fair love, ’tis thee I’m fond to wed ;
 ’Tis thee I’m loth to want :
 Come to thy heav’nly mate, and bid
 All earthly loves avaunt.

“ Thy company and love to gain
 I am so strongly bent,
 I’ll still insist, till I obtain
 Thy full and free consent.

“ Haste to mine arms ; for, didst thou move
 As I’m to thee inclin’d,
 Thy heart would on the wings of love
 Outfly the hasty wind.

Verse 14.—¶ *O my dove that art in the clefts of the rock, in the secret places of the stairs, let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice ; for sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely.*

“ My dove that in the lofty rock
 Are wont to nestle high,

(1) See Verse 10.

And to my wounds, when storms provoke,
As shelt'ring holes to fly ;

“ In secret corners wont to vent
Thy heart to me alone,
Kindly to pour thy heavy plaint,
And make thy humble moan :

“ O why dost thou that built so high,
At ev'ry threat'ning shoke,
So tim'rous now for shelter fly
To any lower rock ?

“ Why, frightened from thy lofty nest,
To lurking holes and clefts
Dost take, with shame and fear opprest,
Such vain and sorry shifts ?

“ Look up, my dove ; nor blush nor fear
Thy heav'nly mate to face,
Who wills thee boldly to appear
Before his throne of grace.

“ Lift voice and count'nance both upright,
With confidence to me ;
And let thy voice mine ears delight,
Thy countenance mine eye.

“ For sweet's thy voice of pray'r and praise,
Which please me more to hear,
Than ever choice melodious lays
Could charm a mortal ear.

“ Thy humblest mournful notes, my dove,
Excel in my esteem,
Their highest strains that artful rove
In orat'ry divine.

“ Thy countenance is also fair
And comely in mine eyes ;
Though earthly minds with scornful air
Thy heavn'ly mien despise.

“ For, while my righteousness complete
Is still thy robe renown'd,
My graces in thy count'nance meet,
And cast their lustre round.

Verse 15.—*Take us the foxes, the little foxes that spoil the vines ; for our vines have tender grapes.*

“ But since my bride's a tim'rous dove,
Soon scarr'd and set astray :

(1) Take, in the original, is in the plural number, take ye.

Care must be taken to remove
The fright'ning beasts of prey.

“Of hurtful foes a hellish brood
Against her peace combines ;
As in a vineyard foxes rude
Infest the feeble vines.

“Let all concern'd in her and me
Soon at our instance, seize
The foxes great and small they see
That spoil the rising trees.

“Ye ministers of my affairs,
My vineyard who attend,
I charge you guard against the snares
That do the vines offend.

“All erring teachers soon descry,
Deceitful workers check ;
All false apostles take and try,
Refute, repel, reject.

“No cunning spoilers slightly mark,
No little foxes spare :
For these no small destruction work,
No little mischief share.

“A little fox soon spoils and rents
Small branches to the stump :
A little leaven soon ferments
And leavens all the lump.

“Our vines have small and tender grapes :
And if the strong, the big,
With much ado the hurt escapes,¹
How hardly will the sprig ?

“Each soul be also taught to eatch
Small foxes hid in heart ;
Vain thoughts, deceitful lusts, that hatch
And gender grievous smart.

“Their little rising brats destroy,
Their small beginnings hush ;
Else they the buds of grace and joy,
The tender branches crush.”

Verse 16.—¶ *My beloved is mine, and I am his ; he feedeth¹ among the lilies.²*

Such were the kindly words he spoke
To give my soul repose ;

(1) Viz. Himself, or his people.

(2) That is, His people, or his ordinances.

Such was the order strict he took
With my disturbing foes.

I'll therefore boldly now assert,
While yet he hides his face,
And own his int'rest in my heart,
My int'rest in his grace.

Lo ! I am his, and he is mine ;
Our titles are involv'd
By mystic union, so divine
As cannot be dissolv'd.

Our mutual int'rest firm abides,
And will endure for ay ;
Hence, though behind the shades he hides
He is not far away.

Though heav'n the noblest banquet yields,
Among his flow'rs above ;
Yet here amidst his lily-fields
He keeps his feasts of love.

'Mongst saints whose robes are lily-white,
By washing in his blood,
To grace the feast is his delight,
His meat, and drink, and food.

With loving care his flocks he feeds
Upon the fattest place,
Among the fairest lily-beds,
The pastures of his grace.

By faith I wait my proper share,
When nought by sense I see ;
And argue from his past'ral care
His loving mind to me.

Verse 17.— ¹*Until the day break,* ²*and the shadows flee away.*—

Among the lilies here below
My Lord will feed and stay,
Until eternal day shall blow
'Time's shady night away :

Still therefore rays of joy remain,
Tho' damp't with clouds of fear ;
Until he cleave the starry plain,
And on the clouds appear.

Did saints of old, when wrapt in night,
Believing, hope to see

(1) These words are applicable either to the preceeding or following.

(2) Heb. Breathe, or blow.

Incarnate love's substantial light
Make legal shadows flee ?

'Tis done ; and now the brighter sky
Makes gospel-grace the pawn
That all remaining shades shall die
And sink in glory's dawn.

Her fiery wheels, with speedy flight,
Shall o'er the shades be hurl'd :
And deluges of dawning light
O'erspread the dusky world.

Let there be light, once more he'll say,
Who first did gild the ball :
Then up shall rise the endless day,
And down the shadows fall.

Darkness the charge, *no more to be*,
Shall hear, and soon obey ;
And clouds of sin and sorrow flee
Before the rising day.

The long dark nights that kept the field,
And domineer'd with might,
Shall then resign their place, and yield
To everlasting light.

Ev'n ordinances sweet shall pass,
Which darkly shew him here :
For then he'll break the looking-glass,
And face to face appear.

Welcome, the great, the glorious store ;
Adieu, sweet little pawns :
I'll doubt, and fear, and sin no more,
When glory's morning dawns.

—*Turn¹, my Beloved, and be thou like a roe, or a young hart upon the mountains
of Bethel.²*

Kind Lord, till this bright morn appear
To my eternal bliss ;
Till dusky shadows all retire
And work no more distress :

Turn, till this glorious break of day ;
O turn to me thy face ;
While in the shady vale I stay,
Deny me not thy grace.

While circling woes depress my soul
To various darksome urns :

(1) *Viz.* As in a circuit.

(2) That is, of division, or separation.

Let circling mercies round me roll,
By various kind returns.

O'er hills of sin, and guilt, and wo,
That place us far apart,
Come marching like the bounding roe,
Or loving youthful hart.

O'er mountains to their mates they move,
They skip, they leap, they flee;
With equal ease, and speed, and love,
Haste o'er the hills to me.

Though justly thou retire and hide,
Thy favours stand unmov'd;
I'll therefore own I am thy bride,
And thou art my Belov'd.

Hence shall dividing hills and rents
Between my soul and thee,
Be to my faith but arguments
To haste thy march to me.

Let mighty hills, o'er much to go
Defies my feeble limbs,
Enhance the glory of the roe
That rocks and mountains climbs.

Difficulties so huge to me
I never can remove,
Be but occasions fair to thee
To shew thine active love.

Let rising mountains haste to view
Of all-surmounting might:
And ev'ning shades, the falling dew
Of love, till morning light.

CHAPTER III.

THE CHURCH'S FIGHT AND VICTORY IN TEMPTATION.—SHE GLORIETH IN CHRIST.

THE CHURCH'S WORDS.

Ver. 1.— *By night on my bed I sought him whom my soul loveth; I sought him;
but I found him not.*

WHEN shadows dark, and mountains high,
With stern united might,
Conspir'd to hide him from mine eye
Whose absence is my might;

Upon my drowsy bed alone,
 Amidst my slumbers tost,
 I sought him ; but my slothful moan
 And lazy labour lost.

Love acting such a languid part,
 I felt a strange disease ;
 An absent Lord, a careless heart,
 And rest without release.

Justly the darling of my soul,
 Still rolling in my mind,
 Did my dull suit again control ;
 I sought but could not find.

*Ver. 2.—I will rise now, and go about the city, in the streets and in the broad ways :
 I wilt seek him whom my soul loveth ; I sought him ; but I found him not.*

Since my Beloved won't be found
 In such a sleepy road,
 I'll rouse, and rise, and go around
 The city of my God.

More life and vigour than before,
 Through grace, I will display ;
 And in my search frequent no more
 This lazy, formal way.

But, shaking off my drowsy chains,
 About his courts I'll move
 With more activity and pains,
 To seek my dearest love.

I'll ev'ry secret corner trace,
 And search the public street,
 The ordinances of his grace,
 Till I my Saviour meet.

In mere resolves I did not sist,
 But sought him here and there ;
 Yet, ah ! the God of Jacob mist,
 Ev'n in the house of pray'r.

So much did former laziness
 To present loss redound,
 That in the most devout address
 He was not to be found.

*Ver. 3.—The watchmen that go about the city found me : to whom I said, Saw ye
 him whom my soul loveth.*

Then was I (while I roamed abroad)
 By faithful watchmen found,

Who in the city of their God
Perform'd their painful round.

To whom I cried, with great respect,
"Ye pilots of the blind,
Can ye my wand'ring steps direct,
My dearest love to find?

"I hope, ye who with heav'nly art
Still tread the holy ground,
Well know the darling of my heart,
And where he may be found.

"When my belov'd is hid from you,
What paths, what means of grace;
What course do ye yourselves pursue
To see his lovely face?

"Tell me, ye watchmen of the night,
I pray you, tell me where
Did ye espy my soul's delight?
That I may seek him there.

"O happy stars, if ye might be,
My guides to Jesus now!
Seers, did ye my Saviour see?
Pray tell me where, and how?"

But, ah! no lips of saints, or priests,
My present plaint could stay;
All were but dry and empty breasts,
While Jesus was away.

My teachers left me still in doubt,
While he withheld his grace:
Ev'n when their doctrine found me out,
And touch'd my very case.

Though public means no present stop
Put to my bleeding wound;
Yet, lo! the healing dew they drop
I soon in private found.

Ver. 4.—*It was but a little that I passed from them, but I found him whom
my soul loveth.*

When public ordinances fail'd
In easing my complaints;
When little to my help availed,
Or ministers or saints:

When means and duties could not do,
Though useful in their place,

As open inns : and precious too,
As sweet canals of grace :

Yet, proving, as to success, weak,
Beyond them all I past,
A little further step to make,
And found my Love at last.

When outward conduit-pipes could vent
No drop to help my need,
The little step I further went
Was to the fountain-head.

For passing through the brittle reeds,
And but a little space ;
And looking o'er the servants' heads,
I saw the Master's face.

My trust in means did from them pass,
A higher rock to climb ;
But through them, as the looking-glass,
I fix'd mine eyes on him.

How soon through gospel-telescopes
Faith did his glory spy ;
Dismissing all inferior hopes,
My heart pursu'd mine eye.

I found my soul's beloved chase,
In all his pleasing charms ;
Then joyful flew to his embrace,
And grasp'd him in mine arms.

--I held him,¹ and would not let him go.

His presence, which by faith and prayer,
I sought so much to gain ;
Now, when enjoy'd, with equal care
I labour'd to retain.

I wept for joy to see his face ;
And, like a kindly bride,
Inclos'd him fast in mine embrace,
And press'd him to abide.

His presence did such bliss imply,
His absence such a bane ;
I now resolv'd that he and I
Should never part again.

I saw his smiling face, where stood
A thousand lovely charms ;

(1) Viz. firm, as a man doth his possession.

And melted down into a flood
Of pleasure in his arms.

And, lighting now on Jacob's road,
Did equal fervour show ;
I wept and wrestled with my God,
And would not let him go.¹

In heat of battle for the bliss,
On pleasant Bethel plains ;
I held him by his faithfulness,
The girdle of his reins.

And while I made his truth my shield,
His word of grace my stay ;
The God of Jacob deign'd to yield,
And could not say me nay.

Of freedom great without offence
Allowing me my fill ;
With holy, humble violence
I won him to my will.

*— Until I had brought him into my mother's house, and into the chambers of
her that conceived me.*

While such a banquet I enjoy'd,
Such pow'r with God in pray'r,
My court and moyen² I employ'd,
That others too might share.

Rememb'ring, while I suck'd the comb,
My starving friends in jail ;
I brought him to my mother's home,
His largesses to deal :

That all the relatives may taste
My present wond'rous bliss,
Who faint with famine in the waste
And howling wilderness.

With ardent zeal besought I him,
To let his blessing fall
On mystical Jerusalem,
The mother of us all.

'Tis writ in Zion's infant roll,
This man and that man there
*Was born again ;*³ and there my soul
First drew the vital air.

(1) Gen. xxxii. 24—28 ; Hos. xxi. 4. (2) Interest. (3) Psalm lxxxvii. 5.

I therefore begg'd her offspring free
 Might have with peaceful days,
 The pleasure of his company
 In his approved ways.

His presence to her house I sought,
 Its ruins to repair ;
 To strengthen what his hands had wrought,
 And show his glory there.

I pray'd him to my native home,
 As his belov'd resort ;
 Nor did my Lord refuse to come
 And grace his sacred court.

For there he fill'd oft to the brim
 My cup of joy ; and there
 His love to me, and mine to him,
 Did mutual tokens share.

I found to my experience glad,
 That in the wrestling way,
 The God of Jacob never said
 The seed of Jacob nay.

Verse 5.—*I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, by the roes, and by the hinds of the field, that ye stir not up nor awake my love till he please,*¹

My Lord does now his joyful rest
 In Zion's bosom take ;
 Woe to the sin, the unwelcome guest,
 This sweet repose shall break.

Ye daughters of Jerusalem,
 That love to him profess,
 Take care you do not lose the gem,
 The joy that ye possess.

While some delight in hinds and roes,
 And from alarms would shield
 Their soon disturbed, soft repose,
 Upon the open field.

Shall we awake our dearest Love,
 With vain and earthly noise,
 That may provoke him to remove,
 And dash our present joys ?

If some affect the rural charms
 And pleasures of the field,
 A dearer love is in our arms
 Than ever earth could yield.

(1) See Chap. ii. 7. the same words, but here they relate to Christ's presence in the church, the mother's house, that that be not marred.

If they their pleasing trifles would
 All undisturb'd enjoy ;
 Shan't we our dearest darling hold
 And hug without annoy.

Ye then that of my mother's house
 The sons and daughters are,
 Be careful while he stays with us,
 Lest ye the pleasure mar.

While he vouchsafes to be our guest,
 And grace our public inn,
 Let none of us disturb his rest,
 By Heav'n provoking sin.

In love he comes and goes, and so
 May leave his holy hill :
 But woe to us, if off he go
 In wrath against his will.

His will and pleasure is a law,
 To which we must submit :
 But never tempt him to withdraw,
 Until he judge it fit.

THE COMPANION'S WORDS.

Verse 6.—¶ *Who is this¹ that cometh out of the wilderness like pillars of smoke,
 perfumed with myrrh and frankincense, and all powders of the merchant.*

What bride is this, in bright array,
 With precious blessings stor'd,
 That gives us solemn charge to pay
 Such homage to her Lord ?

Up from the desert see her move,
 And climb the azure skies ;
 As from the glowing altar's stove
 The smoky pillars rise.

Her heart inflam'd with holy fire
 In the devoutest mode,
 Adventures boldly to aspire
 Unto the throne of God.

As tow'ring smoke in air serene,
 With stately rising heads,
 Majestic mounts above the plain
 In lofty pyramids.

See how her warm'd affections tow'r,
 And, with a heav'nly air,

(1) This, here, is in the feminine gender ; q. d. Who is she that cometh up ? &c.

Contempt on earthly glory pour,
As worthless of her care.

Perfum'd with myrrh and incense sweet,
She smells like flow'ry spring,
With sav'ry graces, odours meet
To entertain her King.

No precious powders from afar,
Of which the merchant boasts,
Like these her grateful odours are,
Brought from IMMANUEL'S coasts.

So wond'rous are the charms we spy,
So rich the broider'd robe ;
Her darling splendour blinds our eye,
And blazes o'er the globe.

THE CHURCH'S WORDS.

Verse 7.—*Behold his bed¹ which is Solomon's,—*

O friends, what mean you, with surprise,
On mortal me to gaze ?
From borrow'd beauty turn your eyes
To uncreated rays.

Behold the King magnificent,
Who me so richly clad ;
Whom Solomon the opulent,²
Did tipify and shade.

Come, see his equipage prepar'd,
And ensigns of renown ;
His stately bed, his royal guard,
His chariot, and his crown.

His bed of state in Zion stands,
Within the Royal court ;
For there the blessing heav'n commands,
There is his lov'd resort.

There, still remains, as prophets vouch,
And holy scriptures tell,
The Heir of heav'n's embroider'd couch
From hugging heirs of hell.

This is my rest, here will I stay,
In sacred lines he said ;³
And till he can his word unsay,
He'll never change his bed.

(1) See Chapter i. 16.

(2) Rich.

(3) Psalm cxxxii. 14.

'Tis here, with pleasure unexpressed,
 Our mutual loves combine,
 On easy downs of holy rest,
 And fellowship divine.

The furniture and cost immense
 About the bed may clear,
 An infinitely greater Prince
 Than Solomon is here.

—*Threescore valiant men are about it, of the valiant of Israel. Verse 8.—They all hold swords, being expert in war; every man hath his sword upon his thigh, because of fear in the night.*

Behold the royal guard, to fence
 His bed on ev'ry side;
 To show the splendour of the Prince,
 The safety of the bride.

A num'rous host of nobler knights
 Than Solomon's brigade
 Of sixty valiant Israelites
 Around his iv'ry bed.

For, lo! the resting-place to guard
 The hosts of God combine;
 Thousands of angels all prepar'd,
 And attributes divine.

The lowest rank that rails the bed
 Are watchmen of the night,
 Who stand as sentries in the shade,
 Until the morning-light.

Of these the faithful to their Prince
 No naked soldiers are,
 But arm'd complete for bold defence,
 As mighty sons of war.

By long experience skilful grown
 They in the field command;
 And, val'rous for the heav'nly crown,
 They fight with sword in hand.

The spirit's sword each ready wears
 Close girded by his side,
 The word of God to still the fears
 Of Jesus' royal bride.

When nightly dread her quiet mar,
 Their swords silence the fright,
 And from the holy spot debar
 The terrors of the night.

Yea, Zion's King himself acclaims
 To be their shield and shade ;
 His blood, his word, his oath, his names
 Defend the royal bed.

The sentry is almighty wings,
 For¹ subsidy prepar'd :
 What sleeping couch of earthly kings
 Can boast of such a guard ?

Amidst night-shades that fear suggest,
 Amidst² menacing harms,
 They lie secure, whose bed of rest
 Is strong IMMANUEL'S arms.

Ye that my bright array descry,
 See, see his guarded bed ;
 Where I in ease and safety lie,
 Beneath his garments spread.

Ver. 9.—*King Solomon made himself a chariot of the wood of Lebanon. Ver. 10.—*
He made the pillars thereof of silver, the bottom thereof of gold, the covering
of it of purple ; the midst thereof being paved with love, for the daughters of
Jerusalem.

Ye that, amaz'd at my ascent,
 Stand gazing to the sky,
 Come see the engine eminent,
 By which I mount so high.

Lo, here, beside the resting-place
 And bed to lay me soft,
 Are flying chariot-wheels of grace
 To bear my soul aloft.

Our Solomon, the Prince of peace,
 The king of Zion fam'd,
 For his renown, and my release,
 A stately chariot fram'd.

He who for pleasure made the bed,
 For peace who set the guard,
 For solemn pomp and cavalcade,
 This glorious engine rear'd.

He, congruous to his old decree,
 For showing forth his praise,
 A cov'nant firm, of promise free,
 Did like a chariot raise.

None fram'd of Leb'non's finest wood
 By wisest engineers,

(1) Help or aid.

(2) Threatening.

Could equal this, so gay, so good,
And firm to endless years.

The pillars thereof, for the ease
And support of the weak,
Are precious silver promises,
That will nor bow nor break.

Its bottom is a ground-work sure
Of pure and solid gold,
From bankrupt begg'ry to secure,
From falling through t'uphold.

Its covering safe from sin to shroud,
And sure from wrath to hide,
Is purple dye, the scarlet flood,
From Jesus' wounded side.

For Salem's race (though some purblind
Its outside pomp but move,)
The midst unseen is pav'd and lin'd
With velvet seats of love.

He who, to show his kindness fresh
For human brats abroad,
Came riding in a car of flesh,
The high, the humble God ;

Now for his bride a chariot fair
Of gospel-grace provides ;
In which he conq'ring every where,
And she triumphing rides.

Verse 11.—*Go forth, O ye daughters of Zion, and behold king Solomon with the crown wherewith his mother crowned him in the day of his espousals, and in the day of the gladness of his heart.*

King Jesus royalties each one,
O Zion's daughters see ;
The bed, the guard, the couch, the crown
Presented to your eye.

Behold my King, you'll strange the less
To see my bright array ;
'Tis fit I now appear in dress,
His coronation day.

Go forth in heart, from earthly toys,
From self, that airy thing ;
From sinful pleasures, dying joys,
And see the living King.

To him whom mother Zion bore,
The crown does appertain ;
His father to his mother swore,
That Solomon should reign.

Behold the King, with wonder deep,
 Whose glory cannot fade,
 Jesus through Solomon the type,
 The substance through the shade.

Come see, believe, admire, adore,
 Heav'n's glad'ning homage pay,
 To match his mother's crown he wore
 Upon his nuptial day.

The day wherein he blest the earth,
 And won his bride apart,
 When she him met with holy mirth,
 And he rejoic'd in heart.

The saints, who do his image bear,
 Proclaim the high renown
 Of Zion's King; who deigns to wear
 Their praises as his crown.

They act the fond¹ maternal part,
 In joint applauding bands;
 The heav'nly babe, form'd in their heart,
 Is crown'd with both their hands.

His wedding and his crowning day
 The pompous joys unite;
 To pourtray him the lovely way
 Where grace and granduer meet.

Once bound unto the altar's horns
 A victim for our dues,
 His head was crown'd with cruel thorns,
 By's mother-church the Jews.

But pleasure now his pains repay,
 And pomp that suits him well,
 His father's crown, with sov'reign sway
 O'er heav'n, and earth, and hell.

CHAPTER IV.

CHRIST SETTETH FORTH THE GRACES OF THE CHURCH.—HE SHOWETH HIS LOVE TO
 HER.—THE CHURCH PRAYETH TO BE MADE FIT FOR HIS PRESENCE.

CHRIST'S WORDS.

Verse 1. *Behold, thou art fair, my love: behold, thou art fair; thou hast doves
 eyes within thy locks; thy hair is as a flock of goats that appear from mount
 Gilead.*

My love, who slighteth gaudy fame,
 Dost human praise eschew,

(1) Glad and motherly.

From zeal to magnify my name,
And give to me my due.

Thy name no detriment sustains
By travail mine to raise ;
For, lo ! I now return thy pains,
By crowning thee with praise.

My truth, that can't the false decoy
Of flattering lips approve,
Asserts, to animate thy joy,
Thou art my spotless love.

Lo ! thou art fair ; lo ! thou art fair !
Twice fair thou art, I say :
My righteousness and graces are
Thy double bright array.

Though thou a spotted leopard,
And black thyself do stile ;
Yet, as a mark of my regard,
I count thee free of guile.

When to a dog, a mite, and gnat,
Thou dost thyself compare,
And call thyself a hellish brat ;
Ev'n then I call thee fair.

Thy trembling faith will scarcely own
My comlieness on thee ;
Behold, behold ! twice be it known,
Thou art all fair in me !

I see the beauties of the dove
Thee decks without disguise ;
For there devout affections move,
Like turtles' charming eyes.

So modest, humble, pure, and chaste,
So faithful to their mate ;
On me alone they fix and rest,
And all my rivals hate.

Thy beauteous eyes, vail'd with thy locks,
Shew with sobriety :
And heav'nly beauties finest strokes,
From ostentation free.

Gay, like a comely flock of goats
On Gilead's stately height,
Is thine adorning hair that notes
Thy gesture shining bright.

No artful curls, no pamper'd hair,
The pride of mortal clay,

Can parallel the heav'nly air
Of thy well-ordered way.

Verse 2.—*Thy teeth are like a flock of sheep that are even shorn, which came up from the washing ; whereof every one bear twins, and none is barren among them.*

The world, struck with thy beauty may
Believe thy pasture good,
Did they thy grinders white survey
That champ the heav'nly food.

Thy teeth, the bread of life that cull,
And eager eat my flesh,
Are acts of faith, in number full,
In nature fair and fresh.

Thy priests the living bread who break,
And nurse the babes new-born ;
When by an equal law they act
Like evenly teeth adorn.

None does his fellow over-grow,
Wry'd from his proper place ;
But all, as equal grinders show,
Due pains to feed thy race.

They hold a comely parity,
Nor orderless molest,
As proud o'ertopping teeth would be
Like prelates o'er the rest.

Thine active zeal, yet mild, doth keep
A just equality ;
Like ev'nly rounded flocks of sheep,
New past the shearer's eye.

Thy purity exceeds their fleece
Wash'd in the crystal flood ;
Thy fruits of holiness and peace
Outvie their num'rous brood.

There does not in the flock appear,
One fruitless barren womb :
But all by twins their product bear,
And lead them bleating home.

Verse 3.—*Thy lips are like a thread of scarlet, and thy speech is comely : thy temples are like a piece of a pomegranate within thy locks.*

I view'd thy beauteous moving lips,
Instructing Salem's race,
And dropping purest nectar¹ sips,
In sav'ry words of grace.

(1) A pleasant liquor ; delightful in taste, colour, and smell ; anciently feigned to be drunk by the gods, and that whosoever drank of it should become immortal.

Thence sacred pray'rs and praise proceed,
 So grateful unto God ;
 Thy lips are like a scarlet thread
 Dy'd with atoning blood.

These balmy lips, with pleasing voice,
 Shrill in devotion's path,
 Salute mine ears with secret joys :
 And spread a fragrant breath.

Thy speech, in praise, to my renown :
 And pray'r for bliss from me :
 In social words to make me known ;
 Shews grace with gravity.

Hence granate-like, thy temples fair,
 Vail'd in thy locks appear ;
 While ruddy blushes deck thy pray'r,
 When none but God can hear.

From men thou hid'st thy rosy cheeks,
 Which shame for sin doth flush ;
 Yet, spite of masks, thy mein detects
 Thy beauteous holy blush.

Verse 4.—*Thy neck is like the tower of David, builded for an armoury, whereon there hang a thousand bucklers, all shields of mighty men.*

Besides thy coral lips and cheeks,
 Thy tow'ring iv'ry neck,
 Fram'd like a heav'nly structure, speaks
 Wisdom its architect.

This neck of precious faith excells
 King David's stately tow'r ;
 It holds the glorious Head, and dwells
 Upon the rock of pow'r.

As that was for an arm'ry built
 Of warlike weapons bright,
 Where hung a thousand bucklers gilt,
 All shields of men of might.

So this most vig'rous faith of thine
 More conquest by my names,
 My words, and attributes divine,
 Than many shields acclaims.

Defensive arms, in ev'ry case,
 Within this tow'r abound ;
 With weapons of victorious grace,
 And bulwarks built around.

Thy neck of faith assimilates
 An arm'ry built upright.

It stands renown'd for valiant feats,
And boldest acts of might.

Faith joining her almighty King,
Safe, spite of fears, can dwell ;
And viewing death, without a sting,
Defy the gates of hell.

Verse 5.—*Thy two breasts are like two young roes that are twins, which feed among the lilies.*¹

Thy breasts of love resemble roes
Both young delightful twins :
In thee such equal ardour glows,
For God, and 'gainst thy sins.

Thou op'nest frank a twofold breast,
Two test'ments, and two seals ;
Which to thy children yield a feast
Of milk for daily meals.

Thine equal breasts delightful feed,
With milk of sweet solace
In just proportion to the need
Of all the babes of grace.

Among my flocks, the lily-fields,
Where I with pleasure feast,
Thy wholesome conversation yields
Sweet food with open breast.

Verse 6.—*Until the day break,*² *and the shadows flee away, I will get me to the mountain of myrrh, and to the hill of frankincense.*

I heard thy former warm request,
To haste the shades away ;
Or, during night, abide thy guest
Until the break of day.

Thy pray'r still in mind I bear,
To which no longer mute ;
As then I bent my list'ning ears,
So now I grant thy suit.

In Zion mount my feet shall stay,
And there I'll lodge with thee,
Until the dawn of glory's day
That shades of sorrow flee.

There will I smell the savour sweet
Of active grace and prayer :
For Zion is my chosen seat,
I'll rest for ever there.

(1) See Chap. vii. 3.

(2) Heb. Breathe.

Accepted off'rings all mature
 My holy hill surround,
 Perfum'd with myrrh and incense pure,
 That spread their odours round.

No spice so much delights the smell
 As incense smoking there :
 Still, therefore, shall my Spirit dwell
 Within the house of pray'r.

The mount of incense, hill of myrrh,
 My grace shall still adorn :
 Nor thence will I decamp or stir,
 Till glory's nuptial morn ;

Till to my royal courts above
 My trumpet call thee up
 To consummate our endless love,
 And drink full pleasure's cup.

Ver. 7.—*Thou art all fair, my love ; there is no spot in thee.*

My love, thou seem'st a loathsome worm :
 Yet such thy beauties be,
 I spoke but half thy comely form ;
 Thou'rt wholly fair in me.

Whole justify'd, in perfect dress ;
 Nor justice, nor the law
 Can in thy robe of righteousness
 Discern the smallest flaw:

Yea, sanctify'd in ev'ry part,
 Thou'rt perfect in design ;
 And I judge thee by what thou art
 In thy intent and mine.

Fair love, by grace complete in me,
 Beyond all beauteous brides ;
 Each spot that ever sullied thee
 My purple vesture hides.

Verse 8.—¶ *Come¹ with me from Lebanon, my spouse ; with me from Lebanon :
 look from the top of Amana, from the top of henir and Hermon, from the
 lion's dens, from the mountains of the leopards.*

Fair consort, did I thee betroth :
 And get thy heart and hand ?
 I urge thee by the marriage-oath
 Regard my kind command.

Come, come with me from Lebanon,
 This mount of vanity :

(1) The words here may be read by way of promise, Thou shalt come with me.

Faith's object, things unseen, unknown,
More suit thy high degree.

Come from this world's bewitching heights ;
O new-born soul forget
The pompous fopp'ries, gay delights,
Toys of thy native state.

Are mortal pleasures worth thy stay,
Or dying shades and toys,
When I invite thy heart away
To share immortal joys ?

By faith look from Amana's top,
From Shenir, Hermon fair ;
Thence over Jordan look with hope,
Where Zion's glories are.

Let me alone possess thy heart,
Leave ev'ry lion's den ;
From these wild leopard-hills depart,
The place of furious men.

All worldly joys are overweigh'd
With hills of vexing care,
And under gaudy pleasures hide
Some ghastly dang'rous snare.

Let blinded moles in earthen hills,
Their mould'ring store pursue,
And lick the dust that never fills ;
Bid thou mole-hills, adieu.

I'll thee to higher bliss exalt,
For ever with the Lord ;
Come, come thou must ; and come thou shalt,
My love's thy drawing cord.

Verse. 9—*Thou hast ravished my heart, my sister, my spouse ; thou hast ravished my heart with one of thine eyes, with one chain of thy neck.*

Thy fellowship's my fond desire,
Thus su'd by kindly calls ;
Because my vanquish'd heart on fire
Thy beauty's captive falls.

I cannot see with pleasure, love,
Thy feet on mountains roam :
Nor can I rest, until above
My palace be thy home.

I own, my spouse, and sister dear,
Unsham'd my brother-hood ;

(1) Or, taken away my heart

We're doubly sib, our kindred's near
By marriage and by blood.

Thou hast, my Father being thine,
In's love a filial part ;
And I'm (thou hast so much of mine,)
Scarce master of my heart.

To thee I bear a love intense,
Ev'n to the last degree ;
Thou, in effect, by violence
Has rapt my heart from me.

Of all created beauties brave
E'er fashion'd by my hand,
None like thy comely graces have
My heart at such command.

One glance of thy believing eye,
One chain of thy fair neck,
Part of thy form has ravish'd me ;
How must the whole affect !

Thy pow'rful faith and love detains
My heart trapt, yet enlarg'd,
With strong delights and pleasing chains,
I'm conquer'd and o'er-charg'd.

Ver 10.—*How fair is thy love, my sister, my spouse ! how much better is thy love than wine ! and the smell of thy ointments, than all spices !*

Dear relative, thou in whose veins
My blood and Spirit run,
Bound to my heart by various chains,
I'll in thy praise go on.

How fair ! how grateful unto me
Are all thy fruits of love !
Thy love beyond compare I see,
And with my heart approve.

My love divine was in thine eye
Preferr'd to richest wine ;
And, not to be behind with thee,
I'll speak the praise of thine.

Thy love excells the choicest wine
That cheers man's heart apace ;
For lo ! this fervent grace of thine
Can God's own heart solace ;

No wine of off'rings once pour'd out
Did such acceptance win,
As does thy shining life without,
From burning love within.

All graces sweet thy love attend,
 By me acceptance find,
 And forth their fragrant odours send,
 Like oil of purest kind.

The holy unction poured on thee
 Yields to my heart a feast,
 And smells more redolent¹ to me
 Than spices of the east.

As streams into the spring reflow,
 To me is thy recourse :
 I call thee fair, who made thee so ;
 My love's of thine the source.

Thy love's my due, because of old
 With men were my delights :
 I joy'd in loves I should behold,
 Now charm'd I'm with the sights,

Heart-piercing love of ancient rise
 Thou didst so much engross
 The wounds of love made me despise
 The torments of my cross.

Ver. 11.—*Thy lips, O my spouse, drop as the honey-comb ; honey and milk are under thy tongue, and the smell of thy garments is like the smell of Lebanon.*

O spouse, thy love with loveliness
 Is mix'd in word and walk ;
 My tongue takes pleasure to express
 How I approve thy talk.

Drops from my lips distilled, with ease,
 To saints more sweetness yield,
 Than honey-combs which busy bees
 Suck from the flow'ry field.

Both Canaan's blessings glide below
 Thy sweet instructive tongue :
 For thence do milk and honey flow,
 To feed and feast thy young.

Thy heart still with thy tongue agrees,
 To fill the flowing tide,
 And shew thou art, without disguise,
 My fair and fertile bride.

Such is thy wonted holy strain,
 Refreshing pleasures load,
 Thy language in discourse with men,
 And duty towards God.

(1) Sweet, or savoury.

Cloth'd with my righteousness, thy smell
Is like a field of bliss :
And hath with this, to deck thee well,
A rose of sav'ry grace.

Hence still abroad thy savour flies
In work and practice fair,
Which Lebanon's perfumes outvies,
That scents the circling air.

As there, sweet-smelling trees and flow'rs
Did, fann'd with gales, abound :
The gospel-walk sweet odours pours
To God and man around.

Ver. 12.—*A garden inclosed is my sister, my spouse ; a spring shut up, a fountain sealed.*

My bride's a garden of solace,
Where fruits and flow'rs abound ;
A sacred spot, inclos'd by grace,
Well fenc'd and wall'd around.

From common earth sequester quite,
Reserved for my use :
Preserved also by my might,
From violence and abuse.

A spring, diffusing crystal streams,
Does 'midst the garden swell ;
Shut up from sultry hurtful beams,
And feet would taint the well.

A fountain seal'd for secrecy,
T' enhance the worth unseen :
For shelter and security,
To keep it pure and clean.

My privy-seal was stamp'd thereon,
That bliss which heav'n commands
Abroad from thence in rills may run,
And streams o'er distant lands.

As me the Father seal'd to spread
For hungry souls Heav'n's food ;
So Zion's springs are seal'd, to shed
On thirsty ground a flood.

Ver. 13, 14.—*Thy plants are an orchard of pomegranates, with pleasant fruits ; camphire with spikenard : spikenard and saffron, calamus and cinnamon, with all trees of frankincense : myrrh and aloes, with all the chief spices.*

Sweet fruits all flourishing around
My garden well beseems ;

Which cannot prove a barren ground,
Amidst such living streams.

Thy plants of grace do parallel
An orchard rich with trees ;
Sweet, to delight the taste and smell ;
Fair to salute the eyes.

Here 'granates young, and camphire grow ;
Here spice and incense bloom,
'Nard, cinnamon, myrrh, aloes blow
With gales a rich perfume.

Here num'rous plants with fragrant scent,
And odours most refin'd ;
All in their nature excellent,
And various in their kind.

Thy blooming plants of grace display
A heav'nly soil and air ;
And sap divine, which I convey,
Makes all the planting fair.

Wild nature's soil could ne'er produce
Such trees as here do stand
For special pleasure, special use,
All planted by my hand.

Ver. 15.—*A fountain of gardens, a well of living waters, and streams from Lebanon.*

Thy pleasant garden's blooming plants
All others far excel ;
For Heav'n, to thine indulgent, grants
Streams of salvation's well.

This fountain open, full, and nigh,
Makes plants their vigour yield ;
Yea, neighb'ring gardens does supply,
And each adjacent field.

Thy graces frank their juice convey,
Not dript as shallow pails :
But living springs, that night and day
Flow to refresh the vales.

Such is thy lib'ral-flowing mind ;
Nor are with penury
Thy blessings to thy banks confin'd,
But common as the sea.

My quick'ning Spirit, freely shed,
That Zion's banks may flow,
The river is, whose streams do glad,
And makes the planting grow.

The well of water here runs o'er.
 The current to maintain ;
 With hasty course to endless gloire,
 As rivers to the main.

Not Jordan swell'd from Lebanon
 So stoutly rolls his tide ;
 As crystal rivers from the throne
 Through Zion's vallies glide.

Thy rills of grace to me return,
 And own their springs in me ;
 As garden streams from thence must run,
 With tribute to the sea.

THE CHURCH'S WORDS.

Ver. 16.—¶ *Awake, O north wind ; and come, thou south, blow upon my garden
 that the spices thereof may flow out : let my Beloved come into his garden,
 and eat his pleasant fruits.*

In ample praise, my King, I hear,
 Makes worthless me his theme ;
 But with a stunn'd, astonish'd ear,
 I sink to dust for shame.

What humbling wonders he performs !
 On mites his picture draws ;
 Then makes the despicable worms
 His subject of applause.

Lord, if I a be garden fair,
 On thee the praise must land :
 For all my verdant graces were
 Plants of thy mighty hand.

Thy spicy fruits thou dost approve,
 And deign'st thus to commend,
 Are blossoms of thy fruitful love,
 And on thy breath depend.

They quickly languish, fade, and die :
 They cease to bud or flow,
 And sapless, scentless, fruitless lie,
 Unless thy Spirit blow.

Awake, O heav'nly wind, and come :
 Excite the spicy vale :
 Blow on this garden of perfume
 A rousing, quick'ning gale.

On Zion's sons, O Sp'rit divine,
 Pour grace and gifts abroad ;
 Make pastors by perfumes of thine,
 A savour sweet to God.

Sharp gales from chilling north command,
 To rouse the seeds of grace :
 Then warming south's soft wings expand,
 Till spices flow apace.

From ev'ry point, O mighty winds,
 Blow a new Pentecost :
 Let blinded atheistic minds
 Know there's a Holy Ghost.

O let my best beloved come,
 And spread his area broad
 With choicest fruits of rich perfume,
 Most grateful to my God.

My garden's his, (in all its views) ;
 The life, the sap, the root :
 The product whole to him accrues,
 From whom is all the fruit.

Come, else the banquet cannot stand ;
 Come bring thy pleasant treat :
 The fruits of thy laborious hand,
 And toil with bloody sweet.

OR SHORTER THUS :

Am I the garden heav'n can own,
 Where living waters flow,
 At crystal rivers from the throne,
 To make the planting grow ?

O heav'nly wind, awake and come,
 Blow all thy gracious gales
 On this my garden of perfume,
 Else all its savour fails.

O holy spirit from above
 My with'ring heart inspire,
 And raise my various forms of love.
 As various wants require.

Let northern breezes fill my sails
 With sharp convincing grace :
 Then, from the south, refreshing gales
 Resume their joyful place.

Make all the spices flow abroad,
 As graces active here,
 To entertain my Lord and God,
 Faith, love, and joy appear.

Let my belov'd his presence sweet
 Now to his garden grant,
 To taste his pleasant fruits, and eat
 What he himself did plant.

CHAPTER V.

CHRIST AWAKETH THE CHURCH WITH HIS CALLING.—THE CHURCH, HAVING A TASTE OF CHRIST'S LOVE, IS SICK OF LOVE.—A DESCRIPTION OF CHRIST BY HIS GRACES.

CHRIST'S WORDS.

Verse 1.—*I am come into my garden, my sister, my spouse; I have gathered my myrrh with my spice; I have eaten my honey-comb with my honey; I have drunk my wine with my milk: eat, O friends; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved.*

My Love, in answer to thy pray'r,
I'm here at thy request;
And ready both to give and share
The pleasure of the feast.

I'm come, my spouse, and sister dear;
I'm to thy garden come,
To gather up my spice and myrrh;
I'm pleas'd with this perfume.

My graces relish like a feast
Of honey, milk, and wine:
I make myself a welcome guest;
The fruits are mine and thine.

Eat, drink, O friends, whom I approve
I also welcome you:
Yea, drink abundance of my love
Full freedom I allow.

Your fainting spirits here refresh
With plenty spread abroad,
The grace and love, the blood and flesh
Of your incarnate God.

Not elect angels ever share
Such strange and matchless food;
They feast on their Creator's care,
Not your Redeemer's blood.

THE CHURCH'S WORDS.

Ver. 2.—¶ *I sleep, but my heart waketh: it is the voice of my Beloved that knocketh, saying, Open to me, my sister, my love, my dove, my undefiled; for my head is wet with dew, and my locks with the drops of the night.*

The heart of Jesus kind I see,
But mine ungrateful fails;
Two natures are at odds in me,
And oft the worst prevails.

Both sleeping flesh I have, that rests
 In sloth unto my shame ;
 And waking grace, that still protests
 Against the lazy frame.

Hence, though I sleep, I at my heart
 Some inward knocking hear ;
 'Tis Jesus' voice, his loving dart
 Thus wounds my waking ear.

" Come, open, my unspotted dove,
 Thy heart I bolted find ;
 Awake, my sister ; rise, my Love,
 Let in thy dearest friend.

" Wrath's midnight show'r bedew'd my locks,
 Storms on my head did blow :
 Wilt thou unkindly slight my knocks,
 Who suffered for thee so ;

" And now stand waiting patiently
 To give the purchas'd good,
 At present ready to apply
 The blessings of my blood ?"

Verse 3.—*I have put off my coat, how shall I put it on ? I have washed my feet,
 how shall I defile them.*

When thus in most endearing terms
 Kind Jesus knock'd and cry'd,
 My heart, resisting heav'nly charms,
 On bed of sloth reply'd ;

" My clothes are off, my nap is sweet,
 How shall I rise undrest ?
 How shall I stain my new-wash'd feet ?
 Excuse me : let me rest."

My non-admission of his grace
 His holy Spirit vex ;
 My answer for my laziness
 Was but a vile pretext.

Verse 4.—*My beloved put in his hand by the hole of the door, and my bowels
 were moved^d for him.*

When I so shamefully refus'd
 Access to my Belov'd,
 Another kindly way he us'd,
 Which my affections mov'd.

Though I his word did basely slight,
 Yet, ere I was aware,

(1) Or, In me.

His Spirit by resistless might
Did kindly draw the bar.

He, to unbolt the door, put in
His gracious hand of pow'r :
Then did his love upbraid my sin,
And melt my bowels sore.

Verse 5.—*I rose to open to my beloved, and my hands dropped with myrrh, and my fingers with sweet-smelling myrrh, upon the handles of the lock.*

How long he stood, how oft he knock'd,
How patient who can tell !
What drops of grace on th' entry lock'd
From his sweet fingers fell.

At length I rose from off my bed,
My drowsy bed of sloth,
To open to my spouse, who had
My solemn marriage-oath,

Soon by the wet lock-handles were
My fingers moist'ned much,
And sweetly dropt with oil and myrrh,
Left by his melting touch.

His quick'ning Sp'rit heart-fetters broke
And heal'd my dull disease ;
As dropping oil that makes the lock
Soon yield and ope with ease.

Ver 6.—*I opened to my Beloved, but my Beloved had withdrawn himself, and was gone : my heart failed when he spake. I sought him, but I could not find him ; I called him, but he gave me no answer.*

I op'ned straight to my Belov'd
Expecting his embrace ;
But, ah ! from thence he had remov'd,
And justly hid his face.

Mine aching heart did not collect
His words that gave the wound,
And wailing sore my base neglect,
Away my spirit swoon'd.

With great perplexity I sought,
But him I could not find ;
I call'd ; but ah ! no answer got,
To ease my restless mind.

So much my former slothfulness
To present damage turned ;
In grief I doubled mine address,
Yet still his absence mourn'd.

Verse 7.—*The watchmen that went about the city found me, they smote me, they wounded me : the keepers of the wall took away my veil from me.*

When I, in private means, with care
Had sought, but sought in vain ;
I try'd his public courts, but there
Redoubled was my pain.

Kind pastors formerly condol'd
My case with sympathy ;
But now I met with such as rul'd
With force and cruelty¹.

Untender watchmen, on their rounds,
In open streets, me got,
Afflicted me with many wounds,
And without mercy smote.

They hurt my name, my head, my crown,
And sore reproach'd my zeal ;
Wall-keepers rude thus beat me down,
And tore away my veil.

My fair profession they defam'd,
Nor did my failings hide ;
A strolling harlot I was nam'd,
And not a loving bride.

Ver. 8.—*I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem, if ye find my Beloved, that ye tell him that I am sick of love.*

O Salem's race, when watchmen wound,
Won't ye more favour show ?
What pity can't with them be found,
May I expect with you ?

I want my soul's beloved One ;
None else can give me ease :
I'm sick of love ; Oh ! is there none
To tell him my disease ?

His absence from my soul is death ;
O ! if ye find his grace,
I charge you, with my dying breath
To represent my case.

THE COMPANION'S WORDS.

Ver. 9.—¶ *What is thy Beloved more than another Beloved. O thou fairest among women ! What is thy Beloved, more than another Beloved, that thou dost so charge us ?*

Fair lover, thou who dost to us
Thy moaning speech direct,

(1) Ezek. xxxiv. 4.

Whose shining beauteous carriage thus
Commands our high respect ;

The object does thy love engage,
We judge by viewing thee,
Must surely be some personage
Of very high degree.

What's thy Belov'd, pray let us know,
For whom thou art so sad,
And giv'st such solemn charge, as though
He not an equal had.

Thou fairest beauty, canst thou see
His match when he removes ?
Pray, what alluring charms has he
Beyond all other loves ?

THE CHURCH'S WORDS.

Ver. 10.—*My Beloved is white and ruddy, the chiefest¹ among ten thousands.*

If why I love my Jesus so,
The wond'ring world enquire,
My grounds are such as, did they know,
Their hearts would also fire.

O there is no Belov'd like mine !
He's white and ruddy both ;
All human beauties all divine,
His glorious person clothe.

White in his natures both descry'd,
From ev'ry blemish free ;
And ruddy in his garments dy'd
With blood he shed for me.

Was he not red but only white,
The lily not the rose,
He might suffice the angels' sight ;
But I am none of those.

Was he not white, but only red,
A suff'rer for his sin,
His blood would rest upon his head,
Nor could I joy therein.

But here's my joy and confidence,
Both mix'd I see by faith ;
The whiteness of his innocence,
The redness of his death.

Since for my sin he bore disgrace,
Who yet from sin was free ;

(1) Heb. Standard-bearer.

This makes his white and ruddy face
A beauty meet for me.

The Chief of chiefs beyond compare,
IMMANUEL, God-man,
Among ten thousand ensigns fair,
Triumphant leads the van.

To him the heav'ns their homage bring,
To him celestial throngs,
Ten thousand saints and angels sing,
With rapture on their tongues.

Created wisdom cannot scan
The root of Jesse's rod ;
Nor speak the greatness of the man,
The grandeur of the God.

Verse 11.—*His head is as the most fine gold, his locks are ¹bushy and black as a raven.*

His head which once was crown'd with thorns,
And where all wisdom dwells,
A crown of glory bright adorns,
Which finest gold excells.

So firm, so bright, so eminent,
And durable for ay,
Is his extensive government,
And universal sway.

Black as a rav'n's his curled hair
And bushy locks ; a mark,
That still his age is fresh and fair,
His counsels deep and dark.

Beauties of youth and age agree
To deck his awful sway ;
Fair youth without inconstancy,
Full age without decay.

Verse 12.—*His eyes are as the eyes of doves by the rivers of waters, washed with milk, and fitly¹ set.*

His dove-like eyes most bright appear,
Like these the brooks have wet ;
Or milky streams have moist'ned clear,
Like diamonds fitly set.

These sparkling eyes, with piercing sight,
O'ersee the shades of death ;

(1) Or curled.

(1) Heb. Setting in fulness ; that is, fitly placed, and set as a precious stone in the foil of a ring.

Inspecting secrets of the night,
And searching hell beneath.

He with his fix'd and steady eyes
Beholding distant parts ;
Both deeps divine of counsel spies,
And deeps of human hearts.

Behold, both loftiness and love
In his omniscient eye ;
The eagle temper'd with the dove,
With meekness, majesty.

Verse 13.—*His cheeks are as a bed of spices, as sweet flowers ;¹ his lips like lilies dropping sweet smelling myrrh.*

His rosy cheeks, a bed of flow'rs
Still tow'ring up perfume ;
Or spices that with summer-show'rs
Their sweetest scent resume.

These very cheeks he once resign'd
To them that pluck'd the hair,
Most sweetly to th' enlighten'd mind
Refreshing virtue share.

His lips, resembling lily blooms,
Drop sav'ry words of grace ;
Like oil of myrrh with fine perfumes,
To suit a fainting case.

The balmy drops his lips afford
Give life to sons of death :
The vital savour of his word
Restores expiring breath.

Verse 14.—*His hands are as gold rings set with the beryl : his belly² is as bright ivory overlaid with sapphires.*

His hands are fairer to behold,
Though once nail'd to the tree,
Than beryls set in rings of gold :
So rich in bounty's he.

His operations mighty, vast,
No mortal understands ;
For all the works of God have past
Through these his precious hands.

No iv'ry fine so bright is found
With sapphires overlaid,
As bowels of compassion round
Do gild his pierced side.

(1) Or towers of perfume. (2) Heb. *bowels*, the same word as in verse 4.

The love about his heart that twines
 Still firm, without decay,
 In instances unnumber'd shines
 With sparkling bright array.

Verse 15.—*His legs are as pillars of marble, set upon sockets of fine gold. His countenance is as Lebanon, excellent as the cedars.*

His legs like marble pillars stand
 On golden sockets fine;
 So firm's the throne of his command,
 So ev'n his paths divine.

His stately steps, his steady way,
 His stable kingdom, proves
 He's solid gold, not mould'ring clay
 Like fading mortal loves.

His countenance more lofty is
 Than Lebanon by far;
 More excellent than all its trees
 And stately cedars are.

So high, so eminent is he,
 That in his person shine
 The glories of the Deity,
 With majesty divine.

Verse 16.—*His mouth is most sweet; yea, he is altogether¹ lovely.*

Lo! his blest mouth that once did taste
 The bitter gall for me,
 With charms divinely sweet is grac'd,
 Unto the last degree.

Grace pour'd into his lips, always
 Does thence so sweetly run;
 They share the Father's grace for aye
 Who do but kiss the Son.

His mouth a triple heav'n imports,
 A word, a smile, a kiss;
 A triple doom to dash their sports
 Whose lips profane the bliss.

How hard, though sweet, this limning task!
 I faint; I must succumb;
 He is (if what he is, you ask)
 All over loves, in sum.

How weak my tongue his glory sings,
 Which drowns seraphic art;

(1) He is all desires.

He's all disiderable things,
And charms in ev'ry part.

Adoring heav'ns his name confess
The infinite unknown,
And in created human dress
One uncreated ONE.

Their tongues that do his glory speak,
In loud and lofty lays,
For higher notes are still to seek,
And never reach his praise.

I wrong his name with words so faint,
Nor half his worth declare :
Can finite pencils ever paint
The infinitely fair ?

—This is my Beloved ; this is my Friend, O daughters of Jerusalem.

My union to his person dear
Bears such substantial bliss ;
All mortal loves and friendship here
Are but the shade of this.

Whatever sweet relations be
'Mong creatures great or small,
There's infinite disparity
Between him and them all.

Yet how much in himself he is,
So much is he to me ;
For he is mine and I am his,
And evermore shall be.

The more I hold his glory forth,
Or would his name unfold ;
The more incomparable worth,
I still in him behold.

Now this, O Salem's progeny,
This is my love, my friend ;
Search heav'n and earth but sure am I
His match you'll never find.

Your question far exceeds my reach,
What's thy Belov'd said he :
His praise defeats my fault'ring speech ;
But, pray you, Come and see.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CHURCH PROFESSETH HER FAITH IN CHRIST—CHRIST SHEWETH THE GRACES OF
THE CHURCH, AND HIS LOVE TOWARDS HER.

THE COMPANION'S WORDS.

Verse 1.—*Whither is thy Beloved gone, O thou fairest among women? whither
is thy Beloved gone aside? that we may seek him with thee.*

SUCH glorious things are told by thee
About thy matchless mate;
His seekers too we fain would be,
And share thy happy state.

Thy holy walk and talk is such,
Thy countenance so fair;
We think whom thou commend'st so much
Must be beyond compare.

O where is thy beloved gone!
Thou fairest of thy kind?
So happy in that glorious One
On whom thou set'st thy mind?

Where is he gone? pray let us know
What place frequents he most?
That we in quest of him may go,
Nor find our travel lost.

THE CHURCH'S WORDS.

Verse 2.—*My Beloved is gone down into his garden, to the beds of spices, to
feed in the gardens and to gather lilies.*

Lo! my Belov'd though he enthron'd
In glory keeps his place,
Yet here below is to be found
In gardens of his grace.

He plants, he waters every tree,
His blessing makes them spring;
Then gladly comes he down to see
What rich increase they bring.

He walks among the spicy beds,
Where aromatics flow;
And in his young plantation feeds,
Where fruits delicious grow.

He gathers there his chosen crop
Of lilies without toil;

And, when full ripe, he picks them up,
To deck his fairer soil.

Th' assemblies of his growing saints
Are still his chief repair,
Who'er his gracious presence wants,
May seek with success there.

Verse 3.—*I am my Beloved's, and my beloved is mine : he feedeth among the lilies.*¹

Though now my Lord from me abscond,
Yet judge him not unkind :
In's temple oft I have him found,
And hope again to find.

And, though from me to sense he hides,
My faith holds fast his name :
Mine int'rest in him firm abides,
I will not quit my claim.

He has my warmest love engrost,
And I possess his heart ;
His love and mine unite, I boast,
Nor death nor hell can part.

The bond of love so firm abides,
Ev'n in the darkest day,
That, though behind the shade he hides,
He's never far away.

Though he his noblest table spreads
Among his flow'rs above ;
Yet here amidst his lily-beds
He keeps his feasts of love.

The ordinances of his grace,
Are fields of his repair ;
There I have seen his glorious face,
And you may see him there.

CHRIST'S WORDS.

Verse 4.—*Thou art beautiful, O my Love, as Tirzah, comely as Jerusalem,
terrible as an army with banners.*

How comely is the bride, I see,
Who thus mine absence wail'd,
And kindly thought and spoke of me
Ev'n when my face was vail'd !

Thy zeal for me when I withdrew
I highly must approve ;

(1) See this more largely explained, Chap. ii. 16.

And no return to thee, to shew
My great respect and love.

I did forgive, and have forgot,
All thine infirmities :
Thy holy soul from sin remote,
Is beauteous in mine eyes.

More fair thou art, my lovely prey,
More comely in my sight,
Than ever Tirzah once so gay,
Or Salem once so bright.

Thine aspect's awful majesty
Does strike thy foes with fear ;
As armies do when banners fly,
And martial flags appear.

How does thine armour glitt'ring shine
Their frightened spirits quell !
The weapons of thy warklike might
Defy the gates of hell.

Verse 5.—*Turn away thine eyes from me, for they have overcome me.*¹

Small wonder that thy foes must bow
When faith does keep the field ;
For lo ! I am thy captive too,
And kindly forc'd to yield.

Thy charming eyes of faith and love,
That make myself their prize,
Have overcome me ; pray remove
And turn away thine eyes.

They pow'rfully my heart detain,
My kindly passions fill ;
Yet no unwilling vict'ry gain,
But win me to thy will.

Thy daring, gallant arms of grace,
Have o'er me such a sway :
I'm conquer'd with their kind embrace
And cannot say thee nay.

Thy piercing eyes, that ravish me,
Command me as they list :
My Spirit's aiding force in thee
Is power I can't resist.

Cease wrestling Jacob, let me go,
My love, let me alone :

(1) See more on this subject, Chap. iii. 4. and iv. 9.

If not, except I bless thee ; lo !
My blessing thou hast won.

—(1) *Thy hair is as a flock of goats that appear from Gilead. Verse 6.—Thy teeth are as a flock of sheep, which go up from the washing, whereof every one beareth twins, and there is not one barren among them. Verse 7.—As a piece of a pomegranate are thy temples within thy locks.*

Thy slothful carriage toward me
At our last interview,
Though I observe with jealousy,
And thereupon withdrew :

Yet never judge thy change of frame,
My heart from thee can move :
For still (like solid rocks) the same
Is my unshaken love.

Thy praise I sounded in thine ears
Ere thou wast so unkind ;
And now indulge no faithless fears,
As if I chang'd my mind.

For to evince the love I bore
Does still the same remain,
I now commend thee as before,
And in the former strain.

Gay, like a comely flock of goats,
On Gilead's stately height,
Is thine adorning hair, that notes
Thy conversation bright.

No broider'd ornamental hair
That trims up mortal clay,
Can parallel the heav'nly air
Of thy well-order'd way.

Thy teeth the bread of life that eat,
And feed upon my flesh,
Are acts of faith in number great,
In nature fair and fresh.

Thine active zeal, yet mild does keep
A just equality,
Like ev'nly rounded, flocks of sheep
New past the shearer's eye.

Thy purity exceeds their fleece,
Wash'd in the crystal flood ;
Thy fruits of holiness and peace
Outvie their num'rous brood.

(1) See these words more largely explained, Chap, iv. 1, 2, 3.

There does not in the flock appear
 One barren fruitless womb :
 But all my twins their offspring bear,
 And bring them bleating home.

Like 'granates halv'd thy temples fair
 Within thy locks appear,
 While ruddy blushes deck thy pray'r
 When none but God doth hear.

Thou modest hid'st thy rosy cheeks,
 When sins with shame them flush :
 Yet, through the mask, thy mien detects
 Thy beauteous holy blush.

Verse 8, 9.—*There are threescore queens, and fourscore concubines, and virgins without number. My dove, my undefiled, is but one : she is the only one of her mother ; she is the choice one of her that bare her : the daughters saw her, and blessed her ; yea, the queens and the concubines, and they praised her.*

Thy song gave me the chiefest name
 Among ten thousand heirs,
 And thee the fairest I proclaim
 Among ten thousand fairs.

Queens, concubines, and virgins are
 Unnumber'd, whom they call
 Bright dazzling beauties, charming fair ;
 But thou excell'st them all.

Most holy souls (of high descent)
 Are beauties most renown'd :
 The righteous is more excellent
 Than all his neighbours round.

My spotless dove as one I view ;
 Yea, all in one to me ;
 Her mother-church's darling too,
 And choicest progeny.

The daughters, her professing friends,
 Beheld her beauty great ;
 And straight admir'd her in their minds,
 And blest her in the gate.

Yea, queens and damsels more renown'd
 Did all to her give place,
 And with extolling praises crown'd
 Her comely shining grace.

Verse 10.—*Who is she that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners ?*

“ Who's this, said they, so brightly springs
 Like to the morning ray,

That cleaves night shades with silver wings
To haste the golden day?

“Much fairer than the gilded moon
Her graces shine in dress;
And clearer than the sun at noon
Her spotless righteousness.

“Behold, in love to brats forlorn,
What wonders Heav’n performs!
That does with stateliness adorn
Defil’d and loathsome worms.

“By armour which her Captain lends,
Until her warfare close,
She’s render’d helpful to her friends,
And hurtful to her foes.

“Yea, while she does her rank maintain,
And cast her airs abroad,
Her grace is awful toward men,
And pow’rful toward God.”

Verse 11.—*I went down into the garden of nuts, to see the fruits of the valley, and to see whether the vine flourished, and the pomegranates budded.*

With friendly mind I hid my face,
Yet went not far away,
Retiring but a little space
My orchard to survey.

I went but down to see anew
My garden of sweet nuts,
Within the shady grove, and view
The pleasant valley-fruits.

To notice round my labour’d plain,
If all was very good;
If tender vines produc’d their grain,
And pomegranates their bud;

If all the water’d flow’ry plains,
Along the verdant field,
Did fruits, proportion’d to my pains,
Ev’n in my absence yield.

Into my heart what cheerfulness
And pleasure did it bring,
To see the early buds of grace
And blessings of the spring?

I ravish’d saw my beauteous bride
Lament my absence sore;
Nor could myself in thickets hide
From her a moment more.

Verse 12.—*Or ever I was aware, my soul¹ made me like the chariots of Aminadib.*

Such had my bride's inviting frame
 Ev'n in my absence been,
 No longer could I hide the flame
 Of my affections keen.

Ravish'd, ere (in effect) I knew
 My bowels did me move ;
 Into her praying arms I flew
 On speedy wings of love.

Sweet rapt'rous passion rose in me,
 But most divine in mode,
 As far as rapture can agree,
 Or passion to a God.

My fond affections vehement
 In ways of grace divine,
 All towards her intensely bent,
 Pursu'd their love-design.

My willing people I provide
 Bright graces, princely charms :
 And in these fiery chariots ride
 With speed into their arms.

Oil'd wheels of faith and warm desire,
 That make myself their chase,
 Fetch from mine altar still more fire
 Of sweet surprising grace.

No chariot of Aminadib,
 However swift or bright,
 The heav'nly rapture can describe
 Of love's delicious flight.

So rapid oft, though never rash,
 The motions of my grace,
 'Tween heav'n and earth are like a flash
 Of lightning in a trice.

Verse 13.—*Return, return, O hulamite? return, return, that we may look upon thee; what will ye see in the Shulamite? as it were the company of two armies.*

Love, in my absence short, wast thou
 With sin and grief opprest ?
 O blame thy faithless heart, and now
 Return unto thy rest.

With confidence and without fear
 Thy heav'nly Husband face,

(1) Or, set me on the chariot of my princely willing people.

Who wills thee boldly to appear
Before his throne of grace.

The heav'ns unite their voice with mine
Thy heart-return to move ;
Allow thyself no more to whine,
Suspicious of my love.

Return, O drooping Shulamite,
In haste return ; for we
Heav'n's TRINITY and hosts unite
With joy to welcome thee.

We want to see thee, at his call
Whose peace thy name adorns ;
He with his saints and angels all
Will joy at thy returns.

What in the feeble Shulamite
What's to be seen ! (you'll say,)
Is struggling grace a goodly sight,
When sin regains the day ?

Nay, lo ! my bride (though apt she be
Herself to under-rate)
I, on the field of battle, see
In warlike pomp and state.

Behold ! two armies in her camp,
The doubled hosts of God ;
Her lovers' charm, her haters' damp,
Her happy triumph bode.

CHAPTER VII.

A FURTHER DESCRIPTION OF THE CHURCH'S GRACES,—THE CHURCH PROFESSETH HER
FAITH AND DESIRES.

CHRIST'S WORDS.

Verse 1.—*How beautiful are thy feet with shoes, O prince's daughter ! the joints of
thy thighs are like jewels, the work of the hand of a cunning workman.*

FAIR bride, thy beauties I'll extol
So lovely in my sight :
For I my new creation whole
Still view with great delight.

How noble is thy high descent,
Not sordid from the earth !
How does thy gesture document
Thy new and heav'nly birth !

O princess of the royal race !
 Thy feet with golden shoes,
 Do sparkle, while thy walk through grace,
 Becomes the gospel news.

The steps of thy affections clean,
 And conversation fair,
 Display a heav'nly, royal mien,
 A sweet and stately air.

The joints, that strength and motion do
 To thy right steps impart,
 Like orient jewels, burnish'd new,
 Speak holy curious art.

Through thy fair port, in sacred things,
 Thy joints as gems appear ;
 While holy principles and springs
 Thy course of duty steer.

Verse 2.—*Thy navel is like a round goblet, which wanteth not liquor ; thy belly is like an heap of wheat set about with lilies.*

As is thy sparkling bright array,
 Form'd to thy pedigree ;
 So with thy shining outward way,
 Thine inward shapes agree.

A wretched infant once thou wast,
 To open field cast out,
 From native blood and stains unwash'd,
 Nor was thy naval cut¹.

But now, how neat's thy gracious form,
 Fed by a glorious spring !
 Since grace transform'd the loathsome worm
 To quit another thing.

Thy infant brood to ripeness grows,
 Which thy kind bowels feed,
 Like to a bowl that overflows
 With liquor for thy need.

My Spirit is (to fill thy cup,
 And give thee rich increase)
 A well of water springing up
 In thee to endless bliss.

Thy fruitful womb an heap of wheat
² Assimulates in mode ;
 Thy royal marriage makes thee meet
 For bearing fruit to God.

(1) Ezek. xvi. 4, 5.

(2) Resembles.

Fruit deck'd around with flow'rs-de-luce¹,
 Each grace of active vent ;
 A product rich of fruit for use,
 With flow'rs for ornament.

Fair Zion's fertile womb has meat
 For babes, her lily-brood ;
 And yield them plenteous store of wheat,
 When ripe for solid food.

Verse 3.—*Thy two breasts are like two young roes that are twins.*²

Thy breasts of love resemble roes
 That seem delightful twins ;
 Such equal care to feed thou shows,
 Thy babes in secret inns.

Thou op'nest frank a twofold breast,
 Two test'ments and two seals ;
 Which to thy children yield a feast
 Of milk for daily meals.

Thine equal breasts delightful feed
 With milk of sweet solace,
 In just proportion to the need
 Of all the babes of grace.

My children dear, nurs'd at thy side,
 Thy kindly bowels show ;
 And plainly prove my beauteous bride
 A fruitful mother too.

Verse 4.—*Thy neck*³ *is as a tower of ivory : thine eyes like the fishpools of Heshbon, by the gate of Bathrabbim ; thy nose is as the tower of Lebanon, which looketh toward Damascus.*

Thy neck of precious faith excels
 The fairest iv'ry tower ;
 It holds the glorious Head, and dwells
 Upon the rock of power.

Rais'd and conspicuous, it attracts
 All eyes, and wonder breeds :
 It stands renown'd for valiant acts,
 For strange and mighty deeds.

No iv'ry whither than the swan
 Can match thy precious faith :
 No tow'r with equal boldness can
 Defy the gates of death.

(1) The name of a flower of distinction, worn in the French king's arms.

(2) See Chap. iv. 5.

(3) See Chap. iv. 4.

Thine eyes like Heshbon's clear fish-pools
 Near by Bathrabbim's gate,
 Enlighten'd brightly, twit the fools,
 That hug blind nature's state.

More clear than any silver brook,
 Thine eyes of knowledge trace
 Hid myst'ries in the sacred book,
 Unfathom'd deeps of grace.

But all conceal'd this glory lies
 From haughty sons of pride,
 Whose boasted wit does blind the eyes,
 And heav'nly light deride.

Thy nose of quick sagacity
 Like Leb'non's tow'r doth rise,
 And with bold look Damascus spy,
 To face thine enemies.

Because they strong and subtile are,
 Thou keep'st the frontier tow'r ;
 To smell their policy afar,
 And watch against their pow'r.

Verse 5.-- *Thine head upon thee is like Carmel,¹ and the hair of thine head
 like purple ;—*

Thy heav'nly mind intelligent
 Excells the wise on earth,
 While strangers to thy high descent,
 And to thy heav'nly birth.

Thy lofty head and stately brow,
 Looks to the heav'ns above ;
 And scornful smiles on all below,
 As worthless of thy love.

Thy helmet and thy head-piece is
 Hope built on precious blood ;
 High is thy head extoll'd by this
 'Bove ev'ry foe and flood.

Higher by far than Carmel top,
 The walls of heaven to scale ;
 When thine advent'rous soaring hope
 Takes place within the vail.

Th' excellence of Carmel high
 Can't match thy crimson head :
 Its hairs are of a purple dye,
 Which once the Lord did bleed.

(1) Or crimson.

Each pin which holds thy hair in dress,
 Each glance from grace within,
 Speaks universal stateliness ;
 Not one disorder'd pin.

Each holy air around thy face
 Does so thy beauty enhance ;
 A lustre shines in ev'ry grace.
 A charm in ev'ry glance.

—*The King is held¹ in the galleries.*

To prove the beauty ravishing
 And lustre of thy dress ;
 How does it captivate the King,
 And deep his heart impress !

Jesus, the King of kings renown'd
 Is held within thine arms,
 In gall'ries of his grace, and bound
 A captive to thy charms.

The glorious and majestic One,
 Whom death could ne'er detain,
 Is by thy pow'rful graces won,
 And ty'd as with a chain.

Strange loveliness it is that sways
 The Regent of the skies !
 Constraining him to stay and gaze ;
 It so attracts his eyes.

Bold with the king are faith's efforts ;
 Bless'd they the conquest share ;
 Who win him to his sacred courts,
 And then can hold him there.

Such is the glory of his grace
 He boasts to be o'ercome ;
 And feasts the victor with solace,
 Who fought but for a crumb.

Verse 6.—*How fair² and how pleasant art thou, O Love, for delights !*

O Love, no words can specify
 Thy forms of loveliness ;
 Delights of diverse kinds in thee
 Are more than I express.

No equal for delights hast thou,
 No match on earth below :
 I call thee fair, and pleasant too,
 Because I made thee so.

(1) Or bound.

(2) Or how art thou fair.

My Love, thy dress without, how fair !
 Within, how sweet to me !
 My righteousness and graces are
 The robes I made for thee.

My labouring life was spent throughout
 The marriage suit to spin,
 That makes my bride all fair without,
 All glorious too within.

Verse 7.—*This thy stature is like to a palm tree, and thy breasts to clusters of grapes.*

The sweet proportion I observe
 Of graces fair in thee ;
 None from their proper stations swerve,
 But act harmoniously.

Thy stature, like the palm-tree firm,
 Is stately, straight, and tall :
 No burden can the flourish harm,
 Nor years the growth enthrall.

Thy breasts of love to me and mine,
 Square to the gospel-plan,
 Cheer, like the clusters full of wine,
 The heart of God and man.

Verse 8.—*I said, I will go up to the palm tree, I will take hold of the boughs thereof ; now also thy breasts shall be as clusters of the vine, and the smell of thy nose like apples.*

“ I will, said I, this palm-tree climb,
 This lovely walk approve ;
 And to my bride in holy trim
 I'll manifest my love.¹

“ I'll apprehend, by saving grace,
 As I decreed of old,
 Her little boughs, her tender race,
 And never quit the hold.”

Lo ! Heav'n shall then thy breasts inspire,
 As clusters fill'd with wine ;
 My presence shall thy graces fire
 To thy content and mine.

The breath of life thy nostrils blow,
 Shall with sweet scent abound :
 No sav'ry apples e'er could throw
 Such grateful odours round.

(1) John xvi. 21.

Verse 9.—*And the roof of thy mouth¹ like the best wine, (for² my Beloved) that goeth down sweetly, causing the lips of³ those that are asleep to speak.*

Thy palate drench'd with holy love,
Shall drop the richest wine :
So sweet thy pray'rs and praise shall prove
A feast to me and mine.

I'll taste thy cheer, and speak it good,
For thou'lt in upright ways
Derive it from my plentitude,
Devote it to my praise.

Drops from the living vine that stream
With sweetness down will go ;
To make thy cold affections flame,
Thy wither'd graces grow.

My Spirit's gen'rous wine will make
The old renew their days,
The dead to live, the dull to wake,
The dumb to speak my praise.

THE CHURCH'S WORDS.

Verse 10.—¶ *I am my Beloved's, and his desire is towards me.*

Lo ! how my loving Lord commends
Base me, who blush to hear !
And blood of grapes from Eschol sends
My drooping heart to cheer.

I'm not mine own, but his I'll be,
Whose love my heart doth fire ;
And thus has fix'd on worthless me
His conjugal desire.

What line can this love-ocean sound !
What tongue its measure tell !
Whose height immense, and depth profound,
Won heav'n and vanquish'd hell !

Verse 11.—*Come, my Beloved, let us go forth into the field, let us lodge in the villages.*

Come, dearest Love, let us retire
From this vain earth's annoy ;
That undisturb'd communion near
We may alone enjoy.

We'll choose some secret, lonely place,
To vent our joys the more ;
And forage in the field of grace,
Until we feast in gloire.

(1) Heb. palate.

(2) A parenthesis of the bride's say some.

(3) Or, the ancient.

Thy company such hidden trains
 Of consolation brings ;
 That, pois'd with this, my soul disdains
 The pomp of earthly kings.

In rural villages below,
 Come let us lodge all night,
 Till dusky shades of sin and woe
 Give place to glory's light.

Verse 12.—*Let us go up early to the vineyards : let us see if the vine flourish, whether the tender grape appear, and the pomegranates bud forth : there will I give thee my loves.*

Unto the vineyards of thy grace
 Come let us early go ;
 To see, in this retiring place,
 If all the planting grow.
 Come visit, Lord, thy sacred ground ;
 See how thy nurs'ries bear ;
 If vines and grapes and 'granates round
 Their flow'ry raiment wear.

O come along, thy succour grant,
 While I thy fruits review ;
 For at thy pleasure ev'ry plant
 Its verdure will renew.

The vines their blossom will resume,
 Their tender grapes revive ;
 See how the 'granates then will bloom,
 And all the graces thrive.

In these retirements while I live,
 Thy presence I'll improve ;
 And joyful there I will thee give
 The tokens of my love.

In nearness sweet with thee apart
 I'll dash vain loves with ire,
 And wholly offer thee my heart
 In flames of holy fire.

Verse 13.—*The mandrakes give a smell ; and at our gates are all manner of pleasant fruits, new and old, which I have laid up for thee, O my Beloved.*

Here, Lord, for thee the garden's drest ;
 For thee the feast is spread,
 Come then vouchsafe with me to rest,
 Below the verdant shade.

The mandrakes here, love-fruits and flow'rs,
 Do spread their odours round ;
 And at our very gates sweet stores
 And fruits of grace are found.

Embracing faith is here, to meet
 My Lord when he appears ;
 Repentance here to wash his feet
 With floods of joyful tears.

Love, joy, and all the heav'nly train,
 Old fruits with new increase,
 Laid up in store to entertain
 The God of all my grace.

Come thou to whom I all devote,
 O my beloved Lord ;
 Lo ! all that's from thy fulness got
 Is for thy glory stor'd.

'Tis thine to plant, and prune and dress ;
 Thou mak'st the garden grow :
 In thee my all I still possess,
 To thee my all I owe.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE LOVE OF THE CHURCH TO CHRIST—THE VEHEMENCY OF LOVE—THE CALLING
 OF THE GENTILES—THE CHURCH PRAYETH FOR CHRIST'S COMING.

THE CHURCH'S WORDS.

Verse 1.—*O that thou wert as my brother, that sucked the breasts of my mother !
 when I should find thee without, I would kiss thee ; yea,¹ I should not be
 despised.*

So sweet I find thy heav'nly charms,
 Still more and more I bode ;
 And long to clasp within mine arms
 A whole incarnate God.

O would thou as my brother wert,
 My mother's sucking child !
 I'd kiss and hug thee in my heart,
 And should not be revil'd.

Yea, in the op'nest patent place, ~
 Without a blush, through shame,
 I would with joyful arms embrace
 The babe of Bethlehem.

Hell could reproach the church of old,
 That lov'd a child unborn :
 But now *the Son is giv'n*² I'm bold,
 To love, and fear no scorn.

(1) Heb. They shall not despise me.

(2) Isa. ix. 6.

To him I'll give the highest room,
 And joy beneath his shade,
 That deign'd to bless the virgin's womb,
 And human nature wed.
 My God's my brother now in dress;
 And if he would allow't,
 Though hell should mock my fond caress,
 I'd openly avow't.

Verse 2.—*I would lead thee, and bring thee into my mother's house, who would instruct me; I would cause thee to drink of the spiced wine, and of the juice of my pomegranates.*

I would attend and usher thee
 Into my mother's home;
 Then would her courts instructive be,
 For light with pow'r would come.
 Her children would thy glory see,
 Did they thy presence share:
 And I for entertaining thee
 Would bring my choicest fare.
 To spiced wine with 'granates juice
 I would thee welcome make;
 And greatly would my heart rejoice,
 Were't better for thy sake.
 Well were the feast bestow'd on thee,
 For thine my graces are,
 Who, when thou comes to feed with me,
 Dost bring along the fare.

Verse 3.—*His left hand¹ should be under my head, and his right hand should embrace me.²*

Lo! he descending from above,
 In answer to my prayer,
 Enfolds me in his arms of love,
 To shew his tender care.
 His left hand for my support he
 Beneath my head doth place;
 Then, for my comfort, lends he me
 His right hand's soft embrace.
 His presence brings a silver show'r
 Of blessings from above;
 I'm closely guarded with his pow'r,
 And girded with his love.
 For my solace 'gainst sin and death,
 I feel his glad'ning charms;

(1) Or rather *is*.

(2) See Chap. ii. 6.

And, for my safety, underneath
His everlasting arms.

O welcome blest and happy hour,
When he unveils his face ;
I'm then supported by his pow'r,
Comforted by his grace.

Verse 4.— *I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem, that ye stir not up² nor
awake my Love until he please.*

O Salem's daughters, now, I pray,
And charge you, stand in awe
T' awake my Love, or any way
Provoke him to withdraw.

This heav'nly quiet mar not ye
With loud offensive noise ;
Why should you rob yourselves and me
Of such uncommon joys !

His smiles are free, he comes and goes ;
The happy hour is this :
Why should you prove such wretched foes,
To interrupt the bliss !

My glorious Lord now rests within
Mine arms of faith and love ;
I charge myself, my heart, my sin,
Not once to stir or move.

While he allows his visit sweet,
Let none his rest annoy ;
O may I never grieve his Sp'rit,
Nor sin away my joy !

THE COMPANION'S WORDS.

Verse 5.— *(Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness, leaning upon her
Beloved?)—*

What fair and lovely bride is this !
Though prest with griefs and sins,
Yet trav'ling from the wilderness,
On her Beloved leans !

How boldly does she in his name,
And in his strength go on,
All other righteousness disclaim,
And mention his alone ?

(1) See these words more largely spoken to, Chap. ii. 7, and iii. 5.

(2) Heb. Why should you stir up ? or, why awake, &c.

His wings bear up her soul aloft,
 'Bove all that can molest :
 His bosom is the pillow soft
 On which her head doth rest.

Lo ! how on his almighty arms
 She can her cares unload ;
 And march through all opposing harms,
 Depending on her God.

Her fir'd affections upward tow'r,
 And, with a heav'nly air,
 Contempt on earthly glory pour,
 As far below her care.

Ascending from the wilderness
 Of sorrow, sin, and thrall ;
 And, strongly bent for heav'nly bliss,
 She leaves the dusky ball.

THE CHURCH'S WORDS.

*—I raised thee¹ up under the apple-tree : there thy mother brought thee forth ;
 there she brought thee forth that bare thee.*

To men's applause, with mighty maze,
 What small regard is due ?
 But, Lord, with thee, who art my praise,
 Let me my suit pursue.

Such sweet experience, Lord, I had
 Beneath the apple-tree ;
 Under thy shadow still I'm glad
 Alone to meet with thee.

I rais'd thee up in secret pray'r,
 Thy joyful help to yield :
 For by thy grace I wrestled there,
 And by thy grace prevail'd.

Thy mother too that brought thee forth,
 Hard trav'ling with annoy,
 There at her Son, her Saviour's birth
 Forgot her pangs with joy.

The saints beneath thy fruitful shade,
 Thy beauteous likeness wore ;
 They that in sorrow travail'd had,
 In joy thine image bore.

Thy shadow thus to them and me
 Such pleasure does afford,

(1) *Thee* in the Hebrew has the mark of the masculine gender.

That more and more I long to see
Thy glory there, O Lord.

Verse 6.—¶ *Set me as a seal upon thine heart, as a seal upon thine arm :—*

Grant, Lord, my name engrav'd may be
Upon thy heart and breast ;
And so insure thy love to me,
My glorious God and Priest.

O set me stedfast as a seal
Upon thine arm divine,
And by confirming marks reveal
Thy mighty love is mine.

Grant also, Lord, my love to thee
May firmly be imprest :
And let thy name my signet be
Deep stamp'd upon my breast.

O may my heart the centre prove
Of thy affections keen ;
Thy heart the centre of my love,
And nought to intervene.

--For love is strong as death, jealousy is cruel as the grave :—

Strong wings of holy love aloft
Bear up my soul afresh,
Which in sweet raptures dying soft
Forgets the clog of flesh.

While thus my heart does mounting fly,
On this seraphic wing,
In love to thee I kindly die
To ev'ry mortal thing.

As thy strong love, O Lord, to me,
Could conquer death and dread ;
So does my ardent love to thee
The pow'r of death exceed.

It kills me, Lord : I can't resist
This strong desire of mine :
If not with satisfaction blest,
To death, to death I pine.

Admit me, Lord, into thy heart,
Lest my heart jealous be,
That either thine from me depart,
Or mine depart from thee.

Such jealousy would sore torment,
And torture me to death :

Like the devouring grave, intent
To stop my vital breath.

—*The coals thereof are coals of fire, which have a most vehement flame.*

These jealous flames will quite consume
My soul, like burning fire :
Unless thy loving answer come
To suit my heart's desire.

My flaming heart does bleed afresh,
If thou depart i' th' least ;
Mine ardent zeal eats up my flesh,
Love-sickness pains my breast.

The sparks of fervid love ascend
Like mounting flames on high :
With veh'ment force they heav'nward bend,
And pierce the azure sky.

O let thy bowels, Lord, be mov'd
To grant my heart's desire :
I'd rather die than not be lov'd ;
My heart is all on fire.

Verse 7.—*Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it : if a man would give all the substance of his house for love, it would utterly be contemned.*

No waves could quench thy love which sat
As king upon the flood
Of rolling vengeance vastly great,
And on a sea of blood.

Thus nor can many waters drown
My flaming love to thee ;
Nor torrents of turmoil¹ beat down
The zeal that burns in me.

In vain by flatt'ries, or by fears,
Do hell and earth combine
To quench the fire of love, that bears
A stamp so much divine.

Desertion black, nor devil, nor man,
Nor air, nor earth, nor sea,
Nor life, nor death, nor angels can
Divorce my love from thee.²

Were wealth to bribe my love, I could
The golden bait disdain,
Like despicable dung that would
Invade my heart in vain.

(1) Bustle or stir.

(2) See Rom. viii. 35—39.

I cast contempt on suitors all,
 That dare compete with thee ;
 And value thrones no more than thrall,
 Should they thy rivals be.

Verse 8 —¶ *We have a little sister, and she hath no breasts ; what shall we do for our sister, in the day when she shall be spoken for ?*

Since now, dear Lord, our mutual love
 Is thus so deep imprest ;
 May I this access sweet improve,
 That others may be blest.

Our little sister, Lord, to wit,
 A barren Gentile race,
 With all uncall'd, unsav'd, as yet,
 Though chosen by thy grace.

She little knowledge hath, we see,
 No fashion'd breasts of love ;
 No principle of grace from thee
 Nor nurture from above :

No breasts of consolation sweet,
 No word, no means of grace ;
 No warm milk of instruction meet
 To feed her starving race.

What shall be done for her, I pray,
 And for her progeny,
 When they shall on the marriage-day
 Be call'd to match with thee ?

What for our sister-church to come,
 Which Jews or Greeks shall hatch ;
 To bring her to the marriage-room,
 And carry on the match ?

CHRIST'S WORDS.

Verse 9.— *If she be a wall, we will build upon her a palace of silver ; and if she be a door, we will inclose her with boards of cedar.*

Love, I'll inform thee what we'll do,
 With this our sister dear,
 When by the gospel-call I woo,
 And speak into her ear.

If once the good work were begun,
 As by my grace it shall ;
 And she by faith on me alone
 Built like a brazen wall :

We'll make the wall a work complete,
 A silver palace fair,¹
 A temple for my holy Sp'rit
 To dwell for ever there.

If once I make her heart a door,
 Wide ope to take me in ;
 We'll as with cedar-boards secure,
 And strengthen her within.

We Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Will frame, advance, and crown
 The happy building, at our cost,
 Which hell shall ne'er pull down.

Ev'n outcast Gentiles base, at length
 The wond'ring world shall see
 In num'rous issue, beauty, strength,
 And grandeur rival thee.

THE CHURCH'S WORDS.

Verse 10.—*I am a wall, and my breasts like towers: then was I in his eyes as one that found favour.*

Kind Lord, how gladly do I hear
 Thy promise made to me,
 For elect sister-churches dear !
 I roll their care on thee.

My sweet experience clears thou wilt
 Thus kindly deal with them ;
 For I'm a wall most firmly built,
 And rear'd upon thy name.

Thou mak'st my breasts of graces grow
 Like iv'ry tow'rs so high ;
 I trust what love to me dost show,
 To them thou wont deny.

When grace my unbelief destroy'd,
 And on my rock me fix'd ;
 Thy favour then my soul enjoy'd,
 With sweet love-tokens mix'd.

Then did my life's department shew ;
 Thine image on my heart :
 And thou thyself with pleasure view
 The grace thou didst impart.

I'm joyful when to mind I do
 These happy days recall,

(1) Psalm cxliv. 12.

By grace was I built up, and so
My little sister shall.

Verse 11.—*Solomon had a vineyard at Baal-hamon; he let out the vineyard unto keepers: every one for the fruit thereof was to bring a thousand pieces of silver.*

Another object of my care,
Beside our sister dear,
Is likewise, Lord, thy vineyard fair,
Already planted here.

Our Solomon, the Prince of Peace,
A vineyard did possess,
And to a multitude did lease,
And let it out to dress.

At Baal-hamon, where he plants
Upon a fruitful soil,
And servants with commission grants
To keep it from turmoil.

He takes the care in chief, but they
An under-trust maintain;
He wakes and keeps it night and day,
Else watchmen watch in vain.¹

From ev'ry servant there employ'd
He still requires the rent
Of praise, for what they have enjoy'd,
And work to his content.

Each one for fruit that he assigns
Proportion'd tribute brings,
And renders for a thousand vines
A thousand silverlings.²

CHRIST'S WORDS.

Verse 12.—*My vineyard which is mine, is before me:—*

My vineyard, Love, the object is
Of my peculiar care;
My heart and eye is fix'd on this
More close than any-where.

'Tis mine, by special right and grant,
By blood and conquest too:
The state and case of ev'ry plant
Is always in my view.

My vineyard in my bosom set,
Has therein such a room,

(1) Isaiah v. 1—4; Psalm cxxvii. 1.

(2) Isaiah vii. 23.

A woman sooner can forget
The infant of her womb.¹

Though nature should her frame desert,
And mothers monsters prove ;
Yet Zion dwells upon the heart
Of everlasting love.

THE CHURCH'S WORDS.

—*Thou, O Solomon, must have a thousand ; and those that keep the fruit thereof
two hundred.*

True, Lord ; the vineyard is thine own,
The charge is chiefly thine ;
Yet under thee, thou hast made known,
The charge is also mine².

This vineyard of mine own, alas !
Of late I did neglect ;
But now I will the trust, through grace,
More carefully inspect.

My graces, talents, time, and all,
That I receive from thee,
To husband for thy service, shall
Be always in mine eyes.

The fruits of gratitude I'll bring,
Which unto thee I owe :
The vineyard's revenue, O King,
Belongs to thee, I know.

To thee a thousand fold pertains ;
And when thou gett'st thy due,
To under-keepers, for their pains,
Two hundred shall accrue.

Though none that labour in thy name
Shall of thy praise partake :
Yet what respect is due to them
I'll render for thy sake.

CHRIST'S WORDS.

Verse 13.—*Thou that dwellest in the gardens, the companions hearken to thy
voice : cause me to hear it.*³

O thou my bride, that lov'st to haunt
The gardens of my grace,

(1) Isaiah xlix. 15.

(2) The preceding part of this verse, though already explained, and applied to Christ ; yet, being reckoned by some to be the church's words, are here also resumed as hers.

(3) Or, cause me to be heard.

And solemn inns where ev'ry saint
Delights to see my face.

I'm pleas'd thou careful keep for me
The orchards of my love,
Until thy nobler mansion be
The Paradise above.

The saints, all thy companions dear,
To social worship bent,
Are glad thy graceful words to hear,
And to thy voice intent.

Take this occasion in thy walk
To cause me to be heard ;
Make me the subject of thy talk,
My name to be rever'd.

And while they to my voice give ear,
Cause me to hear it too,
By flying posts of frequent pray'r :
Full freedom I allow.

I'll joy how oft I hear from thee,
Until the parting screen,
And range of hills, 'twixt thee and me,
No more shall intervene.

THE CHURCH'S WORDS.

Verse 14.—¶ *Make haste* ² *my Beloved, and be thou like to a roe, or to a young hart
upon the mountains of spices.*

Ah, Lord ! communion with thee now
Is sweet, but quickly o'er :
We must not part but with a view
To meet again in glore.

Mean-time, let still fresh news from thee
(My soul from sloth to purge)
Effect thy hearing oft from me,
As thou art pleas'd to urge.

But, O make haste to bring me home,
To that delicious place,
Where fears and doubts can never come,
Nor clouds to veil thy face.

Fly like a youthful hart or roe,
On speedy wings of love :
I languish while I sin below,
And long to sing above.

(2) Heb. Fly away.

'Tis good, indeed, to taste thy grace,
In gardens here below ;
But better far to see thy face
Above, where spices flow.

These balmy heights thy glory fills,
Till the refreshing day ;
But haste, my Love, upon the hills,
Love cannot bear delay.

Thy second coming must be dear,
O my Belov'd, to me ;
For, when thou shalt with clouds appear,
I'll then be like to thee.

Thy foes that awful day may hate,
And view with fearful grudge ;
But free of dread, I long, I wait ;
My Love will be my Judge.

I ardent pant with restless eyes,
To see thee face to face ;
No less than glory can suffice
The appetite of grace.

My months are ages of delay,
Each minute slowly wears :
Till thy swift chariot roll away
These rounds of tedious years.

No balsam can remede my sore,
Till Jesus, from on high.
Shall cleave the starry plains, and o'er
The crystal mountains fly.

Roll days and years out of the way
Between my soul and thee,
O haste the consummation-day ;
AMEN, so let it be.

SCRIPTURE SONGS,

IN TWO BOOKS.

BOOK I.

OLD TESTAMENT SONGS ;

OR,

SONGS ON SEVERAL SELECT PASSAGES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

IN SIX PARTS.

PART I.—COMPREHENDS FOURTEEN POEMS UPON SUCH PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE AS THE AUTHOR HAS VERSIFIED FROM GENESIS TO JOB.

PART II.—CONTAINS JOB'S HYMNS ; OR, AN HUNDRED SHORT POEMS, UPON THE SAME NUMBER OF SELECT PARTS AND PASSAGES OF THAT BOOK.

PART III.—A NEW VERSION OF THE SONG OF SOLOMON, IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.

PART IV.—CONTAINS TWENTY-ONE POEMS, SELECTED FROM ECCLESIASTES, ISAIAH, AND JEREMIAH.

PART V.—A SHORT PARAPHRASE UPON THE LAMENTATIONS OF JEREMIAH, IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

PART VI. CONTAINS SIX POEMS, SELECTED FROM THE MINOR PROPHETS.

BOOK II.

NEW TESTAMENT SONGS ;

OR,

SONGS ON SEVERAL SELECT PARTS IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART I.—CONTAINING SEVENTEEN SONGS SELECTED FROM THE FOUR EVANGELISTS.

PART II.—COMPREHENDS TWENTY-FOUR SONGS SELECTED OUT OF THE DIFFERENT APOSTOLICAL EPISTLES.

PART III.—CONSISTS OF SIXTEEN SONGS EXTRACTED FROM THE BOOK OF THE REVELATION.

ADVERTISEMENT.

To the account, given by the Author, in the following Preface, of the occasion and design of these Scripture Songs, it may not be improper to acquaint the Reader with the manner of their first publication, and the reason of their present arrangement.

As to the manner in which these songs were emitted into the world, it was at first in four different tracts. The *Paraphrase on the Lamentations of Jeremiah* was first published, as a specimen of the whole, with an intimation to any, who had a mind, to offer their remarks thereupon. We never heard of any observations made to the author upon it; and, we are quite certain, he himself made no alterations upon it after the first publication. The kindly reception it met with encouraged him to proceed; and the public was next favoured with *A New Version of the Song of Solomon*, published along with his large explicatory Poem on that book. Some time after this, he published, what was entitled, *Job's Hymns*; or, his Poems on several select passages of that book. Then we were favoured with the rest of the *Scripture Songs*, in three parts. All these were carefully revised and prepared for the press by the Author himself, except a few Poems which composed what was called the third part of the Scripture Songs, which were not extracted from his short-hand characters before his death; but these were carefully revised and compared with the original, by his Son, the Rev. Mr. HENRY ERSKINE of Falkirk.

We are next to assign the reason of their present arrangement. Though these Poems were published at first in sundry separate tracts, and at different times, yet it is certain they were designed to compose one entire work. As we have now the whole before us, it was judged proper to arrange them in such a manner as to compose one complete *Collection of Scripture Songs*. To effectuate this design, they are divided into two books; the first book contains Old Testament Songs, in six parts; the other consists of New Testament Songs, in three parts. All these are placed in the regular order in which they lie in the Scripture.

It is probable had our author lived some time longer, he would have enriched this collection with several other Poems, upon other parallel and celebrated passages of Scripture; for it appears he was going on with the work when providence put a period to his natural life, and translated him to sing the song of Moses and the Lamb, in the church triumphant above.

P R E F A C E :

SHEWING THE OCCASION AND DESIGN OF THE FOLLOWING POEMS.

READER,

THE work of turning all the rest of the Scripture Songs into metre. as the Psalms of David are, and for the same public use, was proposed by the Church of Scotland more than an hundred years ago, and that in one of the most noted periods of her reformation ; particularly by an act of the General Assembly, August 28th, 1647.—This affair having never yet been accomplished to general satisfaction, though some essays were made towards it,¹ it was recommended to me, however sensible of my own unfitness for it, to try my hand upon this work. The first public recommendation was by the Associate Synod, in the year 1747 ; and though I began it by turning some of these Songs into metre the best way I could, such as the Song of Moses, Exod. xv. and Deut. xxxii. ; the Song of Deborah and Barak, Judges v., and several others, yet, I may say, Satan hindered me in my progress therein, and stood at my right hand to resist me, by casting temptations in my way : and the holy providence of God seemed, from time to time, in vacant hours, to be putting other necessary work in my hand : which yet, I hope (with means that others also have used), has had its own usefulness, for fencing and fortifying a number of the Lord's people against the terrible temptations, into which too many have been so much ensnared. as that, under the mask of zeal for a *new religion* and *profession*, they cannot tell what, Satan has got his circle drawn about them, to hedge them in from coming to feed in these green pastures, wherein they have been formerly nourished : and in which strait and sinful enclosure they will, in all appearance be detained, till God himself break the snare, and loose the prisoners ; and till “The captives of the mighty be taken away, and the prey of the terrible be delivered,” Isaiah xlix. 24, 25.²

But as I have again got a little leasure, amidst the intervals of my other ministerial work, to go on in the prosecution of what has been so often recommended to

(1) This recommendation of the Assembly was given to Mr. Zecharias Boyd. He complied with the recommendation ; for we find the Assembly, 1648, appointing two of their number to revise his labours ; but they were never publicly approved of.—About forty years after this, there was another attempt to have this design accomplished ; and so we find a version of the Scripture-Songs published, anno 1686, supposed to be written by one Mr. Simpson ; but these did not yield public satisfaction neither.—This affair was again proposed by some later Assemblies ; and some of the Scripture Songs underwent a revising ; but none of them have as yet obtained the public sanction of the church.

(2) The interruption that our Author met with in this affair, and the other necessary work that was called for at his hand, has a respect to the unhappy contest about the lawfulness of the Religious Clause of some Burgess Oaths, and the writings he published on that subject.

me ; so I have yielded to the publication of this small¹ part of the work in the meantime ; because this being one of the entire books of scripture by itself, and having just now made this essay upon it : the judgment of the judicious about this being once given, and remarks offered by those that please upon it, there may be the less ado, if providence bring forward all the rest, to be subjected also to the trial of those who have parts as well as piety. And, no doubt, but the rest, if the Lord will, may be forwarded with the more pleasure, if this, as a specimen, shall be acceptable.

In case this paraphrase (viz. on the *Lamentations*) or any other part of the *Scripture Songs*, intended to be published, should come to have another edition, those who incline, and have skill and judgment, are, hereby allowed and desired to send, by letters, their observations to the author, if they find, any real improprieties or failures, either in the frame of the poesy, or fitness of the paraphrase ; especially the latter of these, for he does not pretend to a genius fitted to act the sublime poet ; and it may, perhaps, be no disadvantage, in composures of this kind, designed for general use, that the middle path be kept between the too flat and too soaring strain. But he will reckon himself much obliged to any skilled hands, that shall not only observe what they think needs to be amended, but also set down their own essays for correcting thereof ; and according to the gravity, merit and importance of the observations and amendments, so shall he endeavour to give those that make them all the satisfaction he can in the next edition. And that any who please, may the more easily compare the Text and the Paraphrase, he has caused print them both together.² Where the decent frame of the metre allows not any seeming agreement with the words of the text, the learned reader is to judge especially of its agreement with the scope and intent thereof : and in this I have not neglected to consult commentators ; only in places where they were of different minds, I was obliged to make choice of what I thought best, and most consonant with the context. And when the marginal readings, or the original Hebrew text yielded any assistance, they were not neglected.

I have not, in all and every one of the Scripture Songs, studied rhyme in the first and third line of every stanza ; though, in the most part of them, it is carefully observed.—That all may be blessed of God, for the edification of his church and people, is the earnest desire of their servant, and yours in Christ,

RALPH ERSKINE.

(1) The small part of the work, here alluded to by the Author, is his Paraphrase on the *Lamentations* of Jeremiah, which he first published by itself, as a specimen of the whole, (with the scriptures annexed on the margin at full length, and the marginal readings at the foot of the page, that the reader might easily compare the version with the original text), and to which this account of the occasion and design of his writing these Scripture Songs was first prefixed ; but as it respects them all, it is now made to front the whole.

(2) This was done in the first edition of the Paraphrase on the *Lamentations* of Jeremiah which was designed as a specimen.

SCRIPTURE SONGS.

BOOK I.

OLD TESTAMENT SONGS:

OR

SONGS ON SEVERAL SELECT PASSAGES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

PART I.

POEMS SELECTED FROM SEVERAL PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE IN THE HISTORICAL PARTS
OF THE OLD TESTAMENT, VIZ.,

FROM THE BOOK OF GENESIS TO JOB.

INTRODUCTION.

It is generally agreed, among the learned and inquisitive, that writings in poetry have been the first that were used in the world; that they have been co-equal with, if not even prior to, the invention or usage of letters; nay, that in several nations, poetical compositions actually preceded the very invention or usage of letters. And in such veneration was this way of writing held among the ancients, that their poets were called *vates*, Prophets; and their muses were deified. But, which is still more certain and considerable, the most ancient composition that we meet with in the sacred volume itself, is the Song of Moses at the Red Sea, recorded, Exodus xv. 1—22,¹ which we find before the very first mention of writing; for that occurs not till Exodus xvii. 14, when the Lord enjoins Moses to write a memorial of the war with Amalek.

Many sacred Songs are to be met with in the Old Testament, scattered both in the historical and prophetical books, penned upon particular and remarkable occasions; which, in the opinion of very competent judges, have in them as true and noble strains of poetry and picture, as are to be met with in any other language whatsoever, in spite of all the disadvantage from translation into so different tongues, and common prose; nay, are nobler examples of the true sublime style of poetry than any can be found in the pagan writers; the images are so strong, lively, and proper:

¹ This song is the most ancient and most sublime piece of poetry in the world. The images are noble and lively; the arrangement of its ideas is proper and beautiful; the style lofty and magnificent; and the strain of piety, which breathes through the whole is evangelical.

the thoughts so grand, elevated, and profound ; the expressions so lofty, magnificent, and divine ; and the figures so admirable, bold, and moving, that the wonderful manner of those writings is quite inimitable.

Some other very important and highly interesting passages of Scripture, very apposite for the matter of a song, are also here versified, though not so in the original. And, although the historical parts of Scripture afford us the smallest number either of these, or poetical passages, yet the following Songs are selected therefrom.

SONG I.

The first Six Days Work ; or, the first Chapter of Genesis compendized.

The first day at Jehovah's word,
Which brought from nothing all,
Did heav'n, and earth, and light afford,
To form the spacious ball.

The next, a firmament so wide,
A large expanded sky,
That might the waters' course divide,
And bear the clouds on high.

The third, severing land from seas,
Ere sun and rain were seen ;
Made earth produce herbs, grass, and trees,
To paint her face with green.

The forth, sun, moon, and stars of light,
Within their circling spheres,
Set up to rule the day and night,
And mark out months and years

The fifth made finny tribes to move,
And cut the floods beneath ;
And feather'd hosts to fly above,
And wing their airy path.

The sixth, all earthly beasts did bring,
And form the grazing herb ;
Then man to be the creatures' king
His maker great preferr'd.

On man he did his image draw ;
Thus fair at first he stood,
When God review'd his works, and saw
That all was very good.

[But soon as man, by sin's inroad,
Was stain'd, the change was sad !
Of all the six days work of God,
The best was very bad !]

SONG II.

The First Gospel Promise. Gen. iii. 15.

- The promise first, that led the van,
Did curse the tempting snake ;
But op'd the door of bliss to man,
For thus Jehovah spake :
- “ I'll put eternal enmity,
O thou satanic foe !
Between the woman foil'd and thee,
To thy disgrace and woe.
- “ Her seed and thine immortal feud
Shall both be made to feel ;
It shall entirely break thy head,
Thou only bruise his heel.
- “ And to give thee the fatal blow,
Her seed shall be my Son ;
Destroy thy works, and quite undo
What mischief thou hast done.”
-

SONG III.

The Ten Plagues of Israel named and justified.

Exod vii. viii. ix. x. and xii. chap.

- The first, their water turn'd to blood,
Their blood-thirst to requite.
The second, caus'd vile frogs to crowd,
To venge their croaking spite.
- The third, turned all their dust to lice,
Their sordid ways to wreck.
The fourth, made swarms of flies arise,
Their soaring pride to check.
- The fifth, their beasts with murrain kill'd
To smite their brutish kin.
The sixth, with boils their bodies fill'd,
To scourge the blains of sin.
- The seventh, destroy'd with fire and hail,
Their fury to assuage.
The eighth, made locusts fierce prevail,
To recompense their rage.
- The ninth, thick darkness on them drew,
For doubling Isra'l's tales.
The tenth, all Egypt's first-born slew,
For murd'ring Isra'l's males.

SONG IV.

The Song of Moses, when the Israelites were delivered out of the hands of the Egyptians. Exod. xv. 1—21.

SECTION I.

The Lord's Praise celebrated for his own Excellence, and overthrowing his Enemies.

- 1 I'll sing unto the Lord, who doth
His glorious triumph shew ;
For he the horse, and rider both,
Into the ocean threw.
- 2 Weak was I, but the Lord's my strength ;
Dumb, but he's now my song ;
Lost, but he is become at length
All my salvation strong.

He is my God, I'll him prepare
An habitation nigh ;
My father's God, with double care
I will exalt him high.
- 3 The Lord's a man of war, I boast
The Lord his name to be ;
- 4 He Pharaoh's chariots and his hosts
Hath cast into the sea.
- 5 He did his chosen captains drown,
Within the Red Sea brink ;
The depths them hid, to the bottom down
They like a stone did sink.
- 6 Thy right hand, O Jehovah, did
Its pow'rful glory show ;
Thy right hand, O Jehovah, did
In pieces dash the foe.
- 7 Soon in thy greatness excellent,
Thy foes thou ruin'd hast ;
And forth thine indignation sent,
Did them as stubble waste.
- 8 Lo ! at thy nostrils' blast, on sight
The waves combining rose ;
Floods, as an heap, did stand upright,
The deeps in mid-sea froze.
- 9 The raging foe thus spoke in pride,
" I'll now pursue them hot ;
I will o'ertake, I will divide
The spoil upon the spot :

My lust its satisfaction full
Upon them shall enjoy ;
My bloody sword draw forth I will,
My hand shall them destroy."

- 10 But when thy wind did blow, with speed
The billows were their graves ;
For down they sank, as pond'rous lead,
Within the mighty waves.

[Thy orders quickly overthrew
The proud Egyptian host,
Who boldly daring to pursue
Were in the ocean lost.]

SECTION II.

The Lord extolled for his wonderful Works in preserving his People.

- 11 Who is like thee among the gods !
Lord, who is like to thee ?
So vast, so infinite the odds,
Where can thine equal be !

In holiness most glorious,
In praises fearful too ;
In doing wonders marvellous,
None else the like can do !
- 12 When thou but stretchedst thy right hand,
The earth obedient rose,
With open mouth at thy command,
And swallow'd up thy foes,
- 13 Thou all the folk thou did'st redeem,
Hast led forth in thy grace :
And, in thy strength, hast guided them
Unto thy holy place.
- 14 People shall hear and fear, and so
In grief and anguish pine :
Sorrow shall catch the folk that do
Inhabit Palestine.
- 15 On Edom's dukes amazing fits,
On Moab's men of might
Trembling shall seize ; all Canaanites
Shall melt away outright.
- 16 Great fear and dread shall them arrest,
Thine arm's great mightiness
Shall still them, as a stone supprest,
Till once thy people pass ;

Till once the folk, thou chosen hast,
 Pass over by thy grant,
 To the mountain thou inheritest,
 Thou'lt them bring in and plant.

17 The place, O Lord, which thou hast made
 To be thy dwelling fine,
 The sanctuary established
 Firm, by thy hands divine.

18 The Lord shall ever reign, who hath
 Such fame by Pharaoh's plea,

19 Whose chariot, horse, and cavalcade,
 So madly took the sea :

For then the Lord upon their head,
 Roll'd back the waves again ;
 But on dry land went Israel's seed
 Amidst the cloven main.

SECTION III.

Miriam's Answer.

Sing to the Lord, who made his name,
 In pomp triumphant known ;
 The horse and rider both by him,
 Were in the ocean thrown.

SONG V.

The Ten Commands abridged and versified. Exod. xx. 3.

1. No God but me thou shalt adore,
 I am thy God alone.
- 2 No image frame to bow before,
 But idols all dethrone.
3. God's glorious name take not in vain,
 For be rever'd he will.
4. His sacred Sabbath don't profane,
 Mind it is holy still.
5. To parents render due respect,
 This may thy life prolong.
6. All murder shun and malice check,
 To no man's life do wrong.
7. From thoughts of whoredom base abstain,
 From words and actions vile.
8. Shun theft and all unlawful gain,
 Nor gather wealth by guile.

9. False witness flee, and sland'ring spite,
Nor wilful lies invent.
 10. Don't covet what's thy neighbour's right,
Nor harbour discontent.
-

SONG VI.

Submission and Deliverance; or, God's appearing in Extremity, and Abraham offering his Son.

Gen. xxii. 6.—19.

LORD we, through grace at thy command,
With faith and humble zeal,
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould them to thy will.

We, at our Father's heav'nly word,
Who never did us wrong,
Give up our comforts to the Lord,
To whom they all belong.

He will restore what we resign,
Or grant, if not the same,
Some other blessings more divine,
To clear our higher claim.

At God's command thus Abra'm took
The wood, the fire, the knife,
And straight prepar'd the dreadful stroke
At fav'rite Isaac's life.

Abra'm, forbear, the angel cry'd,
Touch not thy darling son;
Thy faith is shewn, thy love is try'd,
The deed is held as done.

Thy son shall live, and in thy seed,
That shall of Isaac spring,
All nations shall be blest indeed;
And death shall lose its sting.

Just in the last distressing hour,
When quite we seem undone,
The Lord displays deliv'ring pow'r
And makes his mercy known.

The mount of danger is the place
Where God in pomp appears,
To shew us his surprising grace,
And dissipate our fears.

SONG VII.

The Prophetical Song of Moses, setting forth God's Mercy and vengeance.

Deut. xxii. 1,—43.

SECTION I.

God and Israel characterized.

- 1 O LOFTY heav'ns ! give ear, I'll speak ;
O stupid earth ! attend ;
To the instructions of my mouth
An ear devoutly lend.
- 2 My doctrine down like rain shall drop,
My speech distil like dew ;
As small rain cheers the tender herb
And show'rs the grass renew.
- 3 Because aloud I publish will
Jehovah's name abroad,
Ascribe ye glory to the Lord,
And greatness to our God.
- 4 The Rock whose work most perfect is,
His ways all judgment be !
A God of truth, and without sin,
Both just and right is he.
- 5 But they have stain'd themselves, their spot
Is not the spot of sons ;
For they a crooked nation are,
A race of perverse ones.
- 6 O ! do you thus requite the Lord,
Unwise and foolish ye ?
Is not the Lord thy Father kind,
That bought, made, settled thee ?

SECTION II.

The great things God hath done for Israel.

- 7 Mind days of old, mark what the years
From age to age befel :
Thy father ask, he will thee show ;
Thy elders, they will tell.
- 8 That when the highest did divide
To nations all their lot,
When Adam's sons he set apart,
To each their proper spot.
He wisely set the people's bounds,
Just to the number'd race

- Of Israel's seed, whom he design'd
To occupy their place.
- 9 Because Jehoviah's portion is
His people, whom he found ;
The lot of his inheritance
Is Jacob's seed renown'd
- 10 He found him in a desert waste,
In howling desarts dry ;
He led him round, him taught, him kept,
As th' apple of his eye.
- 11 As th' eagle fond stirs up her nest,
And flutters o'er her young,
Spreads out, and then upon her wings,
Them takes and bears along :
- 12 Ev'n so the Lord alone him led,
No helper else was nigh ;
As an assistant joined with him,
No foreign god could vie.
- 13 On earth's high places, forts, and holds,
He made him ride in state,
That of the increase of the fields,
He might with pleasure eat.
- Of honey sweet, for him to suck,
He made the rock to soil ;
And made, for him, the flinty rock
Produce the finest oil.
- 14 Butter of kine, and milk of sheep,
Were ready thee to feed ;
With fat of lambs, and goats, and rams,
That were of Bashan's breed :
- With fat of wheaten kidneys fine,
So plump and large the shapes ;
And for thy drink unmixed wine,
The purest blood of grapes.

SECTION III.

Jeshurun's Ingratitude and Sin.

- 15 But, ah ! Jeshurun when possest
Of plenty, soon withdrew
From God ; and like a pamper'd beast,
Both fat and vicious grew.
- Ungrateful he forsook the God
Did make and him redeem ;

The rock of his salvation, thus,
He lightly did esteem.

16 Yea, with strange gods they stirred up
His jealousy like fire :
And with abominations great
Provoked him to ire.

17 Altars to devils, not to God,
For sacrifice they rear'd :
To gods unknown, new upstart gods,
Their father's never fear'd.

18 The mighty Rock, that thee begat,
Is from thy mind remote ;
Thou hast the God, that formed thee,
Ungratefully forgot.

19 When this Jehovah's eye beheld,
He did them slight and loathe,
For the provoking of his sons,
And of his daughters both.

20 He said, I'll hide from them my face,
See what their end shall be,
For they're a very froward race,
A faithless progeny.

21 They have me mov'd to jealousy,
With that which is no god ;
To wrath they have provoked me,
With idols vain and odd :

So them to wrath I'll move with these
That are no people now ;
And, with a foolish nation, will
Provoke and vex them too.

SECTION IV.

God's Indignation against Israel for their sins.

22 For in my indignation hot
Enkindled is a fire,
Which to the lowest hell shall burn,
With unappeased ire :

It shall consume the earth, with all
The increase she distills ;
And, flaming fierce, shall set on fire
The bottoms of the hills.

23 Mischiefs I will upon them heap,
Mine arrows on them spend.

24. With hunger burn, with heat devour,
With ruin sharp contend.

- I'll send on them the cruel teeth
Of beasts, with cruel gust ;
The poison likewise of the snakes,
That lurk among the dust.
- 25 The sword without, and dread within
Shall youths and maids destroy ;
The sucking children also reave,
And hoary heads annoy.
- 26 Thus said I, I will scatter them
To corners out of ken ;
And make their whole remembrance cease
Among the sons of men :
- 27 But that I fear'd their wrathful foes,
To strange behaviour prone,
Would proudly say, Our hand is high,
Not JAH all this hath done.
- 28 For they a foolish nation are,
So void of counsel sound ;
No understanding is in them,
Nor knowledge to be found.
- 29 But, O that they were wise in heart,
That this they understood,
That they would mind their latter end,
To their eternal good ;
- 30 For, how shall one a thousand chase,
And two a thousand rout,
Had not the Lord, their rock, them sold,
And shut up round about ?
- 31 For their rock cannot equal ours,
Whose pow'r superior known,
Our foes themselves are, to their cost,
As judges, forc'd to own.
- 32 For, lo ! their vines of Sodom are
And of Gomorrah's fields ;
Their grapes are loathsome, grapes of gall,
That bitter clusters yield.
- 33 Like to the dragon's poison is
The wine which they produce,
And like the cruel gall of asps,
For killing, not for use.
- 34 And is not this laid up in store,
Recorded in my mind,
Seal'd up among my treasures hid,
Until the time design'd ?

- 35 To me belongeth vengeance just,
 And recompense of wrong ;
 Their foot shall therefore surely slide
 In season due ere long :
 The day of their calamity
 Is very near at hand ;
 The woeful things to come on them,
 Make haste at my command.
- 36 But yet the righteous Lord will judge
 His people with allay ;
 And for his servants will himself
 Repenting, change his way :
 When he observes their pow'r is gone,
 And they, of help bereft,
 Are to the last extreme reduc'd,
 And none shut up or left.
- 37 Then to disgrace their idols vain,
 Where are their gods ? he'll say,
 Their rock on whom they basely threw
 Their confidence away ;
- 38 Which ate their sacrifices fat,
 Drank their wine-off'rings too ?
 Let them rise up to be your help,
 And your protection now.

SECTION V.

*Conclusion of the Song ; including Glory to God, Terror to his Enemies,
 and Comfort to his People.*

- 39 See then that I now, ev'n I am,
 No God there is with me :
 I kill and quicken, wound and heal,
 None can my fury flee :
 From lashes of my lifted hand,
 There's none that can deliver :
- 40 For I lift up my hand to heav'n,
 And say I live for ever.
- 41 If I but whet my glitt'ring sword,
 On judgment to take hold :
 I'll render vengeance to my foes,
 Reward my haters bold.
- 42 I'll make my arrows drunk with blood,
 (My sword with flesh inclose.)
 With blood of slain, and captives both,
 From first revenge of foes.
- 43 O ! joy and sing, ye nations all,
 With people that are his : .

For he'll avenge his servant's blood,
Which to him precious is ;
He'll render vengeance to his foes,
With his uplifted hand ;
But favour to his people show,
And mercy to his land.

SONG VIII.

Moses' last Words : or the Excellency of Israel. Deut. xxiii. 26—29.

- 26 THERE'S none like to Jeshurun's God,
Who rides, thy helper high,
On heav'n ; and in his pomp abroad
Upon the azure sky.
- 27 Th' eternal God thy home secure,
And refuge is from harms ;
And underneath, to prop thee sure,
Are everlasting arms.
- Before thy face he'll drive the foe,
That would thy rest annoy :
His pow'r resistless, to o'erthrow,
Shall need but say, *destroy*.
- 28 Then Isra'l safe alone shall dwell ;
And Jacob's eye shall view
The land where corn and wine excell,
And heav'n distils its due.
- 29 O Isra'l happy in thy Lord,
No people's safe like thee :
He's of thy help, the shield, the sword
Of thy excellency.
- Thus arm'd, thy foes shall stoop to thee,
To feign'd submission aw'd ;
Thou shalt tread down their places high,
Their fence of lies and fraud.
-

SONG IX.

The Song of Deborah and Barak, on Israel's signal Victory over King Jabin.

Judges v. 1—31.

- 2 Praise ye the Lord, for the revenge
Of Isra'l on his foes,
When for the war, the people bent,
As volunteers arose.

- 3 Ye kings give ear ; ye princes, hear ;
Attention sets you well,
I'll sing to JAH, I'll sing to JAH,
The God of Israel.
- 4 Lord, when in state thou went'st from Seir,
In march from Edom's field,
The earth did quake, the heav'ns did drop,
The clouds their show'rs distill'd.
- 5 Away before Jehovah's face,
The melting mountains wore ;
Before Jehovah, Israel's God,
As Sinai blaz'd before.
- 6 In Shamgar, son of Anath's time,
In Jael's troublous days,
The roads infested were untrod,
And trav'lers took by-ways.
- 7 Then Isra'l's villagers harass'd,
Did cease, through fear, did cease,
Till I, Deborah, rose ; I rose,
A mother there for peace.
- 8 New gods they choose ; then wars arose,
And spite of gates were keen :
Where was in Isra'l shield or spear
'Mong forty thousands seen ?
- 9 My heart is tow'rd the governors,
That rule in Isra'l's coasts,
Who 'mong the folk were volunteers ;
Bless ye the Lord of hosts.
- 10 Speak, ye that on white asses ride,
Ye that in judgment sit ;
And ye who safe can tread the way,
Speak out his praises fit.
- 11 Who freed from cruel archers noise
In places they traverse
For drawing water ; there shall they
The Lord's just acts rehearse ;

Just acts for villagers of his
In Isra'l there release :
Then go the people of the Lord
Down to the gates of peace.
- 12 Awake, awake, Deborah, now :
Now tune the harp of praise :
Awake, awake, with lifted voice,
A song of triumph raise ;

Rise, Barak, and stir up thyself,
Thou Abinoam's son :
Lead captive thy captivities,
And push the conquest on.

- 13 Jehovah gave the remnant mean
Rule o'er the nobles then ;
And ev'n to me, a woman weak,
Pow'r o'er the mighty men.

- 14 From out of Ephraim the root,
'Gainst Amalek was there ;
Which led by thee, stout Benjamin,
Did 'mong the folk appear.

From Machir came the governors,
From Zebulun the scribes,
(Whose prudent writs, with skilful pen,
To battle prompt'd the tribes.)

- 15 The peers and tribes of Issachar,
Close by Deborah went ;
'And Barak nimble was on foot,
Into the valley sent :

When Reuben faint stood far apart,
Nor join'd to quell the foes ;
For his divisions, sad and smart,
Great thoughts of heart arose.

- 16 'Mong sheepfolds why didst thou abide,
The bleating flocks to wait ?
For Reuben's rents, and ruptures wide
Heart scrutinies were great.

- 17 By Jordan why did Gilead stay ;
Dan in his ships abide ?
And Asher, by the ocean shore,
In creeks his valour hide ?

- 18 Zeb'lun's stout folk, and Naphali's,
Their risked lives did yield ;
Fearless to face the front of death,
Upon the open field.

- 19 In Tannach, by Megiddo's streams,
The kings did fight and fall :
No money-gain got Canaan's kings,
But fought and forfeit all.

- 20 From heaven above the fiery hosts
Fought with a thund'ring storm ;
Stars, in their ranks and courses high,
'Gainst Sis'ra fought in form.

- 21 The river Kishon, that old stream,
Made ready for the prey,
By swelling to a torrent rose,
And swept them clean away.

O thou, my soul, through God thou hast,
(Let God be praised then)
By means of weakness feminine,
Trode down the strength of men.

- 22 Then were the warlike horses' hoofs
Broke by their prancings mad ;
The prancings of their mighty ones,
Their boasted cavalcade.

- 23 (Thus said the angel of the Lord)
Come, curse ye Merez all ;
On each inhabitant thereof
Let bitter curses fall :

For dastardly they loll'd at home,
And came not to, nor chose
Jehovah's help, Jehovah's help,
Against the mighty foes.

- 24 'Bove women Jael, Heber's wife,
The Kenite bless'd shall be ;
'Bove women, tim'rous in the tent,
The blessing gain shall she.

- 25 He water-sought, she gave him milk,
For drink to his content ;
And butter in a lordly dish,
Did cunningly present.

- 26 The nail she in her left-hand took,
The hammer in the right ;
Then hammer'd softly Sisera
Down to the ground on sight.

When through his temples she had pierc'd,
And stricken on the spot ;
Then, fearless, she his fetter'd head,
From off his shoulders smote.

- 27 Thus at her feet he bow'd, he fell,
And struggling lay decoy'd ;
Prostrate he fell ; and where he bow'd,
There down he fell destroy'd.

- 28 Sis'ra's vain mother (swell'd in thought,
That she him victor spy'd,)
From out the window glaring look'd,
And through the lattice cry'd ;

“ Why stays so long this conquering car,
 With trophies at his heels
 Triumphant led? Why tarry thus
 His rapid chariot-wheels?”

29 Her ladies wise about her made
 An answer to her mind;
 Yea, she herself did to herself
 The following answer find:

30 “ Have they not sped? and is not this
 The reason of their stay?
 That full they may the booty view,
 And distribute the prey?”

“ To every man a maid or two,
 By poll to call their dues;
 To Sisera, beyond the rest,
 A prey of divers hues?”

“ Of party-colour'd needle-work,
 Wrought so upon each side,
 Meet for the necks of them that do
 The joyful spoil divide?”

31 So let thy foes all perish, Lord,
 But let thy friends upright,
 Be like the sun, when going forth,
 In his resistless might.

SONG X.

Hannah's Song of Thanksgiving to God.

1 Sam. ii. 1—10.

1 My heart doth in the Lord rejoice;
 My horn's exalted high:
 My mouth's enlarg'd above my foes;
 For in my help I joy.

2 There is none holy as the Lord
 For none can equal thee;
 Nor any rock with succour stor'd,
 Like to our God can be.

3 Let no more proud presumptuous chat,
 From out your mouth proceed;
 The Lord's a God of knowledge great,
 By him are actions weigh'd.

4 The boasted bows of mighty men
 Are broke in sherds at length:

But, lo! the stumbling train
Are girt about with strength.

5 The full have hir'd themselves for corn ;
The hungry cease to moan :
The barren woman seven hath born ;
The fertile feeble grown.

6 God kills and quickens these that die ;
Brings to the grave, and fro :

7 Makes poor and rich ; degrades the high,
And elevates the low.

8 From out the dust the poor he rears,
From dung the beggar brings,
To sit with peers, and hold as heirs,
The pompous throne of kings :

For, to the Lord of lords alone
Earth's pillars appertain ;
He sets the lower world thereon,
The sov'reign o'er the swain.

9 Of saints he'll keep the footsteps ev'n,
But lay proud foes in jail
Of silent darkness ; for 'gainst Heav'n,
By strength shall none prevail.

10 The adversaries of the Lord
Shall broken be to shreds :
He out of Heav'n the wrath they stor'd,
Shall thunder on their heads.

He'll justly judge the earth all o'er,
His King he'll fortify ;
And his Anointed's horn and pow'r,
Men shall exalted see.

SONG XI.

David's Lamentation over Saul and Jonathan.

2 Sam. i. 19,—27.

19 TH' flow'r of Isra'l, ah ! is slain
Upon thy places high :
How are the mighty fall'n amain,
And down so suddenly !

20 O ! tell it not in Gath among
The heathen people there ;

Nor in the streets of Ashkelon,
These doleful news declare.

Lest Philistines, their daughters pleas'd
Should flushed with gladness be :
Lest daughters of the uncircumcis'd
Should boast triumphantly.

- 21 Ye mountains of Gilboa sad,
Let no more dew nor rain,
Nor fertile fields of off'ring glad
Henceforth on you remain :

For shields of mighty men were there
Lost, with a shameful foil ;
The shield of Saul, as if he ne'er
Had shar'd th' anointing oil.

- 22 From blood of slain, from fat of strong,
Nor Jon'than's bow turn'd back ;
Nor Saul's drawn rapier from among
Their foes without effect.

- 23 Courageous Saul, and Jon'than rare,
Both lovely ones and sweet ;
They in their lives most pleasant were,
And in their death unite ;

More swift than eagles' wings they were,
More strong than lions great.

- 24 Weep, ye that Isra'l's daughters are,
O'er Saul's unhappy fate ;

Who cloth'd you rich in scarlet fine,
Delightful to behold,
And caus'd your studded raiment shine
With ornaments of gold.

- 25 How 'midst the battle, shamefully,
Are fall'n the mighty men !
O Jon'than, on the places high,
Ev'n thou, alas ! wast slain.

- 26 Jon'than, my brother dear, my mate ;
Distress'd I am for thee ;
Dear wast thou at the highest rate,
And pleasant unto me :

Thy wond'rous love to me surpass'd
The love of women far.

- 27 How have the mighty fall'n and lost
The instruments of war !

SONG XII.

David's Prayer and Thanksgiving, after God's Promise to build him a Sure House, and to bless him and his Seed: pointing at Christ and his Kingdom.—2 Sam. vii. 18—29, compared with 1 Chron. xvii. 16—27.

- 18 16 LORD, who am I, even worthless I!
And what's my house that thou,
Ev'n thou, hast rais'd me up so high,
And brought me hitherto?
- 19 17 Yet more than this, which unto thee
A thing but small appear'd,
Thou said'st, Thy servant's house shall be
To future ages rear'd;
And hast, O God, in favour great,
Regarded abject me,
According to the princely state
Of one of high degree.
- 20 18 Expressions fail me to relate
Thy favours shown to me;
And for thy servant's honour great
What more can added be?
Is this the manner, O Most High,
Of man on earth? Sure no.
What more can David say to thee?
Thou dost thy servant know.
- 21 19 Thou for thy word, thy servant's sake,
As with thy heart's design,
This store so great and good dost make
All known to me and mine.
- 22 20 Thy greatness then, O Lord, appears;
And goodness uncompar'd:
No God like thee, (no mortal ears
Thine equal ever heard.)
- 23 21 And what one nation here below
Is like thy people known,
Whom God Redeemer went unto
To win them for his own?
That driving nations out by them,
Who were from Egypt freed,
Thou mightest make to thee a name
Of greatness and of dread:
Great things for Isra'l, yea, for thee,
The great Redeemer plods,

To set thee from the nations free,
And from their naughty gods.

24 22 For, Lord, thou hast confirm'd for thine,
Thy people Isra'l still,
And to become their God and mine,
Was ev'n thy sov'reign will.

25 23 What for my house and me was spoke,
Firm then for ay be made ;
And never, Lord, thy word revoke,
But do as thou hast said.

26 24 Firm be it, that thy fame abroad
May still be publish'd thus,
" The Lord of hosts is Isra'l's God,
Whose God is *God with us*.

And, Lord, let this be granted me,
That to thy lasting praise,
Thy servant David's house may be,
Before thee fix'd always.

27 25 For thou, my God, didst this impart,
That built my house shall be :
Thy servant hence found in his heart
To pray this pray'r to thee.

28 26 And now, O Lord, thou art that God,
And true thy words will prove,
Thou hast me promis'd all this load
Of goodness in thy love.

29 27 O then, Lord, to thy servant's house,
The promis'd bliss convey,
That it may stand, for holy use,
Before thy face for aye.

For since thy word is past, O Lord,
That blest my house shall be,
With blessings shall my house be stor'd,
And blest eternally.

SONG XIII.

David's Thanksgiving and Prayer, when he and the Princes offered willingly for building of the temple. 1 Chron. xxix. 10—19.

10 Be thou for ever bless'd, O Lord,
Our father Isra'l's God :
For ever be thy name ador'd,
And celebrate abroad.

- 11 O Lord, the greatness and the might,
And victory is thine ;
Glory belongs to thee of right,
With majesty divine ;

For all's thine own, both great and small,
That heav'n and earth contain :
The kingdom's thine, thou dost 'bove all
As head exalted reign.
- 12 Both wealth and honour come of thee !
O'er all thou hast command,
As sov'reign Lord ; ability
And might is in thy hand.

Yea, thine it is to make them great
And high, that once were low ;
And strength on all in weakly state
Benignly to bestow.
- 13 Now, therefore, O our gracious God,
We thank thee, and proclaim,
With grateful lips, the praise abroad,
Of thy most glorious name.
- 14 But, who am I, and what are these
My folk, that ev'n to us
Strength should be giv'n, with willingness,
To bring such off'rings thus ?

For all things come of thee, O Lord ;
We give thee but thine own ;
And what thy bounty did afford
Restore to thy renown.
- 15 We but sojourn like strangers here,
As all our fathers did ;
Our days a passing shade appear,
None do on earth abide.
- 16 Of thine own hand, O Lord, it came,
That we prepar'd this store,
To build a house for thy great name ;
For all was thine before.
- 17 My God, I'm also sure of this,
Thou try'st the heart and reins ;
And that thy heart in uprightness
A pleasure entertains.

Now, as for me, with heart upright,
Glad with these gifts I came :
And here I see a joyful sight,
The folk have done the same.

- 18 Our fathers' God, this frame of heart
 Keep thou continually,
 Within thy people's inward part,
 And fix their heart to thee.
- 19 Give Sol'mon too a heart sincere,
 To serve thee evermore ;
 And to erect the palace fair
 For which I heap'd such store.

SONG XIV.

David's last words, viewed in a twofold light.

2 Sam. xxiii. 3—7.

SECTION I.

Viewed as a Direction to Kings and Rulers.

- 3 The mighty God of heav'n hath spoke,
 Let kings on earth attend ;
 To them and me doth Israel's Rock
 The following message send.
- Let mortals over mortals reign,
 In just and pious mode,
 With sceptres righteous toward men,
 Religious toward God.
- 4 Then beauteous, like the morning ray,
 Shall be the ruling train ;
 And sweet, like fragrant flow'ry May,
 Refresh'd with sun and rain.
- 5 Though not my house nor throne be so
 Grown up with God, I grant,
 Yet he hath made with me, I know,
 A gracious covenant :
- 'Tis everlasting, sure, entire,
 Well ordered ev'ry way ;
 'Tis my whole bliss, my whole desire,
 Though he the growth delay.
- 6 7 But rebel sons of Belial must
 The sceptre's value know,
 As both a shield to fence the just,
 And sword to lash the foe.
- To justice, hurtful thorns he doom'd,
 Not touch'd with naked hand,

But quite with fire and sword consum'd,
In places where they stand.

SECTION II.

The same words viewed, according to some interpreters, and the Dutch Translation, as a Prophecy of Christ, the King of Zion : whence they may be paraphrased in the following manner.

- 3 A Glorious Ruler over men,
Shall in due time appear ;
Just, ruling still without a stain,
And in Jehovah's fear.
- 4 Bright, like the rising sun, shall he,
In light unclouded shine ;
Spread, like the verdant spring, shall be
His influence divine.
- 5 Although my house be not with God
So, as it ought indeed ;
Yet stands his cov'nant, wide and broad,
With me and with my seed :

To which it shall for ever sure,
And in all order stay,
Till he in whom my line 's secure,
Set up his throne for aye.

He's my salvation, my desire,
My all that God can bring ;
Though, till the time design'd expire,
He makes him not to spring.
- 6 7 But, when he mounts, in royal state,
His throne of righteousness,
(Though still he'll keep the mercy-seat,
And thence his subjects bless.)

Yet shall his sword of justice chase
The rebel crew to hell,
And waste his murd'ers in the place,
Ev'n Salem, where they dwell.

SCRIPTURE SONGS.

PART II.

JOB'S HYMNS,

OR

SONGS ON SEVERAL SELECT PLACES IN THE BOOK OF JOB.

PREFACE.

THE occasion of composing these Songs, upon this Book, was, that after a report made in an open Synod, that most of the Scripture Songs were already attempted in common metre, and ready to be transcribed, a question was put, Whether the book of Job was considered in that category? And though a doubt was raised by the author if it was to be reckoned among the number of the Scripture Songs, yet the question set him afterwards a musing upon the subject of this book.

It is much doubted, among the learned, whether this book of Job is written originally in metre, yea, or not; but though they are of different judgments on this head yet it is acknowledged by them all, that the subject of it is treated in a poetical manner, and that thereof is discovered a great air of what is called epic poetry.

That there was such a man as Job, eminent for patience in adversity, is not only evident from this book, that goes under his name, but from several other places of scripture, that make honourable mention of him.¹ And as it is probable, from scripture,² that he was of the posterity of Nachor, Abraham's brother; so it may be thence also gathered, that the place where he lived was in the eastern parts of Arabia, and, perhaps, near the River Euphrates, probably not far from Ur; for, it is granted by writers, that the land of Uz, the country of Job, was exposed to the incursions and depredations of the Chaldeans, and that Chaldea was eastward of Arabia.

The time when Job lived is thought to be before Moses, there being, in this whole book, no mention made of the law or the prophets, nor any of the wonders God wrought for Israel in Egypt, or their travels to the land of Canaan. It is likewise thought, that the long life of Job, which was protracted to two hundred years, agrees much with the time of the old patriarchs; and hence it is reckoned probable, that this book of Job is the oldest book in the world. Whence also his eminent piety and devotion is the more remarkable, that he had no advantage from the divine revelations made to Moses and the Jewish prophets. The light that directed him, must have been that which the old patriarchs had by oral tradition from Adam and Noah; or by what God was pleased to communicate sometimes by dreams and visions in those early ages of the world.

The book of Job is doctrinal; it is a collection of divine morals: it directs us what we are to believe concerning God. It presents us, as one observes, with a monument of primitive theology, a specimen of Gentile piety, an exposition of the book of pro-

(1) Ezek. xiv. 14. James v. 11.

(2) Gen. xxii. 20, 21, and xxxi. 53.

vidence, a great example of patience, an illustrious type of Christ, and a heroic magnanimity in suffering ; for, as it has been observed concerning him, he appears brave in distress, and valiant in affliction ; maintains his virtues, and with that his character, under the most exasperating provocations that the malice of hell could invent, and thereby gives a most noble example of passive fortitude ; a character no way inferior to that of the active hero.

I have not translated any of this book in a historical, but rather some parts of it in a doctrinal way. The whole history of this book is set forth in heroic rhyme, to very excellent purpose, by that lofty poet, and eminent author, Sir Richard Blackmore, from whose Paraphrase on this book, though I have not followed him in every gloss of his upon some texts, yet I have taken all the help and assistance I could in framing many of the Songs into common metre ; and upon so many parts of this book, that not one chapter is overpast without one or more Songs upon such subjects therein as I judged most fit to be the matter of Spiritual Songs.

I did not see how the strict translation of this book, in a historical way, would answer the end of psalmography ; and therefore, that I might extract from it a number of songs, I have thought fit to pick out the places of this book, that appeared to me to be the most doctrinal, practical, experimental, instructive, or directive. And though I have, no doubt, passed over many places that might have afforded most edifying matter, and which I should wish to see drawn out to better purpose, by any who have more skill and leisure than I ; yet I have more fully insisted upon these chapters towards the end of the book, where God himself is said to be the speaker.

Some of these Songs are by way of translation ; and others more paraphrastical and large upon the places quoted at the title. And they being a century of songs, or an hundred different subjects at least. I have thought fit to give titles to every one of them, by which, I hope, they may be rendered the more agreeable and edifying to the reader, in so far as the subject of each song answers the title given to it ; and readers may, at their pleasure, choose the matter of meditation that is most acceptable to them.

I do not expect that these Songs should deserve to be esteemed for any poetical genius that may appear therein ; seeing, in this respect, I am sensible enough of their defect ; but, if any think fit to decry them, or their author, for their spiritual matter, or religious design, he will have little reason to be displeased with them for doing him so great an honour. It is a great pity that many, who are endued with an excellent genius for poesy, do occupy it so little upon such divine and scriptural subjects, and so much prostitute it to wantonness and folly, which is frequently set off in such a fine dress, that it may be said, I hope, pardonably, in the following lines :—

Applauded for their vanity,
Are poets of the stage ;
Skill'd in corrupting artfully
The manners of the age.

Who, fond to please the carnal taste,
The sacred art defile,
And fine poetic spirit waste,
On subjects vain and vile.

Have Christian Bards no nobler themes,
To decorate their odes,
Than Jove, Mars, Juno, Venus' names,
And heaps of Pagan gods ?

Shall buried idols, known to be
A fiction and a jest,
Be rais'd to paint our poetry,
And living truth suppress'd !

The learn'd, for helps to poetize,
Who Greeks and Latin's rob,
May filch far better, if they please,
From this old book of Job.

Here's matter for the lofty muse ;
Examples take at will,
All ye that read, and can excuse
The softness of the quill.

RALPH ERSKINE

SONG I.

Losses thankfully received.—Job i. 21.

- 21 NAKED, at first, as any swain,
I left my mother's womb ;
And shall anon return again
As naked to my tomb.

Who crown'd my life so gay, the same
May crush it to the grave :
God gives, and blessed be his name,
He takes but what he gave.

While smiling mercy crown'd my brow,
Its praise abroad was spread ;
I'll now adore the justice too,
That strikes my comforts dead.

SONG II.

Patience in Tribulation.—Job ii. 10.

- 10 WHAT ! shall a man, a sinful man,
A worm with God contend ;
Dispute his will, his counsel scan,
His rule of justice mend !

Shall we receive his blessings grand,
Yet frowardly complain,
Whenever his afflicting hand
Creates us any pain !

Patience in trouble, though severe,
We should submissive shew ;
Blessings are not, yea, never were,
But troubles are our due.

SONG III.

Repose in the Grave.—Job iii. 17—19.

- 17 O QUIET grave, the wicked there
No more the just molest ;
The afflicted are at ease, and there
The weary are at rest.
- 18 There, close to the oppressor's bones,
Sleeps the oppress'd in peace ;

And there the pris'ner's heavy moans
And cries for ever cease.

- 19 The small and great, the friend and foe,
The conqu'ror and the slave ;
The rich and poor, the high and low,
Are level'd in the grave.

There lies the sceptre with the spade,
Sunk to the same degree ;
And there the servant-man and maid,
Are from their master free.

The coward and the brave alike,
• The peasant and the peer ;
The wise and foolish, proud and meek,
Lie undistinguish'd there.

Soul-rest, to saints, in heav'n is fix'd,
But body's rest till doom,
Is there, where saints and sinners mix'd
Possess one quiet room.

SONG IV.

The Excellency of Man laid low before God.—Job iv. 17—21.

SECTION I.

Man mortal and impure.—Ver. 17, 18.

- 17 SHALL mortal man, a tainted clod,
Boast righteousness divine ;
Or think he can his maker, God,
In purity outshine ?

- 18 Behold ! no trust is put by him,
In yonder glorious race
Of bright immortal seraphim,
That stand before his face.

Of folly comp'rative can he
His purest angels blame,
Who, plung'd in his infinity,
Before him blush for shame ?

And shall vain man, in impure state,
His innocence defend ?
Will he with his Creator great
Presumptuously contend !

SECTION II.

Man short-lived and contemptible Ver. 19, 20, 21.

- 19 Vile mortal man, a worthless wight,
 Triumphs but for a day ;
 And but inhabits, for a night,
 A house of mould'ring clay.
- His strongest lodge, and vital fort,
 Is founded in the dust,
 Which, quickly falling, cuts him short,
 And disappoints his trust.
- For, but how soon a gnawing worm,
 Or silly moth assails,
 The rampart cannot stand the storm,
 The feeble fabric fails.
- 20 The sap'd foundation every hour
 Thus piece-meal feels decay ;
 And life ev'n in its blooming flow'r,
 Does daily fade away.
- So fast men perish out of sight,
 Their pomp that shone before,
 And once could wonder fond excite,
 Can raise regard no more.
- 21 In vain no pow'r and wealth achiev'd,
 For help at last they cry ;
 For without wisdom, as they liv'd,
 They in their folly die.

SONG V.

Sin the Cause of Trouble. Job v. 6, 7.

- 6 AFFLICTION springs not from the earth,
 Nor trouble from the dust ;
 Yet men are heirs of woe by birth ;
 Sad heritage ; but just.
- 7 Flames to their element ascend,
 So men, conceiv'd in sin,
 To trouble as their centre tend,
 Like kindred to their kin.
- For sin and wo, twins of the clan,
 By chance were ne'er convey'd,
 But propagate from man to man,
 Since Adam disobey'd.

SONG VI.

The Saint's Resolution when in Affliction. Job v. 8.

- 8 To God I'd seek, when in his chain
I'm held, and would submit;
All my own paths I would arraign,
But his I would acquit.
- I would his justice magnify,
His faithfulness adore,
Revere his name ; but still would I,
Like hell myself abhor.
- Confessing all my faults and flaws,
That made him lift the rod,
I'd to my judge commit my cause,
Refer myself to God.
- By humble resignation bow'd
Down at his feet I'd ly ;
And, through the Lamb's atoning blood,
Would for his mercy cry.
-

SONG VII.

*God's great Work in the Kingdom of Christ, and in his Providence among Men :
especially in frustrating the Counsels of the proud, and favouring the cause
of the poor and humble. Job v. 9—16.*

- 2 GREAT things are done of God most high,
Which finite search exceed ;
Things numberless which ev'ry eye
With admiration feed. .
- His providence most marvellous,
When least 'tis understood :
Yet still is just and righteous,
Still merciful and good.
- 10 He spreads his clouds upon the skies,
Surprising to behold !
And forms his rain drops shape and size,
Into an unknown mould.
- Then he his waters from on high,
Upon the mountains pours ;
And on the valleys plenteously
He sheds prolific show'rs.
- 11 He sets the servant that was low,
Into the master's place ;

And wipes the tears of grief and wo
From off the mourner's face.

- 12 He disappoints the crafty men,
Their projects undermines ;
He makes their deep devices vain,
And blasts their great designs.

- 13 He takes his wise politic foes,
In their own craftiness ;
Their froward counsels overthrows,
That would his saints oppress.

Against themselves he turns their arts,
Confounds their wicked schemes ;
Their proud and lofty hopes subverts,
And frustrates all their aims.

- 14 They, by their plots, themselves benight,
And into darkness run :
Mistake their way, obscure their light,
And grope for day at noon.

- 15 But God th' oppressors' rage o'erthrows,
Their swords and spears doth break ;
And from the proud and mighty foes,
Protects the poor and weak.

- 16 Thus to the poor he kindly doth
Afford reviving hopes ;
And then the black and bloody mouth
Of fierce injustice stops.

The poor and humble are advanc'd,
To peace and safety given ;
And foes asham'd that fought against
The favourites of heaven.

SONG VIII.

*Afflictions borne well end well. What great Things God oftimes does for those
that humble themselves under his chastening hand.*

Job v. 17—26.

- 17 Lo ! happy is the man whom God,
In kindness, doth correct ;
Then do not thou his chastening rod,
Contemptuously neglect.
- 18 His skill binds up what he made sore,
By his incision knife ;

He wounds and heals, and does restore,
From gates of death to life.

- 19 From numerous troubles, various woes,
He'll save and set thee free ;
And order to a joyful close,
This scene of misery.

- 20 Thy life he'll guard with tender care,
When famine threatens death ;
And from the raging sword thee spare,
When war breaks out in wrath.

- 21 The pois'nous darts thrown at thy name,
From the invective tongue,
Shall neither wound thy stablsh'd fame,
Nor do thy honour wrong.

God's hiding hand, when men dispraise,
The sland'ring tongue shall curb ;
Reproaches thy repute shall raise,
Nor once thy peace disturb.

- 22 When grim destruction, with her drove
Of woes, shall shake her spear,
Her threats tremendous shall but move
Thy laughter, not thy fear.

All nature reconcil'd displays
Its care to give thee ease,
When, thro' his grace, thy righteous ways
The God of nature please.

- 23 With thee shall stones, that load the field,
Make league, thy part to take ;
And savage beasts, thy life to shield,
A firm alliance make.

The fire, the air, the earth, the seas,
Each element with thee,
A lasting covenant of peace
Shall strictly ratify.

- 24 Thy habitation thou shalt know,
In quietness possess'd :
Thou shalt offenceless come and go,
And find thy mansion bless'd.

- 25 Thy offspring and posterity
Shall num'rous be and great ;
Their increase like the grass shall be,
With beauteous flow'rs beset.

- 26 Thou in full age, ripe for the urn,
 On death shall cheerful look,
 As when a full-grown shock of corn
 Invites the welcome hook.
- 27 Weigh these undoubted truths sedate,
 And therein thou shalt find,
 A spring of consolation great,
 To thy afflicted mind.

SONG IX.

Terrors of God invading the Soul.—Job vi. 2, 3, 4.

- 2 O THAT the grief surrounding me,
 Were in a balance laid,
 And my extreme calamity
 Were now against it weigh'd !
- Then let an equal judge appear,
 His thoughts to signify,
 Which scale the greatest weight does bear,
 He'd soon decide with me.
- 3 My crosses over-weigh my cries,
 My loads of woe and pain
 Exceed the pond'rous sand that lies
 Around the ebbing main.
- Unutterable are the groans,
 My weary soul oppress :
 Nor have I words to speak my moans,
 Or show my deep distress.
- 4 The arrows of th' almighty God
 Stick fast within my heart ;
 Each fest'ring wound burns up my blood,
 And gives me deadly smart.
- Arrows, whose heads like flaming eyes,
 And pointed light'ning shine ;
 Steep'd in the strongest dregs and lees,
 Of fiery wrath divine.
- The poison thereof raging high,
 Soon spreads without control ;
 Drinks up and drains my spirits dry,
 And eats into my soul.
- God's threat'ning terrors all drawn out,
 In order and array,
 For battle, closing me about,
 Invade me every way.

SONG X.

God stooping to contend with Man admired, and his pardoning Mercy begged.—

Job vii. 17, 18, 20.

- 17 O WHAT is man, that worthless wight !
That God should condescend
To magnify him, and in might
With such a rush contend !

On brittle man, from dust brought forth,
Wilt thou indeed bestow
Such honour great ! or is he worth
Thy notice or thy blow ?

Is such a mortal fit to be
The object of thy rage ;
Wilt thou thy strong artillery
Against a worm engage ?

Or if it is thy kindly aim,
By this thy chast'ning rod,
The wand'ring sinner to reclaim,
And bring him back to God :

- 18 Still what is man, a bit of clay,
That so incessantly
Thou dost him visit every day,
And every moment try.

- 20 Lord, I have sinn'd, what shall I do,
O thou preserver great ?
Remit my guilt, remove my woe,
And all my faults forget.

SONG XI.

Good Counsel and good Hope given to the afflicted.—Job viii. 5—7.

- 5 IF thou who feels the hand of God,
His justice wouldst adore :
And, timely humbled by the rod,
His mercy wouldst implore :
- 6 If, to thy pray'r, heart-pureness cleave,
His favour would thee raise ;
Thy prosp'rous state he would retrieve,
And crown thy righteous ways.
- 7 Though thy beginning, small and low,
Seem but an abject state :
Thy latter end shall not be so,
But have an increase great.

SONG XII.

Time and Life short.—Job viii. 9.

- 9 WE'RE but of yesterday's new mould,
 Our life's of no regard,
 When with our long-liv'd fathers old
 And ancestors compar'd.

No knowledge nor experience we
 Can ever justly boast :
 Our days like shadows are that flee,
 No sooner had than lost.

SONG XIII.

The hope of the Hypocrite vain and vanishing.—Job. viii. 11—14.

- 11 JUST as a weak and empty rush,
 That in a wat'ry mead,
 With hasty growth and easy push,
 Rears up its haughty head :

- 12 In moisture rich, in verdure gay,
 Unmov'd and not cut down :
 Yet on a sudden wears away
 Ere other plants are grown.

- 13 So shall the wicked's beauty fade,
 The hypocrite's fair shew ;
 Who no foundation firm hath laid,
 But mire in which he grew.

- 14 His swelling hopes, ere he's aware,
 In their high tide shall ebb ;
 His groundless trust is weaker far
 Than any spider's web.

He on his tott'ring house shall lean.
 A false and fruitless prop,
 Which, sinking soon, shall fail him clean,
 And disappoint his hope.

SONG XIV.

God just in judging.—Job ix. 2, 3, 4.

- 2 WHEN justice, out of mercy's rod,
 Thoughts, words, and actions tries,
 How can a man be just with God,
 Or pure before his eyes?

- 3 Once to contend, if God begins,
 Vain shifts will have no sense ;
 Not one of all our thousand sins
 Can bear a just defence.
- 4 He's wise in heart, and strong in might,
 What arm can his repel ;
 Who can against him safely fight,
 Or prosper that rebel ?
-

SONG XV.

The righteousness of Words discarded.—Job ix. 15, 20, 21.

- 15 God's eyes espy our aims afar,
 And, to his clearer sight,
 These very ways most crooked are,
 That we esteem most right.
- Then righteous though I were, yet I
 To answer him would grudge ;
 And, laying proud pretences by,
 Would supplicate my Judge.
- 20 Should I my innocence aver,
 21 My mouth would brand my face ;
 Yea, were I perfect, I'd prefer
 The way of life by grace.
-

SONG XVI.

The afflicted Soul's complaint to God.

Job. x. 1, 2, 14, 15.

- 1 THE constant woes that load my back,
 Such endless groans create ;
 My present life's a very black
 Uncomfortable state.
- My restless weary soul abhors
 This loathsome lump of clay ;
 Longs to be free of sin and sores,
 And wings to heav'n her way.
- 2 I make to God my heavy moan,
 To give my sorrow vent ;
 But yet upon myself alone
 I'll leave my sad complaint.

I'm press'd but I condemn thee not ;
 O Lord, condemn not me :
 Why thou contendst with me so hot
 Shew, Lord, and let me see.

14 If I be wicked in thine eyes,
 Then wo to me indeed ;
 If righteous, yet shall never I
 Lift up my haughty head.

15 Despair and deep confusion do
 My wounded soul oppress :
 O shew thy mercy, see my wo,
 And pity my distress.

SONG XVII.

God's Wisdom unsearchable. Job xi. 7, 8, 9.

7 CAN human reason's utmost stretch,
 Her arms so far extend,
 As shall th' Eternal's counsel reach,
 His wisdom comprehend ?

8 9 What creature can, with finite hand,
 The vast dimension weigh !
 'Tis longer than the earth or land,
 And broader than the sea.

Higher than heav'n what canst thou know,
 So infinitely steep ?
 Deeper than hell, what canst thou do,
 But awful distance keep ?

SONG XVIII.

That God may suffer the wicked to prosper, exemplified in Beasts, Birds, and Fishes ; and this resolved into his absolute Dominion over, and Property in all his Creatures. Job xii. 6—10.

6 AFFLECTIONS great are of the just,
 In time the common fate :
 While wicked men that lick the dust,
 Enjoy a prosp'rous state.

Robbers and spoilers see their stock
 Of worldly wealth endure :
 And these who most do God provoke,
 On earth live most secure.

Great gifts, on them he disregards,
With lavish hand he throws,
And on them multiply'd rewards,
Unmerited, bestows.

- 7 Ask now the beasts, and trial make,
How matters with them go ;
Soon will they tell how they partake
The self-same kind of wo.

How bears, wolves, monsters of the wood,
That ravage and destroy,
Inur'd to rapine, spoil, and blood,
Yet peace and pow'r enjoy.

While harmless flocks, on hills that browse,
And useful herds each way,
To men their friends, or beasts their foes,
Are daily made a prey.

Ask of the fowls aloft that flee,
For answer they'll return,
That they, conform to their degree,
The same disaster mourn.

- 8 They will assert their vultures rude,
And tyrants live secure ;
While doves and birds of mildest brood,
A thousand woes endure.

Then ask the fishes what's their state,
And question how they do :
They'll tell that this unequal fate
Attends the ocean too.

Great whales, sea-tyrants, drunk with blood,
That prosper to their wish,
Devour controlless, in the flood,
Whole shoals of harmless flesh.

- 9 This state of things fram'd he, whose pow'r
All beings did produce :
Whose wisdom too, in ord'ring sure,
Hath fixed their end and use.

- 10 God's creatures are his own, their lives
He may at pleasure take :
When he resumes but what he gives,
Who can objections make ?

SONG XIX.

Doctrine to be tried ere it be trusted. Job. xii. 11.

- 11 THE ear tries words before they be
Receiv'd as true and good ;

The mouth tastes meat ere ever we
Can judge it wholesome food.

Doctrines and spirits thus we try,
By grace's inward gust ;
Lest we for truth receive a lie,
For food to poison trust.

SONG XX.

The Wisdom of ancient Men nothing to the Wisdom of the Ancient of Days.

Job xii. 12, 13.

12 THOUGH wisdom oft, we are assur'd,
In hoary heads appears,
And understanding is matur'd
By time and num'rous years :

13 Yet knowledge pure no where we see
But in th' eternal mind,
In God, and him alone, can we
Consummate knowledge find.

The wise on earth derive from him,
The wisdom which we praise :
Their tapers only shine with dim
And delegated rays.

SONG XXI.

Proofs of God's Power in doing his Pleasure in Earth and Heaven, and serving his own purposes among men. Job xii. 14, 15, 16.

14 God's pow'r with wisdom join'd, we must
With equal fear adore :
Proud towns he levels with the dust,
To be rebuilt no more.

When slaves in prison he restrains,
Shut up in death or hell,
Who then can loose their pond'rous chains,
Or pow'r divine repel ?

15 He binds the watery cloud, and stops
The bottles of the skies ;
And to the earth's sore withered crops
His heav'nly dew denies.

- Again, the rains, at his command,
Make all the rivers swell,
O'erflow their borders, drench the land,
And fears of drought dispel.
- 16 Wisdom and strength are his, he rules
O'er strong and crafty foes ;
Deceiving and deceived fools
Are both at his dispose.
-

SONG XXII.

Proofs of God's Wisdom and Power in the Revolution of States and Kingdoms.

Job xii. 17—25.

- 17 FROM judges judgment God withdraws ;
From counsellors of state
Detracting wisdom and applause,
With fools he does them rate.
- 18 Proud monarchs' cruel bonds he breaks,
Tears their engines of pain ;
And binds, on tort'ring tyrants' necks,
The tortur'd pris'ner's chain.
- 19 He overturns the mighty peers,
And princes in their pride ;
These that abash'd the world with fears,
He makes the world deride.
- 20 He takes their wisdom from the wise,
And knowledge from the sage,
And makes their former friends despise
Their oracles and age.
- 21 On princes great he pours contempt,
On kings of wide command,
He wrests, what seem'd from woe exempt,
Their sceptres from their hand.
- 22 To his all-penetrating eye,
The darkest shades of night,
And deepest hellish plots do lie,
As ope as noon-day light.
- 23 By him all nations high or low,
And kingdoms wax and wane ;
By him their numbers ebb or flow,
And share the bliss or bane.
- 24 Great chiefs, like cowards, thro' heartless fright
He makes in deserts stray,

- 25 As drunkards groping in the night,
And reeling, lose their way.
-

SONG XXIII.

Strong Faith in the Hot Furnace. Job xiii. 15, 16.

- 15 LET God upon me frown or smile ;
I'll rest upon his name ;
He knows, if of approved guile
My heart does me condemn.
- Should he even double my distress,
In hotter fires to try ;
Yet I'll adore his righteousness,
And on his word rely.
- 16 Yea, though he hew me to the root,
With lifted hand to kill,
Yet, through his grace, I'm resolute,
That in him trust I will.
-

SONG XXIV.

The Origin, Nature, and Issue of Human Life ; it is short, sorrowful, sinful, and limited ; Death puts a final period to it, and frees from the calamities thereof.

Job xiv. 1—15.

SECTION I.

Man frail and filthy, the Object of Divine Pity.

Ver. 1—4.

- 1 FRAIL man, as soon as born, decays,
Like flow'rs, that quickly fade ;
- 2 He counts a few and troublous days,
Then passes like a shade.
- 3 Will God regard so base a wight
Contend with such a moth,
The spawn of hell, an ugly sight,
So frail and filthy both !
- 4 Who can clean things from unclean bring,
Pure streams from impure mud,
But he that came to clear the spring,
By water and by blood !

SECTION II.

Our Days are numbered, and the time of Life fixed.

Verse 5, 6.

- 5 O Lord, the days of man are all
 Inroll'd in thy decree ;
 And of the months that to him fall
 The number is with thee.
- The bounds of time he cannot pass,
 In which thou dost him close :
 Let this suffice, nor add a mass
 Of more uncommon woes.
- 6 O grant him the respite and ease,
 His torments made him ask,
 And let him finish, by degrees,
 His life's appointed task.

SECTION III.

Life natural, being gone, returns not ; or, the dead never awaked till the last Day.

Verse 7—12.

- 7 8 Life vegetive, when lost in roots,
 With rains may be reviv'd ;
- 9 Life animal in certain brutes,
 With solar beams retriev'd.
- 10 But spirits rational, when gone,
 Too great for nature's scent,
 Have no restoratives but one,
 That is omnipotent.
- Ere death man daily wastes away ;
 In death gives up the ghost ;
 But after death, where is he, pray,
 When to the living lost ?
- 11 High floods and seas that left the shore,
 Will at their times return ;
- 12 But man resumes his life no more,
 Whom death doth once in-urn.
- Death to the grave his dust conveys,
 There sleeps the hidden prey ;
 Nor wakes till with a mighty noise
 The heavens shall pass away.

SECTION IV.

Desire to die may consist with a waiting till the change come.

Verse 13, 14, 15.

- 13 Lord in the silent grave I'd rest,
 There let me safely lie,

Till shades of sin and wrath be chas'd,
And glory deck the sky.

- 14 Since wrath will each man, for his crime,
From present life estrange,
All days of my appointed time
I'll wait my future change.

Though thou prolong this mournful scene
In hope I'll patient stay,
Till thou revive my joys amain,
And chase my woes away.

- 15 Thy call both to and from the grave
I'll gladly hear and go ;
And thou my strong desire to save
Thy handy-work wilt show.

SONG XXV.

Self-justification extremely odious. Job xv. 14, 15, 16.

- 14 AH! what's vain man that seems so pure,
As not his spots to spy,
When fairest seraphs can't endure
JEHOVAH'S piercing eye !
- 15 He sees his saints not whole upright,
What can in slaves be seen ?
How vile's the earth, when in his sight
The heav'ns are but unclean !
- 16 Their hosts before the holy thrice,
Do blush and hide their smuts
How odious then is man, whose vice
Like water daily gluts !

SONG XXVI.

The Ruin of those who bid defiance to God and his power.

Job xv. 24, 25, 26, 30.

- 24 CONFUSION, anguish, and distress,
The wicked shall assail,
To give them battle, with disgrace,
And o'er their strength prevail.
- 25 Because against th' almighty Lord
They boldly take the field ;

Yea, run upon his flaming sword,
And on his blazing shield.

26 Mad wretches! they defy their God,
And void of holy fear,
Deride his darts that fly abroad,
And rush upon his spear.

30 But soon their hope shall be dissolv'd,
And sunk in sudden fright;
Their pride abash'd, their heads involv'd
In everlasting night.

SONG XXVII.

Afflictions heaped up and come to an Extremity. Job xvi. 14, 15, 16.

14 OF breaking woes a num'rous train
Invade my frightened soul,
As crowding billows of the main
Do o'er each other roll.

What war does the Almighty wage
With such a feeble flea,
That like a giant in his rage,
He fiercely runs on me?

15 Sackcloth I wear upon my skin,
Of ornaments despoil'd;
And dabb'd in the dust unclean,
My glory lies defil'd.

16 My cheeks with constant weeping fade,
Stain'd with a briny bath;
And on mine eye-lids hangs the shade
Of gloomy dismal death.

SONG XXVIII.

The growing strength of the righteous.—Job. xvii. 9.

9 THE plant of grace shall ever thrive,
Though nature's brood decay;
The righteous in the Lord shall live,
And still hold on his way.

His hands from mischief clean withal
His heart from malice free:
Stronger and stronger still he shall
For work or warfare be.

He marches dauntless on his way,
Let blackest tempests blow ;
No dangers do his heart dismay,
But make his vigour grow.

SONG XXIX.

Death and the Grave, the Saint's familiars.—Job xvii. 13, 14.

13 MY earthly friends have turn'd my foes,
So cruel and unjust,
That I expect, to end my woes,
More friendship in the dust.

No house of pleasure here 'bove ground,
Do I expect to have ;
My bed of rest for sleeping sound,
I've made the silent grave.

Lo ! welcome death on me attends,
The hungry grave me waits ;
These made I my familiar friends,
My relatives and mates.

14 I to corruption cry'd, O dust,
Thou art my father known ;
From thee I came, to thee I must
Return as ev'n thine own.

I to the worm said, Brother worm,
And sister, you and I
Do differ but in size and form,
We are of kin so nigh.

I'm but a mortal worm like you ;
This loathsome piece of clay
Must to your pow'r a booby bow,
Until the rising day.

SONG XXX.

The Calamities that await the wicked.—Job xviii. 5, 6, 10, 12, 14—20.

5 THE wicked's splendour shall decay,
Like short-liv'd sparks of fire ;

6 Thick fogs shall choke his glorious day,
And make his beams expire.

10 By labour'd plots and deep designs,
Which he for others stows,
A halter for himself he twines ;
His wiles become his woes.

- 12 Death and destruction o'er his head
Do constantly impend ;
His pleasures, which he gluts with greed,
Shall all in torment end.
- 14 His hope shall fall and never rise,
For with his bloody dart
The king of terrors in surprise,
Shall strike him to the heart.
- 15 Quite from the earth, God's 'venging hand
The wicked man shall chase ;
- 16 Nor leave behind a branch to stand
Of all his hateful race.
- 17 In after-times the godless wretch
Shall be unknown to fame ;
- 18 Or mention'd only with reproach,
With horror, and with shame.
- 19 In future fame some names indeed .
Will stand for little good ;
Like Pontius Pilate in the creed,
For blasphemy and blood.
- 20 Such oft, in time, the wicked's fate
Do indicate the store
Of sorrow, which his soul await,
When time shall be no more.
-

SONG XXXI.

Reproof to Reproachers. Job xix. 2, 3, 22.

- 2 WHY cruel friends, will ye so long
With bitter words me vex ;
My name reproach, my virtue wrong,
My righteous cause perplex ?
- Must still your answers without sense,
And void of argument,
With solemn grave impertinence,
My spirit thus torment ?
- Can pious lies deserve applause,
By being spoke aloft ?
Or do you think them true, because
You humm'd them o'er so soft ?
- The wounds you give me cruel are ;
Your contumelious words,
And sland'rous taunts, are sharper far
Than keenest pointed swords.

- 22 God's right t' afflict, him well becomes,
 But your afflicting rod,
 With pride and passion base, assumes
 The privilege of God.
-

SONG XXXII.

Friends turned to Enemies, and Brethren to Aliens.—Job xix. 11—14.

Comp. ch. xvii. 4. 6.

- 11 God's trying fury kindles bright,
 Ev'n of its own accord ;
 'Gainst me, whose heart and cause is right,
 He waves his glitt'ring sword.
- 12 Fierce troops and regimented woes
 In battle-rank, I see,
 Do by his order me enclose,
 And fiercely rush on me.
- 13 Brethern and kindred knit their brows,
 And treat me as unknown ;
 Break nature's bonds, renounce their vows,
 And their own blood disown.
- 14 Familiar friends and kins-folk too,
 Who kindly me embrac'd,
 Have fail'd me, and forgot me now,
 And all their friendship past.
- Disdainful striplings me despise,
 Who honour'd me before ;
 Yea, those I once did chiefly prize
 Now chiefly me abhor.
- Just Lord, from their reproaches please
 To vindicate my name,
 And mercifully cover these
 Perfidious friends with shame.
-

SONG XXXIII.

The happiness that awaits the godly ; Or, The blessed hope of the righteous.

Job. xix. 25, 26, 27.

- 25 THAT my Redeemer lives I know,
 Though by his sentence just,
 My body, for a season, low,
 Shall dwell with fellow dust.

In him triumphant over death,
 I'll trample on the grave ;
 For he that conquer'd hell and wrath,
 Can dust and ashes save.

My living Head, when bankrupt time
 Shall its last minute spend,
 He then from heav'n his throne sublime
 In triumph shall descend.

He on the surface of the earth
 As Judge supreme shall stand ;
 And from the tomb to recent birth
 His captive dust demand.

26 The mighty Conqueror shall invade
 And sack the cruel grave,
 Force every vault where bones were laid,
 And rescue every slave.

Though worms and putrefaction shall
 My mould'ring skin consume,
 And eat my flesh ; yet, at his call,
 My body now shall bloom :

27 Reviv'd I from the dust shall rise,
 And God my Saviour see,
 With these my own corporeal eyes,
 That shall immortal be.

I for myself, and for my gain,
 Shall see the happy sight ;
 And over death for ever reign,
 To share the vision bright.

SONG XXXIV.

Rash judging condemned ; or Job's warning to his censorious Friends.

Job xix. 28, 29.

28 O FRIENDS ! your groundless rage suppress,
 The wrath of man is proud,
 And worketh not the righteousness,
 But brings the wrath of God.

Rash judging him in whom is found
 The sacred matter's root,
 Your darts will on yourselves rebound,
 To 'venge the wrong pursuit.

29 Of justice' sword stand you afraid,
 When by th' Almighty drawn ;
 His vengeance will your heads invade,
 Not on your treach'ry fawn.

In fierce uncharitable zeal
You're furiously devout ;
But cover'd fraud God will reveal,
And to the flames allot.

Know that the day approaches fast,
In which the Judge supreme,
Will all your bloody censures cast,
Your bitter words condemn.

Repent, then, lest your violence
Bring present judgments home ;
Else will your proud impenitence
Fortell your future doom.

SONG XXXV.

The Prosperity of the wicked short, and their Ruin sure.—Job xx. 5—9, 11—14.

- 5 THE wicked's triumph is but short,
And quickly melts away ;
His empty joy, and idle sport,
Does but a moment stay.
- 6 Though to the heaven his head he raise,
His grandeur to the sky ;
Yet, lost, for aye, he and his praise,
Cloth'd in the dust shall lie.
- 7 He, miserable and forlorn,
Fades with a swift decay ;
Cast, like his own vile dung, with scorn,
And with contempt, away.
- These who his splendour did admire,
And saw his pomp before,
And, where is now his place ; enquire,
Shall never see it more.
- 8 His short-liv'd fame and great esteem,
That gull'd him all his days,
Shall vanish like a wanton dream,
That in the fancy plays.
- Yea, he shall by a sudden bane
Be chas'd away with fright,
In manner like a phantom vain,
Or vision of the night.
- 9 His blazing lamp shall disappear,
So shall he perish clean ;
And in the place of his career
Shall never more be seen.

- 11 As he was closely fix'd to sin,
By love too, too sincere ;
So sin, alas ! shall unto him
As faithfully adhere.
- 12 For guilty marks, and ensigns bad,
Of his unbridled lust,
- 13 Continue his companions sad,
And fellows in the dust.
- 14 These morsels sweet shall bitter grow,
Consume his vital breath,
And follow him with dool and woe,
To th' other side of death.
-

SONG XXXVI.

The Wicked hardened in their Impiety by their Prosperity.—Job xxi. 7—15.

- 7 OFT do we see the wicked safe,
And unmolested dwell ;
Oft do they flow in pleasure soft,
And in their wealth excel.
- In merriment and carnal ease
They spend each happy day ;
Healthful in riot, and in age
Appear without decay.
- The regal throne of pomp and pride
In triumph they ascend ;
Repeat their conquests, and abroad
Their growing pow'r extend.
- 8 Vig'rous, though far advanced in years,
Before their eyes they see
What elevates their pride, a fair
And num'rous progeny.
- 9 Their houses safe from fears and foes,
In peace they live secure ;
Nor God's vindictive heavy blows
Do ever they endure.
- 10 Their prosp'rous cattle, thick and throng,
Engender on the hill ;
And, with their num'rous wanton young,
Their flocks the valley fill.
- 11 Their merry little ones, in trains,
Do from their house advance ;
Sport in the streets, and o'er the plains
And verdant meadows dance.

- 12 They take the harp, and in the round,
 Upon the timbrel play ;
 And, at the organ's cheerful sound,
 Rejoice and pass the day.
- 13 Pamper'd in ease, and mirth, and wealth,
 They spend their golden hours ;
 Consume their time, abuse their health,
 And waste their vital pow'rs.
- By years, and not by sickness, they
 At last their shoulders bend ;
 And, ripe in years, anon decay,
 And to the grave descend.
- 14 Hence, puff'd up with prodigious pride,
 Religion they condemn :
 God's threats and precepts they deride,
 And saints, as fools, contemn.
- They bid th' Almighty God depart,
 And arrogantly say,
 We don't desire or have at heart,
 The knowledge of thy way.
- 15 What's the Almighty ? where's our fee ?
 Should we to serve him deign ?
 Some pray and praise, but don't we see
 They spend their breath in vain ?
- Thus wicked men, whom Heav'n does load
 With earthly happiness,
 Their native spite against their God
 Profanely do express.



SONG XXXVII.

God's Way of Providence towards Men attended with great Variety.—

Job xxi. 17—26.

- 17 SOMETIMES destruction, impious men
 Ev'n in this world invades ;
 Though oft their lamp of life burn out,
 Before their glory fades.
- God's fatal judgments for their crimes,
 Oft soon their life consume ;
 Amidst their pomp, there's but a step
 Betwixt them and their doom.
- 18 Oft with his driving wrath, he's pleased
 From off the earth to chase,
 As chaff before the stormy wind,
 This irreligious race.

- 19 Their sin and guilt the mighty God
Does treasure up with care ;
And for their children's heritage,
With stores of wrath prepare.

Their progeny that tread their steps,
Shall suffer for their crimes ;
And they themselves oft live to see
These very dismal times.
- 20 Their cursed lips shall deeply drink,
Of God's embitter'd bowl ;
Their haughty eyes shall downward sink,
And in destruction roll.
- 21 Ah, then ! what comfort to them shall
Their race surviving raise,
When in the middle, after all,
Grim death cuts off their days !

On the reverse, sometimes the just
May prosper, though 'tis plain
Their lot and ordinary fate
Is trouble, want, and pain.
- 22 Yet who will thence against the ways
Of God most high object ?
To guide, govern, and rule the world,
Who shall his hands direct ?

Does not the great omniscient God
All things distinctly know ?
For he's the Judge of saint's above,
The Judge of kings below.

Who then to teach him wisdom will
Adventure or pretend ?
Can clearly show him how, with skill,
His government to mend ?
- 23 One dies in his full strength and health,
No change he thought upon ;
- 24 When full of marrow, mirth, and wealth,
Yet in a moment gone.
- 25 Another, who in tort'ring pains,
And bitter anguish lies :
Long griev'd and gall'd with heavy chains,
In ling'ring sickness dies.
- 26 Both these at last the friendly grave
Will bring to equal rest ;
And on their flesh, within the cave,
The worms alike shall feast.

Promiscuous tribulations thus
 All human kinds invade ;
 And death, without distinction, does
 Befal both good and bad.

No dispensation of this sort
 Does ever take its rise,
 From one man's virtuous effort,
 Or from another's vice.

Nor does th' Almighty's love or hate,
 With evidence appear,
 By either our enjoyments great,
 Or our annoyments here.

What's common to the worst and best
 Can ne'er the case decide ;
 God's word and Spirit be our rest,
 As th' only rule and guide.

SONG XXXVIII.

The Benefit of Acquaintance with God. Job. xii. 21—30.

21 O now acquaint thyself with God,
 And be at peace, for he
 Hath promis'd great and endless good
 Shall hereby come to thee.

22 The law receive thou from his mouth,
 The doctrine of solace ;
 And in thy heart embracing truth,
 Lay up his words of grace.

23 To God most high, without delay,
 If thou return with care,
 Thy sin and guilt he'll take away,
 Thy ruins all repair.

24 He'll bless the house wherein thou dwells
 With riches competent ;
 With wealth of Ophir gold, or else
 With wealth of sweet content.

25 Th' Almighty shall be thy defence,
 Thy joy and thy solace ;

26 To him thou shalt, with confidence,
 Prevailing pray'rs address.

27 When thou art answer'd from above,
 Thy vows in trouble made
 Shall, with a glad return of love,
 And thankful heart, be paid.

- 28 God shall establish every right
 And just decree of thine ;
 For, from above, directing light
 Upon thy ways shall shine.
 Thy paths he will direct and own,
 Thy counsels he will bless ;
 And all thy undertakings crown
 With comfort and success.
- 29 When men around thee are cast down,
 Thy head lift up thou shalt ;
 God won't the humble man disown,
 But save and him exalt.
- 30 For of thy prayers, pure and sound,
 Shalt thou alone partake
 The gain, but e'en thy neighbours round
 Shall prosper for thy sake.
-

SONG XXXIX.

God hiding and trying. Job. xxvii. 3. 8, 9, 10.

- 3 O TAHT I knew where I might find
 My God, who hides his path ?
 To him I would unfold my mind,
 And testify my faith.
- 8 I forward go to seek him out ;
 But, lo ! he is not there ;
 Backward, but when I turn about,
 He's gone, I know not where.
- 9 Upon the right hand, and the left,
 Fain would I him accost ;
 But still of my desire bereft,
 I find my labour lost.
- 10 His way is hid, but mine is ey'd
 By him, I thus desire ;
 I shall, as gold, when he hath tried,
 Come purer from the fire.
-

SONG XL.

*Many most wicked and mischievous, yet live and die in outward Peace,
 and are never visibly reckoned with in this world.*

Job. xxiv. 1, 2—12, 13—23, 24.

MOST just is God ; yet none can tell
 The fix'd determin'd times,

When those that wickedly rebel
 Shall suffer for their crimes.
 Some men so void of shame are found,
 Who do, with treach'rous bands,
 Remove the settled marks that bound
 Appropriated lands.
 With wicked spoils, or goods they seize,
 Their luxury they feast ;
 And fill'd with rapine, do at ease
 Upon their couches rest.
 Thus thrive oppressors, tyrants, thiefers
 Men bloody and unclean ;
 Whose villanies day-light aggrieves,
 The dark's their darling screen.
 Pamper'd in plenty they abide,
 And long on earth they live :
 While for impunity their pride
 In plunder they derive.
 All things to raise their happiness,
 Seem jointly to comply ;
 And as they liv'd in outward peace,
 They unmolested die.
 Gently cut down like ears of corn,
 Their death's a kind decay :
 Full ripe they to the tomb are borne,
 And slowly sink away.
 Their streams of life a goodly while,
 Like peaceful rivers flow ;
 And when they die ('tis common stile)
 They gently melt like snow.
 'Tis true, Jehovah sees and knows
 Their vice and insolence ;
 Yet, seeming unconcern'd, he does
 No vengeance due dispense.
 If they're, a feast of worms, interr'd,
 Man's common fate is so :
 Heav'n then hath all their hell deferr'd
 To future endless wo.

 SONG XLI.

*The Greatness, Goodness, and Holiness of God evidencing the Guiltiness and
 Impurity of Man. Job xxv. 2—6.*

2 WITH God the Lord, most great and high ;
 Dominion is and fear :

He peace preserves above the sky
And regions of the air.

- 3 Though numberless his armies are,
The creatures all his hosts,
Yet never was a God of war,
But still of peace, he boasts.

On whom does not his light arise ?
His goodness unto all
Extends, like to his watchful eyes,
Inspecting great and small.

Wide as the universe, ev'n so
Hath God his table spread ;
And all his creatures, high and low,
Still at his cost are fed.

Since on his pow'r and goodness great
We evermore depend,
And can do nothing as a debt,
Without a lie pretend :

If we shall murmur and complain,
It is without a cause,
When he his gifts resumes again,
But not our right withdraws.

- 4 Besides, our great and heinous crimes,
By which we Heav'n provoke,
Expose us justly, many times,
To his revenging stroke.

Who then of mankind can before
His high tribunal stand,
Plead guiltless ; and, on justice score,
His law-discharge demand ?

To being 'mong the tainted race
Can man untained pass,
And clean escape the leaven base,
That does infect the mass ?

- 5 Sun, moon, and stars, the torches bright,
That beautify the sky,
Are stain'd, and spotted in the sight
Of God's all-searching eye.

- 6 O then ! since this omniscient God
Does human actions scan,
What num'rous stains, both deep and broad,
Must he discern in man !

In man, a vitious worm, whose lust
'Gainst heav'n incessant spurns ;
A worthless worm, who back to dust
And putrefaction turns !

SONG XLII.

*The Proofs of God's Power and Wisdom in the Creation and Preservation of
the world. Job xxvi. 5—14*

- 5 The Lord Jehovah built the skies,
And rear'd this stately frame :
The wide creation testifies
The greatness of his name.

The liquid element below
Was gather'd by his hand :
The rolling seas together flow,
And leave the solid land.

To him, the Maker, does pertain
What in the ocean is :
The finny people of the main,
And monsters there, are his.

- 6 The dusky shades of hell that lie,
Wrapt up in webs of night.
May well elude the solar eye,
But not the Almighty's sight.

Death and destruction do in vain,
Their sable covering spread,
And in their secret vaults enchain,
Or fast lock up the dead.

The eye of the Almighty does
Their spoils entire survey ;
And no distinction ever knows
Betwixt the night and day.

- 7 He, o'er the airy empty place,
In pomp displays on high
The wide expanse, and ample space,
Of all the northern sky.

The pond'rous earth, at his command,
Hangs in the ambient air ;
No pillars bear the fabric grand,
But just his will and care.

- 8 He bids the clouds with water pent,
Imprison'd tempests chain ;
Then their big floating wombs, unrent,
Suspend the birth of rain.

Again he bids their bosom ope,
And down the blessing pours,
To feed the lab'ring farmer's hope
With warm prolific show'rs.

- 9 Lest his high throne, so dazzling bright,
By naked eyes unseen,
With too much glore oppress our sight,
He spreads his clouds between.
- 10 He raises rocky fences round
The spacious swelling deep,
Which do the raging billows bound,
Mad waves in prison keep :
That while the rule of day and night,
The sun and moon maintain,
The rolling seas may have no might
To drown the earth again.
- 11 High hills, that pillars seem and props
Of heav'n's expanded roof,
Do quake, and bow their tow'ring tops.
Aghast as his reproof.
- 12 He cleaves the main, bids billows rise,
Then curbs the swelling tide :
How soon they cope with clouds and skies,
So soon he lays their pride.
The trembling waves at his command,
Creep softly to the shore ;
Storms over-aw'd do silent stand,
Do quickly cease to roar.
Thus lawless seas he does control,
Diversifies the deep ;
He makes the sleeping billows roll,
The rolling billows sleep.
- 13 He spreads the heav'ns, their azure face
He garnish'd by his might :
And did them most profusely grace
With constellations bright.
- 14 His hand the crooked serpent made ;
But who can speak his art ?
Of whom all's nothing that is said,
We know so small a part.
Who can the utmost force explore
Of his almighty hands !
For ev'n the thunder of his pow'r
What mortal understands ?

SONG XLIII.

JOB solemnly maintaining his Integrity against the false Accusations of his Friends. Job. xxvii. 2—6.

- 2 As God Creator lives, who now
To Judge my cause denies ;

Th' Almighty, who my vexed soul
With sharp affliction tries :

- 3 While in my nostrils breath remains,
Which God inspired at first,
No wicked guile shall by my lips,
Nor falsehood be express'd

- 4 I'm slander'd by my cruel friends,
Their censures underly,
Charg'd with hypocrisy and fraud,
And crimes of deepest dye.

Should I acquit their calumnies,
Absolve their sland'rous tongue,
Confess their libel stuff'd with lies,
My innocence to wrong ?

Forbid it Heav'n ! so black a charge
Of crimes to me unknown,
I, to my last expiring breath,
Will steadfastly disown.

This my rejoicing still shall be,
The testimony clear,
And conscience of integrity,
I in my bosom bear.

Reproachfully they me accuse ;
But from approved sin
My Judge shall me acquit, as does
His justice-court within.

SONG XLIV.

The Hopeless State of the Hypocrite. Job xxvii. 7, 10.

- 7 WHERE is the hypocrite's false hope,
Though for a time he gain'd
Praise and applause, and lifted up,
In pomp and pleasure reign'd ?

- 8 Where is hope at last, when once
The mighty God shall wrest
His trembling soul, with violence,
From his reluctant breast ?

- 9 Will God give ear unto his cry,
When troubles o'er him flow,
Presaging worse calamity,
His everlasting woe ?

Will painted pray'rs avert the blast,
When he perceives with dread,

The clouds of vengeance gath'ring fast
Above his guilty head ?

- 10 Will God Almighty be his joy,
Devotion his delight ;
Or pray'r to God his close employ,
When crutches fail him quite ?

He prays, compell'd with heavy strokes ;
But unregarded prayer
He quits ; nor more his Judge invokes,
But sinks in deep despair.

No favour dare the rebel seek,
That scorn'd redeeming-grace ;
His guilty conscience, dragon-like,
Still flying in his face.

SONG XLV.

Wisdom's Price great, and its Place secret : and the Wisdom that is hid in God, unsearchable by Nature ; but the wisdom that is revealed to man, practicable through grace. Job xxviii. 12—28.

- 12 VAIN man would be esteemed wise ;
But who, alas ! can tell
The place where understanding stays,
Or where does wisdom dwell ?
- 13 Nay, wisdom's price, and worth renown'd,
Dull mortals do not know ;
Nor is the precious treasure found,
When search'd for here below.
- The land exclaiming, says aloud,
Ah ! never was I bless'd
To be the lodging or abode
Of this celestial guest.
- 14 The sea and swelling waves in rage,
With roaring voice declare,
In vain ye seek to find the sage
And sacred stranger here.
- Th' infernal deep, with voice austere,
And with a hollow sound,
Cries out, There's no apartment here,
For wisdom, under ground.
- 15 Th' inestimable bliss was ne'er
With gold of Ophir bought :
- 16 In price with it the onyx rare
And sapphires stand for nought.

- 17 Rich jewels, pearls, and diamonds choice,
In crowns that draw regard,
18 And rubies fine, are worthless toys
19 With this fine gem compar'd.
- 20 Who then, by learning, is in the case
To shew whence wisdom flows ?
And who the happy dwelling-place
Of understanding knows ?
- 21 Since close 'tis hid from all the eyes
Of creatures every-where,
That tread the earth, or cut the seas,
Or wing the lucid air.
- 22 Death and destruction's caves profound,
Cry, Here she never came,
Only our ears have heard the sound
Of her immortal fame.
- 23 Alone the glorious and the great,
All-penetrating God,
Knows his own offspring's hidden seat,
True wisdom's blessed abode.
- 24 For he, from off the height immense
Of heav'n's bright crystal-brow,
Surveys in all its vast expanse,
The universe below.
- He distant ages, regions, isles,
Views with omniscient eyes ;
- 25 And in exactly poising scales
Both winds and water weighs.
- 26 When he decreed the measure just,
And manner of the rain ;
When he a way for thunder first
And light'ning did ordain.
- 27 Then saw he wisdom where it shin'd,
And did its home declare ;
He search'd his own all-seeing mind
And found it only there.
- 28 But then to man (from whom he hid
His secret will and way,
Yet duty to him open laid)
Thus did Jehovah say,
- Behold, to fear the Lord, and still
From evil to depart ;
This, this is wisdom ; this is skill ;
Yea, this is heav'nly art.

Let me attempt to know no more
 Than God most high reveals ;
 Nor boldly search for secret store,
 He in his breasts conceals.

On this abyss they safest are
 That keep along the shore,
 Distrust their wit, and from afar
 This awful deep adore.

In being godly found in Christ,
 Man's endless profit lies :
 If thou art righteous, thou art blest ;
 If holy, thou art wise.

SONG XLVI.

The heart-wish of a deserted soul. Job xxix. 2—5.

- 2 O THAT my by-past happy days
 And months were now restor'd,
 When God did me, in gracious ways,
 His mighty aid afford !
- 3 When on my head his candle clear,
 The lamp of grace did shine ;
 And I, through darkest shades of fear,
 Did walk by light divine.
- 4 When secret favours did, from God,
 My days of youth attend ;
 And I to him my mind unload,
 As to a bosom friend.
- 5 Th' Almighty did my heart and home,
 With his glad presence bliss,
 That such sweet days again my come,
 O how I long for this !

SONG XLVII.

Youth's despising the aged ; or great Honour turned to extreme Contempt, and Prosperity turned to Calamity. Job xxx. 1, 8--12, and 26—31.

SECTION I.

Honour turned to Contempt.—Ver. 1, 8—12.

- 1 THESE now, that younger are than I,
 Do me deride and mock,
 Whose fathers never were so high
 As shepherds of my flock.

- This trust to them I scorn'd to give,
 My num'rous herds to keep ;
 Nor with my dogs could grant them leave
 To sit and guard my sheep.
- 8 For vicious, vile, and base they were,
 Old beggars through the street ;
 To them I justly might prefer
 The dust below their feet.
- 9 Yet now I'm to their sons a jest,
 10 They mock me to my face ;
 11 They me revile, contemn, detest,
 And treat me with disgrace.
- 12 Young striplings thus against me rise,
 Regardless of my age ;
 My name they daub with sland'rous lies,
 In fierce unbridled rage.

SECTION II.

Prosperity turned to Calamity. Ver. 26—31.

- 26 I LOOK'D for good, since good I chose ;
 Since kind, I hop'd for light :
 But then came evil, crosses, woes,
 And clouds of dismal night.
- 27 Vexatious day did me prevent ;
 And, hopeless of relief,
 28 Without the sun I mourning went
 In agonies of grief.
- 29 With owls and dragons joint I cry'd,
 I'm now their mate and kin,
 30 With burning heat my bones are dry'd,
 And black my wither'd skin.
- 31 My harp, that made a joyful noise,
 Is turn'd to mourning deep ;
 My organ chang'd into the voice
 Of them that doleful weep.

SONG XLVIII.

Chastity and Charity exemplified ; and all unclean Persons judged.

Job xxxi. 1—4, and 16, 17, 19, 20.

SECTION I.

Chastity exemplified ; and Whoremongers and Adulterers judged. Ver. 1—4

- 1 A SACRED league I with mine eyes
 Have made that they may ne'er

On fruit forbidden look nor gaze,
However charming fair.

That they, on beauty fondly prone,
May not attentive stay,
To be enchanted : nor upon
The brink of ruin play.

Ne'er did, on wanton objects bent,
My thoughts get leave to rove ;
Nor were abroad for fuel sent,
To feed unlawful love.

Sin's motions first whenever rais'd,
I did suppressing tame ;
I quench'd the spark before it blaz'd
And spread resistless flame.

2 I knew what woful portion will
On whoredom's slaves attend :
Of these who their sweet lusts fulfil
I saw the bitter end.

3 Destruction from the mighty God,
Does on the wicked wait :
Their vile and shameful actions bode
Their miserable fate.

God does, as Judge of secrets, see
If foreign charms us move :
Death is the just reward, if we
Shall hug forbidden love.

SECTION II.

Charity Exemplified. Ver. 16, 17, 19, 20.

16 I never heard the needy cry,
But still they did prevail ;
Nor, merciless, e'er caused I
The widow's hopes to fail.

17 I ne'er along with fulness fed,
Devour'd luxurious meat ;
But always of my plenty made
The hungry orphans eat.

19 Poor naked beggars, as co-heirs
Of what I did partake.

20 I fed and cloth'd : if not for their's,
Yet for their Master's sake.

SONG XLIX.

The Immateriality and Immortality of the Soul. Job xxxii. 8.

8 IN man a living spirit dwells,
A n understanding mind,

Which far the brutal rank excels,
As does th' angelic kind.

In him there is a nature found,
Above the senses far ;
Though some, in sensual pleasures drown'd,
But soul-oppressors are.

Through things both low, and things sublime,
The nimble soul doth slide ;
Both far and nigh, in point of time,
Which thought cannot divide.

She sends to China as soon as Spain ;
And comes as soon as sent ;
And metes with equal time and pain
A span, and heav'n's wide tent.

She hath, ev'n though in flesh confined,
No body of her own ;
But is an immaterial mind,
Distinct from flesh and bone.

How souls that live, and flesh that dies,
Their match at first began,
We learn ; for he that spread the skies,
First form'd the soul of man :

Who shed in man, first made the earth,
A beam of heav'nly fire ;
In all men now, before their birth,
He does their soul inspire.

This spirit cannot mortal be,
Nor subject to the grave ;
For thoughts of immortality,
No mortal thing can have.

When she aspires to endless bliss
In God, th' eternal spring,
She proves herself to be no less
Than an eternal thing.

Our bodies food of mortal kind,
Shews their mortality ;
But truth eternal feeds the mind,
Which shews she cannot die.

SONG L.

True Wisdom not acquired by Old Age, nor by Learning, but by Grace.

Job xxxii. 7, 8, 9.

7 THAT wisdom ripens not with years,
Nor grows with age, I find ;

Unless celestial light appears,
Gray hairs continue blind.

8 Wisdom divine, by length of time,
Can never be acquir'd,
Except the soul, by truth sublime,
Be from above inspir'd.

9 Sound knowledge then is not a store,
Possess'd still by the great ;
Nor yet doth wisdom evermore
Adorn the teacher's seat.

Though human understanding trace,
The wisdom of the schools ;
Yet still the learn'd, untaught by grace,
Remain but literate fools.

SONG LI.

God infinitely above us : not accountable to us ; yet merciful, both in hiding what he hides, and revealing what he reveals. Job xxxiii. 12—18.

12 God's sov'reign ways to scoff or scan,
Shall worthless creatures dare ?
Shall the most High, O wretched man !
Be summon'd to thy bar ?

13 Wilt thou with him that gave thee breath,
Engage in hot dispute ?
Or, quarreling his unseen path,
Wouldst thou thy God confute ?

Presumptuous mortal bold, wilt thou
Thyself with him compare ?
Shall to a worm Jehovah bow,
His conduct to declare ?

To ask the reason of his ways,
Audacious is and rude ;
Th' Almighty's deeds, because they're his,
Are therefore just and good.

Where shallow reason never could
The deep immense discern
Of Providence divine, it should
With due submission learn.

Not that he grudges man the views,
Of what discern'd can be ;
His kind Creator to him shews
More than his eyes can see.

Our knowledge therefore never can
Raise in his breast envy,

When more is shown than silly man
Is capable to spy.

- 14 Once and again, to form the mind,
God does instruction give ;
More than reluctant man's inclin'd,
Or willing to receive.

- 15 In dreams and visions of the night,
In slumbers of the bed,
And in deep sleep, celestial light
Hath been at times convey'd.

- 16 He various ways reveals his will
To man, and leaves behind
Instructions, touching good and ill,
Imprinted on the mind.

But our great Teacher's light will not
The mystic clouds dispel,
That keep his hidden paths remote,
And on his conduct dwell.

By's teachings must be understood,
He rather does devise
To make man, to his profit, good,
Than, to his peril, wise.

- 17 That from his sinful purposes,
Man may be drawn aside,
And humbly made, with will submiss,
To mortify his pride.

- 18 And thus his life and soul the Lord
Saves from destruction's path ;
And from the dire menacing sword
Of God's avenging wrath.

SONG LII.

*The Patient described in Extremity, and seasonably relieved by the great
Ransomer. Job xxxiii. 19—30.*

SECTION I.

*Sickness come to an extremity ; or a sick man brought to the gates of death.
Ver. 19—22.*

- 19 IN mercy does the mighty God,
Man for his sins chastise,
When he, t' instruct him by the rod,
Disturbs his bed of ease.

Sore sicknesses, God's host array'd,
 The strongest man assail ;
 Sharp pains his num'rous bones invade,
 And o'er their strength prevail.

20 Hid poison does his vigour waste,
 His soul abhors the sight
 Of curious meats, which once his taste
 Did relish with delight.

21 He who before, in blooming pride,
 Could boast a graceful air ;
 And pamper'd at his ease, abide
 In figure, plump, and fair.

Does now, by an amazing change,
 His neighbours all surprise,
 And pale lean cheeks, and staring strange
 With ghastly hollow eyes.

His weary bones, a horrid sight !
 All starting through the skin,
 Which lay before, both day and night,
 In flesh and fat unseen.

22 His throbbing heart, with grief subdu'd,
 In pain and labour beats ;
 And life expiring, close pursu'd
 Through every vein, retreats.

On-lookers think each gasp, or breath,
 Will end the doleful fray ;
 And killing harbingers of death
 Stand ready for the prey.

SECTION II.

The faithful Soul Physician an instrument of bringing back the sick patient from the gates of death ; or the Gospel remedy skilfully applied, and Christ the only ransom. Ver. 25—30.

23 IF then a messenger attend,
 That knows the voice of God,
 And does, with prudence, apprehend
 The errand of the rod ;

Who, for a Soul-physician known,
 From heav'n his message bears,
 Such an Interpreter is one
 Among a thousand seers ;

Who skill'd to deal in deep distress,
 With sinners and with saints ;
 To shew to man his uprightness,
 He neither hath or wants ;

- Who having wisdom to be mild,
 Or tart, as cases crave,
 Exhibits comfort to the child,
 Conviction to the slave ;
- Instructs the patient how to bear
 The most afflicted rod
 With soul-submiss, and still to clear
 The righteousness of God ;
- That he no quarrel, in his breast,
 May 'gainst his Maker lodge,
 But for his sins himself arrest,
 And justify his Judge :
- If thus the person, sick to death,
 Receive instruction just,
 And, owning sin's desert of wrath,
 Be humbled to the dust ;
- Humbled to own his scores of vice,
 And charges undefray'd ;
 And humbled to accept the price,
 Was by the Surety paid :
- 24 Then God, most ready to acquit,
 Says, " Save the captive bound
 " From going down into the pit,
 " I have the ransom found.
- " What I have found he judges good,
 " And so it is to me ;
 " The ransom is my darling's blood,
 " Go set the captive free."
- 25 Then quick deliv'rance oft is wrought,
 The patient is made whole ;
- 26 To health and strength his body brought,
 To peace and joy his soul.
- 28 Soon as he does his wrongs confess,
 And choose the way that's right,
- 30 His God exalts him to the bliss
 Of lasting life and light.

SONG LIII.

God cannot be charged with injustice ; and being Omnipotent, he cannot be unjust.
 Job xxxiv. 10—15.

- 10 WHEN sinners feel the chast'ning rod,
 Unjustly they complain :
 Shall man the righteousness of God
 Presumptuously arraign ?

Far be't from God's imperial throne,
To practise wickedness :
Can th' infinitely holy one
The rules of right transgress ?

- 11 Justice divine, with wages meet,
The work of men repays,
And will each son of Adam treat
According to his ways.

- 12 Yea, sure, as he is God upright,
He'll act no wicked part ;
And sure, as he's the God of might,
He judgment won't pervert.

For who of fraud, or violence,
Dare God most high indite,
Whose wisdom and omnipotence
Does guide all nature right ?

Can any higher being be,
Whose laws he should observe,
Or pow'r superior in degree,
From truth to make him swerve ?

'Tis certain, therefore, he in whom
Perfections all abound,
Whose pow'r no pow'r can overcome,
With justice must be crown'd.

His mind, to which no stain adheres,
Shines ever pure and bright :
No maculating spot appears
In uncreated light.

- 13 He who is sov'reign Lord of all,
Can inj'ry do to none :
Whate'er he takes, how great or small,
He but resumes his own.

All beings are his utensils,
And creatures of his pow'r ;
Nor can they longer than he wills
In use or being 'dure.

- 14 Should he recal man's vital breath,
He did at first inspire,
All mankind, perishing by death,
Would to the grave retire.

- 15 All mortal flesh to mother dust,
At pleasure he remands :
Immortal souls for judgment just,
Unto their Father's hands.

SONG LIV.

God's Omniscience, from which no Sin can be hid. Job xxxiv. 21, 22.

21 JEHOVAH's all-discerning eye,
Man's life entire surveys ;
His thoughts, soon as they rise, does spy,
And watches all his ways.

The Judge supreme, 'tis clear from hence,
Can never, through mistake,
Be partial : nor, through ignorance,
A wrong decision make.

Shifts, therefore, or evasive arts,
In vain the wicked use ;
In vain their crimes, with cunning hearts,
They labour to excuse.

22 No darkness from his sight can screen,
Whose piercing eye makes way
Through mid-night shades, alike as in
The blazing noon of day.

Can lewd men's closest hiding cell,
His searching sight defy,
When darkest caves of death and hell
Lie naked to his eye ?

SONG LV.

God's Power irresistible. Job xxxiv. 29.

29 WHEN God gives quietness and rest
From ruin and from sin,
Who then with trouble can molest,
Or hinder peace within ?

But when displeas'd he hides his face,
Or favour does withhold,
Who then can see, or with solace,
An angry God behold ?

Against a land, or single man,
Be his displeasure bent ;
Nor more nor less resistance can
Resistless wrath prevent.

Not by the strength of nations whole,
Can pow'r divine be stay'd ;
Nor smallness of one single soul
His cognizance evade.

SONG LVI.

The afflicted person humbled. Job xxxiv. 29, 32.

- 29 'Tis surely meet thus to address
 The Majesty divine,
 "Just are thy judgments, I confess :
 "For sin and guilt are mine.
 "Nor will I now at justice' bar,
 "Commit a fresh offence,
 "By looking at my sins afar,
 "And pleading innocence."
- 32 Lord, what I see not teach thou me,
 Display thy heav'nly light ;
 Away like shades of darkness flee,
 And day succeed to night.
- Forgive my grievous wickedness :
 Thy peace and joy restore ;
 Lord, I have sinn'd ! yea, but through grace,
 I'll henceforth sin no more.
-

SONG LVII.

God's highness cannot be hurt with man's wickedness. Job xxxv. 5—8.

- 5 FROM earth, O mortal, to the heav'ns,
 Lift thy admiring eyes ;
 Behold the bright celestial orbs,
 And view the distant skies.
- They're high, yet does Jehovah's throne
 Their tow'ring height exceed ;
 Far more than that bright starry frame,
 Is rais'd above thy head.
- 6 Hence never can this glorious One,
 Who sits in heav'n sublime,
 Be hurt or damag'd by thy sin,
 Nor by the blackest crime.
- His plenitude of bliss can ne'er
 Be made a whit the less,
 Should'st thou, by multiply'd affronts,
 Grow bold in wickedness.
- 7 Nor can his happy being e'er
 The least advantage reap,
 Should'st thou devoutly him revere,
 And all his precepts keep.

- 8 Yet hence let not thy wicked heart,
 This false conclusion draw,
 That thou wouldst act a fruitless part,
 Shouldst thou obey his law.

Thy goodness gainful not above,
 But to the earth may be ;
 Thy wickedness may hurtful prove,
 Though not to God, to thee.

SONG LVIII.

God justified, though deaf to the cry of the oppressed. Job xxxv. 9—13.

- 9 Some cry aloud of violence,
 Whom God does not regard ;
 He hears the cries of penitence,
 When passion is not heard.

They under great oppression groan,
 But ne'er remember God ;
 Nor notice what his hand hath done,
 But wail the heavy rod.

- 10 None say, O where's my Maker great,
 Who now can make me whole ?
 But where's my healthy, wealthy state,
 And where's my heartsome bowl ?

They never after God inquire,
 Who soon can ease bestow ;
 And as he did their breath inspire,
 Can moderate their woe :

Who, in the night of miseries,
 Can give them songs of joy,
 And sweeten earth's calamities
 With heav'n's august employ :

Who gave to man, to guide him right,
 And passion to control,
 A portion of etherial light,
 A reasonable soul :

- 11 Which thus might argue. " He whose care
 " Does tenderly protect
 " Beasts of the earth, birds of the air,
 " Will never man neglect."

Yet man, 'bove these tho' honour'd high,
 His reason prostitutes,
 Who does of wants and trouble cry,
 No otherwise than brutes.

- 12 These crying with their best instinct,
 Their God does them sustain ;
 But men their nobler reason sink,
 And therefore cry in vain.
- 13 God proud and wicked suits denies,
 He sees the inmost mind :
 In vain to Heav'n they raise their cries,
 Who leave their souls behind.
-

SONG LIX.

God's gracious design in bringing his own people under affliction.

Job xxxvi. 8, 9, 10.

- 8 If God in fetters of distress
 His favour'd people bind ;
 If heavy loads of grief oppress
 Their body or their mind :
- 9 He means to shew to them their sin,
 In thought, in word, and deed ;
 How they to excess did therein
 All boundaries exceed.
- He hereby causes them betimes,
 With penitence, reflect
 On all their base unkindly crimes,
 His kindly hands correct.
- He likewise strikes sin's growing power
 Design'dly to restrain ;
 That in their heart and life no more
 It may victorious reign.
- When faulty saints deserve a blow,
 He learns them by the rod,
 More clearly than before, to know
 Their duty and their God.
- 10 Unto instructive discipline
 Their ears he opens wide,
 Attentive to the laws divine,
 From which they turn'd aside.
- Their prosper'ous state had stopt their ear,
 But now their adverse lot
 Commands, with loud alarms, to hear
 The voice of him that smote.
- His grace alone, that makes t' obey,
 Concurring with the rod,
 Excites them straight, thro' Christ the way,
 To turn from sin to God.

Light in darkness ; or God's favour in man's fury : a Digression, applying the subject of the preceding Song to some known occurrences of our day.

GREAT is the majesty of God,
And greatly to be fear'd :
The voice of his afflicting rod
With rev'rence must be heard.

Oft took we his great name in vain ;
How justly then he tries,
By raising men our names to stain,
With libels full of lies !

But love, in-laid with chastisements,
Ill projects undermines,
And mercifully circumvents
The wrathful man's designs.

Some bloody bulls, in this rude age,
Will, to the end of time,
Stand chronicled, for pride and rage
That fed the desperate crime.

Stern justice, turning friends to foes,
Makes them against us mad ;
Yet mercy brings our well from woes,
Our bliss from what is bad.

God makes the wrath of man to flame,
For ends they do not know :
Our rich improvement is his aim,
But their's our overthrow.

When wild reproachers would us class,
And damn with devilish elves,
Their unjust censures make us pass
Just censures on ourselves.

Their cruelty makes us more kind
Than e'er we were before :
Their lies and falsehoods make us mind
To value truth the more.

Their lawless fury makes us trace
God's just and holy laws :
Their causeless rage makes us confess
His anger's righteous cause.

Disorders, that with them prevail,
Make us good order seek :
Their passionate and fiery zeal
Makes us sedate and meek.

(1) This Digression delineates the conduct, and points out the behaviour of the separating brethren in withdrawing from, breaking up communion with, and passing unjust sentences against their brethren ; with the reception this treatment met with, and the effect it had.

Their lofty aims to domineer,
 Make arrogance our dread :
 Their separating ways endear
 Our union to the Head.

Good from their ill, beyond their ken,
 Through grace, to us doth rise :
 Their madness makes us sober men ;
 • Their folly makes us wise.

SONG LX.

The Doom of Hypocrites that rebel against the Rod. Job xxxvi. 12, 13, 14.

THE heavy wrathful sword of God,
 Shall on their necks descend,
 Whom neither could his chast'ning rod,
 Nor charming word amend.

13 False hypocrites, to vengeance sore
 Addestin'd, haste to lay
 Accumulated wrath in store
 Against the wrathful day.

In gross neglect of pray'r they live,
 God is not in their mind ;
 They cry not for his help, nor grieve
 Ev'n when his cords them bind.

14 On them doth sudden ruin come,
 And sweep them off the stage,
 Amidst the very youthful bloom
 And vigour of their age.

Soon does the unexpected bane
 Their easy seats surprise :
 Descending like the fiery rain,
 On Sodom, from the skies.

Then, after death, their soul shall live,
 'Mong unclean sp'rits in hell ;
 For in the heav'ns, where saints arrive,
 No unclean thing can dwell.

SONG LXI.

SCHOLA CRUCIS, SCHOLA LUCIS : or Affliction, Instruction. Job xxxvi. 15.

15 OUR God is mercifully touch'd
 With pity to the poor ;
 He saves the humble one, and such
 As do his aid implore.

To these submissive to his lash,
He's in his anger kind ;
In favour he but wounds the flesh,
That he may teach the mind.
Sharp and severe his stripes may be,
But then they strike out light,
By which th' afflicted clearly see,
And learn to judge aright.
His hands in love do them chastise,
And to their duty draw ;
Through grace his scourges makes them wise,
When they forget his law.

SONG LXII.

Quarrelling with God in Affliction dangerous ; Submission, a duty advantageous.

Job xxxvi. 21.

- 21 TAKE heed thou no regard for sin,
Nor love to it maintain ;
The least vice hath more ill therein
Than's in the greatest pain.
If, rather than the smarting rod,
Thy choice is sin and vice ;
Thou proudly dost contend with God,
And shew thyself unwise.
If thou, impatient of the stroke,
His providence accuse,
Thou dost, by casting off his yoke,
Thine own, that's heavier, chuse.
In trouble therefore don't debate,
Nor with thy Maker fight ;
Contention makes thy burden great,
Submission makes it light.
-

SONG LXIII.

God an absolute Sovereign, an incomparable Teacher, an unexceptionable Ruler.

Job xxxvi. 22, 23.

- 22 GOD, by his vast and boundless pow'r,
At pleasure can debase ;
At pleasure the debas'd restore,
Exalt, and highly raise.
Where's his instructors to be found ?
For who can teach like him ?

Where's his superior more renown'd,
Since he's himself supreme ?

- 23 He that to men does knowledge teach,
Shall he himself not know ?
Of folly who can him impeach,
Or greater wisdom show ?

His government what daring tongue
Of error can accuse ?
The King of kings can do no wrong,
And who can say he does ?

LXIX
SONG XLV.

God's works manifesting his incomprehensible greatness. Job xxxvi. 24—33.

- 24 ILLUSTRIOUS are the works divine
Which ev'ry man may see ;
Both these that farthest off do shine,
And these most near the eye.

- 25 Each rational beholder must
Remember to extol,
And give the Maker, wise and just,
The glory of the whole.

- 26 Who can behold, but in amaze,
Th' eternal God ? and who
Can count the number of his days,
Which no beginning know ?

We sooner may, from pole to pole,
Our feeble arms extend,
Than can our little finite soul
His greatness comprehend.

Our thoughts o'erwhelmed at shadows grope,
In sentiments like this ;
Losing their way, they're swallowed up
Into the vast abyss.

Th' Immortal view'd but in the skies,
His too resplendent light,
Does dash and dazzle mortal eyes,
For want of equal sight.

- 27 His hand dark meteors, high in air,
Does powerfully sustain,
Which he converts, around the sphere,
To gentle dews and rain.

- 28 Vapours exhal'd from earth to heav'n,
He wondrously restores,

And sends them back with int'rest given
In fructifying show'rs.

These from the drooping clouded skies,
He artfully distils;
And thus man's mouth with food supplies,
His mind with wonder fills.

- 29 Who knows how God extends his clouds,
And makes the tender air,
The pond'rous burden of the floods
And heavy waters bear ?

Who can account, by human arts,
For that tremendous noise ;
These awful murm'ings, fiery darts,
And most majestic voice ;

That issue from these clouds commix'd,
And terribly declare,
That the Almighty God hath fixed
His high pavilion there ?

- 30 Consider, too, how not in vain
He spreads upon the streams,
And on the wide and spacious main,
The sun's attractive beams.

To raise recruits for wasted clouds,
And levy fresh supplies
Of vapours, drawn up from the floods
To muster in the skies.

- 31 He these, for different purposes,
In wisdom doth employ ;
Some serve in tempests, if he please,
The wicked to destroy :

Some not to curse, but bless the field,
And fatness on it drop,
That it in plenty meat may yield,
And crown the farmer's hope.

- 32 'Tween heav'n and earth clouds intervene,
Now as a fav'ring shade :
Then as a black sun darkn'ing screen
With stormy frownings spread.

- 33 Brute beasts the sign of rain descry,
By nature's instinct wise,
Observing, with a heedful eye,
The gath'ring meteors rise.

They soon, by certain signs can tell
If storms are nigh at hand ;
Then seek they shelter where to dwell
Most safe, by sea or land.

These see and fly ; shall men purblind,
More stupid than the storks,
Forget their God and rest, nor mind
To magnify his works ?

SONG LXV.

God's Glory noticed in the Thunder and Lightning. Job xxxvii. 1—5,

1 WHEN mighty tempests charg'd on high,
With murm'ring thunder roll,
The dreadful noise along the sky
Affright my trembling soul.

A noise that makes pale atheists pant,
And quake with panic fear ;
A noise that makes the humble saint
His mighty God revere.

Hear, and attentively regard
This high majestic voice,
Which, breaking from its prison-ward,
Spreads with an awful noise.

With this tremendous lofty sound,
Which heav'n's high arches shakes,
And through the airy regions round
Its stately progress makes.

3 God still to earth's remotest ends,
Beneath the heav'n's whole,
His red-wing'd lightning swiftly sends
On flight from pole to pole.

For first 'tis in the heav'ns above
The flashy flames appear ;
Then dreadful bellowing strangely move
And terrify the ear.

4 The noisy roarings still augment,
Till storms of rain and hail,
Soon with their violent fierce descent,
The passive earth assail.

5 He that his mighty thunder-claps,
With wisdom thus projects,
Produces other fearful haps,
And wonderful effects.

This even the greatest wits befools,
And forces them to own,
With minds abash'd, that to the schools
These secrets are unknown.

SONG LXVI.

God's power noticed in the frost and snow ; in the rains and winds.

Job xxxvii. 6—13.

- 6 God moulds the vapours in the air,
He whitens there the snow ;
And, with its fleeces, broad and fair,
He clothes the earth below.
- He bids the rain, by little crowds,
Fall down in fruitful show'rs :
Or, if he pleases, from the clouds,
Vast spouts of water pours :
- 7 Then human hands are quite seal'd up,
From labour in the field,
That when man's work is at a stop,
God's work may be reveal'd.
- 8 The savage brutes and beasts of prey,
These dreadful tempests chase ;
From deserts wild they haste away
Unto their lurking place :
- 9 If whirlwinds turbulent come forth,
Or from the south appear ;
Cold scatt'ring blasts come from the north,
The air to purge and clear.
- 10 God's breath creates the frost, the blast
Of this restringent wind
Doth broad and spreading waters, fast,
With chrystal fetters, bind.
- These breathings turn to solid glass,
The lakes on which they blow,
Benumb the floods that use to pass
And teach them not to flow.
- 11 His thickest clouds, by wat'ring spent,
He wearies and dissolves ;
His brightest clouds, asunder rent,
He scatters and resolves.
- 12 These by his counsels turn'd about,
And manag'd by his hand,
Move and direct their circling rout
And course at his command.
- These vapours that surround the sky
And this low region fill,
All restless and obedient fly,
To execute his will.

- 13 Hence noxious rain comes often times,
 For judgment, at his call,
 On guilty nations, for their crimes,
 To let his vengeance fall.
- Or when he would his bounty shew,
 And mercy to his land,
 In plenty then the fruitful dew
 Descends at his command.
-

SONG LXVII.

Men's ignorance of the works of nature, shews what incompetent judges they are in the proceedings of Divine Providence. Job xxxvii. 14—20.

- 14 HARK, mortal ! stand but still and view
 The wondrous works of God ;
 Then wilt thou ne'er, with any shew,
 His providence explode.
- His understanding's infinite,
 Intuitive and clear ;
 His sight most perfect and complete,
 Most intimate and near.
- To him there's nothing far away,
 But every thing is nigh ;
 Nothing to come, but present ay,
 Nor hid, but in his eye.
- What then dost thou, O man, purblind,
 Of his politics know ?
 What little way can thy dark mind
 In his mechanics go ?
- 15 Hast thou the wisdom to declare
 What orders from above
 Will come, by which along the air
 The clouds are all to move ?
- Canst thou by all thy natural skill,
 Or human science know
 The hour, when in the clouds he will
 Cause draw his beauteous bow.
- 16 Vain man ! by what a vain harangue
 Canst thou the way declare,
 How pois'd the pond'rous vapours hang,
 And balance in the air ?
- So wondrous are the works divine,
 In these and all his ways,
 Such pow'r and perfect knowledge shine
 As human minds amaze.

- 17 Whence are thy clothes with warmth impress'd,
 Whence comes the scorching heat,
When we beneath our thinnest vest,
 And lightest garment sweat?
When chill north winds their blusters share,
 And make the rivers freeze,
To melt the ice, and calm the air,
 How comes the southern breeze.
- 18 In counsel close wast thou at all
 With the Almighty join'd,
When he the model of the ball
 And firmament design'd!
Hast thou with him spread out the skies,
 Clad in its sparkling dress,
As firm, as clear, and to the eye
 A molten looking-glass?
A mirror made with skill divine,
 Displaying matchless might;
This starry frame, so superfine,
 Confounds all feeble sight.
- 19 Pray, tell us what to say of God,
 We can no knowledge boast;
Our baffled thoughts in darkness plod,
 And are in wonder lost.
I stop! for who, but in amaze,
 Can stare at endless height!
What creature can undazzled gaze
 At uncreated light!
- 20 Men vainly, in a measure, lay
 Unmeasurable bliss;
They would infinity survey,
 But sink in that abyss.
-

SONG LXVIII.

God's greatness and majesty requires that he be greatly feared and revered.
Job xxxvii. 21—24.

- 21 God, wind and weather-changes wills,
 And who but stoops to this?
Life-changes too when he fulfils,
 Let mortals be submiss.
Man cannot, with his feeble eye,
 Meridian lustre bear,
- 22 When northern winds that sweep the sky,
 Make upper regions clear.

Then surely mortals, seiz'd with fright
And terror, must decline
The glorious and tremendous sight
Of majesty divine.

- 23 For, touching the almighty God
We cannot find him out ;
So pompous is his high abode,
And splendid round about.

From majesty, so great and high,
We must with dread retire
Nor gratify our curious eye,
But rev'rently admire :

But after all our bold essays
And searches here we find,
Our reason cannot shun the maze,
Nor grasp th' eternal mind.

So boundless and transcendant is
His energy and might,
His judgments are so just and wise,
And his decrees so right.

That no debater must decry
The great Jehovah's deeds,
Nor boldly ask a reason why
He thus and thus proceeds.

Should any ask it to their shame,
Then know that he alone,
Is sov'reign Lord and Judge supreme,
Accountable to none.

This should instruct us not to spurn,
But pious rev'rence raise ;
Our mutiny to marvel turn,
Our discontent to praise.

This to right reason should restore,
Make carnal reason mute,
And teach us humbly to adore,
But never to dispute.

Mild mercy meets with justice strict
In standing to his laws ;
He therefore wills not to afflict,
Nor strikes without a cause.

- 24 Men fear his name in Christ for this,
Because he mercy hath ;
But rebels, that reject the bliss,
Shall fear and feel his wrath.

God favours humble hearts and wills,
But sons of pride defies ;

And in his sight wise men are fools,
Who in their own are wise.

SONG LXIX.

God's Words unto Job, his challenging him. Job xxxviii. 1, 2, 3.

1 ALL nature felt a frightful shock,
When from the rolling cloud,
To trembling Job th' Almighty spoke
These awful words aloud.

2 Who's this presumptuous mortal bold,
That dark'ning counsel so,
By words devoid of knowledge, would
Prescribe what it must do!

3 If thou pretend'st to quarrel me,
For ought that I have done,
Gird up thy loins to hold the plea,
And like a man to win.

I'm now come at demands of thine,
Thy science to inspect ;
Not to be taught, but of design
Thy arrogance to check.

I'll now thy skill and wisdom sound,
Thy understanding try ;
To questions I'll to thee propound.
See if thou canst reply.

SONG LXX.

GOD'S QUESTIONS.

Quest. 1.—*Concerning the Foundation of the Earth.* Job xxxviii. 4—7.

4 WHEN I the earth's foundation laid,
Where wast thou then, O man ?
Or didst thou contribute thine aid,
And help the mighty plan ?

Whence did I, when the world I made,
For fit materials call,
When nothing I but nothing had,
Wherewith to make the ball.

My hand, without thy help could frame
This spacious edifice ;
And can't my skill govern the same
Without thy poor advice ?

- 5 If thou hast knowledge, tell what pow'r
 And wisdom I employ'd,
 To dig the mass of solid store,
 Out of an empty void ?
 Tell how the globe was modell'd fine,
 By what stupendous art ;
 And by what measure, square, and line,
 I fitted every part ?
 Declare on what foundation sure,
 Did I the building rear ;
 And by what cement, so secure,
 Do all the parts cohere ?
 Shew how the corner-stone by me,
 Was laid so firm so well,
 That mov'd the fabric cannot be
 Without a miracle.
- 7 When earth was form'd at my command,
 Which formless was and void,
 Know'st thou how heav'n in consort grand,
 This dawn of time employ'd ?
 When all th' angelic armies bright,
 The hosts of race divine,
 Whose beamy heads, in sparkling light,
 The morning stars out-shine ;
 These first-born sons of God renown'd,
 With joyful shoutings sung
 My works on earth, till heav'ns around
 With acclamations rung.
-

SONG LXXI.

Quest. 2.—*About the limiting of the Sea.* Job xxxviii. 8—11.

- 8 Who did with rocks, like bolted doors,
 Shut up the raging main,
 With sandy banks, as fett'ring pow'rs
 The furious billows chain ?
 When with the rupture overcome,
 The turgid upper earth
 Did rend and ope her teeming womb,
 To give the ocean birth ;
- 9 O'er which my clouds I like a vest,
 Or sable garment, drew ;
 And swaddling bands, of thicken'd mist,
 I o'er its bosom threw.

- 10 I form'd a gulph within the land,
To be the ocean's bed ;
The wat'ry troops at my command,
Soon to their lodging fled.
- They march'd with all obsequious haste,
To my appointed ward ;
And found their prison chambers fast,
With rocky bolts were barr'd.
- 11 Then said I to the raging sea,
That was diffus'd around,
Behold the frontiers I decree,
Thy billows fierce to bound.
- Hither thou mayst, within thy caves,
But may'st no farther roll ;
This fence shall thy impetuous waves,
And flowing pride control.
-

SONG LXXII.

Quest. 3.—*Concerning the Springs of the Morning.* Job xxxviii. 12—15.

12. BY whose appointment does the sun
His morning beams display ?
Tell ; does he by thy orders run,
And spread the world with day ?
- By whose contrivance, so exact,
Springs up the shining light,
To lengthen out, or to retract,
The time of day and night !
- Who bids it late or ear'¹ arise,
At distance far or near,
Right to divide and signalize
The seasons of the year ?
- 13 With wings so speedy did thy care
Provide the dawning ray,
That it through deeps immense of air,
So swift might make its way ;
- That in a trice might be fulfill'd
Its fore-appointed race,
And that it might with lustre gild
The earth's remotest face.
- 14 Presenting all things fair to sight
That lay with shades oppress'd,
New stamp'd as with a seal, in light
As with a garment drest ;

(1) Put for *early*.

- 15 Light which by minds, where virtue dwells,
 Is peaceably enjoy'd ;
 But which obnoxious criminals
 With panic fear avoid :
- For, if detected by its beams,
 The guilty wretches know,
 They, must the death their conscience deems
 They merit, undergo.
- With lifted arms 'gainst heav'n they fought,
 But thence the rays on wing
 Pursue the rebels close, till brought
 To punishment condign.
- Whence come these messengers of light,
 To chase the wicked crew,
 And chain them fast with fear and fright,
 Are they dispatch'd by you ?
-

SONG LXXIII.

Quest. 4.—*Concerning the Springs of the Sea.* Job xxxviii. 16.

- 16 SAY, hast thou div'd in lower things,
 Descended to survey
 Hid passages and secret springs,
 That feed the spacious sea ?
- Hast thou the ocean search'd around,
 And heedful wander'd o'er
 The many wat'ry walks profound,
 Their wonders to explore ?
-

SONG LXXIV.

Quest. 5.—*About the Gates of Death.* Job xxxviii. 17.

- 17 HATH death to thee op'd and disclos'd
 Her gloomy gates and rooms ?
 Or hell its dismal shades expos'd ?
 And horrid longæve¹ homes ?
- Tell then how souls by death at last,
 From bodies are unty'd,
 And launch'd unto the ocean vast,
 Of an abyss untried ?

(1) As applied to *hell*, it signifies *everlasting*.

SONG LXXV.

Quest. 6.—*Concerning the Breadth of the earth.* Job xxxviii. 18.

- 18 HAST thou about the earth, O Job,
E'er drawn thy compass round,
And of this whole terraqueous globe,
Th' exact dimensions found ?
If not, since earth is but a point,
To the vast universe,
How shall thy art and science joint
My counsels deep traverse ?
-

SONG LXXVI.

Quest. 7.—*About the Place and path of Light and Darkness.* Job xxxviii. 19, 20,
21, 24.

- 19 KNOWS'T thou the magazines on high,
In which my stores I lay,
And bright materials to supply
The burning lamps of day ?
20 My fair etherial mines from whence
I deal out light so fast,
As to the most profuse expense
The sun and stars can waste ?
21 Canst thou, for age and skill explain
The place of darkness, where
Black night, and all her sable train
Of gloomy shades, repair.
24 Couldst thou at first, commanding light,
Divide, for equal sway ;
The path for day, to chase the night ;
For night, to chase the day.
-

SONG LXXVII.

Quest. 8.—*Concerning the Treasures of Snow and Hail.* Job xxxviii. 22, 23.

- 22 TELL, hast thou been where hail and snow,
My martial treasures are,
Which I reserve for times of woe,
And for the day of war ?
23 Hast thou these airy realms survey'd,
Where I this armour lay,
'Gainst sinful lands to be display'd,
On that tremendous day.

SONG LXXVIII.

Quest. 9.—*Concerning the daily Changes of the Morning and Evening.* Job xxxviii. 24.

- 24 TELL how the parts of light through clouds
 Of shades their lustre share,
 Ev'n as the east wind scatters clouds,
 And clears the ambient air ?
- Discover plain, how doth the light
 Its radiant wings display,
 Hot to pursue the flying night,
 And spread the dawning day ?
- [Each morning makes a mighty change
 By the return of light ;
 Each ev'ning too, seems equal strange,
 By the relapse of night :
- Yet men, who still the change expect,
 And see't without surprise,
 These daily miracles neglect,
 Just wrought before their eyes.]

SONG LXXIX.

Quest. 10.—*Governing Thunder and Lightning, Clouds and Rain, by what sacred Counsels they are directed, and by whose Order emitted.* Job xxxviii. 25, 26, 27, 34, 35.

- 25 AGAIN, canst thou declare what way
 The heav'nly Architect
 His cloudy forges up did lay,
 And in the air erect ?
- And how the mighty pond'rous mass
 Aloft was thither brought,
 From, which, soon as his lightnings pass,
 Red thunderbolts are wrought ?
- Who raises vapours from the ground,
 Which pois'd in liquid air,
 Fall down in show'rs, through which around,
 These dreadful lightnings glare ?
- How are the heav'nly aqueducts,
 And water-pipes contriv'd,
 Whence floods are to the thirsty flocks,
 Fruits to the earth deriv'd ?
- 26 Who doth the water-course divide,
 And for the rain that falls

By drops, or violent show'rs, provide
Fit conduits and canals.

Discharg'd again to overflow,
As once the earth and hills;
Each drop does, by direction, go
To rivers and to rills.

Yet by the show'rs that fill the brooks,
Likewise the wilderness,
Refresh'd does in its cheerful looks
Alacrity express.

In places where no man resides,
Nor does the product share,
The Father of the rain provides
For's other creatures there.

- 27 Like healing balm distilling rains
Yield juice to plants and trees,
With drink restore the parched plains,
And thirsty mouths appease.

Then rising sap that round does glide
Thrusts out the tender bud,
And crowns with flow'ry verdant pride,
The deserts shady wood.

- 34 Say, to thy voice or orders will
The circling clouds attend?
And when thou bids them rain distill,
Will then the rain descend?

- 35 Will ready lightnings sudden fly,
Or through the æther shine,
And thunder-claps ring round the sky,
At thy command or mine?

SONG LXXX.

Quest. 11.—*Concerning the Dew, the Ice, and Hoar Frost.* Job xxxviii. 28, 29, 30.

- 28 If thou canst secret things explain,
And hidden causes shew,
Where dwells the father of the rain?
And who begat the dew?

How are the hov'ring mists, so soft,
Arrested in their flight;
Then harden'd in the air aloft,
And whiten'd in the night?

- 29 Canst thou the nature of the ice,
With great exactness show;

Which, with its fett'ring artifice,
Forbids the floods to flow ;

Compels the fluid element,
So still and calm, to stand ;
Binds rivers with its hard cement,
And makes the water land ?

30 The billows of the sea congeal'd
Can roll no farther on ;
The ocean's wat'ry face conceal'd
As with a marble stone.

Fierce is the frost ; what womb did then
So fell a tamer breed,
That's equal hardy on the main,
As hoary on the mead ?

SONG LXXXI.

Quest. 12.—*About directing of the Stars, and their Influences.* Job xxxviii.

31, 32, 33.

31 WEAK man, canst thou in spring restrain,
And bind the influence,
Which with the kindly fertile rain,
The Pleiades dispense ?

Canst thou in winter loose the chains,
Or break the frosty bands,
Which with Orion roughly strains,
And binds the passive lands ?

32 Canst thou with constellations clothe
And deck the azure skies,
And, in his turn, make Mazzaroth,
With southern stars arise ?

Or, canst thou guide Arcturus' pace,
Around the northern pole
And bid his bright attending race,
His sons in order roll ?

33 Know'st thou the fix'd celestial laws
Of starry pow'rs above ?
Canst thou on earth their influence cause
Descend, or thence remove ?

Dost thou to ruling stars dispense
What virtue they diffuse,
Such seasons here to influence,
As thou, forsooth, shalt chuse ?

SONG LXXXII.

Quest. 13.—*Concerning the formation and renovation of the Soul, or intellectual Spirit, in Man.* Job xxxviii. 36.

Who knowledge did to man impart,
That ray of light divine?
Who did with wisdom fill his heart?
Was this thy work or mine?

To man a noble soul is giv'n
With shining pow'r supply'd;
More bright than all the stars of heav'n,
To angels fair ally'd.

The sun above the light doth bring,
Though seen in air below;
From light divine the soul doth spring,
Her pow'rs in flesh to show.

The God of nature did impart
This intellectual mind;
The God of grace renews the heart,
With light and sight refin'd.

SONG LXXXIII.

A Digression concerning the Soul's Spirituality and its Nature: quite distinct from the Body and its senses. A number of proofs and demonstrations hereof.¹

MAN's soul, while in the flesh he lives,
Her pow'r doth exercise
Within the body, yet survives
Although the body dies.

She's by herself an active thing,
That hath a working might:
Which not from sense's pow'r doth spring,
Nor yet from humour's spright.

Were she the bodies' quality,
She might be sick and blind;
But in decaying flesh we see
A perfect healthy mind.

When in th' effects the cause she sees,
From fruits the roots doth know;
Her views not from her body's eyes,
But from her own do flow.

(1) See Sir John Davies's Poem on this Subject,

When swifter than the lightnings fly,
Her thoughts from east to west,
And round the centre, 'bove the sky,
Move, though the body rest :

When first her works she forms within,
And sees her perfect end,
Ere she to act at all begin ;
No aid can senses lend.

When without hands she builds up tow'rs,
And without feet doth run ;
Sees without eyes, by her own pow'rs
These miracles are done.

When she on vice and virtue thinks,
Considers general things ;
And from known truths, in divers links,
A right conclusion brings :

These actions by herself alone
Retir'd she does fulfil ;
Of all her body's organs none
Can aid her wit or will.

Yet she in flesh imprison'd lies,
Must through its windows look,
Her pow'rs of sense to exercise,
And read the world's great book.

Though scarce the soul can judge of ought,
But what the sense home brings :
Yet judging pow'rs, and what's thus brought,
Are vastly diff'rent things.

Our eyes can nought but colours see,
Yet colours give not sight ;
The soul, when seen her objects be,
Views them by her own light.

Workmen, on stuff their skill to show ;
The stuff ne'er gave them skill ;
Nor more, from objects seen, can flow
Soul pow'rs to act or will.

Yea, oft to check the sense she's sure,
Nor when it errs agrees ;
But crosses it ; for, with a pow'r,
Above the sense she sees.

No sense the holy joys conceives
Which in her closets be ;
The ravish'd soul her senses leaves,
And hath her motions free.

Her distinct nature shines in this,
 That her choice works alone
 She works : this nature's touchstone is,
 Things by their works are known.

But why the soul and sense divide,
 When sense is but a pow'r,
 The soul extends on ev'ry side,
 Her objects to explore ?

Mere sense cannot one thought command ;
 For eyes and ears perceive
 No more than glasses understand,
 What faces they receive.

Souls guide the sight ; for, chance but we
 To fix our thoughts elsewhere ;
 Our eyes, though open, cannot see,
 But, like a statue, stare.

And, if one pow'r, which senses bound,
 Did not both hear and see ;
 Then, most confus'd, our sight and sound
 Would always double be.

The soul then sense's pow'r contains,
 Within a greater pow'r,
 Which still employs the sense's pains,
 But rules in her own bow'r.

Heav'n in man's soul these pow'rs did grave,
 Ev'n her's alone to be ;
 On earth no other creatures have
 These heav'nly pow'rs but we.]

SONG LXXXIV.

Quest. 14.—*About staying the clouds, or stopping the Rain.* Job xxxviii. 37, 38.

37 WHO can the clouds vast number tell,
 That spread from pole to pole ?
 Who can their falling rain repel,
 When pouring out their bowl ?

38 When rain enough had drench'd the clay,
 And clos'd the cleaving clods,
 Whose hand can heav'n's full bottle stay ?
 Tell ; is it thine or God's ?

SONG LXXXV.

Quest. 15.—*Concerning Provision for the Lions and Ravens.* Job xxxviii. 39, 40, 41.

- 39 WILD beasts in forests, and in fens,
Whose proper care are they ?
40 The lions old that lurk in dens,
The young that wait their prey ?
41 Who feeds the ravens and their brood,
When, unto God they cry,
And wander far for lack of food ?
Say ; is it you, or I ?
-

SONG LXXXVI.

Quest. 16.—*About the wild Goats and Hinds.* Job xxxix. 1—4.

- 1 KNOW'ST thou the time wild goats bring forth
The increase of their flock ?
The time when they commit their birth
Unto the flinty rock ?
2 Canst thou declare the months how long
The pregnant hinds complete ?
And when to calve, or cast their young,
They to the brakes retreat ?
3 In pangs they bow themselves, the wood
Affords them no relief ?
Yet there, at once, they both exclude
Their offspring and their grief.
Their calves go seek their meat, and find,
In ranging hill and wood,
Their fat'ning corn ; nor to the hind
Return for want of food.
-

SONG LXXXVII.

Quest. 17.—*Concerning the Wild Ass.* Job xxxix. 5—8.

- 5 WHO did to the wild ass's heart,
That knows no bit or rein,
A sense of liberty impart,
All drivers to disdain ?
6 The tame ass is to labour bound,
But still the wild is free ;
His house I made the desert round,
His home the barren lee.

- 7 He scorns the city's multitude,
Refuses to be driven ;
8 The range of mountains for his food,
And piles of grass are given.
With freedom bless'd he roves apace,
And ne'er the desert quits,
But mocks the tame and stupid ass,
That his base neck submits.
-

SONG LXXXVIII.

Quest. 18.—*Concerning what is called the Unicorn.* Job xxxix. 9—12.

- 9 WILL th' unicorn, or savage bull,
The beast of pow'r and pride,
Tame to thy service, bow his will,
Or by thy crib abide ?
10 Will he thy yoke or labour bear,
And meekly stand in awe ?
Or with the plough thy furrows tear,
On vales thy harrows draw ?
11 Because in strength this rural king
Is mighty, wilt thou yield,
12 That he be trusted home to bring
Thy harvest from the field ?
To rule so rude an animal
Incapable art thou ;
Presum'st thou then to rule the ball,
Or teach me so to do ?
-

SONG LXXXIX.

Quest. 19.—*Concerning the Peacock and the Ostrich.* Job xxxix. 13—18.

- 13 BY whose skill was the peacock vain,
With curious colours ey'd ?
Whence hath his sweeping tail and train
Its finely painted pride ?
Such beauteous plumes, and wings so wide,
Tell, whence the ostrich wears ;
So big, she other birds beside,
A feather'd beast appears ?
14 Her eggs expos'd she in the dust,
Where laid, leaves to be warm'd :
15 Thoughtless how soon they may be crush'd ;
Or by wild roamers harm'd.

- 16 Her labour vain and fearless is,
 She's harden'd 'gainst her brood ;
17 For God does from the common bliss
 Of wisdom her exclude.
18 Yet if in danger she but lift
 Her neck and wings on high,
 She both the horse and rider swift,
 Does scornfully defy.
-

SONG XC.

Quest. 20.—*Concerning the Horse for Battle.* Job xxxix. 1925.

- 19 DIDST thou, O Job, for war or state,
 Give to the gen'rous horse
 His confidence, his boldness great,
 His spirit, and his force ?
20 Hast thou with terror cloth'd his mane ?
 Canst thou his courage shake ?
 Or cause him, like the little wren,
 Or silly insect quake ?
 With formidable native fire
 His snorting nostrils glow ;
 And smoke and flame in furious ire,
 Amidst the battle blow.
21 Proud of his strength he paws the ground,
 And prances on the land,
 Tears up the turf, and spurns around,
 The passive yielding sand.
 When he the noisy martial sounds,
 And warlike trumpet hears ;
 He then rejoicing leaps and bounds,
 And pricks his list'ning ears.
21 When he perceives, even from afar,
 Th' advancing foes alarms,
 He forward springs to face the war,
 And meet the glit'ring arms.
23 Dauntless he runs on sword and spear,
 The warrior's files invades ;
 And makes his passage without fear,
 Thro' num'rous thick brigades.
 The weapons which the horseman wields,
 He mocks with haughty breast ;
 Of rattling quivers, blazing shields,
 He makes a perfect jest.

- 24 In rage he beats and bites the ground,
He dances o'er the plain ;
Nor startles at the alarm's sound,
But pulls the curbing rein :
- 25 Derides the trumpet, scorns the shock,
And mad the bridle champs ;
Smelling afar the sulph'rous smoke,
And thunder of the camps.
-

SONG XCI.

Quest. 21.—*About the Hawk and the Eagle.* Job xxxix. 26—30.

- 26 BESIDE the beasts that tread the ground,
The birds that cleave the air ;
Seest thou how they the skill profound
And pow'r of God declare ?
- Is't by thy wit the hawk does fly,
And southward stretch her wings ?
Or when cold winter drawing nigh
She wisely sunward swings ?
- 27 Dost thou command the eagle's flight,
And bid her mount the sky,
Aloft to travel in her might,
And make her nest on high ?
- Dost thou the royal bird direct
Where thus to build her nest,
That no invading pow'r, or sect,
May dare her peace molest.
- 28 That with the strongest forts to vie,
She might her dwelling keep.
In craggy clifts, immensely high,
Insuperably steep.
- 29 Thence down her haughty eyes she bends,
Low valleys to survey ;
And, like a thunderbolt, descends
To truss her heedless prey.
- 30 Then soon her crooked pounces bare
The carcass takes and tears ;
And to her young, swift through the air,
The bloody banquet bears.
- These creatures act by that instinct
For which thou can't account :
How must their Maker, dost thou think,
Thy silly views surmount ?

SONG XCII.

Quest. 22.—*About contending with God: or, a humble Challenge given to such as quarrel God's Proceedings.* Job xl. 1, 2.

1 SHALL God be taught? by whom? by one
That quarrels his decrees?
His measures just be overthrown,
A plaintiff proud to please?

'Gainst God shall a contender blind,
Presumptuously essay,
To teach him how to change his mind,
And how to mend his way?

T' upbraid the Almighty, what is this
But justice to distrust?
For he who God almighty is
Can never be unjust.

Since from his creatures never he
Had ought to hope or fear,
Can such a being tempted be
Amiss the helm to steer.

2 Shall God to man's instruction bow?
Shall man presume to learn,
And teach the great Creator how
His creatures to govern?

Who, of the whole created tribe,
My ways can rectify?
Shall silly mortal man prescribe,
And dictate unto me?

He therefore must be catechis'd,
That would his maker teach;
And, not with his proceedings pleas'd,
Of folly him impeach.

Let then th' accuser that would scan,
And blame my ways profound,
Solve at his peril, if he can,
The questions I propound.

SONG XCIII.

Job's humble Submission: or, the murmuring mouth stopped, and unjust Complaints silenced. Job xl. 3, 4, 5.

3, 4 BEHOLD, O Lord, most vile am I,
For now thy heav'nly light
Detects the great stupidity
That did my mind benight.

I sinn'd in that I sought so bold
The argument to state :
And judged that with thee I could
Thy providence debate.

Sham'd and confounded I resign,
For now I can't withstand
Thy words and arguments divine,
Nor answer one demand.

- 5 Once have I spoken, Lord ; yea, twice ;
And though my words were few,
Yet great their number, gross their vice,
Did high presumption shew.

Upon my mouth, which argu'd vain,
Henceforth my hand be laid ;
I spake what I won't speak again
Nor stand to what I said.

Prostrate before thy feet I lie ;
Through grace, I'll now adore
Thy greatness, pow'r, and majesty ;
But I'll contend no more.

SONG XCIV.

Quest. 23.—*More challenges given to Job for his further Humiliation. The vanity of vying with God for Justice, or of charging him with unrighteousness. Job xl. 6, 7, 8.*

- 6 'Tis good for thee, O man, that thou
Down to thy knees be thrust ;
Yet better is the lower bow,
Down to the very dust.

- 7 That therefore thy assuming mind,
Be levell'd to the ground,
Some farther questions are design'd,
Thy boasted skill to sound.

Oft didst thou wish to plead with me,
Prepare then for the task,
If courage yet remain with thee
To answer what I ask.

Thou didst with confidence too bold
Thy spotless virtue boast ;
And yet my care and kindness hold,
As quite extinct and lost.

But since my care does ev'n respect
My lowest creatures clan,

How canst thou judge that I neglect
My nobler creature, Man !

8 Will thou my judgment thus defame,
That thou may'st righteous be ?
Canst thou thy innocence proclaim,
Without reproaching me ?

Must my proceedings be controll'd,
Thy character to clear ?
My deep decrees be disannull'd,
Thy name and fame to rear ?

Vain man, wilt thou so slanderous
Thy righteous God indite ?
Dost thou thy kind Redeemer thus
Ungratefully requite ?

SONG XCV.

Quest. 24.—*The vanity of vying with God for Power, Majesty, and Dominion over proud and wicked Enemies.* Job xl. 9—14.

9 HAST thou an arm like God, that can
Against him take the field,
And win by force ? Art thou, O man,
With pow'r almighty steel'd ?

Canst thou both heav'n and earth sedate,
Fright with a dreadful noise ;
Or most exactly imitate
Jehovah's thund'ring voice ?

10 If thou, poor mean dependant wight,
Presum'st with God to vie,
Then now adorn thyself with light,
With pomp and majesty.

With state and dread that can and will
The host of hell annoy ;
With beauties too, that heav'n can fill
With wonder and with joy.

11 Cast forth the fury of thy wrath,
See and abase the proud ;

12 And look them down to hell beneath,
Whose wealth their vices shroud.

13 Hide thou and bind them in the dust
And crown them in their caves ;
For here's the work of God, the just,
Who digs the wicked's graves.

- 14 Do these great things ; then thou, I'll grant,
Mayst thine own saviour be :
But weak, unequal combatant,
Submit thou must to me.
-

SONG XCVI.

An instance of divine power in Behemoth ; that is, as some think, the Elephant.
Job xl. 15—24.

- 15 BEHOLD again, to stop the mouth,
And bring thee further down,
Thy fellow-creature, Behemoth,
A beast so strong, so grown.
Were flesh his meat, what would suffice
His vast capacious womb,
Which could whole flocks, at once or twice,
And num'rous herds entomb ?
Therefore it was the Maker's care,
Such ruin to prevent,
To make the ox's food his fare,
The grass his aliment.
- 16 The strength I did on him bestow,
Within his loins remains ;
The navel of his belly too,
His mighty force contains.
- 17 Like to cedar tall and high,
With tempests tost about.
From side to side, in gallantry,
He moves his pliant snout.
Wrapt are the sinews of his thighs,
Like complicated cords,
Which close involv'd with many ties,
United force affords.
- 18 His bones are firm like bolts of brass,
Which guard the pond'rous frame ;
Their strength the bars of iron surpass,
Well temper'd in the flame ;
- 12 O' th' brutal kind this bulky beast
Is the chief work of mine ;
Craft, use, in him, beyond the rest,
Structure and strength combine.
On him his Maker did bestow,
Instead of fighting arms,
An active trunk to wound his foe,
And guard himself from harms.

But God can kill the elephant,
 Soon as a gnat or fly ;
 So will his sword the combatant,
 That dare his pow'r defy.

- 20 This beast prodigious, for his food,
 Frequents the verdant plains,
 The grassy mountains, deserts broad,
 Where he a monarch reigns.

And there to him the forest's beasts
 Do all in troops resort ;
 They know him harmless to his guests,
 And by him fearless sport.

- 21 Thence he retreats to groves for ease,
 Lies in the shady wood,

- 22 By reeds and fens, and willow-trees,
 That deck the purling flood.

- 23 Fearless his mouth, he when a-thirst,
 To Jordan does apply ;
 Nor doubts but with a glut, at first,
 He'll drink the river dry.

He draws it up with greedy eyes,
 And who can in his sight,
 With him attempt, or enterprize,
 A fair and open fight ?

- 24 Who can, by force, the beast command ?
 And who e'er undertook,
 Into his nose, with strength of hand,
 To fix the servile hook ?

Through snares and gins his piercing nose
 And snout is his defence ;
 By art surprise him may his foes,
 But not by violence.

Thou dar'st not that strong beast offend,
 Lest soon he thee devour ;
 Why wilt thou then with God contend,
 From whom he gets his pow'r ?

SONG XCVII.

Of the Leviathan in general ; that is, the Whale or Crocodile : Man being unable to subdue and tame him, must own himself to be utterly unable to stand before the great God. Job xli. 1—10.

- 1 JOB, if thou canst debate with me,
 As thou didst boldly wish,

I'll but produce, for humbling thee,
A formidable fish.

Canst out the great Leviathan
Draw out with hook or line?
Or in the deep the whale trepan
With common baits of thine?

2 Canst thou run through his gills a thorn,
A jav'lin through his jaw?
Or with a cord, he laughs to scorn,
Ashore the monster draw?

3 Will he, like man in great distress,
With tender words entreat
Thy pity, and with meek address,
His moan to thee repeat?

4 Will he a contract with thee make,
To be a slave for ay?

5 Tam'd as a bird, wilt thou him take
To be thy children's play?

Will he be bound, and so submiss,
As thy domestic sort?

He that to man a terror is
Be to thy maids a sport?

6 Shall neighbours make a hearty meal
Of him when catch'd by art?
And soon his bones and oil for sale
Among the merchants part?

7 Is't easy work his scaly skin,
With barb'd irons to prick;
His head with spears to assassine,
And touch him to the quick?

8 Suppose thy hardy valour should
The furious beast assail,
Think'st thou that swords and daggers would
Soon o'er his strength prevail?

Suppose thou shouldest with thy life
Escape the dreadful rage,
Thou wouldst remind the fearful strife,
And dread anew t' engage.

9 The hope of conquest here is vain;¹
For, with amazing fright,
The stoutest hero would, as slain,
Faint at the monster's sight.

(1) Viz. :—When the engagement is single, or by any man alone.

- 10 In sleep no giant iron-clad,
Dare his disturber be ;
What mortal, then, with fury mad,
Dare face and fight with me ?
-

SONG XCVIII.

The Power of God set forth in a more particular description of the Leviathan.

Job xli. 17—34.

§ 1. *God's sovereign dominion over his creatures.*

- 11 SAY, in what creature's debt am I,
That as injur'd can whine ?
For what's beneath and 'bove the sky
Is all and wholly mine.
- Ev'n brutal hosts spread my report,
From smallest mites and snails,
To monsters of the biggest sort,
The crocodiles and whales.
- My sole dominion, sov'reign power,
I'll further yet display,
In my huge creature, nam'd before,
With a more close survey.

§ 2. *Of the Leviathan's parts and power.*

- 12 His parts, his pow'r I'll not conceal,
Nor his proportion fair ;
For these, by signs, my name reveal,
My skill and pow'r declare.
- A monster comely ! yea, let none
At me obliquely strike,
To call ought ugly I have done,
Till they can do the like.

§ 3. *Of his garments and jaws.*

- 13 Who can discover or disclose,
His skinny garment's face ?
Who dare approach his mouth or nose,
With bridle him to brace ?
- 14 He that his mouth dares ope would see
In's jaws the throne of death ;
Long spears, like murd'ring teeth, which he
In dreadful order hath.

§ 4. *Of his scales.*

- 15 With scales, like shields, compact he's stor'd,
These are his strength and pride ;

His coat of mail that does the sword
And glitt'ring dart deride.

- 16 They are so fast and firmly bound,
So close together join'd,
17 That air itself, which floats around,
Can no admission find.

§ 5. *Of his Sneezing, Eyes, Mouth, and Nostrils.*

- 18 His sneezing terror breeds on sight ;
19 For, from his nostrils flies
A flash, like that of lightning bright.
When darted through the skies.

His shining eyes, with splendid blaze,
The neighb'ring meads adorn ;
Bright dawning lucid rays,
The beauties of the morn ;

- 20 While also fiery reeking breath
Breaks from his hallow throat,
As from a burning forge beneath,
Or caldron boiling hot.

§ 6. *Of his Breath and Neck.*

- 21 His lips do, godlike, wrath proclaim,
To such as move his ire ;
For from his mouth leap smoke and flame,
With streaming sparks of fire.
22 When's neck, his seat of strength, he rears,
Then sorrow and annoy,
That march before with woes and fears,
Make up his pompous joy.
Triumphant terrors, passing bound,
His hideous pomp compose ;
And dread that seizes all around
Where-e'er he comes or goes.

§ 7. *Of his Flakes and Heart.*

- 23 His flakes of flesh so fast involv'd,
So firm in every part ;
Their joining scarce can be dissolv'd,
By violence or art.
24 His heart is like a marble hard ;
Relentless in his breast ;
Which ne'er did tender moans regard,
Nor pity e'er express'd.

§ 8. *Of his Risings and Breakings.*

- 25 When like a mount, amidst the waves,
He lifts his monstrous head,

The boldest boosters will, as slaves,
His awful presence dread.

The stoutest seaman tremble now,
Each like a quaking leaf,
Lest he o'erturn their ships, or do
Some terrible mischief.

His water-breakings threat'ning death,
Themselves they purify,
And deprecate impending wrath,
As doom'd anon to die.

§ 9. *Of his Undaunted Courage.*

26 Should they attempt with sword in hand,
The monster to attack ;
Bright steel in bits, like crumbling sand,
Would break upon his back.

Vain's the defensive coat of mail,
Th' offensive javelin ;
For hardly spears or darts avail
To pierce his scaly skin.

27 The iron's but, in his esteem,
A bulrush by the flood ;
And brassy weapons to him seem
But shafts of rotten wood.

28 Fierce arrows cannot make him flee ;

29 Sling stones and darts appear

30 But straw to him ; he laughs to see
The shaking of the spear.

§ 10. *Of his terrible Motion in the Waters.*

31 When in the deep he rolls aside,
From place to place remote,
He agitates the waves and tide
Like to a boiling pot.

His motion so ferments the streams,
The foaming waters face,
A pot of boiling ointment seems
And shows a stern grimace.

32 His frothy track, when-e'er he swims
And rides his wat'ry stage,
So bright appears, the ocean seems,
As hoary grown with age.

Such foam and froth his path pursue,
They seem to fence his rear,
And turn the water's azure hue,
To white with sudden fear.

§ 11. *Of his Size, Strength, and Dominion.*

- 33 In bulk and strength 'mong animals
 His equal is not found :
 Though he, of stature low, but crawls,
 And creeps along the ground.
 Yet he the proudest warrior beast
 Insultingly disdains ;
 And, fearless made, o'er all the rest
 He like a monarch reigns.
 The strongest creatures on the earth
 Do tremble at his sight ;
 He them in pieces tears with mirth,
 And with his sportive might.
- 34 With scorn he sees each lofty thing,
 The stoutest to deride ;
 Yea, bears his Maker's stamp, as King
 O'er all the sons of pride.

SONG XCIX.

Job's humble Confession and Petition: A penitential prayer. Job xlii. 1—4.

- 1 LORD, to thy awful words intent,
 I see they brightly shine,
 With marks of pow'r omnipotent,
 And majesty divine.
 Convinc'd by thy enlight'ning speech,
 I rashly have, I own,
 By climbing heights above my reach,
 Audacious folly shown ;
 Vent'ring, by reason reasonless,
 That short unequal line,
 To sound the huge immense abyss,
 Of providence divine.
- 2 That thou, Lord, canst do everything
 I now more clearly see ;
 None can from thee hide their design,
 Nor hinder thy decree.
- 3 In things too wonderful for me,
 And utterly unknown,
 I speak but unadvisedly,
 And foolishly I own.
 I'm that presumptuous mortal bold,
 That darken'd counsel so,
 By words unwise, as I was told,
 My pride to overthrow.

Thy deep designs in trying me
 My blind eyes could not spy ;
 Whence I presum'd to quarrel thee,
 So great a fool was I.

4 O let thine anger be appeas'd !
 Hear my repentant speech ;
 Through him in whom thou art well pleas'd,
 Thy favour I beseech.

Of knowledge I will boast no more,
 Nor haughtily behave,
 But silently thy name adore
 Thy information crave.

Lord, scatter clouds that mar my sight,
 Thy truth divine display ;
 Dispel remaining shades of night,
 And spread my mind with day.

SONG C.

Job's deep Humiliation, which made way to his remarkable Exaltation ; Or, the happy Issue of affliction sanctified, accompanied with divine Instruction.

Job xlii. 5, 6.

5 O LORD, I with the outward ear
 Have heard of thee before ;
 I knowledge had that wanted fear,
 Nor led me to adore.

But now mine eyes more clearly see,
 In fair Immanuel's face,
 Thy wisdom, pow'r, and majesty,
 Thy glorious truth and grace.

My present views of thee so far
 Exceed the former sort,
 As demonstration ocular,
 Exceeds a bare report.

Hence, conscious-stings, like arrows smart,
 Deep in my bosom stick ;
 And self-displeasure strikes my heart,
 And wounds me to the quick.

6 For now myself I lothe and hate ;
 With shame my face I vail ;
 And all my errors past, of late,
 In dust and ashes wail.

I grew impatient of the rod,
Nor can I answer why
I clear'd myself, and censur'd God,
O what a beast was I !

Unwise I curs'd the very day
In which thou gav'st me birth ;
And challeng'd rash thy sov'reign sway,
And government on earth.

Lo ! then, my brutish ignorance,
I through thy grace repent ;
My passion, pride, and arrogance,
With tears I now resent.

How base and blinded have I been,
That set myself so high !
But having now thy glory seen,
I low before thee lie.

At mercy's feet I'll hopeful stay :
For never was the case,
That one was lost, who prostrate lay
Before the throne of grace.

SCRIPTURE SONGS.

PART III.

A NEW VERSION OF THE SONG OF SOLOMON.

PREFACE.

AFTER I had written a Paraphrase on the Song of Solomon, which has been published fourteen years ago,* I had no design of printing anything else upon this book; but when the motion was made of turning all the Scripture Songs into common metre, for the same use with the Psalms of David, I was also urged to make a short Version likewise of this Song, as near as possible to the text†. This task I undertook, not without some reluctance, knowing how much the spiritual matter of this Book is represented by such homely metaphors as would be very hard to express barely, in such a manner as to be fenced against the abuse of carnal minds: on this account, though I have now studied as little of a Paraphrase, or explication, as I could, yet, in several places, where I thought the meaning might be most ready to be misinterpreted, or not so obvious, I have formed the version with such short interwoven glosses upon some of the texts, as may tend to enlighten the metaphor a little, and make the main intent thereof appear, in a way that I apprehended to be least liable to abuse.

I have seen some versions of this Book in common metre, that could very little contribute to my assistance in this, unless it was to make me see what might be avoided or amended, according to my view. Only Mr Mason's version was more acceptable to me than any other I have seen, and therefore I have, in several verses here and there, taken what help it, together with his and my own paraphrase, could afford me, in a suitableness to my taste, or the form into which I chose to put it. So that after consulting the labours, in versifying this book of the Song, you have here the plainest version I could conceive within so narrow and contracted bounds.

As to what may be further necessary, in a prefatory way, I refer the reader to the Preface which is prefixed to the Paraphrase on this book: the main difference between the present and the former editions,‡ is in the fourth and seventh chapters, which were before in long-metre, but now are turned to the same common metre with the rest, because I have been told, that this latter kind was more acceptable to some than the other.

That the church and people of God may be edified by these works, is the earnest prayer of their servant, and yours in Christ,

RALPH ERSKINE.

DUNFERMLINE, 1752.

* The first edition of the paraphrase was published Anno 1738.

† The Song of Solomon, being an entire book of Scripture, this short version of it was at first published by itself, as was also that upon the book of Lamentations, before the rest of the Scripture Songs, which were afterwards published together. Along with the first edition of this Version, the author allowed his Paraphrase on this book of the Song to be re-printed, that whosoever inclined for a more full explication thereof, than this short Version could give, might, if they pleased, turn over to the Paraphrase.

‡ Viz. Of the large Paraphrase.

CHAPTER I.

THE CHURCH'S LOVE UNTO CHRIST, AND HIS ESTEEM FOR HER ; WITH THEIR MUTUAL
CONGRATULATIONS OF EACH OTHER.

THE TITLE.

- 1 This Song of Solomon the wise
As penman fam'd belongs ;
And justly for its sacred rise,
Is nam'd the Song of Songs.

THE CHURCH'S WORDS.

- 2 With kisses of thy mouth divine,
O let me favour'd be :
For better than the richest wine
Thy love appears to me.
- 3 Thy name like ointment sweet pour'd out
Doth all perfumes excel ;
Hence virgin-souls, the sacred rout
Of saints do love thee well.
- 4 O draw me with thy loving cord ;
We will run after thee :
Lo ! to his chambers deck'd, my Lord,
The King hath handed me.
- In thee we'll joy ; this love of thine
We'll mind, with more delight
Than all the blessings of the vine :
Thou'rt lov'd by the upright.
- 5 O Salem's race, I'm black o'ergrown,
As tents of Kedar were ;
But comely too by grace I own,
As Sol'mon's curtains fair.
- 6 View not my scorch'd and sun-burnt face ;
No beauty there you'll see :
My mother churches angry race
Have roughly dealt with me.
- Their hate and envy made me trudge,
Their vineyards to inspect :
And while at theirs I was a drudge,
Mine own I did neglect.
- 7 But thou, my soul's beloved One,
O tell me, I request !
Where feedest thou, and where at noon
Mak'st thou thy flock to rest :

For why should I with sorrow stain'd,
 As one led off the way,
 'Mong flocks of thy companions feign'd
 Be left to go astray?

CHRIST'S WORDS.

- 8 Know'st thou not, fairest of fair brides?
 Go trace the feet of saints,
 The flock's fair steps, and feed thy kids
 Beside the shepherds tents.
- 9 My love, I have, to hold thee out
 'Gainst foes that would thee wrong,
 Made thee like Pharaoh's stately rout,
 Of chariot horses strong.
- 10 Great comeliness thy dress bespeaks;
 The graces all thee deck;
 Rare jewel-rows adorn thy cheeks,
 And golden chains thy neck.
- 11 My Father working still with me,
 We will with pow'r divine,
 More golden borders make for thee,
 With studs of silver fine.

THE CHURCH'S WORDS.

- 12 Lo! while the King of Zion crown'd,
 Sits at his table head,
 My spikenard, flowing, doth around
 Its grateful odour spread.
- 13 Like as of myrrh a bundle, lo!
 My well-beloved guest
 Shall, all the night of sin and wo,
 Within my bosom rest.
- 14 In vineyards fair of Engedi,
 Are camphire clusters sweet:
 Much more is my belov'd to me.
 When he and I do meet.

CHRIST'S WORDS.

- 15 Lo! thou art fair; lo! thou, my love,
 Art fair, without disguise;
 The beauties of the modest dove
 Are in thy graceful eyes.

THE CHURCH'S WORDS.

- 16 Nay, my Belov'd, who me to screen,
 Thy beauty put'st on me,
 Thrice fair art thou: yea, what a green
 And flow'ry bed have we!

- 17 The royal house of our repair
Hath beams of cedar strong,
With cypress galleries : and there
In state we walk along.
-

CHAPTER II.

THE MUTUAL LOVE OF CHRIST AND THE CHURCH, WITH HER HOPE AND CALLING ; AND
CHRIST'S CARE OF HER, WITH THE PROFESSION OF HER FAITH AND HOPE.

CHRIST'S WORDS.

- 1 I AM the rose of Sharon fair,
To deck the field around ;
The lilly of the valley, there
To grace the lowest ground.
- 2 Among the daughters in the throng
My love, whom grace adorns,
Shines as the lily does among
The rugged hurtful thorns.

THE CHURCH'S WORDS.

- 3 As th' apple-tree does far excel
Trees of the common wood ;
So my Belov'd surpasseth all
The sons of noblest blood.
- I sat me down with great delight,
My weary soul to rest,
Beneath his shade : and, O how sweet
His fruit was to my taste !
- 4 He brought me to his house of wine,
To feast ; and then to aid
The banner of his love divine
He over me display'd.
- 5 Stay me with flaggons, comfort me
With apples from above :
I languish till my Lord I see :
Haste, for I'm sick of love.
- 6 He's come, and with his left-hand he
Supports my sinking head ;
And his right-hand embracing me,
Strong comfort brings with speed.
- 7 O Salemites, I you obtest,
By rural hinds and roes, -

Wake not my Love, while pleas'd to rest;
Nor mar his sweet repose.

8 Lo ! my Belov'd, whose voice so nigh
My soul with wonder fills,
Comes leaping on the mountains high,
And skipping on the hills.

9 With speed his active love to show
On heights that would us part ;
He's like the pleasant, bounding roe,
Or loving youthful hart :

Lo ! he behind our wall doth stand ;
He's at the window seen,
Displaying through the grate at hand
Himself, in flow'ry green.

10 Sweet was my Lord's most charming tone,
When thus I heard him say,
" Rise up, my love, my fairest one ;
Make haste, and come away.

11 " Inviting spring adorns the clime ;
For lo ! the winter's past ;
Now is the fair accepted time,
Quite o'er 's the stormy blast.

12 " The flow'rs upon the earth appear ;
Birds singing time 's at hand :
The turtle's voice, to charm the ear,
Is heard within our land.

13 " Green figs upon their trees are grown ;
Young grapes are smelling gay ;
Arise, my love, my comely one ;
Make haste, and come away.

14 " O thou, my dove, that in cleft rocks
And secret stairs I spy,
Absconding there, through fear of shokes,
Or shame to face the sky :

" Come let thy beauteous face appear,
Lift up thy voice to me ;
For well thy voice delights mine ear,
Thy countenance mine eye.

15 " Take us the foxes with engines,
The little foxes here,
That spoil the vineyard : for our vines
Most tender grapes do bear."

16 My well beloved Lord is mine ;
And likewise I am his :

Among the lily-beds his fine
A pleasant feeding is.

- 17 Until day break, and shades depart :
Turn, my Belov'd, and flee
Swift like the roe or youthful hart,
On Bether hills to me.

CHAPTER III.

THE FIGHT AND VICTORY OF THE CHURCH IN TEMPTATION, AND HER GLORIFICATION IN
CHRIST.

THE CHURCH'S WORDS.

- 1 By night upon my bed I sought
Him whom my soul doth love ;
I sought him, but I found him not ;
Which did my sloth reprove.
- 2 I'll rise in quest of my belov'd,
And search the city round,
In public streets : so there I rov'd,
Yet ah ! he was not found.
- 3 The city-watchmen met with me.
Their wonted round who move ;
To them I said, O did you see
The object of my love ?
- 4 'Twas but a little farther on
I past from them apart,
But to my joy I found anon
The darling of my heart :
I held him, nor would let him go,
Till I had brought him home,
My mother's house and room into,
That bore me in her womb.
- 5 O Salem's race, I you obtest,
By rural hinds and roes,
Wake not my love, while pleas'd to rest ;
Nor mar the sweet repose.

THE COMPANION'S WORDS

Who's this from desart does so fleet,
Like smoky pillars rise,
Perfum'd with myrrh and incense sweet,
Adorn'd to our surprize ?

THE CHURCH'S WORDS.

- 7 Behold his bed that Solomon's,
For peace and pomp renown'd !

Which threescore men of Israel's sons
As valiant guards surround.

8 They all bear arms courageously,
Expert and train'd to fight :
Each with his sword upon his thigh,
Because of fear by night.

9 The chariot which king Solomon
Did for himself array,
Did frame of wood from Lebanon ;
With silver pillars stay :

10 Did gold its bottom, and above
Its cov'ring purple make ;
The midst thereof was paved with love,
For Salem's daughters sake.

11 Go, virgins, see king Solomon,
Deck'd with the crown so gay,
His mother crown'd him with, upon
His joyful marriage-day.

CHAPTER IV.

CHRIST SETTETH FORTH THE GRACES OF THE CHURCH, AND SHEWETH HIS LOVE TO HER.
SHE PRAYETH TO BE MADE FIT FOR HIS PRESENCE.

CHRIST'S WORDS.

- 1 Lo ! thou art fair to me, my love ;
Lo ! Zion thou art fair ;
Thy eyes, as of a beauteous dove,
Shine through thy locks of hair :
Gay like a pleasant flock of goats,
On Gilead's stately height,
Is thine adorning hair, (that notes
Thy known deportment bright.)
- 2 Thy teeth are like a flock of sheep,
Even-shorn, from washing come ;
Each active grace does order keep,
And bring its product home.
- 3 Thy lips resemble scarlet thread,
And comely speech, endear ;
Within thy locks thy temples red,
Like 'granates halv'd appear.
- 4 Thy neck is like to David's tow'r,
Built for a magazine ;
Whose pegs a thousand bucklers bore,
All shields of mighty men.

- 5 Thy breasts resembling two young roes,
Do feed like friendly twins,
'Mong lily fields, thy babes and those
That haunt thy public inns.
- 6 Till day-break chase the shades of woe,
I'll rest in Zion still ;
Unto the mount of myrrh I'll go,
And to the incense hill.
- 7 My love thou art all fair and clean,
The chief of beauteous brides ;
No spot in thee is to be seen,
But what my favour hides.
- 8 Fair spouse by marriage-ties alone
I urge my call on thee ;
Come, come with me from Lebanon,
From Lebanon with me :

Look from Amana's top that chills,
Shenir and Hermon high,
From lions' dens, and leopards' hills,
Where ghastly dangers lie.
- 9 My sister, spouse, thou in effect,
With one glance of thine eye :
With one chain of thy stately neck,
Hast rap'd my heart from me.
- 10 My sister dear, how fair's thy love !
How better far than wine !
Thy sav'ry ointment smell above
All eastern spices fine !
- 11 Thy lips drop like the honey-comb ;
There milk and honey flow :
Thy garments smell like Lebanon,
Where aromatics grow.
- 12 My love's a garden well inclos'd,
Delicious fruits to yield :
A spring shut up, and unexpos'd ;
A fountain safely seal'd.
- 13 Thy plants of grace do parallel
An orchard rich with trees,
And fruits that gratify the smell,
And form a paradise.
- 14 Here pomegranates and camphire grow ;
Here trees of incense bloom ;
'Nard, cinnamon, myrrh, aloes blow
With gales, a rich perfume.

- 15 My love's a garden-fountain known,
 A living well beside,
 Whose glad'ning streams from Lebanon
 Through distant vallies glide.

THE CHURCH'S WORDS.

- 16 Awake, O north-wind ; come thou south ;
 Upon my garden blow :
 Soon will the breath, Lord, from thy mouth
 Make all the spices flow.
- Then, Lord, come share the pleasant spice,
 Thus by thy Spirit blown :
 My garden be thy paradise ;
 Its fruits are all thine own.

CHAPTER V.

CHRIST AWAKETH THE CHURCH BY HIS CALLING. SHE, HAVING A TASTE OF HIS LOVE,
 IS SICK OF LOVE. A DESCRIPTION OF CHRIST BY HIS GRACES.

CHRIST'S WORDS.

- 1 I'm come, my spouse and sister dear ;
 I'm to my garden come ;
 I've gathered up my spice and myrrh,
 And eat my honey-comb :
- My feast of honey, milk, and wine,
 With pleasure shar'd have I :
 Come eat and drink, O friends of mine,
 Yea, drink abundantly.

THE CHURCH'S WORDS.

- 2 I sleep, but yet my heart's awake ;
 A kindly knock I hear :
 'Tis my Beloved's voice thus spake,
 " Open to me, my dear.
- " Open, my dove, my undefil'd ;
 Love, give not love the slight :
 My head's bedew'd, my locks are fill'd
 With drops of winter night."
- 3 Base sloth reply'd, " I'm now undress'd ;
 How shall I dress again ?
 How shall I leave this bed of rest,
 My new wash'd feet to stain ?"
- 4 My Lord then by the shut-door's hole
 Put in his hand of pow'r ;
 Which with lov'd wounds so pierc'd my soul,
 My bowels melted sore.

5 When up to ope I did me stir,
In answer to his knock :
My hands and fingers dropp'd sweet myrrh,
On handles of the lock.

6 I open'd then to my Belov'd,
But, he, alas ! was gone :
His late love-suits my mind so mov'd,
I fainted as undone :

I sought him whom my soul ador'd,
But him I could not have :
I call'd and cry'd, My, Love, my Lord ;
But he no answer gave.

7 The cruel city watch me found,
And keepers of the wall ;
Who did me rudely smite and wound,
And took away my vail.

8 O Salem's race, of better mind,
To wail my Lord's remove,
I charge you tell, if him you find,
That I am sick of love.

THE COMPANION'S WORDS.

9 O fairest, what Belov'd is thine ?
In what pray let us know,
Doth he all other loves out-shine,
That thou dost charge us so !

THE CHURCH'S WORDS.

- 10 O my Belov'd, could you him see,
Both white and red appears ;
Among ten thousand chieftains he
The signal standard bears.
- 11 His head's of finest gold t' attract,
So bright and firm his sway ;
His locks are curl'd, and raven black,
So fresh without decay.
- 12 His dove-like eyes most bright appear,
Like these the brooks have wet ;
Or milky streams have washed clear,
Fit for inspection set.
- 13 His cheeks are like a spicy bed,
Where choice perfumes do meet ;
His lily lips drop grace, and shade
The myrrh that smells so sweet.
- 14 His rings of gold with beryl set,
His hands, his works, appear

His bowels kind, like iv'ry bright,
O'erlaid with sapphires clear.

- 15 His legs like marble-pillars are,
On golden sockets set :
His face like Lebanon most fair,
Like cedars most complete.

- 16 Most sweet is that bless'd mouth of his,
Whence grace and truth may flow ;
Yea, he himself most lovely is,
And altogether so.

O Salem's daughters this is he
Of whom ye sought my mind :
This is the best Belov'd to me :
This is my dearest friend.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CHURCH PROFESSETH HER FAITH IN CHRIST. HE SHEWETH THE GRACES OF THE
CHURCH, AND HIS LOVE TOWARDS HER.

THE COMPANION'S WORDS.

- 1 If thy Belov'd, O fairest fair,
Be such a matchless one,
With thee we'd seek him, wist we where ;
O tell us where he's gone ?

THE CHURCH'S WORDS.

- 2 My Lord's down to his garden dress'd,
The place of his repair,
'Mong spicy beds to feed and feast,
And gather lilies there.
- 3 I'm my Belovd's, and he is mine ;
Sweet are his sacred courts ;
Among the lilies there that shine
He feeds, and there resorts.

CHRIST'S WORDS.

- 4 My love, like Tirzah, fair array'd,
Like Salem gay indeed ;
Thou like an host, with flags display'd,
Dost strike thy foes with dread.
- 5 Thy catching eyes (of faith and love)
That make myself their prize,
Have overcome me : pray remove
And turn away thine eyes.

- Gay like a peasant flock of goats
On Gilead's stately height,
Is thine adorning hair, (that notes
Thy known deportment bright.)
- 6 Thy teeth are like a flock of sheep,
Even shorn, from washing come :
Each grace with twins their order keep,
And bring full product home.
- 7 Like to a piece of pomegranate,
Thy temples ruddy clear,
Within thy locks affectionate
And graceful blushes bear.
- 8 Queens, concubines, and virgins are
Unnumber'd whom they call
The earth's great beauties, charming fair ;
But thou excell'st them all.
- 9 My spotless dove as one I view,
She's all in one to me ;
Her mother churches darling too,
And choicest progeny.
- The daughters saw her, and around
They bless'd her comely face ;
Yea, queens and damsels more renown'd,
Extoll'd her shining grace.
- 10 " Who's this (said they) so brightly springs,
Like to the morning ray ;
That cleaves night's shades with silver wings
To haste the golden day !
- " With sun and moon her beauties vie :
Yea, terrible to see !
An host appears, and banners fly ;
O what an One is she !"
- 11 Down to the garden of sweet nuts
I went, when I withdrew,
To see the budding valley fruits
If grapes and 'granates grew.
- 12 And unawares thy soul at ebb,
Quick flowing, set me high
On chariots of Aminadab,
And wings of love to fly.
- 13 Return, return, O Shulamite ;
Return, return apace ;
That we may look with great delight
Upon thy beauteous face.

What in the Shulamite so damp'd
 Have heav'nly hosts to see?
 As 'twere two hosts on earth encamp'd,
 So choice a sight is she.

CHAPTER VII.

A FURTHER DESCRIPTION OF THE CHURCH'S GRACES. SHE PROFESSETH HER FAITH
 AND DESIRE.

CHRIST'S WORDS.

- 1 How beauteous are thy feet with shoes,
 O prince's daughter fair!
 Each stately step thou walkest shows
 A sparkling heav'nly air.

 The joints, that strength and motion do
 To thy right steps impart,
 Like orient jewels burnish'd new,
 Speak holy curious art.
- 2 Thy bowels warm, where kindness glows,
 Thine infant brood to feed,
 Seem like a bowl that overflows
 With liquor for their need.

 Thy fertile womb an heap of wheat
 Forms to thy lily brood;
 While younger babes have proper meat,
 The elder solid food.
- 3 Like two young roes appear thy breasts,
 That are delightful twins;
 Thine equal care so sweetly feeds
 Thy babes in sacred inns.
- 4 Thy neck that holds thy head most high,
 Like iv'ry white and fair,
 May with a tow'r that mounts the sky,
 For strength and state compare.

 Thine eyes are like the lucid pools
 Of fish at Heshbon, near
 Bathrabbim gate; (no learned fools
 Had ever sight so clear.)

 Thy nose sagacious; (th' en'my wots)
 Looks bold like Leb'non's tow'r,
 Damascus-ward; to smell their plots,
 And watch against their pow'r.

- 5 Thy knowing head, like Carmel high,
Appears in crimson red ;
Its hairs and dress a purple dye ;
(With blood the Lord did shed.)
Hence ev'n the King of kings compell'd,
Within thine arms embrace,
Is fast a willing captive held,
In gall'ries of his grace.
- 6 O love, how fair thou art's untold,
In thee what charming sights !
How sweet thy graces manifold !
How pleasant for delights !
- 7 I to the palm-tree do compare
Thy stature straight and fine ;
Thy breasts of love, so full and fair,
To clusters of the vine.
- 8 I said, I will this palm-tree climb,
And of its boughs take hold ;
My love, I'll to my bride in trim
And to her babes unfold :
Then shall thy loving breasts o'erflow,
Like clusters full of wine ;
The breath of life thy nostrils blow
Shall smell as apples fine.
- 9 With wine that of the richest kind,
(Reserved for whom I love,)
Thy palate drench'd shall clear the mind,
And graceful speech improve ;
Juice from the living vine that flows,
Goes sweetly down by sips :
The mouth of sleepers doth uncloze,
And sanctify their lips.

THE CHURCH'S WORDS.

- 10 My well-belov'd I must admire,
Most worthy though he be,
He's mine ; and, lo ! his heart's desire
Is towards worthless me.
- 11 Come, love ; let's to the field of grace,
Retire from earth's annoy :
Make villages our lodging place,
That none disturb our joy
- 12 Let's to the vineyards early go,
To see if fruit improves ;
If tender grapes and 'granates grow :
There I'll give thee my loves.

- 13 Sweet mandrakes smell, and at our door,
All pleasant fruits there be,
Both new and old, laid up in store,
My dearest Lord, for thee.
-

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CHURCH'S LOVE TO CHRIST, AND THE VEHEMENCY THEREOF. SHE INTERCEDETH
FOR THE GENTILES, AND PRAYETH FOR CHRIST'S COMING.

THE CHURCH'S WORDS.

- 1 O THAT thou as my brother wert,
My mother's sucking child ;
I'd kiss and hug thee in my heart ;
Nor be for this revil'd.
- Yea, in the op'nest patent place,
Without a blush for shame,
I would with joyful arms embrace,
The babe of Bethlehem.
- 2 I'd bring thee to my mother's house,
Who would instruct me there :
The spiced wine, and 'granates' juice,
Should be thy royal fare.
- 3 His left hand for my support he,
Beneath my head should place ;
And for my comfort lend to me
His right hand's soft embrace.
- 4 O Salem's daughters, do not prove
Disturbers of his ease ;
I charge you stir not up my Love,
Nor wake him till he please.

THE COMPANION'S WORDS.

- 5 (Who 's this up from the wilderness
Of sin and sorrow mov'd,
Comes leaning thus, and laying stress
Upon her Well-belov'd ?)

THE CHURCH'S WORDS.

Beneath the shady apple tree,
I did thee raise with care :
Thy mother travail'd there with thee ;
Thy happy birth was there.

O do thou set me as a seal,
 Upon thine heart and arm :
 For love is strong as death, I feel
 Suspicion cruelly warm ;

Unsatiated like the grave's desire,
 Is killing jealousy :
 The coals thereof are coals of fire,
 That flame most vehemently.

7 Can love be quenched with many floods ?
 Or drowned with waters ? No :
 Should one for love give all his goods,
 The price were basely low.

8 We have a little sister, Lord ;
 No breasts yet formed hath she :
 What help to her shall we afford,
 When she bespoke shall be ?

CHRIST'S WORDS.

9 If once she be a wall, through grace,
 We'll take a special care ;
 To build on her a dwelling place,
 A silver palace fair :
 If once her heart's an open door,
 For me to enter in,
 We'll as with cedar boards secure
 And strengthen her within.

THE CHURCH'S WORDS.

10 So be't, for grace made me a wall ;
 Grace formed my breast's tower high :
 Then found I (as my sister shall),
 Great favour in his eye.

11 Here likewise our king Solomon,
 A vineyard did possess
 To keepers care (O be it shown)
 He let it out to dress :
 If each for fruit his Lord assigns
 Proportion'd tribute brings ;
 He'd render for a thousand vines,
 A thousand silverlings.

CHRIST'S WORDS.

12 My vineyard, Love, the object is
 Of my peculiar care ;
 My heart and eye is fixed on this
 More close than any-where.

THE CHURCH'S WORDS.

To thee, O Solomon, I'll bring
The grateful rent I owe ;
The vineyard's revenue, O King,
Belongs to thee, I know :

And while to thee alone pertains,
A thousand fold is due ;
To underkeepers for their pains,
Two hundred shall accrue.

CHRIST'S WORDS.

13 O thou that hast in gardens choice,
Thy dwelling here below,
As thy companions hear thy voice ;
So let me hear it too.

So pleasant unto them and me,
Is thy delicious strain,
I'll joy how oft I hear from thee
Until we meet again.

THE CHURCH'S WORDS.

14 O haste again, dear Lord, and be
A speedy roe, or hart,
Upon the spicy hills, that we
May meet and never part.

SCRIPTURE SONGS.

PART IV.

POEMS SELECTED FROM THE PROPHET ISAIAH, &c.

INTRODUCTION.

ALL Scripture is given by inspiration, and is profitable for instruction ; and those passages that are poetical are well calculated for gaining the attention, enlivening the affection, exciting devotion, and assisting the memory. Our Saviour divides the books of the Old Testament into the Law, the Prophets, and the Psalms, Luke xxiv. 44. which teaches us to distinguish those books and passages that are poetical. The prophetical writings abound with a variety of poetical compositions. The Prophets of the LORD were themselves all holy men, vested with a divine mission, had a great interest in, and intimacy with Heaven. Prophecy is venerable for its antiquity, for it came of old time ; and to be esteemed for its excellence, being put for all divine revelation. All the prophets bare witness of Christ, and testified before-hand of his sufferings, and the glory that should follow. Of all the prophets none spoke so clearly and fully of Christ, as the prophet Isaiah ; for which he is justly stiled, the evangelical prophet ; and by some of the ancients, a fifth evangelist. The whole of his prophecy is transcendently excellent and useful, and contains much of the grace of the gospel ; and it abounds with more poetical passages, sacred odes, and evangelical songs, than all the other prophets besides. And if those divine hymns and poetical passages are viewed with proper attention, they will be found to have in them as lofty and sublime strokes of poetry as are to be met with ; carrying in them a poetic force and flame, without a poetic fury and fiction ; and strangely command and move the affections, without corrupting and putting a cheat upon the imagination ; and are well adapted to gratify the ear, edify the mind, captivate the heart, and yield both profit and pleasure. Of all this the following songs will exhibit a specimen.

SONG I.

Morning and Evening Mercies to be acknowledged. Psalm xcii. 2., Lam. iii. 23.

THY gifts, O God, of endless love,
Each evening tide are new ;
And morning mercies from above
Distil like early dew.

Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
To guard our sleeping hours :
Thy sov'reign word restores the light,
To raise our drowsy pow'rs.

We yield our pow'rs to thy command,
To thee devote our days ;
For constant blessings from thy hand,
We owe thee constant praise.

SONG II.

The Day of Youth, and the Day of Judgment. Eccl. xi. 9.

REJOICE, ye striplings, vain and young,
That full of frolics rove ;
Indulge your hearts, and eyes, and tongues,
In merriement you love.

Taste the delights your souls desire,
And pleasures you design ;
And give a loose to all your fire ;
In wantonness and wine.

Enjoy your foolish fading bliss,
And lawless joys ; but know,
Beside the day of mirth, there is
A day of judgment too.

[The judge will all your works record,
Till you the doom shall hear ;
O let the thunder of his word
Awake your souls to fear !

Wrath, to your follies due by law,
Should strike your hearts with dread :
The vice you hug will surely draw
The vengeance on your head,

Think how you'll bear that dreadful day,
And stand the fiery test ;
O give your mortal joys away
For everlasting rest !]

SONG III.

The young and old Sinner warned ; and Death dreadful to the unconverted.

Eccl. xii. 1—7. Isa. lxx. 20.

YOUR Maker and Redeemer, God,
Mind ere the months come on,
When you shall say, your youthful blood
And merry days are gone.

The aged, wicked sinner goes
To regions of the dead,
Laden with guilt and heavy woes,
And curses on his head.

His dust descends ; his soul to God
Ascends ; not there to dwell,
But to be doom'd to his abode ;
Then down he sinks to hell.

[Lord, put thy fear into my heart ;
And when I hence remove,
Provide my soul a better part,
A mansion in thy love.]

SONG IV.

The Glory, Peace, and Piety of the Gospel Church, in the latter Days.

Isa. ii. 2—6.

2 IN latter days, God's holy hill,
His house shall so be rais'd,
'Bove hills and mountains high, as will
Make men, that see, amaz'd.

3 All nations then shall thither flow
In throngs, and say aloud,
Come let us up to Sion go,
The house of Jacob's God.

We'll learn his easy yoke to draw,
His sacred paths to trace :
From Zion shall go forth the law,
From Salem news of grace.

4 He shall, as Judge, his throne erect,
Among the nations rude,
To make them friends ; or justly check
The rebel multitude.

His peace proclaimed with gracious words,
Shall banish fueds and fears ;
Men shall to plough-shares beat their swords,
And pruning-hooks their spears.

No nation more 'gainst nation shall
Rise up in arms nor fight,

5 O Jacob's house, come let us all
Walk in Jehovah's light.

SONG V.

The Song of the Vineyard, justifying God's Severity. Isa. v. 1—7.

1 A SONG to my Beloved One
I'll sing, and mention will
His vineyard, situate upon
A very fruitful hill.

- 2 Round with a wall he fenc'd it fine,
 Did noxious stones eject;
 Then plant it with the choicest vine,
 'Midst it a tow'r erect :
- A wine-press there he made ; and thence
 Expected grapes for use :
 Yet none but wild grapes of offence,
 And trash, did it produce.
- 3 Now, O ye Salem natives all,
 And tribe of Judah huge ;
 I, 'twixt me and my vineyard, call
 On you yourselves to judge.
- 4 What more of outward pains could be
 Than mine, to deck the field ?
 Why then, instead of grapes to me
 Wild clusters did it yield ?
- 5 The crime leaves no excuse a room,
 And therefore now go to ;
 I'll read my barren vineyard's doom,
 And shew you what I'll do :
- I'll soon unhedge it quite, to be
 Devour'd like to a heath :
 O'erthrow its wall, to make it free
 For foes a treading path.
- 6 I'll lay it waste, nor prune nor dig,
 Then briars and thorns shall spread ;
 I'll charge the clouds, with vapours big,
 No show'rs on it to shed.
- 7 For now the house of Isra'l fair
 Jehovah's vineyard is :
 The men of Judah likewise are
 That pleasant plant of his.
- He look'd for judgment just : but lo !
 Oppression rude appear'd ;
 For righteousness, but cross thereto,
 A cry of blood was heard.

SONG VI.

A Song of Praise to God, the Saviour and Salvation of Zion, for his Mercies.

Isa. xii. 1—6.

- 1 O LORD, thy praise I will essay ;
 Tho' worth with me thou wast,
 Yet now thine anger's turn'd away,
 Thou me comforted hast.

- 2, Behold, God's my salvation strong ;
I'll trust him unafraid :
The Lord Jehovah is my Song,
My strength and saving aid.
- 3 Ye then, who scorch'd wi' th' fiery law,
Whom thirst nor need compells,
With joy shall living water draw
From these salvation wells.
- 4 Aloud be hallelujah said,
Call on Jehovah's name :
His deeds among the people spread,
Speak out his lofty fame.
- 5 Sing to the Lord, him praise and bless ;
For he, the wisest One,
Things excellent hath done ; and this
In all the earth is known.
- 6 Cry out and shout, thou denizen,
That dwells in Zion free :
For great is Isra'l's holy One,
That dwells in midst of thee.

SONG VII.

*A Song of Praise to God for his merciful Judgments, saving Benefits, and
victorious Salvation. Isa. xxv. 1—12.*

SECTION I.

God's Merciful Judgments.

- 1 THOU, O Jehovah, art my God,
Thee as mine own I claim ;
I'll therefore celebrate abroad
And praise thy glorious name :
For thou hast wonders manifold
Perform'd in recent dress ;
Shap'd to thy counsels, which of old
Are truth and faithfulness.
- 2 In heaps and rubbish laid thou hast
Strong cities fenc'd afore ;
And strangers' palaces laid waste,
To be rebuilt no more.
- 3 Thy stoutest foes shall therefore yield
The glory thine to be ;
And nations fierce resign the field,
And fear to cope with thee.
- 4 For thou in straits a strength to poor
And needy ones hast been ;

From blowing storm a refuge sure,
From scorching heat a screen.
And that in times of greatest dread,
When furious tempests fall,
And blasts of tyrants fierce exceed
The storm that beats the wall.

- 5 The ruffling noise of strangers rude,
Thou shalt abate with ease,
As in dry plots a shady cloud
Does scorching heat surcease :
On tyrants proud thou'lt be aveng'd,
That are so dreadful now ;
Their jovial trebles shall be chang'd
And doleful basses low.

SECTION II.

His saving Benefits.

- 6 Lo ! in this mount the Lord of hosts
A banquet shall prepare,
For all that tread on Zion's coasts,
And people ev'ry-where.
He'll with fat things and wines suffice,
Fat things of marrow full,
Wines well refin'd, from off the lees,
To glad and chear the dull.
- 7 And in this mount he'll raze the vail,
The face o'er-cov'ring shade,
Of darkness cast o'er people all,
And o'er all nations spread.
- 8 He'll swallow up, in victory,
Grim death, the king of fears ;
From faces all the Lord most high
Will wipe away the tears ;
What base contempt, and vile reproach,
Were on his people laid,
From off the earth he'll quite dispatch ;
For so the Lord hath said.

SECTION III.

His victorious Salvation.

- 9 That day shall songs be utter'd thus,
" Behold this is our God ;
We stay'd for him, and now he'll us
With his salvation load :
This is the Lord Redeemer kind,
For whom we long did wait ;

We will be glad, with joyful mind,
In his salvation great."

- 10 For here shall rest our conqu'ring God,
And Moab be o'erthrown ;
11 The gates of hell shall down be trode,
12 The trump of triumph blown.

SONG VIII.

A Song inciting to Faith, Patience, Hope, and Confidence in God. · Isa. xxi.—

"In that day shall this song be sung in the land of Judah," &c.

SECTION I.

Confidence in God.

- 1 WE have a city, strong and fair,
Where grace triumphant reigns :
Instead of walls and bulwarks there
Salvation God ordains.
2 Set open to the nation just
The city-gates that they
Who buy the truth, and keep the trust,
May enter there and stay.
3 Thou wilt him keep in perfect peace
Whose mind on thee is stay'd
Because he all his trust doth place
In thee alone for aid.
4 Trust ye for ever in the Lord ;
For everlasting pow'r
Is in the Lord Jehovah stor'd,
The rock of ages sure.

SECTION II.

God's Judgments.

- 5 He shews his pow'r by bringing down
The proud that dwell on high :
Makes tow'ring cities overthrown
Low in the dust to lie.
6 Yea, poor despis'd and needy ones,
That trust beneath his shade,
Shall underfoot the pomp of thrones
And lofty cities tread.
7 The just man's way is plain and right ;
Thou, Lord, most upright, weigh'st
His path, to level with delight
The plain which thou survey'st.

- 8 Yea, in thy way, where judgments flame,
We waited, Lord thy will ;
Our souls desire it to thy name,
And thy remembrance still.
To thee Lord in the shade of night,
My soul's desire was drawn ;
Yea, with my spirit's inward might
I'll seek thee in the dawn ;
For when thy judgments just appear
On earth severe and stern,
The world's indwellers wise will fear,
And righteousness will learn.
- 10 But to the wicked mercy be,
As well as judgment shown ;
Yet righteousness nor learn will he,
Nor dash his idols down :
Ev'n in the land where truth's declar'd,
And justice hath abode,
He'll be unjust ; nor will regard
The majesty of God.
- 11 Lord, when thy lifted hand's in sight,
Yet see they won't at all :
They shut their eyes from clearest light :
But see at length they shall :
And blush, that they, from blind envy,
Did treat thy folk with spite :
The fiery wrath, thy foes defy,
Shall soon devour them quite.

SECTION III.

God's Favour to his People.

- 12 Thou, Lord, wilt peace for us ordain :
For, far above our thought,
Thou all our works of grace and gain,
Hast in and for us wrought.
- 13 Strange lords instead of thee, O Lord,
Have o'er us domineer'd ;
But we'll through grace thy name record
As only to be fear'd
- 14 Dead and deceased'd, these tyrants shall
Nor live nor rise to bite :
Thy visit, killing them, made all
Their mem'ry perish quite.
- 15 Thy nation once thou didst increase ;
Then Lord they multiply'd :
(In this, was shown thy faithfulness)
And thou art glorify'd.

Yet justly now we captives are
 For sin, which thee offends ;
 Thou hast remov'd the nation far,
 To earth's remotest ends.

- 16 In trouble, Lord, thy folks distress'd
 To visit thee took care ;
 And when thy chast'ning hand them press'd
 Pour'd out a fervent pray'r.

[The floods, in which vain hopes were drown'd,
 Set praying ships a-float ;
 Nor were they melted till they found
 The furnace burning hot.]

- 17 As woman, pregnant and in pain,
 When time of birth draws nigh,
 Cry out in pangs ; such, Lord, have been
 Our case before thine eye.

- 18 We lab'ring did of child-birth find
 The pain, but not the joy ;
 We brought forth, as it were, but wind ;
 No profit, but annoy.

For by us no deliv'rance rose,
 Within the land at all ;
 Nor was the world of foreign foes
 Before us made to fall.

- 19 But, lo ! thy dead shall live and spring,
 With my dead body well
 They shall arise ; awake, and sing,
 Ye in the dust that dwell.

Spring-dews the bury'd herbs renew ;
 Thine just resembles those ;
 Earth shall cast out the dead, and thou
 Cast down gigantic foes.

SECTION IV.

An Exhortation to rely on God.

- 20 Come, children, to your Father's arms,
 While stormy tempests chase ;
 Take shelter here from threat'ning harms,
 In chambers of my grace.

Your closet-doors, by faith and pray'r,
 Be shut about you fast ;
 Hide for a little moment there,
 Till wrath be overpast.

- 21 For, lo ! the Lord, the Judge of saints,
 Comes from his place betimes,
 To punish th' earth's inhabitants
 For all their bloody crimes.

The earth shall all her crying bloods,
 And secret sins disclose ;
 Nor cover more her slain with clods,
 But all to light expose.

SONG IX.

A Song of God's Care over his Vineyard. Isa. xxvii. 2—6.

SING ye to God, the vineyard fair,
 Of choicest rudy-wine,
 Which I the Lord do keep with care,
 And cultivate as mine.

3 I'll every moment water it,
 To make it fresh and gay ;
 And none to hurt it will permit,
 But keep it night and day.

4 Nor fury is in me 'gainst it ;
 Who then, with lifted horns,
 'Gainst me in battle-rank would set
 An host of briars and thorns ?

Soon would I, like a flaming fire,
 Go thro' and burn them quite ;
 [But vengeance is not my desire,
 For mercy's my delight.]

5 Let then the sinner's holding be
 My arm of power for all,
 That thus he may make peace with me,
 And make the peace he shall.

9 For God will cause the progeny
 Of Jacob to take root ;
 And blooming Isra'l shall supply
 The barren world with fruit.

SONG X.

The Song of Hezekiah, when his Life was lengthened, after a message of Death.
 Isa. xxviii. 10—30.

10 HEAV'N's sentence to cut off my days
 Thus made me vent my fears ;
 To death's black gates I'll go, alas !
 'Reft of my running years.

11 No more I'll see the Lord, said I,
 Here in this lower court ;
 No mortal more on earth espy,
 In friendship there resort.

- 12 Soon like a shepherd's tent aloof
Gone is this age of mine ;
Quite like a weaver's thrumb cut off
My life I must resign.
He'll me with pining sickness waste,
Ere nature's course be done ;
From day to night pursued with haste ;
Lord, thou wilt end me soon,
- 13 Till morn I thought that, lion-like,
He all my bones would break :
Ere night that going on to strike
An end of me he'd make.
- 14 As cran or swallow chatt'ring rove,
In fright, so did I moan ;
And as a tim'rous lonely dove,
So did I mourn and groan.
With looking up mine eyes distress'd
Did fail, nor help could see :
Then said I, Lord, I am oppress'd ;
O undertake for me !
- 15 What shall I say ? for kindly now
The Lord to me hath spoke ;
And done as he had promis'd too,
Death's sentence to revoke.
I'll therefore softly walk the whole
Of my remaining years,
In bitter mournfulness of soul,
For all my sinful fears.
- 16 Lord, by these quick'ning words of thine
Men's souls and bodies live :
In these doth stand this life of mine,
So didst thou me revive.
- 17 Peace fled : and lo ! great bitterness
I had in place of it ;
But thou, my soul, didst love and bless
From black corruption's pit :
Yea, thou hast prov'd that I am lov'd
From death's abyss and wreck ;
For all my sins thou hast remov'd,
And cast behind thy back.
- 18 Mute graves can ne'er thy praise emit
Death cannot sing thy fame ;
No pris'ner in the silent pit
Can magnify thy name :
No bury'd dust can speak thy praise,
Nor sleeping ashes show

Thy truth, to ground their hope, and raise
Thy honour here below.

- 19 The living he, the living shall
Thy praises sound remain,
As I this day ; so do shall all
Who do not live in vain.

Fathers shall to their sons make known
Thy faithfulness of grace,
And to convey thy wonders down
Through ev'ry rising race.

- 20 To save my life the Lord was bent :
We'll therefore sing his praise ;
And in his house my songs accent
That shall outlive our days.

SONG XI.

Flesh fading, the Word of the Lord abiding. Isa. xl. , 7, 8.—1 Pet. i. 24, 25.

CRY, said the voice, All flesh is grass,
That springs, and fades as soon ;
Like morning flow'rs, in fairest dress,
That wither quite at noon.

But God's unfading word of grace
For evermore endures ;
Which all, whose arms of faith embrace,
In endless bliss secures.

SONG XII.

Unbelieving Fears checked, and Strength from Heaven promised. Isa. xl. 27—31,

- 27 WHY jealous Jacob, speak'st thou so,
My way is hid from God ?
Unpled my cause, undash'd my foe,
Still down my strength is trod ?

- 28 Hast thou forgot the mighty name,
That earth and heav'n did make ?
And can an all-creating arm
Grow weary, faint, or weak ?

Omnipotence alone is his,
Eternal are his days :
His understanding searchless is,
And who can trace his ways ?

- 29 He giveth pow'r unto the faint,
Makes weaklings' strength to grow,

- 30 While youthful vigour soon is spent,
And boasting might laid low.
- 31 But they that wait upon the Lord,
And in his power confide,
Shall have their strength a-new restor'd,
And daily wants supply'd.
- They shall mount up on eagle's wings,
With fear unwearied move,
Till, losing sight of earthly things,
They rest with God above.
-

SONG XIII.

Christ's mediatory Service graced with Meekness and Constancy. Isa. xlii. 1--4.
Mat. xii. 18.—22.

- 1 BEHOLD, my servant wonderful,
Whom I uphold and stay !
Mine elect, whom my very soul
Delighteth in for aye.
- On him I'll put my Sp'rit, with all
His virtues measureless ;
And he, with light and judgment, shall
The Gentile nations bless.
- 2 From him no cry with clam'rous voice,
Nor violence forth shall break ;
He shall no loud contentious noise,
Nor ostentation make.
- Peaceful and mild he shall proceed
In his illustrious acts ;
- 3 He shall not break the bruised reed,
Nor quench the smoking flax.
- He shall with aid and comfort both,
His weaklings fortify ;
And judgment unto light and truth,
Bring forth victoriously.
- 4 He doubtless shall pursue his aim,
Until with judgment just,
He bless the earth ; and in his name,
The distant isles shall trust.
-

SONG XIV.

Christ's Commission opened, which he received from the Father ; and the joyful singing with which the glad tidings thereof should be received. Isa. xlii. 5—12.

- 5 THUS says the Lord of heav'n and earth,
That stretched out the skies,

- And all his tribes of earthly birth,
With life and breath supplies.
- 6 In right, to thee my call I grant,
And thee support will I :
I'll give thee for a covenant
To people far and nigh :
- 7 T' illuminate, with saving light,
The eyes of Gentiles blind ;
To rend the clouds that them benight,
And prisoners unbind.
- 8 I, who thee authorise declare,
That I Jevovah am :
My praise no idol god shall share ;
Thou only bear'st my name.
- 9 Lo ! all my promises of old
Men now accomplish'd see ;
And future things a-new foretold
Shall be fulfill'd in thee.
- 10 Let all the earth, then, to the Lord,
Sing glad an anthem new ;
The Gentile race with one accord,
In consort with the Jew :
- 11 Th' inhabitants of rocks and isles,
Of wilds and cities fair,
Of Kedar huts and naked hills,
And singers every where :
- 12 Let them Jehovah's glory raise,
In elevated stiles ;
And celebrate his highest praise
In earth's remotest isles.

SONG XV.

Christ's shewing his name ; and his Victory over his and our Enemies.
Isa. lxiii. 1—5.

- 1 WHO's this from Edom comes in state !
From Bozra, who is this !
With ruddy garments to relate,
That victory is his ?
- This that is gloriously array'd,
And trav'ling on his road
I' th' greatness of his strength display'd,
And grandeur of a God ?
- 'Tis I speak that in righteousness,
I the victorious King,

- Who comes your en'mies to suppress,
And your salvation bring.
- 2 Why, mighty Lord, may we propose,
Why is thy raiment red ?
And all thy garments stain'd like those
That in the wine press tread ?
- 3 I've trode the bloody press alone,
O' th' folk none was with me ;
My wrath has stamped the rebels down,
My fury made them flee.
- Their blood hath all my garments stain'd,
And dy'd my raiment so :
The happy vict'ry now is gain'd,
O'er hellish pow'rs below.
- I'll thus destroy the adverse throngs,
That dare insult my saints ;
I have an arm t' avenge their wrongs,
An ear to hear their plaints.
- 4 The day of vengeance on the foe
Is in my very heart ;
The year of my redeem'd from woe
Is come to ease their smart.
-

SONG XVI.

Salvation, Righteousness, and Strength, in Christ alone. Isa. xlv. 21—25.

SECTION I.

Salvation in Christ alone. Ver. 21, 22.

- TH' eternal Son of God proclaims,
His God-head from above ;
Mercy and justice are my names,
The fair enam'ling love.
- 21 Lift up your eyes, ye mankind lost,
And look to me alone ;
I'm God the Saviour, God the just ;
Beside me there is none.
- 22 Look from the earth's remotest ends,
By faith, and be ye sav'd :
My grace, that call'd the Jews, extends
To Gentile lands enslav'd.
- Where'er you are by land or sea,
At home, or far abroad,
Look not to idols vain, but me,
The omnipresent God.

In me you'll find salvation sure
 From sin, and death, and hell ;
 And life, more happy and secure,
 Than 'twas before you fell.

SECTION II.

Righteousness and Strength in Christ alone.—Ver. 23, 24, 25.

- 23 By my great name I made a vow,
 Nor, vow'd, my word shall veer ;
 To me alone each knee shall bow,
 Each tongue allegiance swear.
- 24 Each soul that knows the joyful sound,
 With thankful tongue shall own ;
 My righteousness and strength is found
 In thee, O Lord, alone.
- By faith and prayer shall Gentiles come
 To him with free consent :
 Refusers, too, to get their doom,
 Shall come, but by constraint.
- For all despisers of his name,
 And every wicked foe,
 Shall suffer penitential shame,
 Or everlasting woe.
- 25 But happy thrice all Israel's seed,
 Both rid of guilt and shame,
 Shall in the Lord be justify'd,
 And glory in his name.

SONG XVII.

*Christ's sufferings and glory, or unbelief lamented, and the benefit and the success of
 the sufferings of Christ declared.* Isa. iii. 1—12.

- 1 Who hath believ'd our good report ?
 How few the truth have seal'd !
 To whom is Christ, the strongest fort,
 The arm of God reveal'd !
- 2 For, like a tender plant sprung up
 He seem'd, as he drew nigh :
 And, like a despicable root
 From ground exceeding dry.
- No wordly splendour did he shew,
 Nor outward gallantry ;
 No beauteous form, nor comely hue,
 To charm the carnal eye.
- 3 Rejected and despis'd of men,
 A man of griefs and woes ;

His life with sorrow and disdain
Did both begin and close.

- 4 Yet, sure, our sorrows were his load,
Our griefs in him combin'd;
Though we esteem'd him plagu'd of God
When anguish tore his mind.

- 5 But he was wounded for our sins,
And bruised for our guilt;
For which from all his sacred veins,
Atoning blood was spilt.

Upon him was the chastisement,
That peace to us procur'd;
And we are heal'd by Heav'n's consent,
By stripes that he endur'd.

- 6 (Each to his own by-path) all we,
Like sheep have gone astray:
But God on him th' iniquity,
Ev'n of us all, did lay.

- 7 Wrong'd and oppress'd, yet meek and mute,
While patience overcame,
He was, when to the slaughter brought,
Dumb like a harmless lamb.

- 8 Who can his generation show?
Yet he from prison led,
And judgment under shew of law,
Was held among the dead;

Yea, justly held, by law divine,
And justly too set free:
Who can his endless life define,
Or count his progeny?

His seed, for whom he was cut off
From those on earth that liv'd,
He for their sin, and their behoof,
The mortal stroke receiv'd.

- 9 His grave he with the wicked made,
And with the rich when dead;
No wrong did from his hand, nor fraud
E'er from his mouth proceed.

- 10 Yet, lo! it pleas'd the Lord to bruise,
And down the surety tread!
But when, for sin and justice' dues,
His soul's the victim made.

Then said he, He shall see his seed
Prolong his days for aye;
My pleasure in his hand succeed,
And prosper every way.

- 11 He of the travail of his soul
 The sweet effects shall see ;
 And, joyful in his purchase whole,
 He satisfy'd shall be.
- My righteous Servant, then, withal,
 Shall justify and save
 His thousands, when of him they shall
 Fiducial knowledge have.
- 12 He with the great shall share the spoil,
 Defeat his mighty foes ;
 Though ranked with sinners, here he fell,
 A conqueror he rose.
- His Father's crown of victory
 Most fairly won he hath ;
 For at his call he willingly
 Pour'd out his soul to death.
- He dying bore the guilt of men,
 That sin might be forgiv'n :
 He pleading died, and lives again
 To plead for them in heav'n.
-

SONG XVIII.

The, enlargement, glory, and safety of the Church.

SECTION I.

*The Gospel Church enlarged, her barren womb opened ; or the Gentiles brought in
 and married to Christ. Isa. lvi. 1—5.*

- 1 O BARREN Zion, sing aloud,
 For fruitful shalt thou be,
 With Gentiles as thy num'rous brood,
 And happy progeny.
- More children shall be generate,
 So saith the Lord of life,
 By her that was so desolate,
 Than by the married wife.
- 2 Enlarge abroad thy dwelling tent,
 Stretch forth thy curtains wide,
- 3 That, for thy offspring opulent,
 Full room thou may'st provide.
- 4 Fear not, for thy recover'd fame
 Allow no mourning mood ;
 No longer shalt thou bear the shame
 Of barren widowhood.

5 For happily betroth'd art thou
 To one of wondrous fame ;
Thy Maker is thy husband now,
 The Lord of hosts his name.

Thy great Redeemer, match'd with thee,
 Is Zion's holy One :
 The God of all the earth is he,
 And not of Jews alone.

SECTION II.

*God's greivous desertion, and gracious return ; or his departure short, his Covenant
 of Peace everlasting. Isa. liv. 6—10.*

6 WHEN, like a wife of youth refus'd,
 Thou didst deserted mourn,
 The Lord thy God, in love thee chus'd,
 And call'd thee to return.

7 Though for a moment, very smell,
 I thee forsook of late ;
 I'll gather thee from sin and thrall,
 With mercies very great.

8 I, in a little wrath, my face
 A moment hid from thee ;
 But, lo ! my mercy's kind embrace
 Shall everlasting be.

9 That Noah's waters no more should
 O'erwhelm the earth I swore ;
 So have I sworn I never would
 Be angry with thee more.

10 The solid mountains shall depart,
 The hills shall be remov'd ;
 But not the kindness of my heart
 From thee my choice belov'd :
 Nor shall my covenant of grace
 And peace remov'd be,
 Says God, who sees thee meritless,
 But mercy has on thee.

SECTION III.

*The honour and security of the Church : Or, Zion comforted both against
 Disgrace and Danger. Isa. liv. 11—17.*

11 O thou afflicted, toss'd with winds,
 And tempests very great,
 Who in distress no comfort finds,
 But mourn'st thy grievous state !

Behold ! thy ruins I'll repair
 With finer pearls for nought,
 Than rubies rich, or sapphires fair,
 With gold of Ophir bought.

- 12 I'll beautify thy wasted wall,
 Make thy foundations shine ;
 Thy borders, gates, and windows all
 With pleasant stones inline.
 [The precious jewels, for thy dress,
 That shall to thee be giv'n,
 Are knowledge, peace, and righteousness,
 These glist'ring gems of Heav'n.]
- 13 Thy seed shall all be taught of God,
 And great shall be their peace ;
- 14 And firm thy standing, not in fraud,
 But truth and righteousness.
 Oppressors shall be far remov'd,
 Thou therefore shalt not fear ;
 And ills, that once thy terror prov'd,
 To thee shall not come near.
- 15 Thy foes, without my order, shall
 Against thee counsel take ;
 But, when combin'd before thee fall
 A booty for thy sake.
 [In vain attempts, as well as rash,
 They shall but rage and roar ;
 Like rising angry waves that dash
 And die upon the shore.]
- 16 The smith that forms the swords of war,
 The waster too, is mine ;
 See, then, where the destroyers are
 That serve not my design.
- 17 No weapon form'd against thy peace
 Shall prosper in that aim,
 But back upon the aimer's face
 Turn to his hurt and shame.
 Reproachful tongues that 'gainst thee rise
 With shew of right and law,
 Thou shalt condemn, and for their lies
 Just vengeance on them draw.
 God's saints, of all his promis'd bliss,
 The happy heirs shall be ;
 And (saith the Lord) their righteousness
 Is all and whole of me.

SONG XIX.

The free Gospel-Call, pressed with the promise of solid and sure Mercy.

Isa. lv. 1, 2, 3.

- 1 Ho ! ev'ry thirsty soul, and all
 That poor and needy are ;

Here's water of salvation's well
For you to come and share.

Here's freedom both from sin and wo,
And blessings all divine :
Here streams of love and mercy flow,
Like floods of milk and wine.

Approach the fountain-head of bliss,
That's open like the sea,
To buyers that are moneyless,
The poorest beggars free.

- 2 Why spend you all your wealth and pains,
For that which is not bread,
And for unsatisfying gains,
On which no soul can feed !

While vain ye seek, with earthly toys,
To fill an empty mind,
You lose immortal solid joys,
And feed upon the wind.

- 3 Incline your ear, and come to me ;
Hear, and your soul shall live :
For mercies sure, as well as free,
I bind myself to give.

SONG XX.

*Faith and Repentance urged upon Sinners, from motives of grace and mercy : or
God's drawing them to himself with Cords of Love.*

Isa. lv. 6—9.

6 SEEK God while yet he may be found,
Call on him while he's near ;
While grace's trump, the joyful sound
Of mercy, strikes your ear.

- 7 O let the wicked change his way !
And the unrighteous man
His thoughts, and legal hopes, that stray
Cross to the gospel plan,

And let him now return to God,
The Lord our righteousness ;
Who, through the merit of his blood,
In mercy will him bless.

To our God let him turn betimes,
For gracious will he be ;
And for his multitude of crimes
Will pardons multiply.

Let, saith the Lord, my boundless grace
Move guilty souls to come,
And trust me with their des'prate case
When hopeless thoughts do roam.

8 Because my thoughts and ways divine
Are not as yours ; for why ?
All yours are base and low, but mine
Immensely great and high :

9 For as the heav'ns, in height and space,
Transcend your earthly boors ;
Much more my thoughts and ways of grace
Surmount all thoughts of yours.

[Great God, then bid the mountains move ;
Our sins that reach the sky,
Be melted down with flames of love,
More infinitely high.]

SONG XXI.

The desperate State of the Church bewailed. Jer. viii. 18—22.

18 WHEN fain I would comfort myself,
Against prevailing grief,
My heart within me waxed faint,
Nor could I find relief.

19 Behold my peoples' rueful cry,
Hath reach'd my wounded ear,
For exiles now in misery,
Who yokes of bondage bear.

Doth not the Lord in Zion dwell,
And there for ever reign ?
Why have they thus provok'd his ire,
With idols strange and vain ?

20 The harvest time is over-past,
The summer's at an end ;
Yet sav'd we are not, nor from heav'n
Does help to us descend.

21 The daughter of my people's hurt
Doth wound and blacken me ;
Astonishment hath seized my soul
To an extreme degree.

22 Is there no balm in Gilad ?
Is no physician there ;
Why then hath Zion's hurt no cure,
Nor yet her health repair ?

SCRIPTURE SONGS.

PART V.

A SHORT PARAPHRASE

ON THE

LAMENTATIONS OF JEREMIAH.

PREFACE.

THE Title of this book, which has none in the original, is taken from the subject matter of which it treats; and therefore entitled **LAMENTATIONS**. As there are sacred odes, or songs of joy; so there are sacred elegies, or songs of lamentation.—The Penman of the Spirit of God in this book, was Jeremiah the prophet, who is here Jeremiah the poet; and, indeed, *Vates* signifies both. It is thought fitly adjoined to his book as an appendix.—The occasion of these Lamentations was the destruction of the city and temple of Jerusalem, and of the land of Judea, by the Caldean army; and the dissolution of the Jewish state, both civil and ecclesiastical, thereby.—The use of these Lamentations is still to affect the Lord's people with godly sorrow for sin, as the procuring cause of all such miseries and calamities, that may befall the Church of God in this world.

The original composure of this book is not only poetical, but alphabetical: each verse beginning with a several letter, in the order of the Hebrew alphabet; the first Aleph, the second Beth, &c. This order is followed in all the first four chapters.

The first, second, and fourth chapters consist of twenty-two verses, which comprehend the whole alphabet. The third chapter consists of sixty verses, whereof each three verses do begin with one letter throughout, and all in the aforesaid alphabetical order, except that in chapter second, third, and fourth, the letter Pe is put before Ain, which, in all the Hebrew alphabets, follows it. As to the reason whereof, Dr. Leighton offers this conjecture, that the letter Ain, which is the numeral letter for 70, was thus, by being misplaced, made remarkable, to put them in mind of the seventy years; at the end of which, God would turn again their captivity, under which they were in Babylon.

The fifth chapter is not alphabetical as the rest; yet (it seems, in conformity to the rest) it consists also of twenty-two verses according to the number of the letters in the said Hebrew alphabet.

It may be said therefore of this book of the Lamentations, what some say of the hundred and nineteenth Psalm, that "it seems to have more of poetical skill and number in it, than we, at this distance, can easily understand;" in so much, that some have called that psalm the Saint's Alphabet, it being divided into twenty-two parts, according to the number of the Hebrew letters, and each part consists of eight verses. All the verses of the first part begin with **ALEPH**; all the verses of the second with **BETH**; and so on, without any flaw, throughout the whole psalm: Heaven thus condescending to teach by letters; and, as it were, with an A, B, C. "If any censure it as childish and trifling," says Mr. Henry, "because acrostics are

quite out of fashion, let them know, that the royal psalmist despises their censure : he is a teacher of babes ; and if this method be beneficial to them, he can easily stoop to it : if this be to be vile, he will be yet more vile."

Now, as the translators of that hundred and nineteenth Psalm, both in the prose and in the metre, have set down the names of the Hebrew letters on the head of every part or section thereof ; so in imitation of that method, I thought fit to set down the name of every Hebrew letter, before each verse that begins therewith, that thus the beauty and order of the original might appear, and to shew how much the Spirit of God, who is a God of order, consulted the help and benefit of weak memories, by modelling the composure of this book, with these memorial letters : intimating perhaps, to us, that method and order, even in sacred discourses, ought not always to be hid, or couched in the bosom of long harangues ; and that the methodical way of treating them, equally evident and conspicuous, as these initial letters, has a divine precedent, in many scripture instances.

That the paraphrase on this book of the Lamentations might keep the order that is in the original, I have, in all the four alphabetical chapters, endeavoured some conformity thereto, by comprehending every verse under each Hebrew letter, within the compass of two stanzas : some of the verses being long, required them both ; and this occasions, that in some other places, where the verses are shorter, the version, or paraphrase, is the longer.

That all may be blessed of God, for the edification of his church and people, is the earnest desire of their servant, and yours in Christ,

RALPH ERSKINE.

DUMFERMLINE, 1750

CHAPTER I.

JERUSALEM'S MISERABLE STATE, BY REASON OF SIN, BITTERLY BEWAILED : SHE COMPLAINETH OF HER CALAMITIES AND GRIEF, BOTH TO GOD AND TO FRIENDS ; SOLICITS COMMISERATION, AND CONFESSETH GOD'S JUDGMENTS TO BE RIGHTEOUS.

ALEPH.

- 1 AH ! how so populous of late
The city sits alone !
How widow-like is she, that great
Among the nations shone !
Amidst the provinces around,
She like a princess sat ;
But now is under tribute bound
Unto a foreign state.

BETH.

- 2 By night she weeps, and briny tears
Bedew her comely cheeks ;
'Mong all her lovers none appears,
Nor to her comfort speaks.
Her friends, by whom she was caress'd,
Have serv'd her treacherously ;
Their friendship, formerly profess'd,
Is turn'd to enmity.

GIMEL.

- 3 Judah into captivity,
By adversaries rude,
Is gone, because of cruelty,
And grievous servitude.
'Mong heathens now she dwells in thrall,
No rest her grief abates :
Her bloody persecutors all
O'ertake her in the straits.

DALETH.

- 4 The ways of Zion wail her fates,
None keep her solemn feasts :
And all her once frequented gates,
Black desolation wastes.
Her priests, in sable, sigh to see
Their solemn fest'als gone ;
Her virgins are oppress'd, and she
In bitterness doth moan.

HE.

- 5 Her foes the chief above her are,
Her adversaries thrive ;
For God hath measur'd grief to her
Who did his Spirit grieve :
Because her sins were num'rous grown,
And heinous in his eye ;
Her num'rous seed are captive gone
Before the enemy.

VAU.

- 6 Her splendid beauty bright that shone,
To her renown before,
Is all from Zion's daughter gone,
And to be seen no more.
Her peers, like hunted harts on flight,
For want of pasture frail,
Before the hot pursuer's might
Do pow'rless faint and fail.

ZAIN.

- 7 Jerus'lem in her days now lin'd
With sorrows manifold
Call'd all her pleasant things to mind,
Which she possess'd of old.
Her people fell before her foes,
Who now upon her gaze
When helpless to deride her woes,
And mock her Sabbath-days.

CHETH.

- 8 Salem hath greatly sinn'd, and hence
She's now remov'd afar ;
All who did once her reverence,
Now her despisers are :
Because her nakedness of life
Is now expos'd to them ;
With deep regret she sighs for grief,
And backward turns for shame.

TETH.

- 9 Filth in her skirts and lewdness tend
To ruin her renown ;
She, thoughtless of her latter end,
Came wonderfully down.
No comforter on her behalf
Appear'd for her relief :
The foe hath magnified himself ;
O Lord, behold my grief.

JOD.

- 10 Profanely hath the wicked foe,
Spread out his hands unclean,
On all her pleasant things : for, lo !
Her weeping eyes have seen,
How that the heathen vile invade
Her sanctuary fair,
Thy sacred courts, of which thou'st said,
They shall not enter there.

CAPH.

- 11 Her people sigh, and bread implore ;
Her pleasant things are sold,
Their fainting spirits to restore,
Their bodies to uphold.
Consider thou, O Lord, my state,
See my extremity ;
For despicable, desolate,
And vile, become am I.

LAMED.

- 12 Ah ! is it nought to you that pass
The way ? Behold and see,
If ever any sorrow was
Like this befallen me.
But 'tis Jehovah, to display
His justice in my lot,
Who me afflicted in the day
Of his displeasure hot.

MEM.

- 13 Into my bones he hath sent down
From heav'n a burning fire,
Which o'er their strength prevailing soon
Consum'd them in his ire.

He for my feet hath spread a net,
And backward turn'd my way ;
'Tis he hath made me desolate,
And faintish all the day.

NUN.

- 14 The yoke of my collected sins,
He with his hand did tie ;
Them fast he wreaths, and up he twines,
And on my neck they lie.

My strength he dash'd with overthrows,
My valour prostrate lies ;
He put me in the hand of those
From whom I cannot rise.

SAMECH.

- 15 Amidst me, he my champions all
Down under foot did push ;
Then 'gainst me an assembly call,
My choicest youths to crush.

I' th' wine-press of the wrath of God
Where not the fair escapes,
The Lord hath Judah's daughter trod,
As people tread the grapes.

AIN.

- 16 On these accounts I weep and bray ;
Mine eye, mine eye runs down
With briny floods, because away
The Comforter is gone ;

Who should my grief of soul abate
He's far from me remote :
My children too are desolate,
Since foes the pow'r have got.

PE.

- 17 Though Zion wailing spread her hands,
None's to comfort her found :
Concerning Jacob, God commands
His foes should him surround.

'Mong whom fair Salem, now in tears,
When none do succour bring,
A separated drab appears,
And like a loathsome thing.

TZADE.

- 18 But just and righteous is the Lord ;
For by my wickedness,
I have rebell'd against his word,
And wrought my own distress.
All people, hear with pity then,
And see my grief I pray ;
My virgins, and my choice young men,
Are captive led away.

KOPH.

- 19 I call'd for friends, and near allies,
That courted once my love,
Who now, regardless of my cries,
To me deceitful prove.
My priests and elders who for me,
With Heav'n will intercede,
In city fainting sought supply,
But died for want of bread.

RESH.

- 20 See, Lord, for I'm oppress'd and cross'd
Unto the last degree ;
My bowels troubled are and toss'd
My heart is turn'd in me.
For grievously rebell'd I have,
Provoking thee to wrath :
Abroad the bloody sword doth 'reave,
At home a direful death.

SHIN.

- 21 My foes all heard of my distress,
My sighs and troubles sad ;
They heard I am left comfortless,
And at my woes were glad.
Thy doing is their mirth ; but, lo !
Thou'lt make the day to shine,
Proclaim'd by thee, in which their woe
And grief shall equal mine.

TAU.

- 22 Let all the wickedness they frame,
Before thy presence be ;
And likewise do thou unto them
As thou hast done to me.
For all my sins, which do my moans
And miseries augment :
Great is the number of my groans !
My heart within me faint.

CHAPTER II.

JEREMIAH LAMENTETH THE MISERY OF JERUSALEM, TAKING NOTICE OF THE ANGER OF THE LORD AS THE CAUSE OF HER CALAMITIES, AND THE SORROW THAT TOOK PLACE AS THE EFFECT OF THESE. HE MAKETH HIS COMPLAINT UNTO GOD, REFERRING THE MATTER TO HIS MOST COMPASSIONATE CONSIDERATION.

ALEPH.

- 1 How doth the Lord a cloud of wrath
O'er Zion's daughters spread,
And down from heav'n to earth beneath,
Fair Isra'l's pomp degrade.

Regardless of his temple gay,
How has he quite forgot
His sacred footstool, in his day
Of indignation hot.

BETH.

- 2 The Lord hath Jacob's dwellings all
Devour'd and pity'd none ;
He Judah's bulwarks, great and small,
Down in his wrath hath thrown ;
He level with the ground them laid,
Their princes too were preys ;
Them and the kingdom both he made
Polluted cast-aways.

GIMEL.

- 3 All Isra'l's born, in wrath he cut
Quite off till pow'r was lost ;
And back his right-hand vigour put,
Before the adverse host.

On ev'ry side he set his ire
A-burning to the ground,
'Gainst Jacob like a flaming fire,
Devouring all around.

DALETH.

- 4 Like to an adversary grand,
He bent his mighty bow ;
Stood wrathful-like, with his right hand
Stretch'd for the fatal blow :

He all our pleasant ones devour'd,
And slew our eyes' desire :
In Zion's daughter's tents he pour'd
His fury out like fire.

HE.

- 5 All Isra'l's palaces and stays,
And strengths to ruin go ;
Her forts demolish'd are, because
Jehovah was a foe ;
Backsliding Judah too her share
Of heaviness possess'd ;
For woeful lamentations there
And mourning he increas'd.

VAU.

- 6 He like a garden-tent hath pull'd
His tabernacle down :
His oft assembling courts annull'd
His synagogues o'erthrown.
God caus'd in Zion solemn feasts
And Sabaths be forgot ;
And hath despis'd both king and priests
In's fury burning hot.

ZAIN.

- 7 The Lord his altar did disown,
His sanctuary abhor ;
Shut up, and set her foes upon
Her palace-walls to roar :
Within the house of God have they
Profanely made a noise,
As when his folk did on the day
Of solemn feasts rejoice.

CHETH.

- 8 God Zion's walls and ramparts all,
Had purpos'd to destroy ;
Stretched out a line, nor did recall
His hand from this employ.
He therefore going on hath made
Her bulwarks to lament ;
Together dash'd they languished,
Their fortitude was spent.

TETH.

- 9 Sunk into rubbish are her gates,
Her bars entirely broke :
Yea, now her king and potentates,
Groan in the Gentiles' yoke :
The law's no more, which once her mind
With sacred lessons stor'd ;
Her seers mourn, her prophets find
No vision from the Lord.

JOD.

- 10 Now, Zion's elders on the ground
 Sit down, and silence keep :
 They cast up dost their heads around,
 And girt with sackcloth weep :
 Proud dames who did in pompous weeds,
 Vain admiration claim ;
 Ev'n Salem's virgins hang their heads
 Down to the ground for shame.

CAPH.

- 11 With tears consum'd are both mine eyes ;
 Pain'd are my bowels all ;
 Pour'd on the earth my liver lies,
 For Zion's daughter's thrall :
 Because in dearth, provision spent,
 The citizens decay ;
 Babes in the streets for hunger faint,
 And sucklings swoon away.

LAMED.

- 12 The young ones to their mothers cry,
 " O where's our former share
 Of corn and wine, and such supply
 As was our wonted fare !"
 Scarce had they spoke, till in th' arrest,
 As those in wounds of death,
 They on their moaning mother's breast,
 Pour'd out their dying breath.

MEM.

- 13 To match thy case, O Salem fair !
 What equal shall I bring ?
 'Twere ease, could I thy woes compare
 To any other thing.
 O Zion ! great's thy breach, that grows
 Like vast sea-billow rounds :
 Incomparable are thy woes,
 Incurable thy wounds.

NUN.

- 14 Thy prophets false have seen for thee
 Most foolish things and vain,
 Thy sin they shew'd not faithfully
 To turn away thy bane ;
 But have for thee false burdens seen,
 False causes of thy woe,
 And smoothing vice thy guilt to screen,
 Have wrought their overthrow.

SAMECH.

All passengers clap hands at thee,
 'Gainst Salem they inveigh;
 They shake their heads contempt'ously,
 And mock, and hiss, and say,
 "Is this the city so renown'd
 We see in rubbish hurl'd,
 The beauty with perfection crown'd
 The joy of all the world?"

PE.

16 Thy cruel foes with wide mouth bray,
 'Gainst thee their spite avow;
 They gnash the teeth, and hissing say,
 We have devour'd her now;
 "This surely is the day that we
 Expected for her fall;
 We've found it now and gladly see
 Our triumph in her thrall."

AIN.

17 The Lord hath done what he ordain'd,
 As he of old declar'd;
 Fulfill'd the word of his command,
 Cast down, and hath not spar'd:
 O'er thee he made the foe in scorn,
 To joy and be jocose;
 He hath exalted high the horn
 Of thy insulting foes.

TZADE.

18 Their heart cry'd to the Lord, and said,
 O Zion wall o'erthrown!
 Let tears both day and night be shed,
 And like a flood run down:
 Allow thyself no rest, and let
 The apple of thine eye
 No pause or intermission get,
 But weep incessantly.

KOPH.

19 Arise, and each night watch prevent,
 Cry out thy woeful case;
 Thine heart in floods of water vent
 Before Jehovah's face.
 For thy poor young ones' life intreat,
 With hands uplifted high,
 That on the top of every street
 For hunger fainting die.

RESH.

- 20 This thou hast done ; mind, Lord, to whom,
 O see ! shall women eat
 The span-long fruit of their own womb,
 For very want of meat ?
 And shall, alas ! the reverend train
 And consecrated race,
 The priest and prophet both be slain,
 Within thy holy place ?

SHIN.

- 21 Both young and old along the ground
 Lie in the streets, O Lord ;
 My darling maids and youths are found
 Slain by the bloody sword.
 Foes are but weapons of thy wrath,
 Thou slew'st, thou kill'dst them, Lord,
 In thy avenging day that hath
 No pity to afford.

TAU.

- 22 Thou hast, as in a solemn day,
 My terrors call'd around,
 That thus when wrath divine made way,
 None to escape were found.
 None left ; yea, those whom I with care,
 Had wrapt in swaddling-bands
 And foster'd, by mine en'mies are
 Consum'd with cruel hands.

CHAPTER III.

THE FAITHFUL BEWAIL THEIR CALAMITIES, VIEWING THEM AS THE FRUITS AND EFFECTS OF GOD'S DISPLEASURE.—BY THE MERCIES OF GOD THEY ENCOURAGE THEIR HOPE, ACKNOWLEDGING HIS JUSTICE, PRAYING FOR DELIVERANCE, AND VENGEANCE ON THEIR ENEMIES.

ALEPH.

- 1 I'm by the rod of wrath divine
 The man that hath seen wo ;
 2 He led and carried me and mine
 To shades of darkness low,
 But not unto a lightsome path ;
 3 Nay, in a hostile way
 He's surely turn'd his hand in wrath,
 'Gainst me he turns all day.

BETH.

- 4 My flesh and skin of young and fair,
Old and decay'd he made ;
Did break my bones ; and building rear,
My strong holds to invade.
He me encompass'd and entwin'd,
With gall and travel sore :
6 In places dark he me enshrin'd,
As men long dead before.

GIMEL.

- 7 He hedg'd me in, I can't get out ;
His heavy chain I bear ;
8 My pray'r he, when I cry and shout,
Shuts out, and scorns to hear.
9 My ways inclos'd, as with a wall
Of firm hewn stone he hath ;
And to defeat my counsels all
He crooked made my path.

DALETH.

- 10 He close laid wait as for the prey
A lion and a bear ;
11 And turning quite aside my way,
Did me in pieces tear :
He laid me waste, and in the dark,
12 His bow of fury hot,
He bent, and at me as a mark
His barbed iron shot.

HE.

- 13 His quiver-darts, so fierce set off,
Into my reins made way ;
14 To all the folk I was a scoff,
Their music all the day.
I'm made the subject of their song,
15 And fill'd until I shrunk
With bitterness and wormwood strong
With which he made me drunk.

VAU.

- 16 With gravel stones my teeth he brake ;
With ashes cover'd me ;
17 From peace my soul now gone to wreck,
Is far remov'd by thee.
Forgetting bliss as overpast,
I spake this desp'rate word,
18 " My strength is gone, my hope is lost,
And perish'd from the Lord."

ZAIN.

- 19 Despair was fed by minding all
My miseries and woes ;
The bitter wormwood and the gall,
20 My soul keeps mind of those :
Hence sunk and bow'd within me 'tis ;
But why so very sad ?
21 Despair, begone ; I've hope from this,
I mind anon to add.

CHETH.

- 22 'Tis of the Lord's compassions great
And his unfailing love,
We are not all consum'd as yet,
For still his bowels move :
23 They new with every morning roll ;
Thy truth is great and high :
24 The Lord's my portion, saith my soul ;
Hence in him hope will I.

TETH.

- 25 God's good to them that on him wait,
To souls that seek his face.
26 'Tis good that one, with hope sedate,
Expect his saving grace.
27 And for a man, by sorrow broke,
'Tis good with silent mouth,
And heart submiss to bear the yoke
And trouble in his youth.

JOD.

- 28 He quiet sits alone brought low
By having borne the rod ;
29 With mouth put in the dust, if so
There may be hope in God.
30 His cheek he to the smiter's will
Revengeless doth assign ;
Fill'd with reproach, he bears the fill,
With patience half divine.

CAPH.

- 31 The Lord will not reject for aye :
32 But though he causeth grief ;
Yet he his pity will display,
And timely grant relief.
His mercies thwart not with his dart,
33 For when he smites, ev'n then
Not willingly nor from his heart,
He grieves the sons of men.

LAMED.

- 34 Men's cruel deeds they can't abide,
To crush earth's captive race,
35 To turn the poor man's right aside,
Before the sovereign's face ;
36 To violate the sacred laws
Of justice and of right,
And judge unjustly in a cause,
Are hateful in his sight.

MEM.

- 37 Who's he that speaks, and then 'tis done,
When nay's Jehovah's will ?
38 Out from the mouth of th' highest One
Comes not both good and ill.
39 O why then should a living man
Dare enter his complaint
For penal ill ; a guilty man
For's own sin's punishment ?

NUN.

- 40 Come let us search and try our ways,
Not murmur at the rod,
But for our sins our souls abase,
And turn again to God.
41 Let us lift up our heart and hands
Whole to the God of heav'n :
42 We have rebell'd 'gainst thy commands ;
Thou, Lord, hast not forgiven.

SAMECH.

- 43 Thy wrath us hid, pursu'd, nor stopt,
But slew and did not spare ;
44 Thyself hid with a cloud that opt
No through-pass for our pray'r.
45 The world's vile filth thou hast us made,
With which contempt they use ;
We lie among the nations spread,
The scum and the refuse.

PE.

- 46 Wide mouths 'gainst us our en'mies all
Have made, and scoffing joy'd ;
47 Fear and a snare upon us fall.
We're wasted and destroy'd.
48 Mine eyes to weeping fountains turn,
Whence briny rivers flow,
While I my people's daughter mourn,
And moan her overthrow.

AIN.

- 49 With tears still trickling down, mine eye
Incessant cannot rest,
50 Till God look down, and, from on high,
Behold our case distress'd.
51 Mine eye affects my heart with pain,
To see the ruin vast
Of Salem's race, the doleful bane
I see, and stand aghast.

TZADE.

- 52 With causeless hate my eager foes,
Me like a bird did chase ;
53 My life within the dungeon close,
Then with a stone depress.
54 High did the swelling waters grow,
My head was overflown,
Then said my hopeless heart, " I'm now
Cut off, and quite undone."

KOPH.

- 55 Time was, when from the dungeon low
I pray'd, and thou didst hear :
56 Lord, hide not from my breathing now,
Nor from my cry thine ear.
57 What day of dread I call'd on thee,
Thou didst not stand remote,
But drewest near to comfort me,
By saying, FEAR THOU NOT.

RESH.

- 58 Lord, thou the causes of my soul
Wast wont to plead for me ;
Thy love did threat'ning death's control,
My life to save and free.
59 Judge now my cause, Lord ; thou hast seen
My wrongs by men of strife,
60 Seen all their rage and vengeance keen,
And plots against my life.

SHIN.

- 61 Lord, thou their vile reproach hast heard,
Their machinations all ;
62 The lips of those that rose and jeer'd,
And spat at me their gall.
63 Their daily projects me to drub,
Their sitting down espy,
And rising up at every club
Their music still am I.

TAU.

- 64 Reward them as from thee they swerve,
 Their heart with grief consume,
 65 To shew they for their works deserve
 Thy curse to be their doom.
 66 As me they chase and sue to death,
 With them in wrath be ev'ns :
 Pursue and raze them from beneath
 The great Jehovah's heav'ns.
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CHAPTER IV.

ZION BEWAILETH HER PITIFUL ESTATES, OCCASIONED BY THE DIREFUL EFFECTS OF THE FAMINE, THE SACKING OF JERUSALEM.—SHE CONFESSETH HER SINS, AND ACKNOWLEDGETH THAT THE INIQUITIES OF HER LEADERS WERE THE CAUSE OF ALL THESE CALAMITIES.—EDOM'S DESTRUCTION FORETOLD, AND THE RETURN OF ZION'S CAPTIVITY.

ALEPH.

- 1 THE temple-gold, how now so dim,
 That glister'd once so gay ;
 How has the finest gold so trim,
 Now changed its bright array !
 The temple stones now tumbled down,
 That lay in stately square,
 On top of ev'ry street o'erthrown,
 Lie scatter'd here and there.

BETH.

- 2 Lo ! Zion's sons, of precious mould,
 Her saints, her priests, her peers,
 That might compare with purest gold,
 More fine than Ophir bears ;
 How basely are they now esteem'd
 As pitchers vile and coarse,
 Wrought by the potter's hand, and deem'd
 But earthenware, and worse !

GIMEL.

- 3 Sea-monsters, ev'n by nature taught,
 To suckle their own brood,
 Draw out the breast to give a draught,
 And cherish them with food ;
 But, ah ! my people's daughter faint
 Seems savage now no less
 Than cruel ostriches that haunt
 The howling wilderness.

DALETH.

- 4 Lo ! to the suckling's palate dry,
 Fast cleaves his wither'd tongue;
 Breasts empty can't his thirst supply,
 So dies the tender young :
 The infant wean'd no better speed
 Can make, from door to door,
 He fainting begs a crumb of bread,
 But none have so much o'er.

HE.

- 5 Ev'n these inur'd to dainty meats,
 Who sumptuously had far'd,
 Now wand'ring needy through the streets,
 The desolation shar'd :
 The rank brought up among the best,
 In scarlet beds and dress,
 Were glad, in search of food and rest,
 The dunghills to embrace.

VAU.

- 6 Strokes, for her sins, more heavy lay
 On Zion's daughter's back,
 Than did on Sodom, once a day
 Involv'd in sudden wrack.
 Wrath did them in a trice consume,
 Nor were they daily slain,
 By human hands ; but Zion's doom
 Is found a ling'ring bane.

ZAIN.

- 7 Her Nazarites and select ones
 Were splendid once and gay,
 Like high-born separated sons,
 In pompous rich array :
 More pure than snow they were each one,
 More white than milk to sight ;
 In face the ruby red out-shone,
 In dress the sapphire bright.

CHETH.

- 8 But now their beauteous visage so
 With blackness is o'ergrown,
 More than a coal ; when forth they go
 They're in the streets unknown.
 So close their dry and parched skin,
 Unto their bones doth cleave ;
 To wither'd sticks they claim a kin
 And scarce are said to live.

TETH.

- 9 Those better are by sword who die,
Their life they quickly yield,
Than these whom killing straits deny
The increase of the field :
For whom fierce famine stricken hath,
In torment ev'ry day,
Within the jaws of ling'ring death,
They wasted pine away.

JOB.

- 10 Fond mothers wanted to caress,
And on their young to dote,
Were forc'd, with their own hands, to dress
The infant for their pot :
The famine's hot devouring flame
So rag'd in every street,
The prattling babes, alas ! became
Their gasping mother's meat.

CAPH.

- 11 The Lord has threaten'd fury great,
Now thus accomplish'd hath,
And pour'd out at a fearful rate
The fierceness of his wrath.
In Zion's midst he rais'd a flame
That o'er the rafters tower'd,
Then the foundations total frame
The burning fire devour'd.

LAMED.

- 12 Kings of the earth, and all that plant
The spacious world around,
Could ne'er have thought this truth to grant,
Which now too true is found.
That ever could an adverse foe,
Who Salem's pow'r envy'd,
Her gates invade, and then o'erthrow,
As now is verified.

MEM.

- 13 But in the ruin justice shines ;
Whence did it chiefly flow ?
Ev'n from her priests and prophets sins,
Which rip'ned her for woe :
Through them in midst of her was shed,
The blood of prophets just,
And saints, at whom in her they bred
An hatred and disgust.

NUN.

- 14 With darkness blind, with gore defil'd,
 They round the streets did roam,
 Stain'd with the blood of man and child,
 They odious were become :
 A cruel heart, tongue, hand, or eye,
 Each tender spirit lothes ;
 Such theirs, as sober men were shy
 To touch their bloody clothes.

SAMECH.

- 15 Their piety so feign'd had been,
 In scorn the people cry,
 " Depart, depart ; touch not th' unclean ;"
 When off they walk and fly.
 The very heathen them upbraid,
 And packing them away,
 " From Salem be they gone," they said,
 " For there they shall not stay."

PE.

- 16 This carries on, said they, our game ;
 The Lord hath giv'n them o'er :
 His anger hath divided them ;
 He'll not regard them more.
 Just Heav'n thus doom'd their disregard
 Of ev'ry faithful priest ;
 True prophets they nor elders spar'd,
 Nor favour'd in the least.

AIN.

- 17 Now as for us, amidst our strait,
 Fail'd have as yet our eyes,
 While we for help and succour wait
 From faithless weak allies :
 Our vain and fruitless hopes have fled,
 And justly us misgave :
 We watched for a nation's aid,
 Unable us to save.

TZADE.

- 18 High batt'ries rais'd above our walls,
 The sieging foe completes ;
 Their arrows fury on us falls,
 And hunts us off our streets :
 Our sacred and our civil state,
 Is thus to ruin come ;
 Our prosperous days are out of date ;
 How near's our dismal doom ;

KOPH.

- 19 There's no escaping when we fly,
 Pursuers such are they,
 Far swifter than the eagles high,
 When flying on their prey :
 If to the mountains high we fled,
 There they pursu'd us straight ;
 If to the desert haste we made,
 There they for us laid wait.

RESH.

- 20 The Lord's anointed, who we thought,
 Our life and breath would guard,
 The royal prey, our prince was caught,
 And in their pits ensnar'd :
 Beneath his shade we thought to creep,
 And safe 'mong heathen live :
 But slighting Christ, the antitype,
 Vain hopes did us misgive.

SHIN.

- 21 O Edomite ! rejoice, exult
 O'er Zion's wreck, but know
 The cup of wrath, for this insult,
 Its round to thee shall go :
 Thou shalt be drunk, infatuate,
 Mad in thy projects all,
 Expose thyself to shame and hate,
 And stagg'ring headlong fall.

TAU.

- 22 The punishment heav'n did intend,
 O Zion ! for thy sin ;
 Ev'n thy captivity shall end,
 When Edom's woes begin.
 He'll now, O Edom ! punish thee,
 For all thy wicked deeds,
 Laid up to shew how justly he
 'Gainst thee in wrath proceeds.

CHAPTER V.

ZION'S PITIFUL COMPLAINT TO GOD IN PRAYER.—IN WHICH SHE REMONSTRATES HER PRESENT CALAMITOUS STATE IN HER CAPTIVITY, AND PROTESTS HER CONCERN FOR GOD'S SANCTUARY : WITH A HUMBLE SUPPLICATION TO, AND EXPOSTULATION WITH, GOD FOR THE RETURNS OF MERCY.

- 1 REMEMBER, Lord, what's come on us,
 How haughty foes encroach ;

- Behold our case so infamous,
Consider our reproach.
- 2 Our heritage and houses cease
Now to be call'd our own ;
Strangers and aliens have our lease
Of property o'erthrown.
- 3 As helpless orphans we're bereav'd,
And fatherless we mourn ;
Our mothers are as widows griev'd,
Lamenting o'er the urn.
- 4 Water that's free to every frog,
For money we have drunk ;
Paid dear for ev'ry wooden log,
So far our rights are sunk.
- 5 We on our necks the heavy yoke
Of persecution bear ;
We toil, and have not from the shock,
A resting day nor year.
- 6 With Egypt we were forc'd to make
A bargain for our bread ;
And also hands with Asshur shake,
To satisfy our need.
- 7 Our fathers sinn'd, and are no more,
On earth their grief to vent ;
But of their sins, as heirs, we bore
The daily punishment.
- 8 Base slaves have o'er us domineer'd ;
We drudged at their beck :
Yet none have for our help appear'd,
Their insolence to check.
- 9 In peril of our life with pain,
Our bread we daily snatch'd ;
For round the city, in the plain,
The bloody sword dispatch'd.
- 10 The storm of famine's fierce attack,
So terrible hath prov'n ;
Our skin was dried and parched black,
In colour like an ov'n.
- 11 In Zion, women of chaste names
Were ravish'd and o'erpower'd ;
In Judah's cities younger dames
And maidens were devour'd.
- 12 Ev'n princes, with their hands in rage,
Were hang'd up by the neck ;
To elders faces, grave and sage,
They yielded no respect.

- 13 Young men were set to grind, and stress'd
With work in slavish mode ;
And children small, with wood oppress'd,
Fell down beneath the load.
- 14 Elders and judges from the gate,
Now cease to give decrees ;
Musicians young, their lutes translate
To harps on willow-trees.
- 15 Our former solemn fest'al mirth
And joy of heart is gone ;
Our merry dance is turn'd on earth
Into a mourning moan.
- 16 The crown is fallen from off our head,
The royal state and sway ;
Woes us, for we have sinn'd indeed,
And thrown our bliss away !
- 17 For this our sin and guilt so grim,
Faint hearts we have and fears ;
For these our woes, our eyes are dim,
And blinded all with tears.
- 18 For Zion mount's so desolate,
That foxes as they please,
And crafty foes of church and state,
Tread down the spot with ease.
- 19 Justly uncrown'd, uncrown'd, we chine ;
But thou, Lord, stay'st for ay :
From age to age entron'd sublime,
No changes mar thy sway.
- 20 Lord, wherefore dost thou us forget ?
For ever shall it be ?
Why left in this deserted state
Are we so long by thee ?
- 21 Turn us to thee, Lord, and we shall
Be turn'd into thy mould :
Renew our days, restore our all,
And save us, as of old.
- 22 For wilt thou quite reject us, Lord,
In wrath to endless years ?
Then, where's thy love, thy truth, thy word ?
Let faith dissolve our fears.

SCRIPTURE SONGS.

PART VI.

POEMS SELECTED FROM THE MINOR PROPHETS.

INTRODUCTION.

THE twelve Prophets, whose writings compose the latter part, and, consequently, complete the canon of the Old Testament, are usually denominated the *lesser Prophets*: not as if they themselves were any way inferior to the other Prophets, or less in God's account; or their writings of less authority, importance, and usefulness, than these of the greater prophets: but only because they are shorter, and less in size than the other. There is the greatest reason to believe, that these Prophets preached as much as the other; but did not commit so much of what they delivered to writing; and it is certain they were as useful in their day, and held in as great reputation as the other, although there is not so much of their prophecies kept on record, and transmitted to posterity. On this account, their compositions cannot be supposed to contain so many sacred odes, or so much fertile matter for divine hymns, as the other prophets, whose writings are vastly larger; yet the following Songs are selected from them. S.

SONG I.

Jonah's Prayer out of the Whale's belly.

JONAH ii. 1,—9. "Then Jonah prayed unto the Lord his God, out of the fish's belly, and said."

- 2 I CRY'D to God the Lord most high,
When trouble me befel;
He hear'd, and listen'd to my cry,
From out the womb of hell.
- 3 Thou me into the swelling deeps
Amidst the seas hadst cast;
Around the floods, and o'er me heaps,
Of waves and billows past.
- 4 Quite from thy sight I'm cast, said I,
And bury'd in the main:
Yet, to thine holy place mine eye
Will dare to look again.

5. Around me to my very soul
The roaring seas were spread :
The swelling deeps inclos'd me whole :
The weeds inwrap'd my head.
- 6 To bottoms of the mountains down
Shipp'd in the whale's dark womb :
Earth's bars about me seem'd anon
My everlasting tomb :
Yet, Lord, my life thou didst restore
From rotting death's abode,
And mad'st my grave cast me ashore,
O my almighty God.
- 7 For when amidst the rolling waves
My heart was faint in me,
I call'd to mind the Lord who saves,
And sets the captives free :
Then from my jail my pray'r sent,
Before thy face appear'd,
Into thy holy temple went,
And was in mercy heard.
- 8 All these from their own mercies swerve,
Who their own duty shun,
Who lying vanities observe,
And scorn to kiss the Son.
- 9 But I with thankful voice will sound
Thy glorious praise abroad ;
I'll pay my vows ashore, undrown'd :
Salvation is of God.
-

SONG II.

A prayer of Habakkuk the prophet, upon Sigionoth ; (or, according to the variable songs or tunes.) HAB. iii. 2—19.

SECTION I.

Habakkuk's Prayer.

- 2 LORD, I have heard thy awful speech,
Which struck my heart with fears ;
Revive thy work, Lord, I beseech,
Amidst the woeful years ;
Amidst the seventy years of thrall
Make known thy faithfulness ;
In wrath, though just, to mind recall
Free mercy prone to bless.

- 3 [Our fathers in their lowest state
Thine arm did safe uphold ;
Let hope revive while I relate
Thy wonders done of old.]

From Teman came the holy One :
God came from Paran-hill :
O'er all the heav'ns his glory shone :
His praise the earth did fill.

- 4 His brightness pure outshone the light,
Beams darted from each side ;
And there he pleas'd to shew his might,
Yet more his might to hide.

- 5 Before him went the pestilence,
And burning at his feet ;
Hot plagues went forth in Egpyt, thence,
To guard his folks retreat.

- 6 He stood and mete the promis'd land :
He look'd but from above
Upon the heathen nations grand,
And them asunder drove.

States, that like moveless mountains were,
He scatter'd all abroad ;
Perpetual hills did bow with fear
At the rebuke of God.

[On him may Isra'l's children place
Their hope in ev'ry thrall !]
His ways of pow'r, and truth, and grace,
Are everlasting all.

- 7 [They're still the same to dash and shake
The force that Zion harms :]
Lo ! Cushan tent and Midian's quake,
When God appears in arms !

- 8 Did heav'n against the rivers frown ?
Did wrath the sea betide ?
That thou didst mount thy horse, and on
Salvation's chariot ride !

- 9 Nay, naked quite thy bow was made,
As thou didst say and swear
To Isra'l's tribes, whose conquest spread
To make thy truth appear.

With rivers to refresh thy flocks
Earth cleft asunder seems ;
Thou turn'dst the floods to crystal rocks,
The rocks to crystal streams.

- 10 On sight of thee did mountains quake,
The flowing waves past by ;
The deeps with noisy roaring spake,
And hands uplifted high.
- 11 Both sun and moon stood still, and bright
Within the circling spheres,
To wait thy shining arrows' flight,
And speed thy glitt' ringspears.
- 12 Thou on thy march through Canaan's climes,
In fury hot like fire,
Didst judge the heathen for their crimes,
And thresh them in thine ire.
- 13 Thy march was on thy people's head,
To save them as thine own ;
To save them, and their armies lead
By thine anointed One.
- Crown'd heads thou from their royal seats
Of wickedness didst wound :
Mad'st bare from foot to neck ; their states
Demolish'd to the ground.
- 14 The villages of Canaan's land
Shar'd of their cities' fate ;
With Isra'l's staves and arms in hand,
Thou strackest through their pate.
- They like a tempest fierce came out
To scatter, drive and foil :
They join'd in hope, by sacred rout,
Poor Isra'l's tribes to spoil.
- 15 But thou, to dash the sons of pride,
And Isra'l's triumphs crown,
Traversing seas, didst conqu'ring ride
Great heaps of waters down.
- 16 Yet now, when threaten'd woes I heard
Would light on Israel's sons,
My bowels quak'd ; I greatly fear'd,
Corruption seiz'd my bones.
- With quiv'ring lips at th' awful voice,
Which did the heart-quake raise,
I trembled, that I might rejoice,
And rest in troublous days :
- For when with furious troops the foe
Comes up in full career,
He'll fiercely down the people mow,
And into pieces tear.

SECTION II.

The Confidence of his Faith.

- 17 [With sword pale famine will complot ;
 But silence faithless fear :]
 Although the fig-tree blossom not,
 Nor fruit on vines appear ;
 Though th' olive's labour fail aloof,
 Fields yield no meat at all ;
 Though flocks be from the folds cut off,
 And cattle from the stall :
 Yet in the Lord rejoice I will,
 In spite of all annoy ;
 The God of my salvation still
 Shall be my hope and joy.
- 19 The Lord's my strength, he'll make my feet
 Like hinds t' out-run my woes.
 He'll make me walk in heights, to smite
 And tread upon my foes.
 To the chief singer on my stringed instruments.

SONG III.

Israel excited to sing praise for their Salvation and Restoration.

Zeph. iii. 14,—20.

- 14 O ZION, sing ! O Isra'l, raise
 The song with lifted voice !
 O Salem ! trebling high the praise,
 With all the heart rejoice.
- 15 God from thy woes hath set thee free,
 Thy foes swept to the door :
 The Lord thy King's in midst of thee,
 Thou shalt see ill no more.
- 16 To Salem then it shall be said,
 "Fear not thy foes' attack :
 To Zion, (for her builders' aid)
 Let not thine hands be slack."
- 17 The Lord thy God, in midst of thee,
 Is mighty to deliver ;
 His mighty pow'r exert will he,
 In saving thee for ever.
- With joy he will o'er thee rejoice ;
 He in his love will rest :
 His joy shall o'er thee with the voice
 Of singing be express'd.

- 18 Of thee are these who mourn sincere
Th' assembly solemn gone ;
The load of its reproach who bear
I'll gather them each one.
- 19 Lo ! then, I will undo and rout
All that oppressed thee have ;
I'll gather her that was driv'n out,
And her that halteth save.
- To my reproached saints will I
Procure both praise and fame,
In ev'ry land, where formerly
They have been put to shame.
- 20 At gath'ring time I'll bring you home,
To make you a renown,
'Mong all that dwell on earth, to whom
You was before unknown.
- 'Tis done, when I before your eyes,
Ev'n I (JEHOVAH says),
Turn back all your captivities,
To set you for a praise.
-

SONG IV.

The Church exhorted to sing and rejoice for the Coming of Christ, and his peaceable Kingdom. Zech. ix. 9—12.

- 9 O ZION, with glad shouts around,
Meet thy approaching King !
Lo ! with his righteousness renown'd,
Salvation comes on wing.
- Behold his march, in lowly mode,
Bids earthly grandeur pass ;
Despising pomp, the humble God
Comes riding on an ass !
- 10 He'll rule the heathen, not by dread,
But shall by preaching peace,
From sea to sea his empire spread,
And make rebellion cease.
- 11 Lo ! by thy cov'nant-sealing blood
I'll set thy prisoners free
From out the pit, where nothing good,
Nor water sweet can be.
- 12 Turn, O ye prisoners of hope,
To Christ the strongest hold :

To-day I'll you insure a crop
Of comfort doubly told.

SONG V.

The Fountain of Purification opened. A paraphrase on Zech. xiii. 1.

Good news to men, still new and fresh,
While lasts the gospel-day,
A fountain shall be ope to wash
Their sin and filth away :

Wide ope to David's house and all
That dwell on Salem-ground ;
To kings and subjects great and small,
That hear the joyful sound.

The sacred font to wash our stains,
Is pure and precious blood,
That issued from the dying veins
Of our incarnate God.

Lord wash me there ; this blood alone
The fountain open'd so,
Hath power sufficient to atone,
And make me white as snow.

SONG VI.

Christ's Sufferings and Glory. Zech. xiv. 7. Luke xxiv. 26.

AWAKE, said he that rules the skies,
My sword of vengeance great ;
Awake and smite the man that is
My fellow, and my mate.

Soon, therefore, as he took their flesh,
To take away our guilt,
With justice stern avenging lash
His sacred blood was spilt.

The waves of sorrow, ev'n to death,
Did o'er his bosom roll ;
And mountains of almighty wrath
Lay heavy on his soul.

But O ! the wisdom, mercy, grace,
That join'd with vengeance now !
He dies to save our guilty race.
And yet he rises too !

A person so divine was he,
Who yielded to be slain,
That he could give his life away,
And take his life again.

He, for the crown of thorns and shame,
Now wears a crown of gloire ;
Hell trembles at his awful name,
And all the heav'ns adore.

THE END OF THE OLD TESTAMENT SONGS.

SCRIPTURE SONGS.

BOOK II.

NEW TESTAMENT SONGS:

OR SONGS UPON SEVERAL SELECT PASSAGES IN THE
NEW TESTAMENT.

PART I.

POEMS SELECTED FROM THE FOUR EVANGELISTS.

THOUGH the PSALMS OF DAVID are truly excellent and sublime, containing the most suitable matter for praise and adoration, being the most spiritual, devotional, and divine collection of poesy extant; and nothing can be composed more proper to raise a pious soul to heaven, and waft it, as it were, to the very suburbs of glory, than some parts of that book; yet there are many passages in it peculiarly adapted to the Old Testament dispensation, of carnal rites and ceremonies; and, on that account, cannot be supposed to be so perspicuously clear and full of the grace and spirit of the gospel. The consideration hereof hath induced many devout and piously disposed persons ardently and sincerely to wish that our Psalmody were enlarged; not only by adding some other Scriptural Songs out of the Old Testament, but, particularly, by selecting a number from the New.

The New Testament is that portion of sacred writ which doth most plainly testify of Christ; and in which the gospel of the grace of God bringeth salvation to sinners, doth shine most clearly. The Four Evangelists contain the history of our blessed Redeemer: and it was necessary the doctrine of Christ should be interwoven with, and founded upon the narrative of his birth, life, miracles, death, and resurrection. As there is no part of scripture more requisite for us to be acquainted with; so there is none that the generality of Christians are more delighted with: in regard, it not only yields them so much agreeable matter of instruction and meditation, profit and pleasure, but of praise also; for therein we find several divine songs, and very suitable matter for divine hymns: and so, from the Evangelists, the following songs are selected.

S.

SONG I.

A Prefatory Poem on the Babe in the Manger. Luke ii. 7—16.

BEHOLD! a new-born tender Babe,
In freezy winter night,

In homely manger trembling lies ;
Alas ! a piteous sight !

The inns are full ; no man will yield
This little guest a bed ;
But forc'd he is, with silly beasts,
In crib to shroud his head.

Despise him not for lying there ;
First, what he is, enquire ;
An orient pearl has oft been found
Ev'n in a dirty mire.

Weigh not his crib, his wooden dish,
Nor beasts that by him feed ;
Weigh not his mother's poor attire,
Nor Joseph's simple weed.

This stable is a Prince's court ;
The crib his chair of state :
The beasts are parcels of his pomp,
The wooden dish his plate.

The persons in the poor attire,
His royal liv'ry wear :
The Prince himself is come from heav'n,
His pomp is prized there.

Let angels sing ; let shepherds joy ;
Let sages from afar,
By starry light directed here,
Adore the nobler Star.

Let all that bear the Christian name
Do homage to their King ;
And highly praise his humble pomp,
Which he from heav'n did bring.

The sun that gilds the highest orb,
The Ruler of the skies,
Whose rays are under rags eclips'd,
Within the manger lies.

The heav'ns at all their light may blush ;
The earth at all her pride ;
Her potentates their sparkling crowns,
And trains may lay aside.

Of all their golden pompous robes
Asham'd her princes be,
When God's poor cottage on the earth
His clouts and crew they see.

Behold all glorious things below,
Their glory now despise ;
Since God most high does earth's contempt,
More than her glory, prize.

SONG II.

The Eight Beatitudes. Matth. v. 3—12.

- 3 BLESS'D are they who in spirit poor,
Are drain'd of self-conceit ;
To them in Jesus is made sure
Heav'n's kingdom, rich and great.
- 4 Bless'd are the mourners now for sin,
Who sow by faith in tears ;
Their reaping time of joy within
Shall be to endless years.
- 5 Bless'd are the meek, whose humble mind
Of Jesus' spirit shares ;
The earth with heav'n shall be assign'd
To them as proper heirs.
- 6 Bless'd are the souls that hunger much,
And thirst for righteousness ;
A feast shall be prepar'd for such,
A fill of heav'nly bliss.
- 7 Bless'd are the merciful to man ;
Though God them nothing owe,
Yet mercy more they shall obtain,
The more they mercy show.
- 8 Bless'd are the pure in heart and way,
Through God's renewing grace ;
For none but such shall share for aye
The vision of his face.
- 9 Bless'd are peace-makers kind, that aim
To make all strife to cease ;
They shall be nominate with fame,
Sons of the God of peace.
- 10 Bless'd are they who, for Jesus' sake,
11 Bear shame, reproach, and pain :
12 They shall, with glorious joy, partake
Of his triumphant reign.
-

SONG III.

The Lord's Prayer. Matth. vi. 9—13.

- 9 OUR Father, on thy heav'nly throne,
Thy great name hallowed be ;
10 Thy kingdom come, thy will be done
On earth, ev'n as on high.

- 11 Give us or daily bread, and bless
What measure thou dost send ;
12 Forgive our sins, as we through grace,
Do these that us offend.
13 Into temptation lead us not,
Nor suffer us to stray ;
But graciously our good promote,
From evil guard our way.
For thine's the kingdom ; pow'r, to thee,
And glory, do pertain ;
As from and to eternity
They did, and shall. Amen.

SONG IV.

*Christ's Address to God: or the sovereignty of Grace's Benefits, in Christ's
Thanksgiving to the Father. Matth. xi. 25, 26. Luke x. 21.*

THE man of sorrows, Jesus Christ,
A mourner all his days,
Yet once, in spirit glad address'd
To God this song of praise ;
O Father, Lord of heav'n and earth,
Whose right it is withal,
To doom the rebel man to death,
Or raise him from his fall.
I thank thee that Heav'n's mysteries
To babes thou showest bright,
While from the learn'd and worldly-wise,
Thou hidest the saving sight.
From men of prudence, and of pride,
These things thou hast conceal'd,
Which to thy weak and simple bride,
Thou plainly hast reveal'd.
Ev'n so, dear Father, since thy will
Ordain'd it to be so ;
For down the proud thou lov'st to pull,
And lay the haughty low.
[Thou dealing thus, dost sov'reignly
Thy great decrees fulfil ;
Choose some to life, while others die ;
Yet thou art righteous still.
Shall mortals grumble ? shall a rush
Imagine God unjust ?
Who soon, as he can make, can crush
A thousand worlds to dust.

O teach men, not thy deep *decree*,
But written *will* to trace ;
And in thy Son to come and see
The wonders of thy grace.]

SONG V.

Christ's Address to Man: or his Invitation to Sinners. Matth. xi. 27, 29.
Luke x. 22. John iii. 35, 36.

THE Father loves me, and has giv'n
All things into my hand ;
All sov'reign pow'r in earth and heav'n,
To order and command.

None but the Father knows the Son,
None but the Son him see ;
And only right the Father's known
In, by, and thorough me.

For, lo ! I'm seal'd and set apart
A Prophet to display
The secrets of my Father's heart
And bosom, where I lay.

Come then, each lab'ring weary soul,
With sin or sorrow prest ;
On me, by faith, your burdens roll,
And I will give you rest.

Take on my yoke, and learn of me,
For lowly is my mind,
And meek to teach you : thus shall ye
Soul-rest and quiet find.

My yoke is easy to the neck
That does it kindly 'brace ;
My burden's light, ev'n to the weak,
Through my supporting grace.

SONG VI.

The Song of Mary. Luke i. 46—55.

- 46 My soul doth magnify the Lord,
And high his praise elate :
47 My spirit is with gladness stor'd,
In God my Saviour great.
48 For to his hand-maid's station mean,
He hath regard express'd ;
And, lo ! all ages yet unseen,
Shall henceforth call me bless'd.

- 49 For he that is the mighty One,
Hath done great things to me :
Most holy is his name alone,
And still ador'd shall be.
- 50 To them that fear him, and embrace
The truth that cannot fail ;
His mercy is from race to race,
Transmitted by entail.
- 51 Strength with his arm God has displayed ;
The proud he did confound ;
Their projects to their hurt he made,
And to his praise redound.
- 52 The great and mighty from their thrones,
Soon hurry down did he :
But highly rais'd the humble ones,
That were of low degree.
- 53 The hungry with good things he fed,
And filled to their content ;
Whereas the rich and full bestead
Away he empty sent.
- 54 He to his servant Isra'l kind,
Did give his helping hand,
And call'd his ancient love to mind,
Recorded in his band :
- 55 Which to our Father's race of old,
He did by oath secure,
To Abr'am and his seed enroll'd,
For ever to endure.
- Long lay in his eternal breast
The promise of his son :
In thee shall nations all be bless'd,¹
Was said, and shall be done.

SONG VII.

The Song of Zacharias. Luke i. 68—79.

SECTION I.

Respecting Christ.

- 68 BLESS'D be Jehovah, Israel's God,
Who now himself has come,
To visit and redeem his folk
From sin and slavish doom.
- 69 He in his servant David's house,
Has rais'd, of David's line,

(1) Gen. xii. 9.

- An horn of safety sure for us,
And full of pow'r divine :
- 70 As spake his holy seers of old ;
Who, since the world began,
Have all, from time to time, foretold,
How God would visit man.
- 71 That we should safe from haters' hands
And heavy bondage be :
Much worse than Roman yokes and bands,
From sin and Satan free.
- 72 To grant the mercy promised,
And prove his promise true,
Of old to our ancestors made,
To us made out in view.
- 73 The destin'd bliss, the plighted truth,
To his remembrance came,
The holy cov'nant seal'd by oath,
And sworn to Abraham.
- 74 That we, deliver'd from their hand,
Who hatred to us bear,
In love might serve him at command,
And without slavish fear.
- 75 Might, through his grant of promis'd grace,
This loving service give,
In holiness, and righteousness,
Before him, while we live.

SECTION II.

Respecting John the Baptist, his office and work.

- 76 And thou, child, shalt be call'd anon,
(Into Elias' place,)
The Prophet of the highest One,
To go before his face.
- 77 The herald to prepare his way,
And make salvation known :
The Lamb that takes our sin away,
The victim shall be shown.
- He shouts, " Behold ! the object bless'd,
The Lamb of God on wing,
To save, by purchase, as a Priest ;
By conquest, as a King.¹
- He comes that's mightier than I ;
I'll never claim his dues ;
Nay, I'm unworthy to untie
The latchet of his shoes."²

(1) John i. 29. 36.

(2) Matth. iii. 11.

- 78 Our God, in tender mercy nigh,
Who first did light command,
Has, by the day-spring from on high,
Thus visited our land.
- 79 Clear to enlighten those that sit
In darkest shades of death ;
And straight, to guide our wand'ring feet,
In grace's peaceful path.
-

SONG VIII.

Christ's Nativity celebrated : or, the first good news of our Saviour's Birth, by an Angel, to the Shepherds in Bethlehem ; together with the Song of a numerous Company of Angels thereupon. Luke ii. 8,—14.

- 8 WHILE shepherds watch'd in Bethle'm's fields,
9 An angel bright appear'd ;
Heav'n's glory round them was reveal'd,
At which they greatly fear'd :
- 10 Fear not at all, said he ; for lo !
I bring, with sweet solace,
Good tidings of great joy to you,
And all the human race.
- 11 To you is born this day and date,
In David's little town,
A Saviour, the Messiah great,
The Lord of high renown.
- 12 And this to you shall be the sign,
You'll find the babe array'd,
And wrapt, in swaddling clothes, but mean,
And in a manger laid.
- 13 Straightway with th' angel join'd aloud
A num'rous shining throng,
Of heav'nly harpers, praising God
In this melodious song.
- 14 " All glory in the highest heav'ns,
To God be render'd still ;
For peace on earth, benignly giv'n,
And towards men good-will."
-

SONG IX.

The Song of Simeon, having the Babe, Jesus, in his Arms. Luke ii 29.—32.

- 29 Now, let thy favour'd servant, Lord,
In peace depart and die,

According to thy gracious word,
Accomplish'd faithfully :

- 30 For thy salvation, with mine eyes,
I see. The vision charms!
My soul the fear of death defies
When Christ is in my arms.
- 31 This long-expected bliss display'd,
Before the peoples' face ;
Still a-preparing while delay'd,
Now shows thy truth and grace.
- 32 This is the light of life we view,
To lighten Gentile lands :
Thy people Isra'l's glory too,
To break their slavish bands.

SONG X.

Christ's Preaching, Office, and Commission. Luke iv. 1623.—Isa. lxi. 1—4.

THE text was sweet which Jesus took,
The doctrine, Come and see
This scripture, in the sacred book,
To-day fulfill'd in me.

On me the Sp'rit divine is shed,
Anointing me to preach
To poor and needy, tidings glad,
And meek'ned souls to teach.

I'm come no friend to sin, but yet
The sinners friend to be :
Captives at liberty to set,
And Satan's slaves to free :

From clouds of sin that souls benight,
To clear the dark'ned mind ;
And with the rays of saving light
Illuminate the blind :

I'm sent to heal the broken heart,
The bleeding soul to cure,
Treasures to bankrupts to impart,
And riches to the poor.

To make a proclamation free
Of pardon, grace, and peace,
The Lord Jehovah's jubilee,
His year of sweet release.

His day of vengeance to declare
On authors of annoy :

That Zion's mourners all may share
Of Zion's peace and joy.

For ashes he'll with beauty dress ;
For grief with joy anoint ;
And for the sp'rit of heaviness.
The robe of praise appoint.

That trees of righteousness might be
Their proper name descried,
The planting of the Lord's that he
May thus be glorified.

Such was the doctrine of solace
That Jesus did impart ;
Such were his powerful words of grace
To captivate the heart.

Welcome the preacher great, that comes
For all these happy ends ;
This office justly he assumes,
Whom God the Father sends.

SONG XI.

The returning Prodigal. Luke xv. 13—34.

13 THE rebel son, whose lust and wine,
14 15 Did all his fortune waste,
16 Lo ! how he sought among the swine
The empty husks to taste.

17 But, coming to himself, he cries,
Ah ; where's my dainty cheer !
My father's house hath full supplies :
I die with hunger here.

18 I'll go, and mournfully confess
The evil I have done,
19 And plead his pity in distress,
On an unworthy son.

20 This said, he came, with speed and care
To seek his father's love ;
The father saw him from afar,
And all his bowels move.

He ran, and fell upon the neck,
Kiss'd and embrac'd his son :

21 Father, said he, I feel a check
For follies I have done.

22 The joyful father said, Bring forth
For him the best array :
The diamond-ring of greatest worth,
And throw his rags away.

- 23 A day of feasting I ordain ;
Let joy and mirth abound ;
24 My son was dead, and lives again ;
Was lost, and now is found.
-

SONG XII.

The Gospel Feast, and the Price of it. Luke xvi. 16—24. 1 Pet. iii. 18.

THY gospel-table's furnish'd, Lord,
With plenty from above ;
The fruits of life o'erspread the board,
The cup o'erflows with love.

Thy ancient family the Jews,
Was first call'd to the feast ;
We Gentiles take what they refuse,
And glad the banquet taste.

We are the poor, the blind, the lame,
Made up of wounds and wants ;
But at thy call, we come to claim
Supplies thy mercy grants.

What shall we pay th' eternal Son
That left his high abode,
And to this wretched earth came down,
To bring us back to God ?

To save our souls, and buy our lives,
It cost him ev'n his own :
He bought the unknown joys he gives
With agonies unknown.

Our endless love to him is due,
That ransom'd sinners lost,
And pity'd rebels, though he knew
What pains his love would cost.

SONG XIII.

The Deity and Humanity of Christ; or, the God-man. John i. 1, 3, 14.
Col. i. 16. Eph. iii. 9, 10.

BEFORE the heav'ns were spread abroad,
Was the eternal Word :
With God he was : the Word was God,
And is as God ador'd.

By his own pow'r all things were made ;
By him upheld they stand :
He is the whole creation's head ;
Hath th' angels at command.

Ere sin was hatch'd, or Satan fell :
He rul'd the morning stars.
[His generation who can tell,
Or his unnumber'd years?]
Yet, lo ! he leaves these heav'nly forms,
Descends and dwells in clay ;
That he may converse hold with worms,
Dress'd in such flesh as they.
Mortals, with joy, behold his face,
The eternal Father's Son,
When full of truth, and full of grace,
Thro' flesh the Godhead shone,
Arch-angels leave their high abode,
To learn their loves, and tell
The glories of th' incarnate God,
Our great Immanuel.

SONG XIV.

Believers saved, Unbelievers damned. John iii. 16, 17, 18. Mark xvi. 15, 16.

God lov'd the world of mankind so,
He sent his only Son,
To save them all from sin and woe,
Who trust in him alone.
Not to condemn the sons of men,
The Son of God was sent ;
No weapons in his hand were seen,
No warlike instrument.
But by his word of grace he wins
Their hearts who hear him tell,
He's sent to take away their sins,
And save their souls from hell.
His lips have grace into them pour'd ;
His hands the blessing give :
If sinners then embrace his word,
They shall for ever live.
Believers happy are proclaim'd,
Whom gospel-tidings draw :
But unbelievers are condemn'd
Already by the law ;
Yea, double vengeance on them lies
Who 'gainst the light rebel ;
Who God's eternal Son despise,
Shall have the hottest hell.

SONG XV.

Christ present to Faith upon the Gospel Table, and in the Sacramental Supper.

John vi. 35. Luke xxii. 19

JESUS is gone above the skies,
Where now we see him not ;
And carnal objects court our eyes,
To thurst him from our thought.

He knows what wander'ing hearts we have,
Forgetful of his face ;
And, to refresh our minds, he gave
Memorials of his grace.

He oft the gospel-table spreads
With his own flesh and blood ;
Faith on the rich provision feeds,
And tastes the love of God.

While he is absent from our sight,
'Tis to prepare a place,
Where we may dwell in heav'nly light,
For ever near his face.

SONG XVI.

** Christ the way.* John xiv. 1—6.

- 1 LET not your hearts within you grieve,
Nor greatly troubled be ;
Ye trust in God, ev'n so believe,
In, by, and thorough me.
- 2 Home to my Father's house I go,
Where many mansions are
Of bliss : and if it were not so,
I would have told you fair.
- 3 I go before, and in your name
Prepare a place for you ;
I'll come again, and where I am
There take you with me too.
- 4 Thus where I'm bound you know ; and may
- 5 Well understand the road ;
- 6 For I'm the true and living way,
By which you come to God.

SONG XVII.

Christ's Miracles, wrought by him, to prove his Godhead and divine Mission.

Recorded by Matthew, Mark, Luke and John.

THE miracles divine of old,
Wrought to confirm the law,
Were such, as all who did behold
Were struck with dread and awe ;

Witness the signs in Egypt shown,
That men with terror fill'd ;
Destructive plagues, nay, wrath unknown,
That man and cattle kill'd.¹

But now the wonders Jesus wrought,
To show that from above
His peaceful embassy was brought,
Are miracles of love.

Moses turn'd water first to blood,
Of dreadful scenes a sign :

1 But Christ, intending sinners good,
Turn'd water into wine.

2 He, doing good, went up and down,
And carry'd, as he past
His heav'nly gifts from town to town,
And round him blessings cast.

To win th' obdurate Jews in vain
With profer'd bliss he strove :
His future glories they disdain,
And slight his Father's love.

If worldly pomp without annoy,
And empire he had giv'n ;
'Twas that they wanted to enjoy,
And not his unseen heav'n.

Yet with good-will, in every place,
Salvation he reveal'd ;

3 Dark minds enlighten'd by his grace ;

4 Diseased bodies heal'd.

5 Impetuous winds were by him slack'd,
And waves his will obey'd :

The stormy tempests, by him check'd,
Aside their fury laid.

He made the raging ocean plain
And smooth at his command ;

6 And walked on the liquid main,
As on the solid land.

(1) See Exodus vii. viii. ix. x. and xii. chapters.

- 7 He, with a word, did cure the lame,
8 And quickly heal the sick ;
9 10 The lepers cleanse, restore the maim :
11 And made the dumb to speak.
- 12 He demons dispossess'd, who knew
This heav'nly stranger's pow'rs :
They from his awful presence flew
Affrighted to their bow'rs.
- 13 He to the blind gave open eyes,
To see the light that shone :
14 He bade the mould'ring dead arise,
The dead arose anon.
- 15 He fed the multitudes when faint,
With new-created meat ;
And faster did the food augment
Than all the crowd could eat.
- His care that distributed doles,
To do their bodies good,
16 Was more in feeding precious souls
With everlasting food.
- To feed with manna from above
Was chiefly his employ :
His royal fare a feast of love,
Of pardon, peace, and joy.
- His miracles corporeal
Were but his pawns, in place
Of miracles spiritual,
And pledges of his grace.
- 17 With majesty he spoke whom all
His audience did adore !
No man, (they did aloud propale,)
E'er spoke like him before.
- 18 The crew, whose swords did him surround,
He could have crush'd to death,
With equal ease as to the ground
He threw them with his breath.
- 19 But ev'n among the bloody band
That seiz'd him did appear
His loving heart, his healing hand,
Restoring Malchus' ear.
- 20 What was in man he fully knew ;
The heart of friends and foes
He search'd, and pictur'd in their view
The thoughts he would disclose.
- 21 He shew'd Nathanael's heart, and said,
Ere Philip called thee,

I saw thee underneath the shade,
 The leaves of yonder tree ;
 I all thy holy motions spy'd,
 In yon retir'd abode :
 On which Nathanael, " Rabbi, cry'd,
 Thou art the son of God."

- 22 He to th' amaz'd Samaritan,
 Her wicked life reveal'd,
 Which from the view of mortal man
 She thought had been conceal'd.
 Hence, " O come see a man," she said,
 With perfect knowledge bless'd,
 He told me all that e'er I did ;
 And is not this the Christ ?

- 23 When Judas base had but his vile
 And wicked scheme design'd ;
 Then Jesus told him all the guile
 And treason of his mind.

What lives and lies within the deep,
 Lay open to his view,

- 24 Who bade the fish the tribute keep
 Till sought as Cæsar's due.

When nought in fishing caught had been
 By toilers all the night ;

- 25 He caus'd the finny tribe convene,
 And fill their net on sight.

Nor were his mighty works confin'd
 To select friends he chose,
 But, like his love to human kind,
 Laid open to his foes.

No hidden corner Jesus sought,
 Like forgers base of lies,
 But in the light his wonders wrought,
 Before a thousand eyes.

Nor were his miracles of love
 Wrought in a scanty way ;
 He prov'd his mission from above
 By wonders ev'ry day.

Bright at his birth the comet blaz'd,
 That straight the wise men led :
 Dark, at his death, the sun, amaz'd
 With blushes veil'd its head.

Of heav'n and earth the rector bless'd,
 Did thus, in signals giv'n,
 His miracles on earth attest,
 By miracles in heav'n.

SCRIPTURE SONGS.

PART II.

POEMS SELECTED FROM THE APOSTOLICAL EPISTLES.

INTRODUCTION.

As the four Evangelists lay down the foundation of our holy religion, in the history and life of our blessed Saviour, its great author; so, the Apostolical Epistles open up the mystery of his death and resurrection. The four Gospels show us how the foundation of the Christian church was laid: the Acts of the Apostles point out how the superstructure began to be raised, both amongst Jews and Gentiles; and the Apostolical Epistles contain a clear and compendious system of the great and important doctrines of the gospel, in order to edify, comfort, and build up the church.

The Apostles were endowed with a wonderful effusion of the Holy Spirit, and were under his infallible influence and guidance, both in preaching the gospel, and writing their Epistles; and all of them declare, that what they wrote was from God: and they being all men of undoubted probity, we may well credit them on this point. The fundamental articles of the Christian faith, being more fully discussed in these Epistles than elsewhere, tend mightily to influence practical godliness out of a principle of divine love, a good conscience, and faith unfeigned; and also to produce evangelical obedience.

It is none of the least designs of the Christian institutes, to excite men unto, and engage them in, all the instances and acts of sincere love, and fervent devotion towards God; and accordingly we find in them abundance of very suitable matter, both for instruction, meditation, prayer, and praise. When the different Epistles are carefully looked into, and examined with any degree of attention, we find there are interspersed many divine odes and sacred doxologies; and these lay a foundation for selecting the following Songs.

S.

SONG I.

Ruin by Sin, Relief by Christ.—Rom. v. 12, 21.

OUR two first parents happy stood,
Till, soon as sin had place,
They lost their garden, and their God,
And kill'd their unborn race.

Thus sprung the plague from Adam's bow'r,
And ruin spread abroad;
O cursed sin! that in one hour,
Spoil'd six days' work of God.

Tremble, O sinner! mourn for grief,
That such a foe's within;
Fly, fly, to Christ for quick relief,
And let him kill your sin.

SONG II.

The Believer's Security in Christ: or the ground of Faith's Assurance about the Believer's unchangeable happy state. Rom. viii. 32—39.

- 33 WHO shall to th' elect's charge ought lay,
Since God hath justified?
34 WHO shall condemn by any way,
Since Christ the Surety died?

Who can adjudge their souls to hell,
Since he, who in their stead
Has suffer'd, seal'd their blood so well,
By rising from the dead?

Yea, now he lives and sits above,
Still interceding there.

- 35 What can divide us from his love,
Or tempt us to despair?

Shall persecution, or distress,
A separation make?
Shall famine, sword, or nakedness,
Love's bond asunder break?

- 37 Nay, lo! in all these things our Shield,
Our Lover goes before,
To make us ev'n upon the field
Both conquerors, and more.

- 38 I'm sure no death nor life of ours,
Nor angels troublesome;
Nor principalities, nor pow'rs,
Things present, nor to come;

- 39 Nor height, nor depth, nor any mode
Of creatures might beside,
Can separate our souls from God,
Nor from his love divide.

His love is fix'd on Jesus so,
Where we have such a part
Not all that earth and hell can do
Shall pluck us from his heart.

SONG III.

The unsearchable depth of Divine Wisdom and Sovereignty, in the rejection of the Jews and the calling of the Gentiles. Rom. xi. 33—36.

- 33 O DEPTH of wisdom, riches rare
Of grace and mercy free!
[That Gentile nations now should share
The Jews felicity;

And that till Jews, through grace, repent,
 Their present dismal fall,
 Should thus be made subservient
 To Gentiles happy call !]

O depth of riches all divine !
 O fathomless abyss ;
 Wisdom and knowledge here combine,
 God's work alone is this.

How searchless are his judgments just,
 How traceless are his ways ;
 [With sweet and awful wonder must
 Both men and angels gaze.]

34 For, who hath known Jehovah's mind ?
 What angel or what man,
 With him in privy counsel join'd
 Their help to form the plan.

35 Or, who hath e'er oblig'd him yet,
 By gifts, and dare upbraid,
 As having on him claims of debt
 And favours unrepaid ?

36 For all things of him as the source,
 And through him as the guide,
 And to him, as the end by course,
 Still are, and shall abide.

To whom for stores of grace so free,
 Dealt in a sov'reign way,
 All praise and glory render'd be
 From henceforth and for aye.

SONG IV.

*The Apostle Paul's Doxology for the Revelation of Christ by the Gospel : or, a
 Song of Praise to the Power and Wisdom of God. Rom. xvi. 25, 26, 27.*

25 THE power and wisdom of our God,
 Becomes our praises well ;
 For these, to save us, did explode
 The pow'r and wit of hell.

Now to the God of pow'r, that can
 Confirm and stablish you,
 According to the gospel-plan,
 Expos'd to open view :

Christ preached, making light to shine,
 That clearly shows to man,
 The mystery of grace divine,
 Kept hid since time began :

26 But now by scripture lamps in hand,
 Made manifest abroad ;
 And publish'd by express command
 Of the eternal God :

That nations all may know and trace
 The new and living path,
 By yielding to the word of grace,
 Th' obedience of faith.

27 To God, the only wise, alone
 Be praise and glory then,
 Through Jesus, his anointed one,
 For evermore, Amen.

SONG V.

The glory of God in Christ. 1 Cor. i. 24. Psalm lxxxv. 10.

ALL nature spreads, with open blaze,
 Her Maker's name abroad :
 And ev'ry work of his, displays
 The pow'r and skill of God.

But in the grace that rescu'd man,
 His brightest glory shines ;
 Here, on the cross 'tis fairest drawn,
 In precious bloody lines.

Here his whole name appears complete ;
 And who can guess or prove,
 Which of the letters best are writ,
 The wisdom, pow'r, or love ?

Justice and mercy, truth and grace,
 In all their sweetest charms,
 Here met, and join'd their kind embrace,
 With everlasting arms.

SONG VI.

Christ's Fourfold Name, suited to the sinner's Need. 1 Cor. i. 30.

God's knowledge, favour, image, bliss,
 Men by the fall have lost :
 But Jesus the restorer is
 Of all these, to his cost.

Sad evils, positive, with all
 Our loss of God attend :
 Great ignorance, guilt, filth, and thrall,
 Which he alone can mend.

His name hath attributes engrav'd
 Most curiously within,

By which we may be fully sav'd
 From ev'ry ill in sin.
 Of God, he is made wisdom meet,
 Sin's folly to expose :
 Made also righteousness complete,
 Sin's chain of guilt to loose :
 Sanctification, down to cast
 Sin's reigning, staining pow'r :
 Redemption full, that shall at last
 Its bitter brood devour.
 How dark and heavy is the night
 That hangs upon our eyes,
 Till Christ, our wisdom and our light,
 Doth o'er our souls arise ?
 Our guilty spirits are afraid
 To meet the wrath of Heav'n,
 Till in his righteousness array'd,
 We see our sins forgiv'n.
 Our hearts and ways are vile, till he,
 Who holiness commands,
 Our whole sanctification be,
 To wash our hearts and hands.
 The pow'rs of hell our souls enchain,
 Till our redemption come,
 And, lawful captives to regain,
 His conqu'ring pow'r assume.
 In God alone lies all our bliss ;
 The bliss in Christ is stor'd,
 That we may share of what he is,
 by likeness to our Lord.
 He is what God alone can be,
 And all that can be giv'n ;
 Wise, righteous, holy, happy he
 Who thus is all our heav'n
 Yea, *all in all*, that sinners so
 May be in him complete ;
 Wise, righteous, holy, happy too :
 Bless'd be the match so meet.

SONG VII.

The Excellency and Preference of Love. 1 Cor. xiii. 1—13.

SECTION I.

The most excellent Gifts nothing without Love. Ver. 1—4.

1 COULD I with men and angels vie
 In language, without love,

Nought, but a sounding brass would I,
Or tinkling cymbal, prove.

- 2 Could I both preach and prophecy,
All myst'ries understand ;
Have knowledge all ingross'd in me,
All gifts at my command :

Yea, had I faith that could remove
Great mountains to the main,
Yet were I destitute of love,
All would be void and vain.

Should I, with Pharisaic shew,
Be lavish of my store,
And tender of my revenue,
To feed the starving poor.

Yea, wanting love, though to the flame
My body give should I,
To win the martyr's glorious name ;
I nothing gain thereby.

[If without love to God and men,
Though most devout I seem,
Yet my religion all is vain,
And but an empty dream.]

SECTION II.

The praise of Love, and its Preference to Faith and Hope. Ver. 4—13.

- 4 Love suffers long ; love envies not ;
But evermore is kind ;
Ne'er opes the mouth to boast of ought,
Nor proudly puffs the mind.

- 5 Love carries not indecently ;
Can selfish views exclude :
And lay her own advantage by,
To seek her neighbour's good.

Love thinks no ill ; nor soon incens'd,
E'er studies to annoy :

- 6 She grieves when sin and error's fenc'd ;
But in the truth's her joy.

- 7 Love bears all hard things well for peace :
Believes all good things still ;
Nor, for her neighbour's prejudice,
Is credulous of ill.

Love hopes all things ev'n of the worst,
And wills their happy change ;
Endures all things ; nor can be forc'd
By wrongs to hug revenge.

- 8 Love shall remain, and shall prevail
In earth and heav'n above,

- When tongues shall cease, and prophets fail,
And ev'ry gift, but Love.
- 9 For but in part, while here from home,
We know ; but wait the day
- 10 When perfect interviews will come,
And partial fly away.
- 11 Here every notion, thought, and speech,
Our witless childhood shews ;
But there our souls shall manhood reach,
And slight our present views.
- 12 For now we see but through a glass
Where light is darkly shown ;
But then, by vision, face to face,
We'll know, as we are known.
- 13 On earth, faith, hope, and love have place,
The third shall reign above ;
Of all, the greatest, fairest grace,
Nor God himself is love.
-

SONG VIII.

The Song of Triumph over Death and the Grave. 1 Cor. xv. 54—58.

- 54 FAITH sings although the body dies,
The promise is enjoy'd :
This mortal shall immortal rise,
And death shall be destroy'd.
- 55 Where is thy killing sting, O death !
Addicted to devour ;
Through grace we now despise thy wrath,
And we defy thy pow'r.
- O grave ! where is thy victory ?
The bolted prison, where ?
Our king victorious conquer'd thee,
And we the conquest share.
- 56 The sting of death is sin indeed,
The strength of sin the law ;
But thence our law-fulfilling Head
Did sting and strength withdraw.
- 57 Thanks to the God of victory,
Who makes us thus, by faith,
In Christ, our living Head on high,
Triumphant over death.
- 58 Then steadfast may our hearts remain,
And in his work abound ;
Through whom our labours not in vain,
With such an issue crown'd.

SONG IX.

The World crucified by the Cross of Christ. Gal. vi. 14.

FORBID it, Lord, that I should boast
Of ought but Jesus' cross ;
The richest gain, that tempts the most,
I count but sordid dross.

When him I view, who bore, in death,
My sins, upon the tree ;
Then am I dead to all the earth,
The earth all dead to me.

Were this whole globe terrestrial mine
The present were but small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my life, my all.

SONG X.

A Doxology, or song of Praise, for electing, regenerating, and redeeming Grace, and all spiritual Blessings in Christ. Eph. i. 3—7.

BLESS'D be the everlasting God
And Father of our Lord,
Who us in him, and through his blood,
With heav'nly blessings stor'd.

4 "My Son's mine elect first," he said,
Before he chose a man ;
Then chose he us, in Christ our Head,
Before the world began.

Our characters were then decreed,
That we should holy be ;
Blameless in love, a royal seed,
From sin and slav'ry free ;

5 Predestinated to be sons,
A new regen'rate race ;
Born by degrees, though chose but once,
To praise his glorious grace.

6 Here his accepting love began
In Christ, to stand unmov'd,
And firm to us, until he can
Forget his first Belov'd :

7 In whom we have redemption great,
Peace, pardon, and solace :
Bought with the richest blood, and yet,
Brought from the richest grace.

SONG XI.

The Apostle's Song or Doxology : Or, a Song to the Love and power of God.

Eph. iii. 19, 20, 21.

- 19 To him whose love, that ev'n for strength,
 Could conquer hell for men ;
 And doth in height, depth, breadth, and length,
 Surpass created ken :
- 20 To him whose pow'r and will to save,
 Can do exceedingly
 Above what we can ask or crave,
 However great or high.
- To him who so his mighty pow'r
 Has for and in us wrought,
 Can so exert us more and more
 Beyond our pow'r of thought :
- 21 To him be praise ; yea, praises shall
 The church's work remain,
 By Christ his Son, through ages all,
 World without end. Amen.
-

SONG XII.

Christ's deep Humiliation, and high Exaltation. Phil. ii. 5—11.

- 5 ALL ye that mention Jesus' name,
 And are his folk design'd,
 Submiss was he, be ye the same,
 And bear his humble mind.
- 6 Who, in the form of God, did hold
 The self-same Deity ;
 Nor in him thought it robb'ry bold
 To equal God most High.
- 7 Yet made himself of no repute,
 A mortal likeness wore ;
 And cloth'd in human nature's suit,
 A servant's form he bore.
- 8 Thus ev'n his manhood he depressed
 Nor made his Godhead shine ;
 But vail'd his glory, and abas'd,
 His majesty divine.
- To bear our guilt, exceeding gross,
 He stoop'd exceeding low ;
 Submiss to death, ev'n on the cross,
 In all its shame and woe.

- 9 God therefore hath exalted him,
Above the starry frame ;
And giv'n him, on his throne sublime,
A name 'bove every name.
- 10 That at his name should ev'ry knee,
Bow down, and none rebel ;
But own his awful sway to be
O'er heav'n, and earth, and hell.
- 11 That ev'ry tongue confess and blaze,
That Jesus Christ is Lord ;
And thus to God, the Father's praise,
The Son may be ador'd.
-

SONG XIII.

Justification by Faith alone in Christ's Righteousness. Phil. iii. 7, 8, 9.

- 7 LORD, through thy grace I'll boast no more
In duties I have done ;
I quit the hopes I held before,
And only trust thy Son.
- What was my gain, I for his name,
Do now account my loss :
My former glory is my shame,
I nail it to his cross.
- 8 Yea, doubtless, I all things esteem
But loss for Jesus' sake,
That so I may while found in him.
His righteousness partake.
- 9 The choicest service of my hands
Dares not to face thy throne ;
But faith, to answer thy demands,
Can plead what Christ has done.
-

SONG XIV.

Paul's Doxology, or Thanksgiving for saving mercy. 1 Tim. 15, 16, 17.

- 15 BOTH true and good, this word of grace
Demands a firm belief,
" Christ came to save a sinning race,"
Of whom I am the chief
- 16 In me he did a pattern give
Of mercy, rich and rife,
To sinners great, that should believe
To everlasting life.

- 17 Now, unto this eternal One,
 The King that never dies,
 That is invisible, unknown,
 Unseen by mortal eyes.
- To God, the only wise, be giv'n,
 What doth to him pertain,
 All glorious praise, in earth and heav'n,
 For ever and Amen.
-

SONG XV.

The great Gospel-Mystery. 1 Tim. iii. 16.

- The mystery of godliness
 Is doubtless very great,
 God manifested in the flesh,
 To bless the humble state.
- God in the Spirit justify'd,
 To shew he was involv'd
 In justice' score, as bail, instead
 Of these he'll have absolv'd.
- God seen of angels, wrapt in flesh,
 And wafted up to glore,
 To feast their eyes with wonders fresh
 In him they all adore.
- God preach'd to Gentiles heav'n's glad news,
 To earth's long-banish'd race,
 Despised Greeks, with fav'rite Jews,
 Now equaliz'd by grace.
- God-man believ'd on in the world,
 Who far from God did roam ;
 And grace's conq'ring chariot hurl'd
 Around to bring him home.
- God-man received up to glore,
 From thence to send the Dove,
 To shew and seal the hidden store,
 The mysteries of love.
-

SONG XVI.

A Song of Praise to God, as a powerful, immortal, and invisible Being. 1 Tim.
 vi. 15, 16.

- 15 OUR God the ever-blessed One,
 The only Potentate,
 Is King of kings, and Lord of lords,
 In mightiness and state :

- 16 Who only, in and of himself,
 Hath immortality;
 Who dwells in light to which no man
 Is able to come nigh.
 ['Tis far beyond blind mortal eyes
 To see his bright abode;
 Beyond created minds to glance,
 A thought half-way to God.
 Infinite leagues beyond the heav'ns
 The Eternal reigns alone:
 Nor human minds, nor finite wings,
 Can mount to the topless throne.]
 Th' invisible, whom none has seen,
 Nor eyes of flesh can see,
 Yet lov'd and much ador'd has been,
 And shall for ever be.
 To him let us and every tribe
 Of saints and angels then,
 The highest honour still ascribe,
 And endless pow'r. Amen.
-

SONG XVII. .

Paul's departing Song. 2 Tim. iv. 7, 8, 16, 17, 18.

SECTION I.

A Saint prepared to die, and assured of Heaven.

- 7 Now my departure is at hand:
 I've wag'd a warfare good;
 Finish'd my course; and to the end,
 In Christ hath faithful stood.
 8 Hence, when he comes, there is for me
 Laid up a crown of bliss;
 With which, by his donation free,
 He then my head will grace.
 Nor will the righteous Judge alone
 To me this praise convey,
 But to them all that love and long
 For his approaching day.

SECTION II.

Experience of Divine Aid, improved for strengthening faith. Ver. 16, 17, 18.

- 16 In straits all men deserted me,
 But Jesus by me stood,
 17 Both in my work and war to be
 My help and fortitude.

18 And now the Lord shall me secure
 From ev'ry ill design,
 And to his heav'nly kingdom sure
 Preserve this soul of mine.

God is in Christ my constant aid :
 Hell then shall rage in vain.
 To him be highest glory paid,
 And endless praise. Amen.

SONG XVIII.

The steady Promise; or, the sure ground of the Believer's Faith. Heb. vi. 17, 18, 19.

OFT earth, and hell, and sin have strove,
 To rend my soul from God ;
 But everlasting is his love,
 Seal'd with his darling's blood.

The oath and promise of the Lord
 Join to confirm his grace ;
 Eternal pow'r performs the word,
 And brings the strong solace.

Amidst temptations, sharp and long,
 I to his refuge flee ;
 Hope is my anchor, firm and strong,
 When storms enrage the sea.

The gospel bears my spirit up ;
 The never-changing God
 Lays, for my triple ground of hope,
 The word, the oath, the blood.

SONG XIX.

A Song to the God of Peace and Grace. Heb. xiii. 20, 21.

SECTION I.

Of Peace and Reconciliation.

20 THE God of peace, whose mighty love
 To life restores the dead,
 His pow'r to quicken us did prove,
 By raising up our Head ;

Our Glorious Lord, the Shepherd great
 Of all his Father's sheep,
 Him brought he victor from the gate
 Of death's devouring deep :

Brought thro' the blood, that bought the bliss
 Of life, and thus reveal'd
 How mercy reigns through righteousness,
 How God is reconcil'd.

The blood that satisfaction gave
 To justice most condign,
 Did from the prison of the grave
 Our Surety justly bring :

Whose blood is by an ancient grant,
 (That faith might never fail,)
 Of th' everlasting covenant,
 The everlasting seal.

SECTION II.

Of Grace and Sanctification.

21 Now may the God that made the peace,
 Make us so perfect too,
 In ev'ry work of holiness,
 That we his will may do.

Still working in us by his might
 That purity alone,
 Which is well-pleasing in his sight,
 Through Jesus Christ his Son :

To whom be glory evermore,
 For peace and grace so free.
 Let heav'n and earth his name adore,
 Amen ; so let it be.

SONG XX.

A Song of Praise to God for Regeneration to a lively hope of eternal life.—

1 Pet. i. 3, 4, 5.

3 BLESS'D be th' eternal God of peace,
 The Father of our Lord ;
 Let his abundant mercy, grace,
 And love be still ador'd ;
 Who from the dead his Son brought up,
 And rais'd him to the sky,
 To breed in us a lively hope
 That we should never die.
 Though sin inherent justly throws
 Our bodies to the dust ;
 Yet, as the Head victorious rose,
 So all the members must.

- 4 To an inheritance divine,
Which, uncorrupt, for aye,
And unpolluted, pure, and fine,
Can never fade away.
- 5 'Tis safe reserv'd in heav'n for all,
Who safe are kept for it,
By pow'r divine, through faith that shall
To grace divine submit.
- Saints wait by faith this glory vast,
Which waits as well as they,
Prepar'd and ready for the last,
The revelation day.
-

SONG XXI.

A Doxology, prefaced with a Precept and Prayer; or the Devil defeated by Faith, well fixed and furnished. 1 Pet. v. 8, 11.

- 8 BE sober, vigilant, and stout;
For every day and hour,
Your foe, the devil, walks about,
Still seeking to devour.
- 9 Whom, by a steady faith resist,
In Christ the Captain's name;
Knowing your fellow-soldiers blest,
Your warfare is the same.
- 10 But may the God, and source of all
Your grace and warlike store,
Who did by Jesus Christ you call
To his eternal gloire:
- After your short while's suff'ring now,
May he perfect you all,
Establish, strengthen, settle you,
Firm like a brazen wall.
- 11 To him whose all-sufficiency
Alone can thus sustain,
All glory and dominion be
For evermore. Amen.
-

SONG XXII.

Growth in Grace, with a Doxology. 2 Pet. iii. 18.

THAT error and apostasy
May have in saints no place,

The heav'nly precept is, that we
 Should daily grow in grace.
 And therein all that would be stor'd,
 And still with increase blest,
 Should grow in knowledge of the Lord
 And Saviour Jesus Christ.
 To him (the more of whom we know,
 The more of grace we gain,)
 All glory be ascribed, both now,
 And evermore. Amen.

SONG XXIII.

The World's three great Temptations. 2 John ii. 15, 16.

Avoid this world's most dangerous three,
 Vain pleasures, pomp, and pelf:
 Not these but God thy portion be,
 Else thou'lt destroy thyself.

Son, tell them when they court thine ear,
 And thine affection woo,
 "I cannot buy your bliss so dear,
 Nor part with Heav'n for you."

SONG XXIV.

*The Doxology of the Apostle Jude; or a Song of Praise for the Ground and Hope
 of Perseverance and Perfection.*—Ver. 24, 25.

24 To him that's able to preserve
 Your feet from falling quite,
 When tempted from the truth to swerve
 By hellish guile and spite:

That's able to present you fair
 And faultless at his seat,
 Before his glorious presence there
 With joy exceeding great:

25 Ev'n unto God, the only wise,
 Yea, infinitely so;
 And who alone our Saviour is,
 And our salvation too:

To him be glory, majesty,
 Authority, and pow'r,
 So be it, and so shall it be,
 Both now and evermore.

SCRIPTURE SONGS.

PART III.

POEMS SELECTED FROM THE REVELATION.

INTRODUCTION.

THE Apocalypse, or the Book of the Revelation of John the Divine, contains a discovery of the deep things of God, which no man knows, but the Spirit of God, and those to whom he reveals them; which things were before hidden and secret, and could never have been searched out by the reasoning of human minds; but are now manifested for the common good of the church of Christ. The matter and scope of this book is a prediction of the most important events that should happen till the end of time, relative both to the present and future state of the church, the things which are, and shall be hereafter.

From the beginning, the church of God has been blessed with prophecy, and several visions. The glorious prediction of the breaking of the serpent's head, was the support of the patriarchal age; and the many prophecies that were concerning the Messiah to come, were the Gospel of the Old Testament. Christ himself, concerning whom all the prophets bear witness, prophesied concerning the destruction of Jerusalem; and, about the time in which it was accomplished, he entrusted the Apostle John with the Book of the Revelation, for the support of the faith of his people, and the direction of their hope. Particular visions were also sometimes made unto some of the Lord's peculiar favourites; as Isaiah, Ezekiel, Daniel, &c.; and tend mightily to the good and comfort of the church.

The first three chapters of this Book are plain, and the most easily understood of any part of it; and, among other other things, contain the Epistles to the seven different churches of Asia; the other parts of it are more mysterious and difficult to comprehend. We have many visions interspersed, shewn to the Apostle John, who was wafted, as it were, within the veil, and heard and saw great and glorious things; he was favoured with a view not only of the glorious Person of the Son of God, but of the great God himself, on his throne; a display of the heavenly glory, the splendour of the New Jerusalem, and the magnificence of the celestial throne, &c.; and also, to hear what was the employment of the glorious assembly, even their celebrating the high praises of God; and likewise to know what was the subject-matter of these heavenly anthems, viz., the blessed Redeemer, his glorious excellencies, wonderful works, and great exploits; and the amazing events that should hereafter take place.

That the saints themselves may join in the chorus of these celestial worshippers and attempt to accent the notes of the heavenly anthems, the song of Moses and the Lamb, even while in this embodied state, the following hymns are selected from this Book.

S.

SONG I.

Song to the Redeemer. Rev. ii. 5—8.

SECTION I.

His Redeeming Love.

- 5 To him that loved us to death,
And wash'd us in his blood

From sin, that we, the heirs of wrath,
Might 'scape the threat'ning flood ;

- 6 To him that made us kings and priests,
Ev'n unto God most high,
His Father ; who, at his request,
Admits the rebels nigh :

To our atoning Priest be praise,
To our exalted King,
Let the redeem'd, with lofty lays,
Immortal honours sing.

SECTION II.

His second Coming, and glorious name.

- 7 Behold, he comes, with flying clouds,
Whom ev'ry eye shall see !
A piercing sight, alas ! to crowds.
Who now his piercers be.

The wicked world shall weep and wail ;
But saints shall bless the day,
Who wait his coming without fail,
And wish't without delay.

- 8 I am, of all the times that pass,
The first, the last, the sum,
Th' almighty God, which is, and was,
And ever is to come.

SONG II.

The Song of the Church to the Lamb, upon the opening of the sealed Book.

Rev. v. 1—10.

- 1, 2 God's book of dark and deep designs,
Clos'd with a seven-fold seal,
3, 4 No man could loosen, nor read the lines,
His counsel to reveal.
5 But David's root, of Judah's tribe
The Lion, has prevail'd ;
To take, and open, and describe
The sacred volume seal'd.
6, 7 Seven seals to loose, the Lamb in view
Enthron'd, as slain before,
Presents seven eyes, seven horns, to shew
His wisdom and his pow'r.
8 The elders worship at his feet,
The church adores around,

With vials full of odours sweet,
And harps of joyful sound.

- 9 Those odours are the pray'rs of saints ;
These harps the hymns they raise :
New to the Lamb they pay their rents,
New is their song of praise :

“Thou worthy art to take the book,
And open ev'ry seal,
Who to the Father's heart canst look,
And shew his secret will.

Since thou, for crimes of ours, was slain,
Of ours, and not thine own,
Thou worthy art to rise and reign
And fill thy Father's throne.

From ev'ry kindred, nation, tongue,
Thou broughtst thy chosen race ;
And distant isles have seen and sung
The wonders of thy grace.

- Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood,
And set the captives free ;
10 Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee :
Reign ev'n on earth ; for, by thy word,
Our honour there is vast,
To rule us with a two-edg'd sword,
And judge the world at last.”

SONG III.

The Song of the Angels and Church together. Rev. v. 11, 12.

- 11 COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne ;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
- 12 Worthy's the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus ;
Worthy's the Lamb, our lips reply,
For he was slain for us.
- He's worthy to receive all pow'r,
And riches all beside,
Wisdom, and strength, and honour, glor,
And blessings on his head.
- [Pow'r and dominion are his due,
Though doom'd at Pilate's bar ;

Wisdom belongs to Jesus too,
Tho' charg'd with madness here.
All riches are his native right,
Who bore amazing loss :
To him belongs eternal might
Who felt the weak'ning cross,
To him be lasting honours paid,
Instead of shame and scorn,
While glory shines around his head,
A crown without a thorn.
He bore the curse for man that fell,
To him be blessings giv'n :
The Lamb that sap'd the gate of hell,
Hath gain'd the praise of Heav'n.
Thus angels crown their Lord, you see ;
More sib to him may sing,
Worthy's the Lamb, our kin, to be
Our Prophet, Priest, and King.]

SONG IV.

The Song of all the Creatures. Rev. v. 13, 14.

WHEN lapsed men were sav'd from hell
By Jesus' precious blood,
And wretches, that did once rebel,
Were made the friends of God :
When saints and angels had begun
Praise to the Lamb to sing ;
With echoes to the song anon
Both heav'n and earth did ring :
The creatures all that groan'd before
Through man's accursed fall,
Join'd with the singers to adore
The Lamb that eas'd their thrall.
Lo ! all that dwell above the sky,
And in air, earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift his glories high,
And speak his endless praise.
The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.
Pow'r, honour, blessing, praise, said they,
Beyond what we can pen,
Be giv'n to him that lives for ay,
By creatures all. Amen.

SONG V.

The Song of Saints and Angels, after the sealing of the servants of God: also the happiness of faithful sufferers for Christ. Rev. viii. 10—17.

- 10 ADORING saints made this their psalm,
Salvation to our God,
That sits enthron'd, and to the Lamb,
That wash'd us in his blood.
- 11 Amen, said hosts of angels bright,
- 12 For to our God pertain
Thanksgiving, wisdom, glory, might,
For evermore. Amen.
- 13 But who are these, our heav'nly mates,
Thus cloth'd in white array?
Whence came they to the happy seats
Of everlasting day?
- 14 Lo! these are they, the friends of God,
Thro' suff'ring great who came,
And wash'd their raiment white in blood,
The blood of Christ the Lamb.
- 15 Now they approach Jehovah's throne,
And serve him night and day;
His presence fills them ev'ry one
With glorious joy for ay.
- 16 No more shall hunger pain their heart;
Nor parching thirst annoy;
Nor scorching sun, nor hottest smart,
Henceforth abate their joy.
- 17 The Lamb that fills the middle throne,
To shed his milder beams,
Shall feed his flock, and lead them on
To drink of living streams.
Renew'd shall be their sweet solace
Through rounds of endless years;
And the soft hand of sov'reign grace
Shall wipe away their tears.

SONG VI.

The Song of the Saints and Angels, after the sounding of the seventh Trumpet; or, the Kingdom of Christ and the Day of Judgment. Rev. xi. 15—18.

- 15 KINGS of the earth with glad accord
Shall, for their nobler gain,
Give up their kingdoms to the Lord,
Who shall for ever reign.

- 16 Great God, thou dost thy pow'r assume,
We give thee thanks for this ;
17 Thou art, and wast, and art to come,
And thine the kingdom is.
- 18 The angry nations fret and roar,
And vex themselves in rage,
That they can slay the saints no more,
Nor hunt them off the stage.
- But on the wings of vengeance flees
Our great and mighty God,
To pay, with int'rest, resting foes,
And long arrears of blood,
- The Judge appears, the martyrs rise,
To share the grand solace ;
Come, come, ye saints, receive the prize,
The full reward of grace.
- Destroyers rise, and new appear
Before the hated throne,
The last decisive doom to hear ;
Ye sons of wrath, be gone.

SONG VII.

The Church's Song upon the Devil's being vanquished; or, upon Michael's war with the Dragon. Rev. xii. 7—12.

- 7, 8 LET mortal tongues attempt to sing
Heav'n's wars, when Michael stood
Chief general of the eternal King,
And fought in name of God.
- Against the dragon and his host,
God's armies did prevail ;
In vain they rage, in vain they boast,
Their hellish weapons fail.
- 9 Down to the earth was Satan thrown,
10 And down his legions fell ;
Then was the trump of triumph blown,
And shook the gates of hell.
- Now day is come, and night is past,
Christ has assum'd his pow'r :
The grand accuser down is cast
From heav'n, to rise no more.
- 11 'Twas by the blood of Christ the Lamb
Saints trod the tempter down ;
And by his faithful word o'ercame,
To their immense renown.

Their mortal lives they loved not,
 But gave them up to death,
 In love to him for whom they fought,
 And spent their vital breath.

- 12 Rejoice, ye heav'ns, let ev'ry star
 Shine brighter round the sky :
 Saints, while you sing the heav'nly war,
 Raise Jesus' name on high.

But woe to earth's indwellers all !
 For Satan's last effort
 Is in great wrath on you to fall ;
 His time, he knows, is short.

SONG VIII.

A Song concerning the blessedness of the dead that die in the Lord. Rev. xvi. 13.

WRITE, said the heav'nly voice record,
 That blest are all the dead,
 Who die in Jesus Christ the Lord :
 Yea, yea, the Spirit said ;

That henceforth happily they may
 From all their labours rest,
 Through sin and suff'rings here-away,
 Which did their peace molest.

Their works of love amidst annoy,
 Which did their faith declare,
 Shall follow them to heav'n with joy
 And rich perfection there.

These works before them never go
 As titles to the bliss,
 But follow them, to prove and show,
 How clear their title is.

From union to their living Lord,
 Their fruits did all proceed ;
 And now they reap the great reward,
 The purchase of their head.

SONG IX.

The Song of Moses and the Lamb ; or, Babylon falling. Rev. xvi. 2, 3, 4., xvi. 19., xvii. 6.

EACH Test'ment, old and new, belong
 To saints that overcame ;
 For Christian hearts unite the song
 Of Moses and the Lamb.

What wrath did Pharaoh's pride suppress,
Great Babel down shall bring,
Whose martyrs, on a sea of glass,
Thus over her shall sing :

O mighty God, thy works are great
And wond'rous in our view :
Thou King of saints, that reign'st in state,
Thy ways are just and true.

Thy glorious checker-works and ways,
Of vengeance and of grace,
Put all beholders in a maze
Of terror or solace.

Who dare refuse, with fearless heart,
To bow before the throne,
And glorify thy name who art
The only holy One ?

With rev'rence come all nations must,
And worship at thy feet.
For men shall see thy vengeance just,
Our victory complete.

SONG X.

A Song on Babylon's being fallen. Rev. xviii. 20, 21.

REJOICE, ye prophets, and ye saints,
O'er Babel's ruins sing ;
God shall avenge your long complaints,
And down the harlot bring.

In Gabriel's hand a mighty stone
Was lifted from the shore ;
A symbol of great Babylon,
Just now a-throwing o'er.

He spoke and dreadful as he stood
Above the ocean's foam,
He sunk the milstone in the flood,
And swift pronounc'd the doom :

" Thus terribly, with violence,
Shall bloody Babel fall ;
Thus plung'd in wrath's abyss, and thence
Be found no more at all."

SONG XI.

The triumphant Song of Saints and Angels, for the fall of Babylon. Rev, xix. 1—4

1 PRAISE ye the Lord, for evermore,
And sound his fame abroad ;

Salvation, honour, glory, pow'r,
Be to the Lord our God ;

2 For true and right his judgments were,
Who judg'd the harlot great,
Whose whoredoms vile did ev'ry where
Corrupt the earth of late.

3, 4 Let prayers be to praises chang'd
For at her hand his sword
Has now his servants blood aveng'd,
Amen, praise ye the Lord.

'Tis just that she the blood repay
Of saints her hands have slain,
Let singers Hallelujahs say,
Praise ye the Lord, Amen.

SONG XII.

The Epithalamium ; or Marriage Song. Rev. xix. 5—9.

5 PRAISE ye our God, his servants all,
That on him daily wait :
And ye that fear him, great and small,
His praises celebrate.

6 With hosts above join your assent,
Who Hallelujah say ;
For God the Lord omnipotent
Reigns in a sov'reign way.

7 Joy to ourselves let us assume,
To him give honour due ;
The marriage of the Lamb is come,
His bride's made ready too.

8 In favour great to her he grants
The raiment fair and fine ;
'Tis clean and white, the robe of saints,
The righteousness divine.

9 O bless'd are they, that now, by name,
Are call'd of God, to share,
The marriage-supper of the Lamb,
And taste the royal fare.

Write, said the message, with design
These sayings go abroad :
And write, to found a faith divine,
These are the truths of God.

SONG XIII.

The New Heaven and New Earth. Rev. xxi. 1—9.

- 1 A NEW-MADE world appear'd so gay,
The old was no more seen ;
Heav'n, earth, and sea were roll'd away,
As if they ne'er had been.
- 2 Jerus'lem new came from above,
Like Paradise restor'd,
Prepar'd, as when the bride of love
Is deck'd to meet her Lord.
- 3 The shouting Heav'ns cry'd out, Behold,
God's dwelling is with man !
They shall be his ; he'll keep his hold,
And be their God and gain.
- 4 His tender hand shall wipe the tears
From ev'ry weeping eye ;
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
And death itself, shall die.

The former things away are fled,
To be no more in view :

- 5 He sat upon the throne, who said,
Lo ! I make all things new.
- 6 I'm Alpha and Omega too,
The origin and end :
Unto my royal orders now,
Let mortals all attend :

To him that thirsts, I'll freely give,
O' th' well of life his fill ;
And he that drinks shall ever live,
Come whosoever will.

- 7 The saint that conquers sin, shall be
Of all things heir by line ;
For I shall be his God, and he
A son and heir of mine.
- 8 But whoremongers, adulterers,
Despising God's commands,
Idolaters and sorcerers,
And men of bloody hands ;

The faithless, and the scoffing crew,
That spurn at offer'd grace :
The devil's sordid retinue,
And all the lying race :

These shall be doom'd all to partake
Of ever-burning wrath ;
And thrown into the fiery lake,
Which is the second death.

- 9 But happy on the other side,
Appear the heirs of life :
Heav'n's glory crowns the beauteous bride,
The Lamb's beloved wife.

SONG XIV.

Heaven a glorious and holy State. Rev. xxi. 22—27.

- 22 No temple's seen, nor sun above,
Where God the Lord of might,
And Christ the Lamb, for ever prove
The temple and the light.

- 23 Pure are the pleasures found on high
Where no uncleanness is ;

- 24 No wanton lips, nor carnal eye,
Can taste or see the bliss.

- 25 These gates of holiness out-bar

- 26 Pollution, sin, and shame ;

- 27 None enter there, but these that are
The foll'wers of the Lamb.

He keeps the book of life, where all
Their elect names are found :
No hypocrite, nor liar, shall
E'er tread the heav'nly ground.

SONG XV.

The Church's prayer for Christ's second Coming. Rev. xxii. 20.

WHEN he who came, says, Surely, lo !
I quickly come again
To Judge, with justice, high and low ;
Glad Zion says, Amen.

Ev'n so, Lord Jesus, come away,
O haste ! as thou hast said,
The glorious retribution day,
When dues shall all be paid.

SONG XVI.

The Conclusion, or ending Prayer ; or the Apostle's Benediction. Rev. xxii. 21.
2 Cor. xiii. 14.

THE grace of Christ, our help complete ;
The Love of God serene ;
The Holy Ghost's communion sweet ;
Be with you all, AMEN.

THE END OF THE SCRIPTURE SONGS.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS;

CONTAINING

- I. FUNERAL POEMS ON THE DEATH OF SOME EMINENT PERSONS.
- II. SCRIPTURE AUTHORITIES FOR SUBJECTING TO CIVIL MAGISTRATES.
- III. EPIGRAMS AND MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTIONS.

PREFACE TO THE FOLLOWING ELEGY.

THOUGH more than twenty years have elapsed since the death of this excellent person, to whose memory these lines are written : yet, I suppose, they will not be out of season, since the remembrance of him, and his singular endowments, remain still so fresh in all that were of his acquaintance, that I cannot but observe a certain pleasant fondness this very day, to make him the subject of their conversation, who was once so much the object of their esteem and affection.

If it should be inquired, what concern I have, beyond others, to set forth his character, which none have hitherto attempted? Sure he deserved this service from none more than myself; if it be considered, that not only had I the privilege of living some time under his most evangelical ministry, and of enjoying his edifying conversation, as well as his cheering and charming company; but also, he was the person that first proposed seriously to me my entering upon trials for the ministry; the person that first urged and effected it in the presbytery; the person that, being moderator, pronounced my license to preach the gospel, and thereafter first honoured me with his pulpit in that work; and the person that first laid his hand upon me, when I was ordained to the ministry, by the imposition of the hands of the Presbytery; on which occasion he preached a very great and glorious sermon, upon Eph. iv. 11, 12, 13. Besides many other things that I could mention, that lay me under great obligation to shew a particular regard to his memory.

Perhaps it may not be judged out of the way to add, he was the person who (as he was skilled in poesy, as well as in almost every other piece of learning) in several respects excited me to, and encouraged me in some poetical writings; and with whom I have had very familiar intercourse by word and write, even in that strain : and therefore, if I have any genius that way, his memory demand a share of it.

Yet one reason of my delay in doing this piece of service to his name, was the knowledge I had of that sprightliness of soul, deepness of judgment, vastness of comprehension, readiness of elocution, and so many more than ordinary bright excellencies in him, which I thought my dull genius unfit for representing in such lively colours as they ought to appear in; and therefore, since I have now attempted that work, I hope none that know him will challenge any commendatory expressions here as too hyperbolical, since they will allow, that a poetical licence can hardly be more tolerable in commending any person that has lived in our day, than it can be in describing him in whom concurred such a multitude and variety of rare endowments and qualifications, natural acquired, and gracious, as scarce can be seen to centre in one man : and therefore, if I could gather together all the flowers planted in the gardens of the finest poets, and adapted them to his character, I would have thought them well applied in adorning his memory. Yet all that were his intimate acquaintances, yet living, will readily, I think, attest, that the truth relating to his character is not at all lost under any flowery metaphor, or poetical embellishment, I have here attempted to use.

But since the glory of God should be the chief and ultimate end of all writings, as well as other actions, I hope none shall be diverted from, but rather may be led earnestly to pursue this great end, by this essay upon the notable qualifications of a fellow-creature; for, as we ought to see and admire the glory of God, as it shines in all his works, even the most minute, much more may we see it in these creatures of our own species whom God has clothed with such extraordinary gifts and peculiar properties, as are truly inimitable by any whom the Author of nature, and the God of grace, has not in the same manner adorned. In such bright and beautiful stars we are to see and adore the infinitely greater beauty and splendour of the Sun of Righteousness, from whom their rays were but borrowed; and thus should be led by these pleasant crystal streams, that fail and dry up, unto the glorious Fountain of

living waters which never fails, but is unchangeably the same, yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

Moreover, it may contribute to the honour of God, that the shewing forth this excellent person's virtues, may tend to expose the God-dishonouring vices of our day; the representation of his innocent cheerfulness, may reprove the vicious and criminal madness of the age; his great wisdom and sense, may upbraid our folly and dullness; and his most evangelical spirit, manifested both in public preaching and private conversation, together with his profound knowledge of, and great insight into the deep mysteries of the gospel, and his great and extraordinary ability and readiness to assert and defend the truths of God, and the cause of Christ, may not only serve to condemn the quite opposite spirit that prevails so much in our time, but also to excite and stir us up, both to lament the loss we sustained by his death, through the righteous anger of Heaven against us, and to supplicate the divine favour, to raise up instruments for the work of his house, furnished with such qualifications and abilities as were so conspicuous in this great man.

AN ELEGIAIC POEM,

TO THE MEMORY OF THAT DESERVEDLY ESTEEMED PERSON,

THE REVEREND MR. JAMES CUTHBERT,

SOME TIME MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL AT CULROSS:

Who died in October, 1715.

Dotibus illustris nituit CUTHBERTUS opimis;
 Haud peperere Virum tempora nostra parem.
 Ornarunt radiis tot EUM pulcherrima junctis
 Ut caluere omnes EUS amore pii.—D. H.

LONG did my muse expectant wish to see
 Some hero paint the lofty ELEGY:
 Long did my weary mind impatient wait
 To see a nobler pencil paint the great,
 The good, the eloquent, the peerless man:
 Who 'mong Apollo's fav'rites led the van,
 CUTHBERT, whose name, that still so fresh remains,
 Demands the Muses elevated strains.
 I'm loath the features here so bright, so fine,
 Be sully'd with a dusky draught of mine:
 But since no curious limners had the heart,
 On this fair image to improve their art;
 My pen be artless, rather than unjust
 To leave a name so precious in the dust.
 My muse like Cræsus' son, so long tongue-tied,
 Had never spoke, had not his father died.
 This filial passion sure is due from one
 Once honour'd to be Timothy, his son.¹

(1) So he sometimes designed the Author of this Poem.

Though critics justly may the censure pass,
 That's here a matchless diamond set in brass ;
 Yet that which may excuse my feeble toil.
 The jewel's thus enhanced by its foil :
 And I escape (though by the portrait rude)
 The charge of criminal ingratitude.

The muse that mourns a church, a nation's fall,
 Should have attended CUTHBERT's funeral ;
 To shew the universal loss, and tell
 How Zion trembled when this pillar fell :
 How sons of Zion weak and feeble grew,
 When death so great a champion overthrew :
 How Heav'n design'd by such a mighty blow,
 No private, but a common overthrow :
 And should have plac'd him bright 'mong shining names
 That to far distant ages spread their beams.

Hark ! ye that knew him, won't ye all avow
 Wit charming sat triumphant on his brow ?
 Won't ye, like echoes, when ye hear his name,
 Be soon resounding trumpets of his fame ;
 Whose soul, refin'd beyond the common race,
 Was cultivate by nature, art, and grace ?
 He was by temper suited to his state,
 Without inheritance both rich and great :
 As generous spirits manage and command
 The wealth that Heav'n bestows, with lib'ral hand ;
 So knew his happy mind the value just
 Of earthly things, nor was enslav'd to dust.

His conversation's aromatic smell
 Did strongly melancholic fogs dispel :
 As rushing sun-beams kindly chase away
 The gloomy vapours that obscure the day
 Such wealth of wit both grace and nature brought
 To fit his mind for loftiness of thought ;
 So native was his graceful eloquence,
 Displaying always sublimated sense.
 Such pleasure did his balmy lips impart,
 That every sentence conquer'd every heart.

The lovely graces in his bosom found
 Diffus'd ambrosial odours all around.
 His social charms, with captivating art,
 Made him of every company the heart,
 The cheerful agent of so sweet a part.
 Not fav'ring winds to voyagers at sea,
 Nor genial show'rs to parched earth can be
 More grateful than his pleasant company.
 Still bright and cheering, like the sun at noon,
 His mind, his joyful harp was still in tune.
 Hence as to weary swains with toil oppress,
 Beneath a sylvan shade relaxing rest ;
 As to the scorched traveller when first

He finds a crystal stream to quench his thirst ;
Such were his virtues bright of every kind,
So sweet, so charming to our ravish'd mind.

Too rarely such conjunctions e'er take place,
As wit with wisdom, join'd with learning, grace ;
Yet these concent'ring in his manly breast,
Around their pow'rs benign did manifest,
In him we saw two distant virtues join'd,
Heroic greatness and a humble mind ;
His lofty soul fram'd to invade the skies,
Could stoop with obvious charms to vulgar eyes.
Here also rare disjunctions we could see,
Great cheerfulness disjoin'd from levity,
And mirth from folly most remote and free.
Thus seem'd he form'd into a paradise
Of pleasant plants without a weed of vice.

When thrown 'midst dang'rous wild society,
He always 'scaped from their infection free.
His pow'rful rhetoric, like a mighty chain,
Could bind the madness of the frantic brain.
Of empty wtlings soon he got the chase,
By ready answers, or of wit or grace ;
Which quickly could the heedless rambles tame,
Or flush their conscious cheek with spreading shame.
If lewed buffoons durst e'er before him sit,
Soon were their sarcasms mercilessly twit,
Or torn to shread with happy turns of wit ;
Of wit refin'd, which quickly down could throw
Their silly banter with an easy blow.
So strong his inward vigour still remain'd,
Such ground on adverse minds he ever gain'd,
His soul emerg'd undaunted and unstain'd.

His lofty mind that stoop'd to humble things,
Soon to her native skies could stretch her wings ;
From earth to heav'n could in a moment move,
From toys below to solid joys above.
And penetrate, with his interior sight,
Celestial regions and the realms of light.
The heav'ns, so lavish of their rays refin'd.
Shed down whole floods of knowledge on his mind,
He got enobling views of heav'nly bliss ;
Saw glorious wonders in that vast abyss.
And what he had divinely learn'd from thence.
Could in familiar language soon dispense.
From meaner things his mind without a damp,
Could instantly shine forth a burning lamp.
A flaming banner in Devotion's camp.
Thus heav'n and earth in him did joyful meet,
Nature and grace their lovely charms unite.

His mortal lips could touch immortal themes,
And tell IMMANUEL's everlasting names.

Far could he stretch on bold advent'rous wings,
 In high discourse and open heav'nly things.
 His diction did heroic thoughts display,
 Not in the florid nor the bombast way ;
 But with such high, yet humble rhetoric arm'd,
 Nobles were gratified, and commons charm'd.
 Seraphic principles and graces bright,
 In him conspired to display their might.
 His language shew'd a judgment most profound,
 A depth too large for common lines to sound ;
 Which made both wit and learning quit the field,
 And blushing to his brighter talent yield.
 Still regnant here sound judgment, solid thought,
 Truth when he spoke, and triumph when he fought :
 His words gave all antagonists a wound,
 That did or soon convince, or soon confound :
 Such strength of reason gave his breath the sound.
 Heretics vanquish'd sank beneath the load,
 As Dagon fell before the ark of God.
 Soon dazzl'd with the shining beams of sense,
 And drown'd as with a flood of eloquence.
 Such strength of wit and reason kept the field,
 Each adverse mind with shame behov'd to yield.
 The force of opposition rude was broke,
 How soon our eloquent Apollo spoke.
 He never once like fierce disputers fought,
 That lose their mind in a wild maze of thought,
 No loss of thought could shut his fluent lips,
 Nor loss of words his lucid thought eclipse.

In his most sharp encounters we could find
 No ebullitions of a bitter mind ;
 No stormy passion rose, no clamorous noise
 To make his fav'rites blush, or foes rejoice :
 But still with meekness like a mighty charm,
 Did quickly all opposing pow'rs disarm.
 He up or down could move with bridle-hand
 The passions rude of others at command ;
 And yet himself sedate and moveless stand.

He such a disputant for truth appear'd,
 'Gainst errors such victorious trophies rear'd,
 His nervous tongue that held the sacred plea,
 Was steel'd with such a conqu'ring energy ;
 One would have thought that did the hellish crew
 With heav'nly choir their old dispute renew
 'Bout Moses corpse¹ ; the cherubs might have chose
 His tongue the weapon to defeat the foes :
 And found their cause sustain no detriment
 By lips in arguing so bellipotent.
 For when he rose, down (in effect) to hell
 The dusky dregs precipitated fell :

(1) Jude, ver. 9.

As does the rising morn with rosy light
Adorn the skies, and put the shades to flight.

In public work he taught with solemn awe
The peaceful gospel and the fiery law.

Most sweetly did the cunning harper rove
Through all the labours of our Saviour's love :
While from his eloquent, mellifluous tongue
The streams of heav'nly rhetoric run along.
The holy theme was trim'd with lovely bait :
Each word was massy, and each sentence great.

Free from each pageantry of knowing fools,
And all the loose opinions of the schools.

His tongue seraphic did attention draw,
Below dispensing what above he saw ;
With skill divine unvail'd to human eyes
Dark oracles and opened all the skies.

Angels that into gospel mysteries pry,¹

To's fluent lips might for instruction fly.²

Who could more plain the mystic knots unfold
Than Oedipus the *fabl'd riddle* of old.

Heav'n form'd his mind great gospel-depths to trace,

His mouth to sound the silver trump of grace ;

To speak the grandeur of the Saviour God ;

To blaze his righteousness divine abroad ;

And 'gainst their face the flaming sword to draw

Whose legal strain affronts the royal law

He doom'd harangues that 'gainst the light offend,

And gospel-grace with pagan morals blend,

That make not Christ, but self their spring, their end.

In teaching moral duties, great or small,

He told the share that should to Jesus fall,

Was like his name, the First, the Last, the All.

His doctrine ev'ry gloomy shade dispell'd ;

His refutations more and more excell'd ;

For here we saw his lofty mind still higher,

Dashing black error down with holy ire,

And fencing beauteous truth around with walls of fire.

Hence anti-evangelic schemes refin'd

Were driven like chaff before the whirl-wind.

So bright he shone, ev'n in a private sphere,

Ere he possess the ministerial chair :

We've seen him with a Proc'tor's work in hand

The listening ears of Senators command.

With fluent lips, strong sense, and decent port,

Attract the heart and eyes of all the court,

And take them captive like a rend'ring fort.

In civil laws expert, in sacred more ;

His head a lib'rary of learning bore ;

So fill'd with foreign and domestic store ;

Here seem'd amass'd as much within one span,

(1) 1 Peter i. 12. (2) Eph. iii. 10

As all the volumes of the Vatican.

Should we Pythagoras' old fancy grant,
That souls retir'd did other bodies haunt ;
We yet might search to find the man we want.
Who hath his great acumen ? who his brain,
His heart, his tongue ? Alas, the search is vain ;
His mantle has not dropt upon the plain.

Lo ! now his death had hid the fulgent light,
And wrapt us in the shades of gloomy night.
Therunning years of ecclesiastic thrall
Make up the night portended by the fall.
But, had he stay'd : What then ? A question seem'd,
To which in answer thus by night we dream'd.

“ False *reason* cover'd with a florid stile,
So quickly blush'd when he expos'd the guile :
We might have seen, we thought, had he but stay'd,
Truth riding more triumphant by his aid :
Her equal cause more uncontrol'd by far
Had he appear'd puissant at the bar.
Would Zion's eyes have seen her faithful sons
Disgorge the MARROW, and digest the bones ?¹
Her serious clerks with numbers sport themselves :
And for *twelve Brethern*, Queries hatch by *twelves* ?²
Would rowers into waters great have brought
The shatter'd vessel with so little thought ?
Would *Arius*' ghost got leave t' appear, and shew
The *Webster's* slighted libel too too true ?³
Would furious minds have turn'd the church's keys,
To galling spurs and riding committees ?⁴
Would o'er the brethern arbitrary sway
Have thrown a whole quaternity away ?⁵
Would rage have hasted with a violent rush,
To ruining extremes her pow'r to push,
Had CUTHBERT stay'd to put her to the blush ?
No, no ; we thought, had we our *Atlas* here
His head would have upheld the falling sphere.”

Thus vain we thought, and wish'd him living still ;
Yet fear his life had brought a greater ill :
For jealous, Heav'n might see us on the road
Of homage to him as a *guardian God* ;
And therefore made his days a narrow span,

(1) Alluding to the controversy about the MARROW OF MODERN DIVINITY, a book condemned by the General Assembly.

(2) Twelve Ministers, commonly called the Twelve Marrow-Men, because they defended the doctrine laid down in that book. They had twelve Queries propounded to them, on that subject, by the Assembly ; to which they made answer.

(3) Pointing at the prosecution against Professor SIMPSON.

(4) Referring to the Committees appointed by the General Assembly to settle ministers upon reclaiming and dissenting congregations, on the footing of the Patronage Act, when the Presbytery, in which the settlement happened to be, refused to do it.

(5) Alluding, no doubt, to the suspending and deposing of the Four Brethern.

Lest we deprav'd had idolized the man,
 Who in the senates could have led the van.
 Such is the dubious state of mortals here,
 We know not what to wish or what to fear.
 Dark clouds envelope, till the labouring mind
 Be to the wise dispose of Heav'n resign'd.

Heav'n thought his death a stroke too too severe,
 Too troublous for a peaceful hemisphere ;
 And therefore then did shake the British globe
 With th' insurrection of a furious mob :¹
 That noise of blood and arms, of swords and spears,
 Might drown the clamours of our mournful lyres :
 That burning flames of rude intestine wrath
 Might dry the tears of sorrow for his death ;
 Lest floods of grief had swell'd beyond their shore,
 And like a deluge drown'd the earth once more.
 Heav'n wrathful sent the messenger of death,
 Then to demand our CUTHBERT's precious breath,
 To 'venge the crying guilt of daring crimes,
 And scourge the bold rebellion of the times.

This Phoenix rare, whose life the earth desir'd,
 Then Phoenix-like in chearful flames expir'd.
 He from his life's decay could joy conceive,
 And kindle into transport at a grave.
 For, though his conscious mind could own her slips :
 And kindly wail the errors of its lips ;
 Which might, he though, in praise of Jesus more
 Have daily lavish'd out her fluent store :
 Yet, living high by faith, could joyful go
 Through all the loud alarms of death below.
 Nor can the soul that to IMMANUEL clings,
 Whose courage from the depth of knowledge springs,
 Fear inevitable and destin'd things.
 The pleasant mould in which kind Heav'n him cast,
 Maintain'd amidst the formidable blast,
 His charming cheerful temper to the last.

His inward pulse, as death advanced nigh,
 Beat strong with vigorous immortality.
 Upward we saw his heav'n-born spirit rise,
 And boldly claim acquaintance with the skies.
 He on a death-bed could auditors teach,
 And his own glorious resurrection preach ;
 And press the good, the holy gospel-way,
 By all the glories of the awful day.
 He spoke his Master's name, his words, and wounds,
 Then stretch'd and soar'd beyond time's narrow bounds,
 To speak his praise in more majestic sounds.
 His soul expanding her immortal wings,
 Lost by degrees the sight of mortal things.

(1) The rebellion which took place, Anno 1715. This was also succeeded by another in the year 1745, by the same disaffected party.

With him once conjunct in the past'ral chair,
 We saw the Gospel-herald, worthy MAIR,
 Constrain'd his wonted theme to supersede,
 And from the pulpit, o'er the hearse to bleed,
 And blaze abroad the praises of the dead.
 Declaring "by his death that day there fell,
 "A great man ; yea, a prince in Israel."

See now, though yet the colours dark appear,
 The picture of the famous CUTHBERT here.
 My pencil having drawn but half the man,
 Must leave unfinish'd what it rash began.
 These honour'd with his converse once will find
 His livelier image pictur'd on their mind.

We see him fall, and to augment the moan.
 The great, the grave, judicious BOSTON gone,¹
 Who once,² like *Athanasius* bold, stood firm alone.
 Whose golden pen³ to future times will bear
 His fame, till in the clouds his Lord appear.
 With him blest HOGG, the venerable sage,
 The humble witness 'gainst the haughty age,
 Was swept, with other worthies, off th' unworthy stage.
 But thus if Horsemen and Commanders die,
 How can, alas ! the Infantry but fly ?
 We dread our fine new Lights the Church enthrall,
 When former glorious Luminaries fall,

But, hark ! are now these bright and stately forms
 A despicable prey to greedy worms ?
 True ! but, behold ! their better part survives,
 And Zion's glorious KING for ever lives.

NE TANTI VIRI, NOMEN, FAMA,

*Celebritas et quibus pollebat, dotes, oblivione deleantur, sequentis quoque Elogi
 centuriam linearum (aptis quorumlam Authorum phrasibus hic illic inter
 spersis) adjicere, visum.*

CARMEN ELEGIACUM,

*In Memoriam Viri celeberrimi Domini JACOBI CUTHBERT Pastoris non ita pridem
 Culrossensis.*

1 FUNERA CUTHBERTI, Boreæ sub sidere nati,
 Scotigeni Jubaris, Scotia mœsta canat.
 Te tamen ante omnes decet, ah ! Fifana Camæna,
 Fundere stabilibus carmina grata modis ;

(1) He died on Saturday, May 20, 1732.

(2) Viz. In the affair of Professor SIMPSON at the General Assembly, anno 1729.

(3) Meaning his excellent writings that were corrected by himself for the press.

- Vim cui contulerat Paulina *panoplia* sancta
 Ædis enim nostræ decedit hoc columnen.
 Moribus, Ingenio, Doctrina clarus et Arte,
 Hæc reliqua in terris sunt monumenta sui :
 Quodque mori potuit quamvis nunc marcet in urna,
 Fama, Decus, Virtus intemerato virent.
- 2 Sæpe, mihi luctus, mors invidia, causa fuisti ;
 Mersisti teneras sæpius imbre genas.
 Sæpa suos flevit Respublica nostra parentes,
 Hostili quondam qui cecidere nece :
 At vix ulla fuit tam justi causa doloris,
 Scotia, CUTHBERTO despoliata tuo.
 Ornabat patriam nuper, templumque relictum,
 Nec superest tantis mens cummulata bonis.
 Nunquam vidi ullum, se præter, (parcite docti)
 Quem pariter potui dicere doctiloquum.
- 3 Multorum volitatque per ora loquacibus alis
 Vir semel hic lucens, sol velut in tenebris :
 Cujus honorandæ voces oracla fuere,
 Omnimode docti pectoris indicia :
 Et merito, os cujus tam grata lavamina fudit,
 In memorum annales hicce relatus inest.
 Rebus in humanis humanior haud fuit alter,
 Rebus et in divis divior alter ubi ?
 Assertor fidei quo vix nervosior ullus,
 Corrector selerum, malleos hæresium.
- 4 Christique infestos, ut murus aheneus, hostes
 Voce sacri late fudit Evangelii.
 Sic rudium validas in viscere vertere virus
 Mos erat, ut docuit, dummodo vel domuit
 Litigiosa cohors, coram hoc Domitore diserto,
 Tollere depressum non fuit ausa caput.
 Ingenium Musæ, mores vis enthea, mentem
 Excoluit pietas, oraques delicæ.
 Hichilarans hilaris qui miscuit utile dulci,
 Seria jucundis, omnia puncta tulit.
- 5 Dotibus eximiis Comitibus, Pastoris, Amici,
 Vix magis ornatum protulit ulla dies ;
 Ne dotues natura omnes conferret in unum.
 Quæque aliis tribuat, dona nec ulla forent
 Mors veruit ; propero carnis pede vencla resolvens.
 Quot decorum cumulas, hu ! brevis hora rapit ?
 Non vigor ingenii, lepidæ non gratia linguæ.
 Non probitas potuit pellere tella necis.
 Quem redamant omnes, omnes abiisse dolebant,
 Quantus amor cunctis, tantus iisque dolor.
- 6 Nomen adhuc redolens quandam dulcedine cunctos
 Mulset, et immemores non sinit esse sui

Lychnus Evangelii fulgens, verique perennis
 Præco pius, comptus, magnanimusque fuit.
 Dogmata sacra Dei, mysteria condita Christi
 Exposuit docto, perspicuoque stylo.
 Abdita enim pandit Deus huic penetralia regni,
 Amplaque domino munera clausa sinu.
 Quæ priscos latuere Sophos, latuere recentes,
 Condi hujus voluit pectore cuncto Deus.

7 Cælitus hæc didicitquæ terricolis patefecit.
 Nunc cum cœlicolis quæ patefacit habet.
 Concio jam melior "Celestia gaudia preno,
 His modo cum Domino perpete pace fruor.
 Cur ita legendum? plamam fero, morte sepulta,
 Lætor apud superos, mollitor osso cubant."
 At non te flemus superis, CUTHBERTE, receptum,
 Ploramus nostram te removente vicem.
 Arma sacræ quo nunc ædis victricia vecta,
 Jam domitam, Dominus ni juvet ipse, dumum?

8 En! BOSTON celebris, simul HOGG venerabilis, insons,
 Terrea nunc superant, cælico tecta colunt:
 Insuper amotæ præcoci morte calumnæ
 Signant quam subito sit peritura domus.
 Omnibus tantis percellimur haud sine causa
 Hinc timidi mœstos orbis addesse dies.
 Stirpe priore, gemens Ecclesia Scotiqua lanquet,
 Vi CUTHBERTINA proh! spotiata sua.
 Ex Barathro (quid nunc obstat?) vis hostica furum
 Surgit, et insidias hic et ubique struit.

9 Invidus enque hostis laqueous, incendia, cruces
 Aptat, et innocuo valnera mille gregi,
 Sola potest tam patientia vincere cladem.
 Nec nisi de superis sedibus illa venit.
 Verus amor puro ex credentis pectore manans
 Per mala tot, CHRISTO Principe victor erit.
 Vivida vis mentis, genique potentis acumen
 Nunc tua, CUTHBERTE, belica tella desunt
 Mors clausit placido languentia lumina somno,
 Gaudia cum superis mens sine fine bibit.

10 Quo tua vaserunt dictamina nectare plena,
 Mens generosa volat, labraque lætifica?
 Quæ potuit cautes Hebetes animare loquendo
 Hei! modo sub tenebris, lingua diserte silet.
 Quam procul hic fugit tua prompta facundia fandi,
 Candor et integritat, inviolata fides?
 Solers tam sapiens non quovis nascitur anno,
 Osque virile vibrans cum pietate pari.
 Vivis in hac ima, præclarro nomine, terra:
 Spiritus in summo vivit ovatque polo.

AN ELEGY OR FUNERAL POEM,

ON THE MUCH LAMENTED DEATH OF THAT PIOUS PERSON,

THE REV. MR. PATRICK PLENDERLIETH,

MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL AT SALINE:

Who died anno 1715.—Written at the Desire of some of his Friends.

DISSOLVE in tears, ye bright seraphic fires,
 If sorrow can have place in heav'nly choirs;
 Men's eyes unable are enough to shed;
 A juster wound the world hath seldom bred:
 Behold a gracious plant, for fruit, for flow'r;
 A noble saint for zeal, for truth, for pow'r;
 A peerless gem for virtue, proof, and price;
 On earth a friend to truth, a foe to vice:
 And lo! alas! this piece of heav'n doth die;
 The case might make the very stones to cry.

O death! why tyrannisest in thy might?
 Why so severe, to strike so choice a wight?
 Why let'st out of the ark a Noah's dove,
 While many hearts were arks unto his love?
 Hath death a pow'r to break affection's lock,
 And steal the darling of the little flock?
 Nay, sure; what's lov'd to-day can die to-morrow;
 What's dead to love is still alive to sorrow.
 This man of God still lives, and lodging hath
 In grateful memories, in spite of death,
 He lives not only now above the skies,
 But lives on earth in tears of many eyes.
 Zeal, mildness, grace, gave air unto his breath:
 And hence his savour liveth after death.

His walk, his worship, were of divine stamp;
 His doctrine, practice, all a burning lamp.
 His life all light and heat, fed from above;
 His lips all fervour, and his heart all love:
 His time all holy-days; for of the seven
 Each day was Sabbath, and each Sabbath Heav'n;
 His home was secret places of the stairs;
 His title known to be a man of pray'rs.
 No grove, no river-side frequented he,
 But there the place of pray'r was wont to be,
 Bethel, where-e'er he went, was his abode;
 For still he reared altars to his God.
 His converse heav'nly, and his carriage mild;
 His soul sublime, his conscience undefil'd.
 His frame seraphic in devotion's mount;

His holy ardour seldom waxing blunt :
 Floods of celestial aid did elevate
 Th' ark of his soul to heav'nly Ararat,
 Full gales, heart-rending throbs, heav'n-reaching cries,
 Did waft his ardent pray'rs above the skies.
 For church, for state, for all he pray'd with not ;
 No case, no place, no friend, no foe forgot.
 He trod the milky-way, by faith and pray'rs,
 Was cloth'd with gravity, without grey hairs.
 Was master of his passions all within ;
 Glad without lightness, angry without sin.
 His language corresponding with his faith ;
 No vain nor idle word defil'd his breath.
 His lips unfeign'd, his actions undisguis'd ;
 Most modest when caress'd, meek when despis'd,
 A map of innocent humility ;
 A peerless paragon of sympathy.
 A mirror great of love to great and small ;
 A compound of compassion towards all.
 By love he conquer'd some of high degree ;
 And kill'd the meanest with his courtesy.
 His kindness with sincerity appear'd ;
 To rich, to poor, to ev'ry sort endear'd.

With care he mark'd all providential ways,
 Ev'n the minutest, to his Maker's praise,
 His active spirit oil'd with Herman dew
 Did swiftly after endless bliss pursue :
 He was a mighty hunter, and the chase,
 The God of glory in the field of grace. .
 Alas ! the race was very short indeed ;
 But lack in space, was well made up in speed.
 His public spirit was of such a pitch
 That few in zeal for God were found so rich.
 So vast the treasure in this earthen cup ;
 Zeal for his Master's house did eat him up.
 To whatsoever place he did repair,
 His converse was a constant preaching there.
 In house or field, this antipode of sloth
 For gaining souls, spent soul and body both :
 For, like his Lord, whose service was his food,
 He went about for ever doing good.
 Still at his Master's work, still at his motion :
 A constant miracle of close devotion.

Mounting the pulpit from his secret bow'r,
 He pray'd with divine pith, and preach'd with power.
 Faithful to all men, in their several places,
 He neither spar'd their faults, nor fear'd their faces.
 This ministerial grace to him was given
 To leave on many hearts a seal of heaven.
 Yet still his humble mind shun'd airy fame ;
 Pursu'd the merit but refus'd the name :

His self-drain'd soul despis'd opinion's blaze ;
 He sought the virtue but disclaim'd the praise :
 He all the glory to his God did yield,
 And crown'd fair grace the empress of the field.

Ah ! here is but the name of that fair saint ;
 We have his image, but himself we want.
 He hath the crown indeed, but we the cross :
 He finds the gain ; but we, alas ! the loss.
 Death broke the cage to let the sparrow fly,
 Which now hath found a house, a nest on high,
 Even God's own altars to eternity.
 Our Sodom now may fear the storm anon,
 When Lot is to his wished Zoar gone.
 God doth sometimes first crop the sweetest flow'r,
 And leaves the weeds till tempests them devour.
 So ripe is vice, so green is virtue's bud,
 The world doth wax in ill, but wain in good,
 And Noah's to his ark : we fear a flood.

This happy soul is now above the storm,
 Fix'd on his rock, with saints of highest form ;
 For while his vessel past the troubled ocean,
 He sail'd from strength to strength with swiftest motion,
 Till on Immanuel's land he came a-shore,
 The place to which he sent his heart before.
 Such was his holy life, as now resolv'd,
 Which by a happy life was thus dissolv'd.
 As lumps of sugar lose themselves and twine
 Their supple essence in the spir't of wine :
 So he in death did sweetly melt away,
 As doth the dawn into the rising day :
 Aurora fair must veil her rosy face
 When brighter Phœbus occupies her place :
 So he ; when glory rose in room of grace.
 His death not differed from this life of his,
 Nor the conclusion from the premises.
 His death-bed prov'd a little paradise,
 And usher'd in with hallelujahs thrice.
 He, (in his swimming over Jordan river,)
 Began to sing as now he shall for ever ;
 For there he sang before he went a-shore,
 A triple victory for evermore :
 Dull earth could scarce endure his holy noise,
 While he did antedate his future joys.
 Some saw his happy excit, unto whom
 He told of Cherubs sent to guard him home :
 And thus his better part was wafted o'er
 With prelibations of his endless gloire.

Could we now hear this blessed harper play
 His hallelujahs ; sweetly might he say,
 Rue not my death, rejoice at my repose,
 The bud was op'ned to let forth the rose.

It was no death to me, but to my wo,
The chain was loos'd to let the captive go.
From cross to crown, from thrall to throne I went,
And now I reign ; I sing with full content.
Lo ! here I rest ; and here I love to be,
Where I enjoy more than my faith could see.
I preach'd the glory which I now behold :
But lo ! the thousandth part was never told.
I got a taste below, but now above,
I forage in the verdant fields of love.
On earth, my faith stole down a distant kiss ;
But now my love cleaves to the cheek of bliss.
Lament not my decease, as your mishap,
When I so gladly rest in glory's lap,
Weep not that death did me from death deliver,
Nor grieve as for a loss ; I'm won for ever.
I fought, I wrestled there, from whence I came ;
I joy, I triumph here, where now I am.
On earth I long'd to see my Jesus dear ;
Behold ! I sought him there, and find him here.
In galleries of joy, in white I walk,
'Mong worthy wights, of whom I once did talk,
I see this glorious King in whom I boast,
Upon the head of this triumphant host.
With this seraphic quire I join on high,
To warble notes of praise eternally ;
Glory to God that ever here I came,
And glory, glory, glory to the Lamb :
My light, my life, my strength, my joy, my all,
Is now within mine arms, and ever shall.
My glorious Lord is mine, and I am his ;
I'm like him, for I see him as he is :
No darkness veils him now, no dismal night,
No cloud, no vapour intercepts his light.
I see, I see for ever face to face
The brightest beauty in the brightest place.
Thus might he say ; but, ah ! we seem too bold ;
Can heav'n's unutterable joys be told !
There, there he dwells ; earth was so low a place,
For him to view his Saviour's comely face,
That with Zaccheus from the lower story,
He grasp'd the branch, and climb'd the tree of glory,
O may we trace his steps, with one accord,
And imitate him, as he did his Lord !
For still his hope, his joy, his aim was this,
To live, to love, to be where now he is.

AN ELEGIAC POEM,

TO THE MEMORY OF THE PIOUS AND PAINFUL, LEARNED AND EMINENT SERVANT OF CHRIST,

THE REV. MR. ALEXANDER HAMILTON,

LATE MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL AT STIRLING:

Who died January 29, 1738, aged 75.—Written at the desire of some of his Friends.

Principium vitæ mors est, sic itar ad astra,
Felix qui vivit qui moriturque Deo.

PART I.

His Character, Qualifications, Manner of Preaching, and Amiable Deportment.

DEATH ! dost thou difficult us now to know,
If as a friend thou strik'st, or as a foe ?
A foe, in cutting off the best of seers ?
Or friend, in sparing him till full of years ?
What ! shall regard to thee, O death, be giv'n ?
Thou'rt but a servant to the nods of Heav'n ;
Which did not criminals on earth provoke,
They'd neither fear thy late nor sudden stroke.
Thy Lord was once for us to thee submiss,
To him our humble answer due is this,
" 'Tis we, 'tis we that sin away our bliss."

But how, O how has Scotland anger'd Heav'n
And what offence anew has Stirling giv'n ?
What bold transgressions and heav'n-daring crimes,
Have broke out fierce in these debauched times ?
That we should live to see Heav'n's lifted hand
Thus pulling down the pillars of the land,
The supports of the church, and by their fall,
The godly fabric made a bowing wall.
So many cedar-beams from Lebanon,
And stately rafters of our house are gone,
As threaten ruin to succeed anon.

Great HAMILTON among the sacred tribe,
An able prob, a well instructed scribe,
Was zealous, firm, and faithful unto death ;
No nominal defender of the faith :
But with undaunted courage did contend
'Gainst blasphemies and error to his end ;
No combatant for truth more skill'd than he,
Was set for the defence of gospel purity.

He evidenc'd to learn'd and knowing men,
Both by his tongue, his pulpit, and his pen,
His insight into truth's abyss was great,

And vastly deep beyond the common rate.
 Yea, famous men of arts have felt the skill
 And conq'ring edge of his well-pointed quill.
 His eyes diffus'd a venerable grace ;
 And piety itself was in his face.
 Sweetness of temper soften'd all he spoke ;
 He bore his great commission in his look.
 He taught the gospel rather than the law ;
 And forc'd himself to drive, but lov'd to draw.
 With eloquence innate his soul was arm'd ;
 Learning and grace combining jointly charm'd.

His view of ev'ry sacred line was bright ;
 Each sermon was a lamp of gospel-light.
 His care was first the malady to shew ;
 Next to present the remedy in view ;
 And then his powerful application bore
 The healing plaster to the running sore.
 He from Mount Sinai first did souls alarm ;
 And then with promises from Zion charm.
 And thus whatever was the sacred text,
 This was the plan, still plain and unperplex'd.

He shone 'bove others with superior light,
 In clearing up his hearer's claim of right ;
 The gospel warrants and the grounds of faith,
 Laid in the word, insur'd by JESUS' death,
 And seal'd by baptism in their early breath.
 Thus unbelief he of its shifts bereft,
 And unbelievers all excuseless left.
 His main concern was safely to embark
 The drowning world into the saving ark.
 He spread the news of rich and sov'reign grace,
 Which glorious reigns through JESUS' righteousness ;
 That grace's cov'nant absolute and free
 Might with the sinner's needy case agree.
 At solemn work his help so sweet, so dear,
 Was sought and got by brethren far and near,
 To sacramental feasts he went his round,
 And grac'd the tables with his joyful sound.
 His church was long the little flock's resort ;
 His words could with their time and need comport ;
 And hence he could be long, he could be short.

His courteous carriage show'd his gen'rous mind :
 Fond without fraud, and without flatt'ry kind.
 His faith he prov'd beyond dim reason's ken,
 By flaming zeal for God, and love to men.
 Yet free of pride, his works he vilify'd ;
 Was always humble, always self-deny'd.

So much he others to himself preferr'd,
 In charitable thoughts he chiefly err'd,
 Till thence by open villanies deterr'd,
 Yet this we scarce can as a failure grant,

Which show'd in others, not in him the want,
Who prov'd himself in all respects a saint.

A skillful counsellor in each dark case ;
A hearty sympathizer in distress,
Still warm his heart was with his words inlaid ;
But mostly flaming when he preach'd or pray'd.
His frame was still divine, his words exact,
Saints heard the voice that did their hearts attract,
And angels listen'd while the charmer spake.

He duly watched his flock by night and day ;
And from the prowling wolf redeem'd the prey.
Was ready still at hand without request,
To serve the sick, and succour the distressed.
The proud he tam'd, the patient he cheer'd,
Nor to reprove the rich offender fear'd.
He for a deep divine was known to all ;
Yea, to a proverb evangelical,
CHRIST was the leading theme, whose righteousness
He publish'd as the only glorious dress ;
The coat of mail to fence from top to toe,
Against the shot of death and future woe.
And while he sought proud nature to depress,
Exposing unto shame the sordidness
And dung of every specious legal dress ;
Yet still he careful aim'd the way to chalk,
By gospel succours to a holy walk,
And shut the mouths that would but vainly talk.

And what he preach'd he in his practice wrought,
A living sermon of the truth he taught.
An holy, humble course of life he steer'd,
That all might see the doctrine which they heard,
At conversation affable and mild ;
Nor with vain language were his lips defil'd :
Yea, gravity appear'd ev'n when he smil'd.
His presence grave did rev'ence great command,
And grave profound respect from ev'ry hand.
His very look could vanity reclaim ;
His countenance put levity to shame :
Cheer drooping hearts of saints, and also make
The guilty conscience of the sinner quake.

He to the last laborious still remain'd ;
Nor was he from his work by age restrain'd ;
His weakness never made him give it o'er ;
His willing mind did working strength restore.
What would have made some to their sick-beds creep,
Could never him out of his pulpit keep.
So prompt to teach, and preach, and pray, and praise,
His labour had an end but with his days.

Warm from his work he to his rest did move
And from his pulpit to his throne above.
But was it his intent to verify

What seem'd so false that Seraphims may die ?
 Sure, could they die at all, just so would they
 All in a flame celestial mount away.
 And now since he is gone, be this our strife,
 Just so to live, and so to end our life.

PART II.

*His duration in the Ministry, and where he laboured ; with his valiant appearance
 in contending for the truth, and the great Loss sustained by his death.*

AT Ecclesmahin first this Prophet great
 Had for a time his ministerial seat.¹
 At Airth this silver trumpet long did sound,²
 To solemn feasts convening thousands round.
 Stirling was bless'd next, e'er this herald's death,
 With twelve years' warning of his dying breath.
 But how he should with zeal proclaim the truth
 Seem'd first to be predicted in his youth :
 When bloody hands that gave the fatal blow,
 Set up the martyrs' heads a public show ;
 To their disgrace, whose glory is their shame,
 But to the suffering saints their standing name.
 As CHRIST their Lord did on the cross subdue,
 And made of all his foes an open show ;
 So these crown'd heads long over men of blood
 On summities of ports triumphant stood.
 When martyr'd GUTHRIE,³ famous and renown'd,
 Had thus for many years been highly crown'd ;
 When, by his head expos'd in open place,
 GOD mean'd his honour, devils his disgrace ;
 Our HAMILTON, inspir'd with early zeal,
 Ev'n in his youth, against the gates of hell,
 Mounting the port, brought, like a gallant soul,
 That blessed head down from the dying pole.
 Heav'n thus presaging how in very deed,
 He should into the martyr's work succeed,
 And bear his message as he bore his head.
 " No, (might the martyr say) no hand but thine
 Had ever pow'r to move this head of mine,
 From this high post, to which it was preferr'd ;
 Thy zeal to see it decently interr'd,
 Makes the fittest hand to go and bear
 My last address a-new to Stirling's ear :
 There 'mong my closet-papers mould'ring lies
 My farewell sermon, bury'd from their eyes,
 Heav'n shall forbid, whoe'er possession have,
 All hands but thine, to raise it from the grave.

(1) Six years

(2) Twenty-six years.

(3) Mr James, minister at Stirling.

For that same hand that buries this my head
 Shall be employ'd to raise it from the dead.
 But as my head at rest, ere touch'd by thee,
 Sleep'd in the Lord ; so thine at rest shall be,
 E'er mine this figur'd resurrection public see ;
 Yet thus far rais'd by thee shall from the press,
 As from the public pole, its former place,
 Stand up again, and witness to the following race.
 And as thy feet on fellow's shoulders stood,
 Risking thy life to make thy purpose good ;
 So shall thy feet on necks of brethren stand,
 Till martyr'd truth be rescu'd by thy hand,
 And this last step thy life and perils all disband."

Grant then this honour'd head its honour lost,
 When thus brought down from its exalted post,
 Of witnessing as clearly after death,
 As e'er it did before with vital breath :
 Yea, witnessing as from a pulpit high,
 By this long public preaching to the eye ;
 If Hamilton's brave hand did ought amiss,
 This head from labour wholly to dismiss,
 Or from its place of honour thus to rend ;
 Why, then, this bold adventure might portend,
 The Martyr's pulpit last should all his labours end.

Fame also sounded once his fencing art,
 So great that few could act the counter-part,
 In's younger years ; which might perhaps presage
 The nobler wars of his advancing age ;
 For then, arm'd with the Spirit's sword in hand,
 He kept antagonists at his command,
 Nor while he flourish'd, did his nation yield
 A greater champion on the gospel-field.
 Blest Plenderlieth declar'd his dark eclipse,
 Till conqu'ring light beam'd from his balmy lips.
 His captious brethren, captives at his feet,
 Gladly confess'd his vict'ry was complete :
 Great Brisbane own'd himself his happy proselyte.
 His arguings drew him, like a mighty chain,
 Quite from the legal to the gospel-strain ;
 So bright, that henceforth he appear'd to all
 Most accurately evangelical.
 His doctrine too with wisdom well supply'd,
 With magazines of learning fortify'd.
 And henceforth these two souls were no more twain,
 But knit with Johathan and David's chain,
 He spent his breath in Hamilton's pure are,
 As Hamilton did his at last in Brisbane's chair.

When 'gainst the truth proud church-men were enrag'd,
 He had the honour early to be stag'd ;
 But when arraign'd before fam'd committees
 For purity of doctrine, could with ease

Teach his pretended teachers, and impart
 Deep things of grace, surpassing shallow art.
 His judges, learn'd enough, were forc'd to yield,
 And crown their pannel Victor on the field.
 Thus in the church, though not in worldly state,
 This ALEXANDER may be term'd *the great*.

He testifying to his latest years
 For Christian liberty in choosing seers.
 Could never see the flock of Christ oppress'd,
 And in their room nobility caress'd ;
 Nor under-rate a pearl was bought so dear,
 To compliment a patron or a peer.
 In conflicts very late he was the man
 Who for the people's freedom led the van.
 These were among (and mark it, careless age)
 The last contendings of the dying sage.
 The words and deeds of this departing saint
 Impressions suiting with his zeal implant.

He earnestly contended for the faith,
 By zealous testimonies to his death :
 By him were witnesses for truth belov'd ;
 He all their proud opposers disapprov'd
 And did his zeal for Reformation shew,
 By daily prayer for the reforming Few :¹
 His aptness in that cause to speak and write,
 Made him the butt of ecclesiastic spite.
 Yet 'gainst his face when furies fierce awoke,
 What barking dogs and railing monsters spoke,
 Could nor his passions, nor his smiles provoke.

When five in session male-content withdrew,
 And courts superior countenanc'd the crew,
 Into their hands depositing the helve,
 Exauctorating all the other twelve :
 His meek, and yet unanswerable plaint
 Of this procedure, strange and violent ;
 " They have depos'd me from my sacred power
 Of government, in this my watching tower ;
 Yet me they never heard, nor cited to an hour."

Was he then equal to his worth esteem'd ?
 Or from reproach and calumny exeem'd ?
 No, no ; hell furies did him hot pursue :
 He was the scorn of an abandon'd crew.
 Why with such fury, O malignant race !
 Do ye to death the faithful watchmen chace ?
 Have patience, Gentlemen ; have patience, pray ;
 Behold them flying fast enough away !
 See Zion's battlements broke down in haste ;
 And temples glorious once, but now laid waste ;
 Flocks scatter'd, faithful shepherds turning rare,

(1) The Associate Presbytery, which, in his public prayers he termed the
Reforming Few.

And bleating lambs left to the foxes care !
 The prophets do they live for ever ? No !
 See worthy Hamiltons, how fast they go !
 Look to the north and south, the east and west,
 Where's Cuthbert, Stuart, Webster, Boston, bless'd ;
 With Mair, M'Larine, Brisbane, and the rest !

Those that tormented you before your time
 Are quickly moving to another clime.
 You need not beat your brains how to lay waste
 The zealous clergy ; lo ! themselves make haste
 To get into the ark, before the cloud
 That gathers thick, pour down a show'r of blood.
 Well may we fear God is intending wars,
 When calling home his great Ambassadors.

O Stirling, Stirling ! Thou hast been the seat
 Of famous martyrs and confessors great !
 Some thou hast ston'd by thy fierce *butcherous hire*.¹
 Which never since have had a day to thrive :
 And others thou hast kill'd by thy contempt :
 And few of them from cruel rage exempt.
 How oft would heav'n have gathered thy poor race
 Beneath the stretched wings of glorious grace ?
 But if thou wouldest not expect thy fate,
 Thy temple left unto thee desolate.

But stay, is sovereign mercy's door of hope
 Not wholly shut as yet, but partly ope ?
 Haste, haste, t' improve the light that shines about,
 Ere vengeance blow thy hindmost candle out ;
 And God most high provoked to depart,
 Give pastors not according to his heart,
 But to thine own, unto thine endless smart.
 Hear, hear, the quickening, yet the dying knell
 Of grace, still fluttering, loath to bid farewell ;
 Lest stretching vain her pinions o'er the prey,
 She quickly clap her wings, and soar away.

In Thologum eximium Dominum

ALEXANDRUM HAMILTON,

Pastorem nuperrime Strivilingensem.

DOTIBUS hic quantis, tam parvo carmine dici,
 Enituit, nulla conditione potest.
 Lux erit in tenebris, sed eum cum fata tulerunt ;
 Inde caret regio Scotica luce sua.

(1) The fleshers that stoned Mr. GUTHRIE.

CHRISTUS, Evangelii fulgente ardente lucerna,
 Arcanus IESUS hac patefaceit opes.
 Præco sacra præter multus dam præstitit arte
 Hic ut Evangelii, sic et Evangelicus.

Victor ALEXANDER fuit olim magnus in orbe,
 Hic victor pariter magnus in Æde sacra.
 Regifice adversos vicit Gladiator amictus
 Ense viri primum, denique at ense DEI.

Indoctos docuit, doctos domutque superbos,
 Ut verum teneant, falsaque rejiciant.
 Qui tulit in terris palmam victoris acuti,
 In superis victor læta trophæa canit.

Et qui curis fessus, tantoque labore,
 Optatam tandem pervenit in requiem.
 Tam post emensos constanti mente labores
 Aura regificum viceit in astra DEUS.

Quo se grex ovium, tanto pastore perempto,
 Vertet, et unde sibi pabula pura petet?
 Error ubique regit, truculenter sævit in omnes.
 Hic paradisiaco sævius angue malum.

Nunc rabies Cleri quam pauci obstare supersunt
 Nulla non miserum circuit arte gregem.
 Summe DEUS, pastorque gregus, submitte labori
 Pastoris, Templi commiserere tui.

SCRIPTURE AUTHORITIES FOR SUBJECTING UNTO,

AND

PRAYING FOR CIVIL MAGISTRATES.¹

Written in Easy Metre, for the sake of Weak Memories and Vulgar Capacities.

To Civil Pow'rs, let great regard be giv'n ;
 And human laws, that cross not those of Heav'n.²
 For so do sacred oracles direct,
 To higher pow'rs let ev'ry soul subject.³
 Saints, even in Rome, were taught, in lawful things,

(1) This Poem, although wrote several years before the Author's death, yet was never before published ; it was taken from an original manuscript, wrote in long hand. That it may have the more convincing efficacy, the scripture texts are here extended at proper length.

(2) Acts iv. 19.—But Peter and John answered, Whether it be right in the sight of God, to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye.

(3) Rom. xiii. 1.—Let every soul be subject to the higher powers ; for there is no power but of God : the powers that be are ordained of God.

Meekly t' obtemperate their heathen kings.
 The precept reaches all the human clan,
*Submit to ev'ry ordinance of man.*¹
 And that for reasons which apostles take
 From heav'n and earth, even *God and conscience sake.*²
 While magistratic pow'rs don't tyrannize,
 But grant their sacred, civil liberties,
 Reclaimers in that case complain of ease.
 Their name is such as few will dare applaud,
*Resisters of the ordinance of God.*³
 Apostles order all their flocks, and ours,
 For heav'nly ends, to stoop to earthly pow'rs :⁴
 Nor for their want of qualities divine,
 Must we their just authority decline.
 And hence the prophet Jeremy implor'd
 King Zedekiah as his royal lord :⁵
 Who yet had broke his oath to Babylon,
 And to idolatry aside had gone.⁶
 Hence also Obadiah good and great,
 Was wicked Ahab's minister of state :⁷
 Yet in this service sacred lines record,
 That Obadiah *greatly fear'd the Lord.*
 Elijah too, that holy zealous man.

(1) 1 Pet. ii. 13.—Submit yourselves to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake : whether it be unto the king, as supreme, &c.

(2) Rom. xiii. 5.—Wherefore ye must needs be subject, not only for wrath, but also for conscience sake. 1 Pet. ii. 13.—Submit yourselves to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake.

(3) Rom. xiii. 2.—Whosoever therefore resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God : and they that resist, shall receive to themselves damnation.

(4) 1 Pet. ii. 13—17.—Submit yourselves to every ordinance of man, for the Lord's sake : whether it be to the king, as supreme ; or unto governors, as unto them that are sent by him, for the punishment of evil doers, and for the praise of them that do well. For so is the will of God, that with well-doing ye may put to silence the ignorance of foolish men : as free, and not using your liberty for a cloak of maliciousness, but as the servants of God. Honour all men. Love the brotherhood. Fear God. Honour the king.

(5) Jer. xxxvii. 20.—Therefore hear now, I pray thee, O Lord, the king ; let my supplication, I pray thee, be accepted by thee ; that thou cause me not return to the house of Jonathan the scribe, lest I die there.

(6) Ezek. xvii. 15, 16, 17.—But he (viz. Zedekiah) rebelled against him (the king of Babylon) in sending ambassadors into Egypt, that they might give him horses and much people. Shall he prosper ? Shall he escape that doth such things ? Or, Shall he break the covenant and be delivered ? As I live, saith the Lord God, surely in the place where the king dwelling that made him king, whose oath he despised, whose covenant he brake, even with him, in the midst of Babylon, he shall die. Neither shall Pharaoh, with his mighty army and great company, make for him in the war, by casting up mountains, and building forts to cut off many persons, &c. 2 Chron. xxxvi. 11, 12, 13.—Zedekiah was one-and-twenty years old when he began to reign in Jerusalem. And he did that which was evil in the sight of the Lord his God, and humbled not himself before Jeremiah the prophet, speaking from the mouth of the Lord. And he also rebelled against King Nebuchadnezzar, who had made him swear by God : but he stiffened his neck, and hardened his heart from turning unto the Lord God of Israel.

(7) 1 Kings xviii. 3.—And Ahab called Obadiah, which was the governor of his house : now Obadiah feared the Lord greatly.

Who ne'er on Ahab, in his sins, would fawn;¹
Yet, most submiss, before his chariot ran.²

The sacred book with special folly loads

All such as venture to *revile the Gods*.³

For (but except sons of tyrannic thrall)

The God of heav'n does rulers of the ball,

His viceroys and anointed servants call.⁴

Hence Paul to Cæsar his appeal display'd:⁵

And Christ to Cæsar will have tribute paid.⁶

Yea, Heav'n for earthly rulers pray'r exacts,⁷

As much as they do tribute, toll, or tax.

And hence 'tis God's command to pray, we see,

For all invested with authority,⁸

That under them we peaceful lives may lead,

And godliness and honesty succeed.

This precept, if we view the time, relates

To Pagan persecuting magistrates :

For none but such possess the ruling throne,

Till centuries of Christian years were gone.

Don't *Sov'reigns*, then, much more our *prayers* claim,

That bear the Christian Protestant's fair name ?

In ancient times, the man of God, 'tis said,

For sinful Jeroboam earnest pray'd.⁹

(1) 1 Kings xviii. 18.—And he (Elijah) answered, I have not troubled Israel, but thou and thy father's house, in that ye have forsaken the commandments of the Lord, and thou hast followed Baalim.

(2) 1 Kings xviii. 46.—And the hand of the Lord was on Elijah ; and he girded up his loins, and ran before Ahab, to the entrance of Jezreel.

(3) Exod. xxii. 28.—Thou shalt not revile the gods, nor curse the ruler of thy people. Acts xxiii. 5.—Then said Paul, I wist not, brethren, that he was the high priest ; for it is written, thou shalt not speak evil of the ruler of thy people. 2 Pet. ii. 9, 10, 11.—The Lord knoweth how to reserve the unjust unto the day of judgment to be punished ; but chiefly them that walk after the flesh, in the lust of uncleanness, and despise government ; presumptuous are they, self-willed, they are not afraid to speak evil of dignities ; whereas angels which are greater in power and might, bring not railing accusations against them before the Lord.

(4) Isa. xlv. 1.—Thus saith the Lord to his anointed, to Cyrus, whose right hand I have holden, to subdue nations before him, &c. Jer. xxvii. 6.—And now have I given all these lands into the hand of Nebuchadnezzar, the king of Babylon, my servant and the beasts of the field have I given him also, to serve him.

(5) Acts xxv. 10, 11.—Then said Paul, I stand at Cæsar's judgment seat, where I ought to be judged : to the Jews have I done no wrong, as thou very well knowest. For if I be an offender, or have committed anything worthy of death, I refuse not to die : but if there be none of these things whereof they accuse me, no man may deliver me unto them. I appeal unto Cæsar.

(6) Matth. xxii. 20 21.—And Jesus saith unto them, Whose is this image and superscription ? They say unto him, Cæsar's. Then saith he unto them, Render therefore unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's ; and unto God, the things that are God's. Rom. xiii. 7.—Render, therefore, to all their due : tribute, to whom tribute is due ; custom, to whom custom is due ; fear, to whom fear ; honour, to whom honour.

(7) Matth. xxii. 21.—See figure above.

(8) 1 Tim. ii. 1, 2.—I exhort therefore, that, first of all, supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks, be made for all men ; for kings, and for all that are in authority ; that we may lead a quiet and peaceable life, in all godliness and honesty.

(9) 1 Kings xiii. 3, 6.—And he (viz. the man of God) gave a sign the same day,

Moses, for wicked Pharaoh lift his eyes;¹
 And faithful Abram, for Abim'lech cries:²
 Hence holy martyrs, in their dying hours,
 Pray'd for their bloody persecuting pow'rs.³
 And holiest Jesus spent his dying breath
 In praying for cruel actors in his death.⁴
 And bids his foll'wers pray to Heav'n for those
 That are their spiteful persecuting foes.⁵
 Thus with his great example and command,
 These precepts all in Judah binding stand;
 Yet Judah was a covenanted land.⁶

EPITAPHS AND INSCRIPTIONS, &c.

MONUMENTUM MI. HENRICI ARESKINI, Pastoris Chirnsidis, qui obiit. 10 Aug. 1696.
 Ætatis suæ 72.⁷

Sanctus ARESKINUS saxo qui conditur isto,
 Est lapis eterni vivus in cœde DEI:
 Non Cesta lapis hic technavi volubelis ulla:
 Quippe fide in petra constabilitus erat.

Under this stone, here lies a stone,
 Living with God above:
 Built on the rock was such a one,
 Whom force nor fraud could move.

saying, This is the sign which the Lord hath spoken; Behold, the altar shall be rent, and the ashes that are upon it shall be poured out.—And the king (Jeroboam) answered and said unto the man of God, entreat now the face of the Lord thy God, and pray for me, that my hand may be restored me again. And the man of God besought the Lord; and the king's hand was restored him again, and became as it was before.

(1) Exod. viii. 12.—And Moses and Aaron went out from Pharaoh; and Moses cried unto the Lord, because of the frogs which he had brought upon Pharaoh. And the Lord did according to the word of Moses.

(2) Gen. xx. 17.—So Abraham prayed unto God; and God healed Abimelech, and his wife, and his maid-servants; and they bare children.

(3) Acts vii. 59, 60.—And they stoned Stephen:—And he kneeled down, and cried with a loud voice, Lord, lay not this sin to their charge. And when he said this, he fell asleep. (To the honour of many of our sufferers, in the late persecuting period, they died owning and praying for the then civil persecuting powers.)

(4) Luke xxiii. 34.—Then said Jesus, Father forgive them; for they know not what they do.

(5) Mat. v. 44.—But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you.

(6) 2 Chron. xv. 12, 15.—And they (viz. Judah and Benjamin) entered into a covenant to seek the Lord God of their fathers, with all their heart, and with all their soul; and all Judah rejoiced at the oath; for they had sworn with all their heart.

(7) This was our Author's father.

In Dominum THOMAM BOSTONUM, nuper pastorem Atricensensem, qui obiit Anno 1732.

Dotibus illustris nituit BOSTONUS opimis !
 Haud peperere Virum tempora nostro parem.
 Ornarunt radiis tot eum pulcherrima junctis
 Ut caluere omnes ejus amore pii.

The great, the grave judicious BOSTON'S gone,¹
 Who once,² like *Athanasius* bold, stood firm alone :
 Whose golden³ pen to future times will bear
 His fame, till in the clouds his LORD appear.

EPITAPH on that laborious and successful Preacher, the Rev. Mr. JOHN HUNTER, late Minister of the Gospel at Gateshall ; ordained Oct. 17, 1793, and deceased Jan. 7, 1740.⁴

Ipse PETRUS quamvis hominum Piscator, obivit :
 Horum Hic Venator, quin properanter ? obit.

This mighty HUNTER, well employ'd,
 Between the distant poles,
 His mortal body soon destroy'd,
 To save immortal souls.

MONUMENTUM MI. GULIELMI WILSON, Pastories Perthensis, qui in Domino suo Iesu Christo obiit, Anno 1741. Ætatis suæ 51.

Nuper eras Pastor divus Doctorque disertus :
 Nunc super astra volas, hic licet osso cubant :
 Magnum edunt Nomen tua dicta, didactico
 Majus cælica vita comes, maximum et uberius.

More brave than David's mighty men,
 This champion fought it fair,
 In truth's defence, both by the pen,
 The pulpit and the chair.⁵

He stood with his associates true,
 To Scotland's solemn oath ;
 And taught to render homage due,
 To GOD, and Cæsar both.

Earth raging, from his sacred post
 Debar'd the worthy Sage :
 Heav'n frown'd, and sent a furious host
 To 'venge the sacrilege.

- (1) He died on Saturday, May 20, 1732.
- (2) In the affair of Professor SIMSON, at the General Assembly, 1729.
- (3) Meaning his excellent writings that were corrected by himself.
- (4) Mr Hunter was the first licenced and ordained by the Associate Presbytery.
- (5) He was possessed of a very public spirit for the declarative glory of God, was a great many years Professor of Divinity, and wrote elaborately in defence of the Reformation principles of the Church of Scotland.

Mourn Zion! your Elijah's gone,
 And wafted to the skies :
 Mourn! till his fiery car bring down
 A soul of equal size.

AN EPITAPH upon the grave-stone of the Reverend Mr THOMAS BALLANTINE, who was ordained Minister at Sanquhar, Sept., 22d, 1742, and died Feb. 28th, 1744, aged 30 years.

This sacred herald, whose sweet mouth
 Spread gospel-light abroad,
 Like Timothy, was but a youth,
 And yet a man of God.

Soon did the young, yet ready scribe,
 A friend for Christ appear ;
 And was among the Associate Tribe,
 A covenanted Seer.

He for the Reformation cause,
 Contended with renown ;
 Among that noted number was
 The first that gain'd the crown.¹

His zealous soul with hasty pace,
 Did mortal life despise,
 To feed the lambs around the place
 Where now his body lies.

AN INSCRIPTION on the Grave-stone of COLIN BROWN, late Provost of Perth, who died October 17th, 1741, aged 71 years.

FRIEND, do not careless on thy road,
 O'erlook this humble shrine ;
 For, if thou art a friend of God,
 Here lies a friend of thine.

His closet was a Bethel sweet :
 His house a house of pray'r :
 In homely strains at Jesus' feet,
 He wrestled daily there.

He to the city was a guide,
 And to the church a fence,
 Nor could within the camp abide
 When truth was banish'd thence.

(1) He was the first of the Associate Ministers who died after renewing the Covenants.

His life and death did both express
What strength of grace was giv'n :
His life, a lamp of holiness ;
His death, a dawn of heav'n.

A SACRED ODE ON MARGARET DEWAR, my first most affectionate Spouse, who died
Nov. 22nd, 1730, after having born ten children, aged 32.

The Law brought forth her precepts ten ;
And then dissolv'd in grace :
This vine as many boughs, and then
In glory took her place.

Her dying breath triumphantly
Did that sweet anthem sing,
Thanks be to God for victory ;
O death ! where is thy sting ?

FINIS.