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P O E M S

ON

SUBJECTS

CHIEFLY

D E V O T I O N A L.



He tunes

*My voice (if tun'd); the nerve that writes,
sustains.* *Night-Thoughts.*



BY THEODOSIA.

R



London :

**Sold by J. C. KILLY, 32, Houndsditch, and all other
Booksellers,**

1817.



PREFACE.

THE Writings of Mrs. ANN STEELE published under the signature of **THEODOSIA**, having been for many years out of print, and notwithstanding the general estimation they are held in by those who have seen a few of the Hymns only, in a collection adapted to Public Worship, (and which have been considered by the best judges of Sacred Poetry, as no inconsiderable ornament to that Publication,) not a Copy could be purchased; therefore the present Editor considers himself to be doing the religious Public a service by presenting them with the ensuing

Pages, and should they meet with as favorable a reception as he anticipates, more of her Poems and Posthumous Pieces will speedily follow.



EXTRACT FROM

Dr. Caleb Evans's Advertisement,

Prefixed to the last Edition, published
in 1780.

“ It may possibly be some gratification to those who have hitherto been ignorant of the real name and character of the pious Theodosia, whose writings have so often cheered their hours of solitude, warmed their hearts with

the love of virtue, and the glow of friendship, and animated their devotions in the closet and congregation; to be informed that she was known to her more intimate friends under the name of Mrs. Anne Steele. Her father was a Dissenting Minister, a man of primitive piety, the strictest integrity and benevolence, and the most amiable simplicity of manners. He was for many years the affectionate and faithful pastor of an affectionate and harmonious congregation at Broughton in Hampshire, where he lived all his days greatly beloved, and died universally lamented. Mrs. Anne Steele his eldest daughter, discovered in early life her love of the muses, and often entertained her friends with the truly poetical and pious productions of her pen: But it was not without extreme reluctance she was prevailed on to submit any of them to the public eye. This

new edition of her works, accompanied with the third volume, would have appeared long since, had the health of our Theodosia admitted of her paying that attention to it which was necessary. But it was her infelicity, as it has been many of her kindred spirits, to have a capacious soaring mind inclosed in a very weak and languid body. Her health was never firm, but the death of her honoured father, to whom she was united by the strongest ties of affectionate duty and gratitude, gave such a shock to her feeble frame, that she never entirely recovered it, though she survived him some years.

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

VII

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

To pour with tender, kind indulgent hand,
The lenient balm of comfort on my heart ?
Alas, that friend is gone ! Ye angels say—
(Who bore him raptur'd to your blest abodes)
Can ought on earth compensate for my loss ?
Ah, no ! the world is poor, and what am I ?
A helpless, solitary worm, that creeps
Complaining on the earth ! Yet ev'n to
worms [doubt

The care of heaven extends, and can I
If that indulgent care extends to me ?
Father of mercies, trembling at thy feet,
Give me to vent the heart oppressing grief,
And ask for comfort !—can I ask in vain
Of him whose name is Love ?—But O the
boon

My craving wishes ask is large indeed !
Yet less will leave me wretched—Gracious
Give me to say without a rising doubt, [God
“ Thou art my Father ”—thy paternal love
Alone can cheer my soul, thy kind com-
passion,

IX

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

Having been confined to her chamber some years before her death, she had long waited with christian dignity for the awful hour of her departure. She often spoke, not merely with tranquility but joy, of her decease. When the interesting hour came, she welcomed its arrival, and though her feeble body was excruciated with pain, her mind was perfectly serene. She uttered not a murmuring word, but was all resignation, peace and holy joy. She took the most affectionate leave of her weeping friends around her, and at length, the happy moment of her dismissal arriving, she closed her eyes, and with these animating words on her dying lips. "I know that my Redeemer liveth," gently fell asleep in Jesus.

Her excellent writings, by which though dead, she still speaketh, and which are the faithful counterpart of her amiable mind, exhibit to us the

XI

fairest picture of the original.—The following lines are inscribed on her tomb.—

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

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

XIII

O for a gush of soul-relieving tears
To ease my swelling heart!—Alas in vain
I look around for comfort! every place
Recalls some circumstance that gives to
grief [hour

A keener edge!—The hour, the dreaded
My soul has shuddered at so long, is come!
Ah! where is now that friend, to whom my
heart

In every past distress was wont to fly,
While the dear sufferer, her own pains
forgot,

Would gently sooth my passions into peace?
Where that maternal friend, whose watch-
ful care,

Whose fond, assiduous tenderness sustain'd
My helpless childhood? whose instructive
voice,

(Sweet as the song of seraphs) mildly taught
My heedless feet the sacred path of virtue;
That sacred path of pleasantness and peace
She long had trod. And shall I never, never
Hear that lov'd voice—that venerable form

XIV

No more behold?—Now on one single thread,
Hangs all my desolated soul's support ;
That broken too, and every earthly hope
Sinks in eternal night.

But has the sorrowing heart no other
refuge ? [voice,

Methinks I hear that lov'd, that well-known
Ev'n from the grave, direct my erring mind
Beyond death's dreary realms to fairer
scenes. [friend

Yes, 'tis her gentle language—" Seek a
That lives for ever."—Shall I not obey
Her last command, her dying admonition ?
(Compassionate Redeemer ! lead O lead
My heart to thee and teach it to repose
Its hope, its trust, its all on thee alone !)
O let me, with a miser's care, recall
And treasure up each dear instructive
sentence !

Still let me dwell on her inspiring page,
And bathe it with the grateful tears of love !
'Tis all I now have left !—O had one ray
Of her ascended genius beam'd on me !

Then had this trembling hand, by grief
unnerv'd,

Faithful to truth, to gratitude, pourtray'd
The lovely lineaments of her fair mind.

Vain wish !—a thousand sad ideas rise,
Daily and hourly rise, a thousand acts

Of tenderness too slightly felt before,
Rush o'er my soul with anguish ever new.

How shall I learn to live without her aid !

My dearest pleasures, my most lov'd em-
ployments

She taught me first to relish, first awak'd

The wish for knowledge—with her too
expir'd !

Still, still to her indulgent eye was shewn

The artless lay, still her ethereal touch

Gave life and beauty to the languid line,

Its dearest meed her animating smile.

Now all is o'er—in vain that artless lay

Hath ventur'd into light, in vain I hop'd

To give her pleasure, that indulgent eye,

Is clos'd for ever ! her complacent smile

Shall animate my drooping heart no more.

XVI

Nature be calm—ye streaming tears be
dry! [row.

Think of her bliss and check this selfish sor-
Torture is chang'd to transport, faith to
And hope absorb'd in full felicity. [sight,
Ah with what resignation, what composure,
Have I beheld her suffer pains unknown!
Anguish unspeakable!—her faith, her pa-
tience.

Still unsubdu'd! unquench'd the vivid flame,
Of warm benevolence!—to others woes,
In agony attentive.—anxious still
For others happiness,—how would she strive
(Her gentle hand all tremulous with pain)
To please or to instruct!—how have I hung
In silent sorrow o'er her painful couch,
And wept the impotence of mortal friend-
ship!

While season after season, years on years,
Revolv'd in vain!—revolv'd but to confute,
The flattering dreams of hope, while added
sufferings,

But bound her closer to this bleeding bosom,

XVII

O the keen pangs of parting !—Still I feel
 The gentle pressure of her clay-cold hand !
 Still present to my heart, I hear her voice !
 I see that smile by dawning heaven imprest
 On her dear countenance ! when all serene,
 She clos'd her willing eyes—to wake in
 heaven !

O could I, could I raise my languid thoughts
 To that bright world of glory ! Could I view
 For ever reunited to that friend, [her
 So lov'd, and so lamented ! (the deep wound,
 The lenient hand of time could never heal.)
 “ Now parting pangs shall rend their hearts
 no more,”

For ever present with a smiling God !
 For ever tuning the seraphic lyre !
 There only sweeter than her notes below.

Ah whence this pause ! My bleeding heart
 in vain [sorrow,
 Attempts to soar, but sinks to earth and
 Dwells on the past, and sharpens every
 thought [chaos
 With fruitless self-upbraidings.—O the

XIX

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







CONTENTS.

HYMNS.

	Pag
D ESIRING to praise God	13
Imploring divine influences	14
Meditating on creation and providence ..	15
Redeeming love	18
The great physician	24
Longing souls invited to the gospel-feast, Luke. 14. 22.	26
Light and deliverance	27
A Morning-hymn	29
An Evening-hymn	30
On a stormy night	32
Seeking after happiness	33

XXII.

	Page
<i>Weary souls invited to rest, Matt. 11. 28.</i>	35
<i>Thirsting after God, Isaiah 41. 17. ...</i>	36
<i>The favour of God the only satisfying good, Psalm 4. 6, 7.....</i>	37
<i>The transforming vision of God, Psalm 17..15.</i>	38
<i>The joys of Heaven</i>	40
<i>Humble worship</i>	43
<i>Praise for national peace</i>	44
<i>The voice of the creatures</i>	45
<i>A rural hymn</i>	46
<i>God my creator and benefactor</i>	52
<i>Praise to God for the blessings of pro- vidence and grace</i>	53
<i>Christ the way to Heaven</i>	56
<i>Life and safety in Christ alone, John. 6. 68.</i>	57
<i>An evening reflection</i>	58
<i>The excellency of the holy scriptures</i>	60
<i>The influences of the spirit of God in the heart, John 14. 16. 17.</i>	62

XXIII

Page

<i>Christ the physician of souls, Jerem.</i>	
8. 22	64
<i>The intercession of Christ, Heb. 7. 25.</i>	65
<i>The condescension of God, 1 Kings</i>	
8. 27.....	66
<i>The heavenly guest, Rev. 3. 20.</i>	67
<i>God the soul's only portion, Lam. 3. 24.</i>	68
<i>Faith in the joys of Heaven, 2 Cor. 5. 7.</i>	70
<i>Strength and safety in God alone, Psal.</i>	
105. 4.....	71
<i>A funeral hymn</i>	73
<i>Sin the cause of sorrow</i>	74
<i>Intreating the presence of Christ in his</i>	
<i>churches, Hag. 2. 7.</i>	75
<i>Desiring to trust in God, Isaiah 26. 4.</i>	76
<i>Watchfulness and prayer, Matt. 26. 41</i>	77
<i>Divine compassion, Isai. 49. 14, 15, 16.</i>	78
<i>Desiring assurance of the favour of God</i>	80
<i>Hope encouraged in the contemplation of</i>	
<i>the divine perfections</i>	81
<i>The incarnate Saviour, John 1. 14,</i>	82

<i>Faith in God in a time of distress, Hab.</i>	
3. 17, 18.	83
<i>Pardoning love, Jer. 3. 22. Hos. 14. 4.</i>	84
<i>The goodness of God, Nahum 1. 7.</i>	85
<i>True honour, Dan. 12. 3.</i>	86
<i>Divine bounty, Col. 1. 19.</i>	88
<i>The heavenly conqueror, Rev. 3. 21.</i>	89
<i>Longing after unseen pleasures, 2 Cor.</i>	
4. 18.	91
<i>The christian's prospect</i>	92
<i>Life a journey</i>	93
<i>True happiness to be found only in God</i>	94
<i>Lasting happiness</i>	96
<i>Bidding adieu to earthly pleasures.</i>	97
<i>Longing for immortality</i>	98
<i>At the funeral of a young person</i>	99
<i>Sin the sting of death</i>	100
<i>The presence of Christ the joy of his</i>	
<i>people</i>	101
<i>Absence from God</i>	102
<i>Desiring a taste of real joy</i>	104

	Page
<i>Humble reliance</i>	105
<i>The presence of God the life and light</i> <i>of the soul</i>	107
<i>Resigning the heart to God, Psalm</i> <i>119. 94.</i>	108
<i>The inconstant heart</i>	109
<i>Cold affections</i>	110
<i>Example of Christ</i>	112
<i>Retirement and Reflection</i>	113
<i>Hope in darkness</i>	115
<i>Death and Heaven</i>	116
<i>Redemption by Christ alone, 1 Pet. 1.</i> <i>18, 19.</i>	118
<i>The mysteries of providence</i>	119
<i>Refuge and strength in the mercy of God</i>	120
<i>Desiring resignation and thankfulness</i>	122
<i>Desiring the presence of God, Isaiah</i> <i>50. 10.</i>	124
<i>Christ the life of the soul, John 14. 19.</i>	138
<i>Aspiring towards Heaven</i>	139
<i>God my only happiness</i>	141

XXVI

	Page
<i>Mourning the absence of God, and longing for his gracious presence</i>	142
<i>God the only refuge of the troubled mind</i>	143
<i>Complaining at the throne of grace</i>	145
<i>Submission to God under affliction</i>	147
<i>Trusting in divine veracity</i>	148
<i>Time flying, and death approaching</i>	149
<i>Victory over death through Christ, 1 Cor. 15. 57.</i>	150
<i>Christ the supreme beauty, Isa. 33. 17.</i>	152
<i>The promised land, Isaiah 33. 17.</i>	153
<i>The heavenly shepherd, Psal. 23. 1, 2, 3.</i>	155
<i>The christian's noblest resolution, Joshua 24. 15.</i>	157
<i>The Saviour's invitation, John 7. 37.</i>	158
<i>Jesus the best beloved</i>	159
<i>Desiring to know and love him more</i>	160
<i>The glorious presence of Christ in Heaven, John 17. 24.</i>	161
<i>The happiness of the saints above, John. 17. 24.</i>	162
<i>Hymn to Jesus</i>	163

XXVII.

	Page
<i>Praise to the Redeemer</i>	165
<i>Desiring to love Christ without wandering</i>	166
<i>The exalted Saviour</i>	167
<i>The wonders of redemption, 1 Pet. 3. 18.</i>	168
<i>Communion with Christ at his table</i> ..	170
<i>Faith in the Redeemer's sufferings</i> ..	171
<i>A dying Saviour</i>	172
<i>Meditating on the Redeemer's sufferings</i>	173
<i>Sin the cause of Christ's death</i>	175
<i>Christ dying and rising</i>	176

OCCASIONAL POEMS.

<i>To Lysander</i>	178
<i>An evening meditation</i>	180
<i>Happiness</i>	183
<i>Pride and humility</i>	185
<i>Imitation of Mr. Pope's ode on solitude</i>	187
<i>On friendship</i>	188
<i>On the same</i>	191
<i>Ode to content</i>	193
<i>On reason</i>	194

XXVIII

	Page
<i>On reading Mr. Hervey's meditations</i>	200
<i>A simile</i>	204
<i>A meditation on death</i>	206
<i>To Delia</i>	210
<i>To Amira on her marriage</i>	211
<i>The pleasures of spring</i>	213
<i>On the sickness of a friend</i>	215
<i>The fettered mind</i>	216
<i>To a friend in trouble</i>	218
<i>The absent muse</i>	221
<i>The waste of time</i>	223
<i>The death-watch</i>	224
<i>The friend</i>	226
<i>On children's play</i>	228
<i>The path of life</i>	230
<i>To the votaries of pleasure</i>	233
<i>On the public fast, Feb. 6, 1756</i>	236
<i>National Judgments deprecated, on the</i> <i>fast, Feb. 11, 1757</i>	238
<i>On the same, pleading for mercy</i>	239
<i>National judgments and mercies a call</i> <i>to repentance, Nov. 1757</i>	241

XXIX

	Page
<i>The invocation</i>	242
<i>To Florio</i>	246
<i>To Betinda</i>	248
<i>Resignation</i>	249
<i>An evening walk</i>	251
<i>The humble claim</i>	253
<i>The prospect</i>	255
<i>Desiring to bid adieu to the world</i>	261
<i>Occasioned by reading Mr. Gray's</i> <i>hymn to adversity</i>	263
<i>To a friend on the death of a child</i>	265
<i>To Delia pensive</i>	266
<i>Spring and Autumn</i>	267
<i>To Vario</i>	268
<i>To Amira on her recovery</i>	269
<i>To the same on the death of her child</i> ..	271
<i>The comfort of religion</i>	273
<i>The desire of knowledge a proof of</i> <i>immortality</i>	274
<i>Corinthians, 1 Epist. 13th chap. pa-</i> <i>raphrased</i>	276

XXX

	Page
<i>To a friend on the birth of a child</i>	278
<i>To the mother</i>	279
<i>The tulip and violet</i>	281
<i>Captivity</i>	282
<i>A reflection occasioned by the death of a neighbour</i>	284
<i>Ingratitude reproved</i>	286
<i>Submission to God under affliction and desiring support</i>	288
<i>Pleasure</i>	291
<i>The pilgrim</i>	293
<i>Wrote in an ill state of health in the spring</i>	295
<i>Recovery from sickness</i>	298
<i>A rural meditation</i>	300
<i>Solitude</i>	302
<i>To Mr. Hervey on his Theron and Aspasio</i>	305
<i>On the death of Mr. Hervey</i>	306
<i>The picture; to Marinda</i>	308
<i>Retirement and Meditation</i>	311
<i>No true happiness below</i>	316

XXXI

	Page
<i>True pleasure in divine meditation</i> ..	317
<i>The faithfulness of God, Isaiah 54. 10.</i>	320
<i>Love to Christ, John 21. 17.</i>	321
<i>Devotion</i>	323
<i>Encouragement to trust in God,</i> <i>1 Pet. 5. 7.</i>	325
<i>The wish</i>	326
<i>Divine contemplation</i>	328
<i>Refuge in distress</i>	330
<i>Hope reviving in the contemplation of</i> <i>divine mercy</i>	332
<i>Eusebia and Urania, or devotion and</i> <i>the muse</i>	337
<i>Ambition</i>	342
<i>Christ the christian's life</i>	344
<i>The complaint and relief</i>	346
<i>A thought in sickness</i>	353
<i>A reflection on a winter-evening</i>	355
<i>The elevation</i>	357



8 APR 53

HYMNS
ON
VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

DESIRING to PRAISE GOD.

ALMIGHTY author of my frame,
To thee my vital powers belong;
Thy praise, (delightful, glorious theme!)
Demands my heart, my life, my tongue.

My heart, my life, my tongue are thine:
Oh be thy praise their blest employ!
But may my song with angels join?
Nor sacred awe forbid the joy?

Thy glories the seraphic lyre
On all its strings attempts in vain;
Then how shall mortals dare aspire
In thought, to try th' unequal strain?

B

Yet the great Sovereign of the skies
 To mortals bends a gracious ear;
 Nor the mean tribute will despise,
 If offer'd with a heart sincere.

Great God, accept the humble praise,
 And guide my heart, and guide my tongue,
 While to thy name I trembling raise
 The grateful, though unworthy song.



Imploring DIVINE Influence.

MY God, when'er my longing heart
 The praiseful tribute would impart,
 In vain my tongue with feeble aim,
 Attempts the glories of thy name.

In vain my boldest thoughts arise,
 I sink to earth and lose the skies;
 Yet I may still thy grace implore,
 And low in dust thy name adore.

O let thy grace my heart inspire,
 And raise each languid weak desire;
 Thy grace, which condescends to meet
 The sinner prostrate at thy feet.

With humble fear let love unite,
 And mix devotion with delight
 Then shall thy name be all my joy,
 Thy praise my constant blest employ.

Thy name inspires the harps above
 With harmony, and praise, and love;
 That grace which tunes th' immortal strings,
 Looks kindly down on mortal things.

O let thy grace guide every song,
 And fill my heart and tune my tongue;
 Then shall the strain harmonious flow,
 And heaven's sweet work begin below.



Meditating on Creation and Providence.

LORD, when my raptur'd thought sur-
 Creation's beauties o'er, [veys
 All nature joins to teach thy praise,
 And bid my soul adore.

Where'er I turn my gazing eyes,
 Thy radiant footsteps shine;
 Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise,
 And speak their source divine.

The living tribes of countless forms,
 In earth and sea and air ;
 The meanest flies, the smallest worms,
 Almighty power declare.

All rose to life at thy command,
 And wait their daily food
 From thy paternal, bounteous hand,
 Exhaustless spring of good !

The meads, array'd in smiling green,
 With wholesome herbage crown'd ;
 The fields with corn, a richer scene,
 Spread thy full bounties round.

The fruitful tree, the blooming flower,
 In varied charms appear ;
 Their varied charms display thy power,
 Thy goodness all declare.

The sun's productive quick'ning beams
 The growing verdure spread ;
 Refreshing rains and cooling streams
 His gentle influence aid.

The moon and stars his absent light
 Supply with borrowed rays,
 And deck the sable veil of night,
 And speak their Maker's praise.

Thy wisdom, pow'r and goodness, LORD,
 In all thy works appear;
 And O let man thy praise record;
 Man, thy distinguish'd care.

From thee the breath of life he drew;
 That breath thy power maintains;
 Thy tender mercy ever new,
 His brittle frame sustains.

Yet nobler favours claim his praise,
 Of reason's light possess;
 By revelation's brighter rays
 Still more divinely blest.

Thy providence, his constant guard
 When threat'ning woes impend,
 Or will th' impending dangers ward,
 Or timely succours lend.

On me that providence has shone
 With gentle smiling rays;
 O let my lips and life make known
 Thy goodness, and thy praise.

All bounteous LORD, thy grace impart;
 O teach me to improve
 Thy gifts with ever grateful heart,
 And crown them with thy love.

REDEEMING LOVE.

COME heav'nly love, inspire my song
 With thy immortal flame,
 And teach my heart, and teach my tongue
 The SAVIOUR'S lovely name.

The SAVIOUR O what endless charms
 Dwell in the blissful sound !
 Its influence every fear disarms,
 And spreads sweet comfort round.

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

In our first parent's crime we fell ;
 Our blood, our vital breath
 Deep ting'd with all the seeds of ill,
 Sad heirs to sin and death.

Black o'er our wrath-devoted heads
 Avenging justice frown'd ;
 While hell disclos'd her deepest shades,
 And horrors rose around.

Wrap'd in the gloom of dark despair,
 We helpless, hopeless lay;
 But sov'reign mercy reach'd us there,
 And smil'd despair away.

God's only Son, (stupendous grace;) T
 Forsook his throne above;
 And swift to save our wretched race,
 He flew on wings of love.

Th' Almighty former of the skies
 Stoop'd to our vile abode;
 While Angels view'd with wondering eyes
 And hail'd th' incarnate God.

The God in heavenly strains they sung,
 Array'd in human clay;
 Mysterious love! what angel tongue,
 Thy wonders can display?

Mysterious love in every scene,
 Through all his life appears:
 His spotless life expos'd to pain,
 And miseries and tears.

What blessings on a thankless race,
 His bounteous hand bestow'd?
 And from his tongue what wond'rous
 What rich instruction flow'd? [grace,

**The dumb, the deaf, the lame, the blind
 Confess'd his healing power;
 Disease and death their prey resign'd,
 And grief complain'd no more.**

**Infernal legions trembling fled,
 Aw'd by his powerful word:
 And winds and seas his voice obey'd,
 And own'd their sovereign LORD.**

**But man, vile man, his love abus'd,
 Blind to the noblest good;
 Blasphem'd his power, his word refus'd,
 And sought his sacred blood.**

**Still his unwearied love pursu'd
 Salvation's glorious plan;
 And firm th' approaching horrors view'd,
 Deserv'd by guilty man.**

**What pain, what soul-oppressing pain,
 The great REDEEMER bore;
 While bloody sweat, like drops of rain,
 Distill'd from every pore!**

**And ere the dreadful storm descends
 Full on his guiltless head,
 See him by his familiar friends,
 Deserted and betray'd!**

While ruffian bands the LORD surround,
 Relentless, murderous foes;
 Meek, as a lamb for slaughter bound,
 The patient sufferer goes.

Arraign'd at Pilate's impious bar,
 (Unparallel'd disgrace!)
 See spotless innocence appear
 In guilt's detested place!

When perjury fails to stain his name,
 The mob's envenom'd breath
 Extorts his sentence, "Public shame
 " And painful lingering death."

Patient, the cruel scourge he bore
 The innocent, the kind!
 Then to the rabble's lawless power
 And rudest taunts consign'd.

With thorns they crown that awful brow,
 Whose frown can shake the globe;
 And on their king in scorn bestow
 The reed and purple robe.

Ah! see the fatal cross appears,
 Heart-wounding, dreadful scene!
 His sacred flesh rude iron tears,
 With agonizing pain.

Expos'd with thieves to public view,
 Could nature bear the sight?
 The blushing sun his beams withdrew,
 And wrapt the globe in night!

Then, Oh! what loads of woe unknown
 The glorious sufferer felt;
 For crimes unnumber'd to atone,
 To expiate mortal guilt?

The Father's blissful smile withdrawn,
 In that tremendous hour;
 Yet still the God sustain'd the man
 With his almighty power.

" 'Tis finish'd," now aloud he cries,
 " No more the law requires; "
 And now (amazing sacrifice!)
 The Load of life expires.

Earth's firm foundation felt the shock,
 With universal dread;
 Trembled the mountain, rent the rock,
 And wak'd the sleeping dead!

Now breathless in the silent tomb,
 His sacred body lies;
 Thither his lov'd disciples come,
 With sorrow-streaming eyes.

But see, the promised morn appear!
 Their joy revives again;
 The SAVIOUR lives; adieu to fear,
 To every anxious pain.

His kindest words their doubts remove,
 Confirm their wavering faith;
 He bids them teach the world his love,
 Salvation by his death.

Triumphant he ascends on high,
 The glorious work compleat;
 Sin, death, and hell, low vanquish'd lie
 Beneath his awful feet.

There with eternal glory crown'd,
 The Lord, the conqueror reigns;
 His praise the heavenly choirs resound,
 In their immortal strains.

Amid the splendours of his throne,
 Unchanging love appears;
 The names he purchas'd for own,
 Still on his heart he bears.

Still with prevailing power he pleads
 Their cause for whom he died;
 His SPIRIT'S sacred influence sheds,
 Their comforter and guide.

For them reserves a radiant crown,
 Bought with his dying blood;
 And worlds of light, and joys unknown,
 For ever near their God.

O the rich depths of love divine!
 Of bliss, a boundless store:
 Dear SAVIOUR let me call thee mine,
 I cannot wish for more.

I yield to thy dear conquering arms
 I yield my captive soul;
 O let thy all-subduing charms
 My inmost powers controul.

On thee alone my hope relies;
 Beneath thy cross I fall,
 My LORD, my life, my sacrifice,
 My SAVIOUR, and my all.

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

Luke. 6. 19.

YE mourning sinners, here disclose
 Your deep complaints your various
 Approach, 'tis JESUS, he can heal [woes;
 The pains which mourning sinners feel,

To eyes long clos'd in mental night,
 Strangers to all the joys of light,
 His word imparts a blissful ray:
 Sweet morning of celestial day!

Ye helpless lame, lift up your eyes,
 The LORD, the SAVIOUR bids you rise;
 New life and strength his voice conveys,
 And plaintive groans are chang'd for praise

Nor shall the leper, hopeless lie
 Beneath the Great Physician's eye;
 Sin's deepest power his word contrbuls,
 That fatal leprosy of souls.

That hand divine, which can assuage
 The burning fever's restless rage;
 That hand omnipotent and kind,
 Can cool the fever of the mind.

When freezing palsy chills the veins,
 And pale cold death already reigns,
 He speaks; the vital powers revive,
 He speaks, and dying sinners live.

Dear LORD, we wait thy healing hand;
 Diseases fly at thy command;
 O let thy sovereign touch impart
 Life, strength, and health to every heart.

Then shall the sick, the blind, the lame,
 Adore their Great Physician's name;
 Then dying souls shall bless their God,
 And spread thy wonderous praise abroad.

LONGING SOULS

Invited to the Gospel Feast. Luke 14. 22.

YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
 Behold a royal feast
 Where mercy spreads her bounteous
 For every humble guest. [store]

See, JESUS stands with open arms;
 He calls, he bids you come;
 Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms;
 But see, there yet is room.

Room in the SAVIOUR'S bleeding heart;
 There love and pity meet;
 Nor will he bid the soul depart,
 That trembles at his feet.

In him the FATHER reconcil'd
 Invites your souls to come;
 The rebel shall be call'd a child,
 And kindly welcom'd home.

O come, and with his children taste
 The blessings of his love ;
 While hope attends the sweet repast,
 Of nobler joys above.

There, with united heart and voice,
 Before th' eternal throne,
 Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
 In extasies unknown.

And yet ten thousand thousand more,
 Are welcome still to come :
 Ye longing souls the grace adore ;
 Approach there yet is room.



LIGHT and DELIVERANCE.

THE weary traveller, lost in night,
 Breathes many a longing sigh,
 And marks the welcome dawn of light,
 With rapture in his eye.

Thus sweet the dawn of heav'nly day
 Lost weary sinners find :
 When mercy with reviving ray,
 Beams o'er the fainting mind.

To slaves oppress'd with cruel chains,
 How kind, how dear the friend,
 Whose generous hand relieves their pains,
 And bids their sorrows end !

Thus kind, thus dear, that friend divine
 Who ransoms captive souls,
 Unbinds the cruel chains of sin,
 And all its power controuls.

JESUS, to thy soul-cheering light,
 My dawn of hope I owe ;
 Once, wandering in the shades of night,
 And lost in hopeless woe.

'Twas thy dear hand redeem'd the slave,
 And set the prisoner free ;
 Be all I am, and all I have,
 Devoted, LORD, to thee !

But stronger ties than nature knows,
 My grateful love confine ;
 And ev'n that love, thy hand bestows
 Which wishes to be thine.

Here, at thy feet, I wait thy will,
 And live upon thy word :
 O give me warmer love and zeal,
 To serve my dearest LORD.

A MORNING HYMN.

LORD of my life, O may thy praise
Employ my noblest powers,
Whose goodness lengthens out my days,
And fills the circling hours.

Preserv'd by thy almighty arm,
I pass'd the shades of night,
Serene, and safe from every harm,
And see returning light.

While many spent the night in sighs,
And restless pains and woes;
In gentle sleep I clos'd my eyes,
And undisturb'd repose.

When sleep, death's semblance o'er me
And I unconscious lay, [spread
Thy watchful care was round my bed,
To guard my feeble clay.

O let the same almighty care
My waking hours attend;
From every danger, every snare,
My heedless steps defend.

Smile on my minutes as they roll,
 And guide my future days;
 And let thy goodness fill my soul
 With gratitude and praise.

AN EVENING HYMN.

GREAT God, to thee my evening song
 With humble gratitude I raise;
 O let thy mercy tune my tongue,
 And fill my heart with lively praise.

Mercy, that rich unbounded store;
 Does my unnumbered wants relieve;
 Among thy daily craving poor,
 On thy all-bounteous hand I live.

My days unclouded, as they pass,
 And every gently rolling hour,
 Are monuments of wondrous grace,
 And witness to thy love and power.

Thy love and power, (celestial guard)
 Preserve me from surrounding harms;
 Can danger reach me, while the LORD
 Extends his kind protecting arms?

My numerous wants are known to thee,
 Ere my slow wishes can arise ;
 Thy goodness measureless and free,
 Is ready still with full supplies.

And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,
 Too oft regardless of thy love,
 Ungrateful, can from thee depart,
 And fond of trifles vainly rove.

When calm reflection finds a place,
 How vile this wretched heart appears !
 O let thy all-subduing grace
 Melt it in penitential tears.

Seal my forgiveness in the blood
 Of JESUS: his dear name alone
 I plead for pardon, gracious God,
 And kind acceptance at thy throne.

Let this blest hope my eyelids close,
 With sleep refresh my feeble frame ;
 Safe in thy care may I repose,
 And wake with praises to thy name.

ON A STORMY NIGHT.

LORD of the earth, and seas and skies,
 All nature owns thy sovereign power;
 At thy command the tempests rise,
 At thy command the thunders roar.

We hear, with trembling and affright,
 The voice of heaven, (tremendous sound!)
 Keen lightnings pierce the shades of night,
 And spread bright horrors all around.

What mortal could sustain the stroke,
 Should wrath divine in vengeful storms
 (Which our repeated crimes provoke,)
 Descend to crush rebellious worms?

These dreadful glories of thy name
 With terror would o'erwhelm our souls;
 But mercy dawns with kinder beam,
 And gait and rising fear controuls.

O let thy mercy on my heart
 With cheering, healing radiance shine;
 Bid every anxious fear depart,
 And gently whisper, Thou art mine.

Then safe beneath thy guardian care,
 In hope serene my soul shall rest ;
 Nor storms nor dangers reach me there,
 In thee, my GOD, my refuge, blest.

~~THE~~

Searching after HAPPINESS.

O Happiness, thou pleasing dream,
 Where is thy substance found ;
 Sought through the varying scenes in vain,
 Of earth's capacious round.

The charms of grandeur, pomp and show,
 Are nought but gilded snares ;
 Ambition's painful steep ascent,
 Thick set with thorny cares.

The busy town, the crowded street,
 Where noise and discord reign,
 We gladly leave, and tir'd retreat
 To breathe and think again.

Yet if retirement's pleasing charms
 Detain the captive mind,
 The soft enchantment soon dissolves ;
 'Tis empty all as wind.

Religion's sacred lamp alone,
 Unerring points the way,
 Where happiness for ever shines
 With unpolluted ray.

To regions of eternal peace,
 Beyond the starry skies ;
 Where pure, sublime and perfect joys
 In endless prospect rise.

There JESUS, source of bliss divine,
 Our glorious leader reigns :
 He gives us strength to hold our way,
 And crowns the traveller's pains.

Dear SAVIOUR, let thy cheering smile
 My fainting soul renew ;
 Then shall the heavenly Canaan yield
 A sweet though distant view.

Be thy almighty arm my stay,
 My guide through all the road,
 'Till safe I reach my journey's end,
 My SAVIOUR, and my GOD.



WEARY SOULS invited to REST.

Mat. 11. 28.

COME weary souls with sin distract,
 The SAVIOUR offers heavenly rest;
 The kind, the gracious call obey,
 And cast your gloomy fears away.

Oppress'd with guilt, a painful load,
 O come, and spread your woes abroad;
 Divine compassion, mighty love,
 Will all the painful load remove.

Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
 To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes;
 Pardon, and life, and endless peace—
 How rich the gift! how free the grace!

Lord, we accept with thankful heart,
 The hope thy gracious words impart;
 We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
 And bless the kind inviting voice.

Dear SAVIOUR, let thy powerful love,
 Confirm our faith our fears remove,
 And sweetly influence every breast,
 And guide us to eternal rest.

THIRSTING after **GOD.**

Isaiah 41. 17.

WHEN fainting in the sultry waste,
 And parch'd with thirst extreme,
 The weary pilgrim longs to taste
 The cool, refreshing stream ;

Should, sudden, to his hopeless eye
 A crystal spring appear,
 How would th' enlivening sweet supply
 His drooping spirits cheer !

So longs the weary fainting mind,
 Oppress'd with sins and woes,
 Some soul reviving spring to find,
 Whence heavenly comfort flows.

Thus sweet the consolations are,
 The promises impart,
 Here flowing streams of life appear,
 To ease the panting heart.

O may I thirst for thee, my God,
 With ardent, strong desire ;
 And still through all this desert road,
 To taste thy grace aspire.

Then shall my prayer to thee ascend,
 A grateful sacrifice ;
 My plaintive voice thou wilt attend,
 And grant me full supplies.



The Favor of GOD the only satisfying Good.
 Psalm 4. 6. 7.

In vain the erring world enquires,
 For true substantial good :
 While earth confines their low desires,
 They live on airy food.

Illusive dreams of happiness,
 Their eager thoughts employ ;
 They wake, convinc'd their boasted bliss,
 Was visionary joy.

Begone, ye gilded vanities ;
 I seek some solid good ;
 To real bliss my wishes rise,
 The Favour of my God.

My God to thee my soul aspires ;
 Dispel the shades of night,
 Enlarge and fill these vast desires,
 With infinite delight.

Immortal joy thy smiles impart,
 Heaven dawns in every ray ;
 One glimpse of thee will glad my heart,
 And turn my night to day.

Not all the good which earth bestows,
 Can fill the craving mind ;
 Its highest joys have mingled woes,
 And leave a sting behind.

Should boundless wealth increase my
 Can wealth my cares beguile ! [store,
 I should be wretched still, and poor,
 Without thy blissful smile.

Grant, O my God, this one request ;
 Oh, be thy love alone
 My ample portion,—here I rest,
 For Heaven is in the boon.

The transforming Vision of GOD,

Psalm 17. 15.

MY God, the visits of thy face
 Afford superior joy,
 To all the flattering world can give
 Or mortal hopes employ.

But clouds and darkness intervene,
 My brightest joys decline,
 And earth's gay trifles oft ensnare
 This wandering heart of mine.

Lord, guide this wandering heart to thee;
 Unsatisfy'd I stray:
 Break through the shades of sense and
 With thine enlivening ray. [sin,

O let thy beams resplendent shine,
 And every cloud remove;
 Transform my powers, and fit my soul
 For happier scenes above.

There Jesus reigns! may I be cloath'd
 With his divine array;
 And when I close these eyes in death,
 Awake to endless days:

To endless day! to perfect life!
 To bliss without alloy!
 Where not the least faint cloud shall rise,
 To intercept the joy:

To view, unveil'd, thy radiant face,
 Thou everlasting fair!
 And chang'd to spotless purity,
 Thy glorious likeness wear:

To feast with ever new delight,
 On uncreated good,
 And drink full satisfying draughts
 Of pleasure's sacred flood.

O bliss too high for mortal thought!
 It awes, and yet inspires:
 Fain would my soul, unfetter'd, rise
 In more intense desires.

LORD, raise my faith, my hope my heart,
 To those transporting joys;
 Then shall I scorn each little snare,
 Which this vain world employs:
 Then, though I sink in death's cold sleep,
 I shall awake to bliss,
 And in the likeness of my GOD,
 Find endless happiness.

The JOYS of HEAVEN.

COME LORD, and warm each languid
 Inspire each lifeless tongue; [heart,
 And let the joys of heaven impart
 Their influence to our song,

Then to the shining seats of bliss
 The wings of faith shall soar,
 And all the charms of Paradise
 Our raptur'd thoughts explore.

Pleasures, unsullied, flourish there,
 Beyond the reach of time:
 Not blooming Eden smil'd so fair,
 In all her flowery prime.

No sun shall gild the blest abode
 With his meridian ray,
 But the more radiant throne of God
 Diffuse eternal day.

Sorrow, and pain, and every care,
 And discord there shall cease,
 And perfect joy and love sincere
 Adorn the realms of peace.

The soul, from sin for ever free,
 Shall mourn its power no more,
 But cloath'd in spotless purity,
 Redeeming love adore.

There on a throne, (how dazzling bright!)
 The exalted SAVIOUR shines;
 And beams ineffable delight
 On all the heavenly minds.

There shall the followers of the LAMA
 Join in immortal songs ;
 And endless honours to his name
 Employ their tuneful tongues.

While sweet reflection calls to mind
 The scenes of mortal care,
 When GOD, their GOD, for ever kind,
 Was present to their prayer ;

How will the wonders of his grace
 In their full lustre shine ?
 His wisdom, power, and faithfulness,
 All glorious ! all divine !

The SAVIOUR, dying, rising crown'd,
 Shall swell the lofty strains,
 Seraph and saint his praise resound,
 Through all the ethereal plains.

But oh ! their transports, oh ! their songs,
 What mortal thought can paint ?
 Transcendent glory awes our tongues,
 And all our notes are faint.

LORD, tune our hearts to praise and love,
 Our feeble notes inspire ;
 Till in thy blissful courts above,
 We join the heavenly choir,

HUMBLE WORSHIP.

GREAT KING of kings, eternal God,
 Shall mortal creatures dare to raise
 Their songs to thy supreme abode,
 And join with angels in thy praise?

The brightest Seraph veils his face;
 And low before thy dazzling throne,
 With prostrate homage all confess
 Thou art the infinite unknown.

Man, ah how far remov'd below,
 Wrapt in the shades of gloomy night;
 His brightest day can only
 A few faint streaks of distant light.

But see, the bright, the morning star!
 His beams shall chase the shades away;
 His beams, resplendent from afar,
 Sweet promise of immortal day!

To him, our longing eyes we raise,
 Our guide to thee, the great unknown,
 Through him, O may our humble praise
 Accepted rise before thy throne.

Praise for NATIONAL PEACE.

Psalm 46. 9.

GREAT Ruler of the earth and skies,
 A word of thy almighty breath
 Can sink the world, or bid it rise:
 Thy smile is life, thy frown is death;

When angry nations rush to arms,
 And rage and noise, and tumult reign,
 And war resounds its dire alarms,
 And slaughter spreads the hostile plains;

Thy sovereign eye looks calmly down,
 And marks their course, and bounds their
 Thy word the angry nations own, [power;
 And noise and war are heard no more.

Then peace returns with balmy wing,
 (Sweet peace! with her what blessings fled!)
 Glad plenty laughs the vallies sung,
 Reviving commerce lifts her head.

Thou good, and wise, and righteous **LORD,**
 All move subservient to thy will;
 And peace and war await thy word,
 And thy sublime decrees fulfill.

To thee we pay our grateful songs,
 Thy kind protection still implore ;
 O may our hearts, and lives and tongues
 Confess thy goodness and adore.



The VOICE of the CREATURES.

THERE is a GOD, all nature speaks,
 Through earth, and air, & seas, and skies,
 See, from the clouds his glory breaks,
 When the first beams of morning rise :

The rising sun, serenely bright,
 O'er the wide world's extended frame,
 Inscribes, in characters of light,
 His mighty Maker's glorious name.

Diffusing life, his influence spreads,
 And health and plenty smile around,
 And fruitful fields, and verdant meads,
 Are with a thousand blessings crown'd.

Almighty goodness, power divine,
 The fields and verdant meads display ;
 And bless the hand which made them shine,
 With various charms profusely gay.

D

For man and beast, here daily food
 In wide diffusive plenty grows !
 And there, for drink, the crystal flood
 In streams sweet winding, gently flows.

By cooling streams, and softening showers,
 The vegetable race are fed,
 And trees, and plants, and herbs, and flowers,
 Their Maker's bounty smiling spread.

The flowery tribes, all blooming, rise
 Above the faint attempts of art,
 Their bright, inimitable dyes
 Speak sweet conviction to the heart.

Ye curious minds who roam abroad,
 And trace creation's wonders o'er,
 Confess the footsteps of the God,
 And bow before him, and adore.



A RURAL HYMN.

TO your creator God,
 Your great preserver, raise,
 Ye creatures of his hand,
 Your highest notes of praise :

Let every voice
 Proclaim his power,
 His name adore,
 And loud rejoice.

Let all creation join
 To pay the tribute due;
 Ye meaner ranks begin,
 And man shall learn of you;
 Let nature raise
 From every tongue,
 A general song
 Of grateful praise.

Ye numerous fleecy flocks,
 Far spreading o'er the plain,
 With gentle artles voice
 Assist the humble strain:
 To give you food,
 He bids the field
 Its verdure yield;
 Extensive good.

Ye herds of larger size,
 Who feed in meads below,
 Resound your Maker's praise,
 In each responsive low:

You wait his hand ;
 The herbage grows,
 The rivulet flows,
 At his command.

Ye feathered warblers come,
 And bring your sweetest lays,
 And tune the sprightly song
 To your Creator's praise :
 His work you are ;
 He tun'd your voice,
 And you rejoice
 Beneath his care.

Ye trees, which form the shade,
 Or bend the loaded bough
 With fruits of various kinds,
 Your Maker's bounty shew :
 From him you rose,
 Your vernal suits,
 And autumn fruits,
 His hand bestows.

Ye lovely, verdant fields,
 In all your green array,
 Though silent, speak his praise,
 Who makes you bright and gay :

While we in you,
 With future bread
 Profusely spread,
 His goodness view.

Ye flowers, which blooming show
 A thousand beauteous dyes,
 Your sweetest odours breathe,
 A fragrant sacrifice,
 To him, whose word
 Gave all your bloom,
 And sweet perfume ;
 All-bounteous Lord.

Ye rivers, as you flow,
 Convey your Makers name,
 (Where'er you winding rove)
 On every silver stream :
 Your cooling flood,
 His hand ordains
 To bless the plains ;
 Great spring of good !

Ye winds, that shake the world :
 With tempests on your wing,
 Or breathe in gentler gales,
 To waft the smiling spring :

Proclaim abroad,
 (As you fulfill
 His sovereign will)
 The powerful God.

Ye clouds, or fraught with showers,
 Or ting'd with beauteous dyes,
 That pour your blessings down,
 Or charm our gazing eyes;
 His goodness speak,
 His praise declare,
 As through the air
 You shine or break.

Thou source of light and heat,
 Bright sovereign of the day,
 Dispensing blessings round,
 With all-diffusive ray;
 From morn to night,
 With every beam,
 Record his name,
 Who made thee bright.

Fair regent of the night,
 With all thy starry train,
 Which rise in shining hosts,
 To gild the azure plain;

With countless rays
 Declare his name,
 Prolong the theme,
 Reflect his praise.

Let every creature join
 To celebrate his name,
 And all the various powers
 Assist th'exalted theme.

Let nature raise
 From every tongue,
 A general song
 Of grateful praise,

But oh ! from human tongues
 Should nobler praises flow ;
 And every thankful heart,
 With warm devotion glow :
 Your voices raise,
 Ye highly blest
 Above the rest ;
 Declare his praise.

Assist me, gracious God,
 My heart, my voice inspire ;
 Then shall I grateful join
 The universal choir :

Thy grace can raise
 My heart, my tongue,
 And tune my song
 To lively praise.



GOD my **CREATOR** and *Benefactor*.

MY Maker, and my King,
 To thee my all I owe;
 Thy sovereign bounty is the spring,
 From whence my blessings flow.

Thou ever good and kind,
 A thousand reasons move,
 A thousand obligations bind,
 My heart to grateful love.

The creature of thy hand,
 On thee alone I live:
 My God, thy benefits demand
 More praise than life can give.

Oh! what can I impart,
 When all is thine before?
 Thy love demands a thankful heart:
 The gift, alas, how poor!

Shall I withhold thy due ?

And shall my passions rove ?

LORD, form this wretched heart anew,
And fill it with thy love.

O let thy grace inspire

My soul with strength divine ;

Let all my powers to thee aspire,
And all my days be thine.



*PRAISE to GOD for the BLESSINGS
Of PROVIDENCE & GRACE.*

ALMIGHTY Father, gracious LORD,
Kind guardian of my days,
Thy Mercies, let my heart record
In songs of grateful praise.

In life's first dawn, my tender frame
Was thy indulgent care,
Long ere I could pronounce thy name,
Or breathe the infant prayer.

When reason with my stature grew,
How weak her brightest ray ;
How little of my GOD I knew !
How apt from thee to stray.

Around my path what dangers rose ?
 What snares spread all my road !
 No power could guard me from my foe,
 But my preserver, God.

When life hung trembling on a breath,
 'Twas thy almighty love
 That saved me from impending death,
 And bad my fears remove.

How many blessings round me shone,
 Where'er I turn'd my eye !
 How many past almost unknown,
 Or unregarded by.

Each rolling year new favours brought
 From thy exhaustless store :
 But ah! in vain my labouring thought
 Would count thy mercies o'er.

While sweet reflection, through my days
 Thy bounteous hand would trace ;
 Still dearer blessings claim my praise,
 The blessings of thy grace.

Yes, I adore thee, gracious Lo'd n,
 For favours more divine ;
 That I have known thy sacred word,
 Where all thy glories shine.

'Tis here, I view with pleasing pain,
 How JESUS left the sky,
 (Almighty love! surprising scene!)
 For man, lost man, to die.

When blest with that transporting view,
 That JESUS died for me,
 For this sweet hope what praise is due,
 O GOD of grace to thee.

And may I hope that CHRIST is mine?
 That source of ev'ry bliss,
 That noblest gift of love divine—
 What wonderous grace is this?

My highest praise, alas, how poor?
 How cold my warmest love!
 Dear SAVIOUR, teach me to adore
 As angels do above.

But frail mortality in vain
 Attempts the blissful song;
 The high, the vast, the boundless strain,
 Claims an immortal tongue.

LORD, when this mortal frame decays,
 And ev'ry weakness dies,
 Compleat the wonders of thy grace,
 And raise me to the skies.

Then shall my joyful powers unite
 In more exalted lays,
 And join the happy sons of light
 In everlasting praise.



CHRIST the WAY to HEAVEN.

JESUS, the spring of joys divine
 Whence all my hopes and comforts
 Jesus, no other name but thine, [flow,
 Can save me from eternal woe.

In vain would boasting reason find
 The way to happiness and God;
 Her weak directions leave the mind
 Bewildered in a dubious road.

No other name will heaven approve;
 Thou art the true, the living way,
 (Ordain'd by everlasting love,)
 To the bright realms of endless day.

Here let my constant feet abide,
 Nor from the heavenly path depart;
 O let thy SPIRIT, gracious guide,
 Direct my steps, and cheer my heart.

Safe lead me through this world of night,
 And bring me to the blissful plains,
 The regions of unclouded light,
 Where perfect joy for ever reigns.

LIFE and SAFETY in CHRIST alone.

John 6. 68.

THOU only sovereign of my heart,
 My refuge, my almighty friend,—
 And can my soul from thee depart,
 On whom alone my hopes depend;

Whither, ah! whither shall I go,
 A wretched wanderer from my Lord?
 Can this dark world of sin and woe,
 One glimpse of happiness afford.

Eternal life thy words impart,
 On these my fainting spirit lives:
 Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart,
 Than all the round of nature gives.

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

Thy name my inmost powers adore,
 Thou art my life, my joy, my care :
 Depart from thee—'tis death, 'tis more,
 'Tis endless ruin, deep despair.

Low at thy feet my soul would lie,
 Here safety dwells, and peace divine ;
 Still let me live beneath thine eye,
 For life, eternal life is thine.



An EVENING REFLECTION.

A **N**OTHER day is past,
 The hours for ever fled,
 And time is bearing me in haste,
 To mingle with the dead.

Perhaps my closing eyes
 No more may hail the light,
 Seal'd up before the morning rise,
 In everlasting night.

But I've a part to live,
 A never dying ray,
 The soul, immortal, will survive
 The ruins of her clay.

This mortal frame must lie
 Unconscious in the tomb,
 But oh ! where will my spirit fly,
 And what will be her doom ?

On the tremendous brink
 Of vast eternity, [shriek,
 Where souls with strange amazement
 What will my prospect be ?

When the dark gulph below,
 With death and horror fraught,
 Reveals its scenes of endless woe---
 Oh dreadful, dreadful thought ;

But lo ! yon shining skies
 Beam down a cheerful ray,
 And bid my drooping hopes arise
 To glorious realms of day.

'Tis there my Saviour lives,
 My Lord, my life, my light ;
 His blissful name my soul revives---
 Adieu to death and night.

He conquer'd death and hell,
 And his victorious love
 Shall bear his ransom'd friends, to dwell
 In his bright courts above.

JESUS ! and art thou mine ?
 O let thy heavenly voice
 Confirm my hope with power divine,
 And bid my soul rejoice.

Then shall my closing eyes;
 Contented, sink to rest ;
 For if to-night this body dies,
 My spirit shall be blest.

*The EXCELLENCY of the HOLY
 SCRIPTURES.*

FATHER of mercies, in thy word
 What endless glory shines ;
 For ever be thy name ador'd
 For these celestial lines.

Here, mines of heavenly wealth disclose
 Their bright, unbounded store :
 The glittering gem no longer glows,
 And India boasts no more.

Here, may the wretched sons of want
 Exhaustless riches find
 Riches, above what earth can grant,
 And lasting as the mind.

Here, the fair tree of knowledge grows,
 And yields a free repast;
 Sublimer sweets than nature knows,
 Invite the longing taste.

Here may the blind and hungry come,
 And, light and food receive;
 Here, shall the meanest guest have room,
 And taste, and see, and live.

Amidst these gloomy wilds below,
 When dark and sad we stray;
 Here, beams of heaven relieve our woe,
 And guide to endless day.

Here, springs of consolation rise,
 To cheer the fainting mind;
 And thirsty souls receive supplies,
 And sweet refreshment find.

When guilt and terror, pain and grief,
 United rend the heart,
 Here, sinners meet divine relief,
 And cool the raging smart.

Here, the Redeemer's welcome voice,
 Spreads heavenly peace around;
 And life, and everlasting joys
 Attend the blissful sound.

E

But when his painful sufferings rise,
 (Delightful, dreadful scene!)
 Angels may read with wondering eyes,
 That JESUS died for men.

O may these heavenly pages be
 My ever dear delight,
 And still new beauties may I see,
 And still increasing light

Divine instructor, gracious LORD,
 Be thou for ever near,
 Teach me to love thy sacred word,
 And view my SAVIOUR there.

*The INFLUENCES of the SPIRIT of
 GOD in the HEART.*

John 14. 16, 17.

DEAR LORD and shall thy Spirit rest
 In such a wretched heart as mine?
 Unworthy dwelling! glorious guest!
 Favour astonishing, divine!

When sin prevails, and gloomy fear,
 And hope almost expires in night,
 LORD, can thy spirit then be here,
 Great spring of comfort, life, and light?

Sure the blest comforter is nigh,
 'Tis he sustains my fainting heart;
 Else would my hopes for ever die,
 And every cheering ray depart.

When some kind promise g'ads my soul,
 Do I not find his healing voice
 The tempest of my fears controul,
 And bid my drooping powers rejoice ?

Whether to call the SAVIOUR mine,
 With ardent wish my heart aspires,
 Can it be less than power divine,
 Which animates these strong desires ?

What less than thy almighty word,
 Can raise my heart from earth and dust,
 And bid me cleave to thee, my LORD,
 My life, my treasure, and my trust ?

And when my cheerful hope can say
 I love my GOD, and taste his grace,
 LORD, is it not thy blissful ray,
 Which brings this dawn of sacred peace ?

Let thy kind Spirit in my heart
 For ever dwell O GOD of love,
 And light and heavenly peace impart,
 Sweet earnest of the joys above.

CHRIST *the* **PHYSICIAN** *of* **SOULS.**

Jerem. 8. 22.

DEEP are the wounds which sin hath
made :

Where shall the sinner find a cure ?

In vain, alas, is nature's aid,

The work exceeds all nature's power.

Sin like a raging fever reigns,

With fatal strength in every part ;

The dire contagion fills the veins,

And spreads its poison to the heart.

And can no sovereign balm be found,

And is no kind physician nigh,

To ease the pain, and heal the wound,

Ere life and hope for ever fly ?

There is a great Physician near,

Look up, O fainting soul and live ;

See, in his heavenly smiles appear

Such ease as nature cannot give.

See, in the SAVIOUR'S dying blood

Life, health, and bliss, abundant flow,

Tis only this dear sacred flood

Can ease thy pain, and heal thy woe.

Sin throws in vain its pointed dart,
 For here a sovereign cure is found;
 A cordial for the fainting heart,
 A balm for every painful wound.



The INTERCESSION of CHRIST.

Heb. 7. 25.

HE lives, the great Redeemer lives,
 (What joy the best assurance gives!)
 And now before his Father God,
 Pleads the full merits of his blood.

Repeated crimes awake our fears,
 And justice arm'd with frowns appears;
 But in the SAVIOUR'S lovely face
 Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.

Hence then, ye black despairing thoughts;
 Above our fears above our faults,
 His powerful intercessions rise,
 And guilt recedes, and terror dies.

In every dark distressful hour,
 When sin and Satan join their power;
 Let this dear hope repel the dart,
 That JESUS bears us on his heart.

Great advocate, almighty friend---
 On him our humble hopes depend !
 Our cause can never, never fail,
 For JESUS pleads and must prevail.



The CONDESCENSION of GOD:

1 Kings 8. 27.

ETERNAL power, almighty God,
 Who can approach thy throne ?
 Accessless light is thy abode,
 To angel-eyes unknown.

Before the radiance of thine eye
 The heavens no longer shine,
 And all the glories of the sky
 Are but the shade of thine.

Great God, and wilt thou condescend
 To cast a look below,
 To this vile world thy notice bend,
 These seats of sin and woe ?

But oh ! to shew thy smiling face,
 To bring thy glories near---
 Amazing and transporting grace
 To dwell with mortals here !

How strange ! how awful is thy love !
 With trembling we adore :
 Not all the exalted minds above
 Its wonders can explore.

While golden harps, and angel tongues
 Resound immortal lays,
 Great God, permit our humble songs
 To rise and mean thy praise.



The HEAVENLY GUEST.

Rev. 3. 20.

AND will the LORD thus condescend
 To visit sinful worms ?
 Thus at the door, shall mercy stand
 In all her winning forms ?
 Surprising grace !---and shall my heart
 Unmov'd and cold remain ?
 Has this hard rock no tender part ?
 Must mercy plead in vain !
 Shal' JESUS for admission sue,
 His charming voice unheard ?
 And this vile heart, his rightful due
 Remain for ever barr'd ?

'Tis sin, alas, with tyrant power
 The lodging has possess'd ;
 And crowds of traitors bar the door
 Against the heavenly guest.

LORD, rise in thy all-conquering grace,
 Thy mighty power display ;
 One beam of glory from thy face
 Can drive my foes away.

Ye dangerous inmates, hence depart ;
 Dear **SAVIOUR**, enter in,
 And guard the passage to my heart,
 And keep out every sin.



GOD the **SOUL's** only **PORTION**.

Lam. 3. 24.

In vain the world's alluring smile
 Would my unwary heart beguile :
 Deluding world ! its brightest day,
 Dream of a moment, fleets away !

Earth's highest pleasures, could they last,
 Would pall and languish on the taste ;
 Such airy chaff was ne'er design'd
 To feed the immortal, craving mind.

To nobler bliss my soul aspires,
 Come, LORD, and fill these vast desires;
 Be thou my portion, here I rest,
 Since of my utmost wish possest.

O let thy sacred word impart
 Its sealing influence to my heart;
 With power, and light, and love divine,
 Assure my soul that thou art mine.

The blissful word, with joy replete,
 Shall bid my gloomy fears retreat,
 And heaven-born hope, serenely bright,
 Shine cheerful through this mortal night :

Then shall my joyful spirit rise
 On wings of faith above the skies ;
 And when these transient scenes are o'er,
 And this vain world shall tempt no more :

O may I reach the blissful plains,
 Where thy unclouded glory reigns,
 And dwell for ever near thy throne
 In joys to mortal thought unknown.



FAITH in the JOYS of HEAVEN.

2 Cor. 5. 7.

FAITH leads to joys beyond the sky :
 Why then is this weak mind
 Afraid to raise a cheerful eye
 To more than sense can find ?

Sense can but furnish scenes of woe,
 In this low vale of tears ;
 No groves of heavenly pleasures grow,
 No paradise appears.

Ah! why should this mistaken mind
 Still rove with restless pain ?
 Delight on earth expect to find,
 Yet still expect in vain ?

Faith, rising upward, points her view,
 To regions in the skies ;
 There lovelier scenes than Eden knew,
 In bright perspective rise.

Oh! if this heaven-born grace were
 Would not my spirit soar, [mine,
 Transported gaze on joys divine,
 And cleave to earth no more:

If in my heart true faith appears,
 How weak the sacred ray !
 Feebly aspiring, prest with fears,
 Almost it dies away.

O thou, from whose almighty breath
 It first began to rise,
 Purge off these mists, these dregs of earth.
 And bid it reach the skies.

Let this weak, erring mind no more,
 On earth bewildered rove,
 But with celestial ardour soar
 To endless joys above.

STRENGTH & SAFETY in GOD alone.

Psalm 105. 4.

PERMIT me, LORD, to seek thy face,
 Obedient to thy call,
 To seek the presence of thy grace,
 My strength, my life, my all.

All I can wish is thine to give ;
 My GOD I ask thy love,
 That greatest bliss I can receive,
 That bliss of heaven above.

In these dark scenes of pain and woe,

What can my spirit find ?

No happiness can dwell below,

To fill th' immortal mind,

To heaven my restless heart aspires :

O for a quickening ray,

To invigorate my faint desires,

And cheer the tiresome way.

The path to thy divine abode,

Through a wild desert lies ;

A thousand snares beset the road,

A thousand terrors rise.

Satan and sin unite their art,

To keep me from my LORD :

Dear SAVIOUR, guard my trembling heart,

And guide me by thy word.

Whene'er the tempting foe alarms,

Or spreads the fatal snare,

I'll fly to my redeemer's arms,

For safety must be there.

My guardian my almighty friend,

On thee, my soul would rest ;

On thee alone, my hopes depend,

Be near, and I am blest.

A FUNERAL HYMN.

WHILE to the grave our friends are
 Around their cold remains, [borne,
 How all the tender passions mourn,
 And each fond heart complains !

But down to earth, alas, in vain
 We bend our weeping eyes ;
 Ah ! let us leave these seats of pain,
 And upward learn to rise.

Hope cheerful smiles amid the gloom,
 And beams of healing ray,
 And guides us from the darksome tomb,
 To realms of endless day.

JESUS, who left his blest abode,
 (Amazing grace!) to die,
 Mark'd when he rose the shining road
 To his bright courts on high.

To those bright courts, when hope ascends,
 The tears forget to flow ;
 Hope views our absent happy friends,
 And calms the swelling woe.

Then let our hearts repine no more,
 That earthly comfort dies,
 But lasting happiness explore,
 And ask it from the skies.



SIN the CAUSE of SORROW.

THE pains that wait our fleeting breath,
 Too oft my mournful thoughts employ ;
 Amid the gloomy shades of death,
 The hope of heaven, is life, is joy.

But ah ! how soon the blissful ray,
 With guilt o'ershaded, disappears ;
 'Tis sin alone, that clouds my day,
 'Tis sin alone, deserves my tears.

Yes, I have cause indeed to mourn,
 When God conceals his radiant face ;
 And pray and long 'till he return,
 With smiles of sweet forgiving grace !

Then weep my eyes, complain my heart,
 But mourn not, hopeless of relief ;
 For sovereign mercy will impart
 Its healing beams to ease my grief.

The SAVIOUR pleads his dying blood,
 Awake my hope, away my fears;
 Through him I'll seek my absent God,
 'Till his returning smile appears.



Intreating the PRESENCE of CHRIST in
HIS CHURCHES.

Hag. 11. 7.

COME, thou desire of all thy saints,
 Our humble strains attend,
 While with our praises and complaints,
 Low at thy feet we bend.

When we thy wonderous glories hear,
 And all thy sufferings trace,
 What sweetly awful scenes appear !
 What rich unbounded grace !

How should our songs, like those above,
 With warm devotion rise !
 How should our souls, on wings of love,
 Mount upward to the skies !

But ah ! the song how cold it flows ?
 How languid our desire !
 How faint the sacred passion glows,
 'Till thou the heart inspire !

Come Lord, thy love alone can raise
 In us the heavenly flame ;
 Then shall our lips resound thy praise,
 Our hearts adore thy name.

Dear SAVIOUR, let thy glory shine,
 And fill thy dwellings here,
 Till life, and love, and joy divine,
 A heaven on earth appear.

Then shall our hearts enraptured say,
 Come, great REDEEMER, come,
 And bring the bright, the glorious day,
 That calls thy children home.



DESIRING to TRUST in GOD.

Isaiah. 26. 4.

GREAT source of boundless power and
 Attend my mournful cry ; [grace,
 In the dark hour of deep distress,
 To thee, to thee I fly.

Thou art my strength, my life, my stay
 Assist my feeble trust,
 Drive these distressing fears away,
 And raise me from the dust,

O let me call thy grace to mind,
 And trust thy glorious name ;
 JEHOVAH, powerful, wise, and kind,
 For ever is the same.

Here let me rest, on thee depend,
 My GOD, my hope, my all ;
 Be thou my everlasting friend,
 And I can never fall.



WATCHFULNESS and PRAYER.

Mat. 26. 41.

A LAS, what hourly dangers rise !
 What snares beset my way !
 To heaven O let me lift my eyes,
 And hourly watch and pray.

How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
 And melt in flowing tears !
 My weak resistance, ah, how vain !
 How strong my foes and fears ?

O gracious GOD, in whom I live,
 My feeble efforts aid,
 Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
 Though trembling and afraid.

Increase my faith, increase my hope,
 When foes and fears prevail ;
 And bear my fainting spirit up,
 Or soon my strength will fail.

Whene'er temptations fright my heart,
 Or lure my feet aside,
 My GOD, thy powerful aid impart,
 My guardian and my guide,

O keep me in thy heavenly way,
 And bid the tempter flee
 And let me never, never stray
 From happiness and thee.



DIVINE COMPASSION.

Isaiah 49. 14, 15, 16.

THE LORD forgets his wonted grace,
 Afflicted Zion said ;
 My GOD withdraws his smiling face,
 Withdraws his heavenly aid.

Shall the kind mother's gentle breast
 No soft emotion share,
But, every tender thought suppress,
 Forget her infant care.

The helpless child, that oft her eyes
 Have watch'd with anxious thought,
 While her fond breast appeas'd his cries
 And can he be forgot ?

Strange as it is, yet this may be,
 For creature-love is frail ;
 But thy Creator's love to thee,
 O Zion, cannot fail.

No, thy dear name engraven stands,
 In characters of love,
 On thy almighty FATHER'S hands ;
 And never shall remove.

Before his ever-watchful eye
 Thy mournful state appears,
 And every groan, and every sigh
 Divine compassion hears.

These anxious doubts indulge no more,
 Be every fear suppress ;
 Unchanging truth, and love, and power,
 Command thy cares to rest.



*DESIRING ASSURANCE of the
FAVOUR of GOD.*

ETERNAL source of joys divine,
To thee my soul aspires;
O could I say, "The **LORD** is mine,"
'Tis all my soul desires.

Thy smile can give me real joy,
Unmingled and refin'd,
Substantial bliss, without alloy,
And lasting as the mind.

Thy smile can gild the shades of woe,
Bid stormy trouble cease,
Spread the fair dawn of heaven below,
And sweeten pain to peace.

My hope, my trust, my life, my **LORD**,
Assure me of thy love;
O speak the kind transporting word,
And bid my fears remove.

Then shall my thankful powers rejoice,
And triumph in my God,
Till heavenly rapture tune my voice
To spread thy praise abroad.

Hope encouraged in the contemplation of
THE DIVINE PERFECTIONS.

WHY sinks my weak desponding mind?
 Why heaves my heart the anxious
 Can sovereign goodness be unkind? [sigh?
 Am I not safe, if GOD is nigh.

He holds all nature in his hand :
 That gracious hand on which I live,
 Does life, and time, and death command,
 And has immortal joys to give.

'Tis he supports this fainting frame,
 On him alone my hopes recline ;
 The wondrous glories of his name, [shine !
 How wide they spread ! how bright they

Infinite wisdom ! boundless power !
 Unchanging faithfulness and love !
 Here let me trust, while I adore,
 Nor from my refuge e'er remove.

My GOD, if thou art mine indeed,
 Then I have all my heart can crave ;
 A present help in times of need,
 Still kind to hear, and strong to save.

Forgive my doubts, O gracious LORD,
 And ease the sorrows of my breast ;
 Speak to my heart the healing word,
 That thou art mine,...and I am blest.



The INCARNATE SAVIOUR.

John 1. 14.

AWAKE, awake the sacred song,
 To our incarnate LORD ;
 Let every heart, and every tongue,
 Adore the eternal word.

That awful word, that sovereign power,
 By whom the worlds were made ;
 (O happy morn ! illustrious hour !)
 Was once in flesh array'd.

Then shone almighty power and love,
 In all their glorious forms,
 When JESUS left his throne above,
 To dwell with sinful worms.

To dwell with misery below,
 The SAVIOUR left the skies ;
 And sunk to wretchedness and woe,
 That worthless man might rise.

Adoring angels tun'd their songs
 To hail the joyful day:
 With rapture then, let mortal tongues
 Their grateful worship pay !

What glory, LORD, to thee is due ?
 With wonder we adore ;
 But could we sing as angels do,
 Our highest praise wère poor.



FAITH in GOD in time of DISTRESS.

Hab. 3. 17, 18,

SHOULD famine o'er the mourning field
 Extend her desolating reign,
 Nor spring her blooming beauties yield,
 Nor Autumn swell the foodful grain :

Should lowing herds and bleating sheep
 Around their famish'd master die ;
 And hope itself despairing weep,
 While life depløres its last supply :

Amid the dark, the deathful scene,
 If I can say, the LORD is mine,
 The joy shall triumph o'er the pain,
 And glory dawn, though life decline

The God of my salvation lives,
 My nobler life he will sustain ;
 His word immortal vigour gives,
 Nor shall my glorious hopes be vain.

Thy presence, LORD, can cheer my heart,
 Though every earthly comfort die ;
 Thy smile can bid my pains depart,
 And raise my sacred pleasures high.

O let me hear thy blissful voice,
 Inspiring life and joys divine !
 The barren desart shall rejoice,
 'Tis paradise if thou art mine.



PARDONING LOVE.

Jer. 3. 22. Hos. 14. 4.

HOW oft, alas, this wretched heart
 Has wandered from the LORD !
 How oft my roving thoughts depart,
 Forgetful of his word !

Yet sovereign mercy calls, Return :
 Dear LORD, and may I come !
 My vile ingratitude I mourn ;
 O take the wanderer home.

And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive,
 And bid my crimes remove?
 And shall a pardon'd rebel live
 To speak thy wond'rous love!

Almighty grace, thy healing power
 How glorious, how divine!
 That can to life and bliss restore
 So vile a heart as mine.

Thy pard'ning love, so free, so sweet,
 Dear SAVIOUR, I adore;
 O keep me at thy sacred feet,
 And let me rove no more.



The GOODNESS of GOD.

Nahum 1. 7.

YE humble souls, approach your God
 With songs of sacred praise,
 For he is good, immensely good,
 And kind are all his ways.

All nature owns his guardian care,
 In him we live and move;
 But nobler benefits declare
 The wonders of his love.

He gave his Sbn, his only Son,
 To ransom rebel worms ;
 'Tis here he makes his goodness known
 In its divinest forms.

To this dear refuge, LORD, we come,
 'Tis here our hope relies ;
 A safe defence, a peaceful home,
 When storms of trouble rise.

Thy eye beholds, with kind regard,
 The souls who trust in thee ;
 Their humble hope thou wilt reward,
 With bliss divinely free.

Great GOD, to thy almighty love,
 What honours shall we raise ?
 Not all the raptur'd songs above
 Can render equal praise.

TRUE HONOUR.

Dan. 12. 3.

THERE is a glorious world on high,
 Resplendent with eternal day ;
 Faith views the blissful prospect nigh,
 While GOD's own word reveals the way.

There shall the favorites of the **LO**R**D**
 With never fading lustre shine ;
 Surprizing honour ! vast reward
 Conferr'd on man, by love divine !

How blest are those, how truly wise,
 Who learn and keep the sacred road !
 Happy the men, whom heaven employs
 To turn rebellious hearts to **GO**D**** !

To win them from the fatal way,
 Where erring folly thoughtless roves ;
 And that blest righteousness display,
 Which **JESUS** wrought and **GO**D**** approves.

The shining firmament shall fade,
 And sparkling stars resign their light ;
 But these shall know no change, nor shade,
 For ever fair, for ever bright.

No fancied joy beyond the sky,
 No fair delusion is reveal'd ;
 'Tis **GO**D**** that speaks, who cannot lie,
 And all his word must be fu'fill'd.

And shall not these cold hearts of ours
 Be kindled at the glorious view ?
 Come, **LO**R**D**, awake our active powers,
 Our feeble, dying strength renew.

On wings of faith and strong desire,
 O may our spirits daily rise ;
 And reach at last the shining choir,
 In the bright mansions of the skies.



DIVINE BOUNTY.

Col. 1. 19.

LORD, we adore thy boundless grace,
 The heights and depths unknown,
 Of pardon, life, and joy, and peace,
 In thy beloved son.

O wond'rous gift of love divine,
 Dear source of every good !
 JESUS, in thee what glories shine !
 How rich thy flowing blood !

Come, all ye pining, hungry poor,
 The SAVIOUR'S bounty taste ;
 Behold a never failing store,
 For every willing guest.

Here shall your numerous wants receive
 A free, a full supply :
 He has unmeasur'd bliss to give,
 And joys that never die.

Can those, who hear the SAVIOUR'S VOICE,
 Prefer earth's empty toys,
 (Ah, wretched souls! ah, fatal choice!)
 To everlasting joys?

LORD, bring unwilling souls to thee,
 With sweet resistless power;
 Thy boundless grace let rebels see,
 And at thy feet adore.



The HEAVENLY CONQUEROR.

Rev. 3. 21.

TO JESUS, our victorious LORD,
 The praises of our lives belong;
 For ever be his name ador'd:
 Sweet theme of every thankful song.
 Lost in despair, beset with foes,
 Undone, and perishing we lay;
 His pity melted o'er our woes,
 And sav'd the trembling, dying prey.
 He fought, he conquer'd; though he fell,
 While with his last expiring breath,
 He triumph'd o'er the powers of hell,
 And by his dying vanquish'd death

Now on his Father's throne he reigns,
 And all the tuneful choir above
 Resound in high immortal strains,
 The praises of victorious love.

Though still reviving foes arise,
 Temptations, sins, and doubts appear,
 And pain our hearts, and fill our eyes
 With many a groan, and many a tear :

Still shall we fight, and still prevail,
 In our almighty leader's name ;
 His strength, whene'er our spirits fail,
 Shall all our active powers inflame.

Immortal honours wait above,
 To crown the dying conqueror's brow ;
 And endless peace, and joy, and love,
 For the short war sustain'd below.

Exalted near their SAVIOUR'S seat,
 His saints shall dwell, their dangers o'er,
 And cast their crowns beneath his feet,
 And love, and wonder, and adore.

LONGING *after unseen PLEASURES.*

2 Cor. 4. 18.

HOW long shall Earth's alluring toys
 Detain our hearts and eyes;
 Regardless of immortal joys,
 And strangers to the skies?

These transient scenes will soon decay,
 They fade upon the sight;
 And quickly will their brightest day
 Be lost in endless night.

Their brightest day, alas, how vain!
 With conscious sighs we own;
 While clouds of sorrow, care and pain,
 O'ershade the smiling noon.

O could our thoughts and wishes fly,
 Above these gloomy shades,
 To those bright worlds beyond the sky
 Which sorrow n'er invades.

There joys unseen by mortal eyes,
 Or reason's feeble ray,
 In ever-blooming prospect rise,
 Unconscious of decay.

LORD, send a beam of light divine,
 To guide our upward aim ;
 With one reviving touch of thine,
 Our languid hearts inflame.

Then shall on faith's sublimest wing
 Our ardent wishes rise
 To those bright scenes, where pleasures
 Immortal in the skies. [spring



The CHRISTIAN'S PROSPECT.

HAPPY the soul, whose wishes climb
 To mansions in the skies !
 He looks on all the joys of time,
 With undesiring eyes.

In vain soft pleasure spreads her charms
 And throws her silken chain ;
 And wealth and fame invite his arms,
 And tempt his ear in vain.

He knows that all these glittering things
 Must yield to sure decay ;
 And sees on time's extended wings
 How swift they fleet away.

Nor low to earth in sorrow bends,
 When pains and cares invade ;
 With cheerful wing his faith ascends
 Above the gloomy shade.

To things unseen by mortal eyes,
 A beam of sacred light
 Directs his view, his prospects rise,
 All permanent and bright.

His hopes are fixed on joys to come ;
 Those blissful scenes on high,
 Shall flourish in immortal bloom,
 When time and nature die.

O were these heavenly prospects mine,
 These pleasures could I prove,
 Earth's fleeting views I would resign,
 And raise my hopes above.

LIFE A JOURNEY.

LIFE is a journey, heaven my home,
 And shall I negligently stray ?
 In paths of danger heedless roam,
 Forget my guide, forget my way ?

✠

Think, O my soul, each flying hour
 Thy folly chides, thy speed alarms ;
 And shall an insect, or a flower
 Amuse thee with their painted charms ?

Such are the objects earth displays,
 To tempt my stay, and gain my heart ?
 And shall I fondly, vainly gaze ?
 Ye shining trifles, hence depart.

O think what glorious scenes above,
 In bright unbounded prospect rise !
 Nor let one vagrant passion rove,
 Nor leave a wish below the skies.

But ah ! how weak my best desires,
 My warmest ardours soon decay :
 My fainting soul 'till grace inspires,
 Can ne'er pursue the heavenly way.

On thee I lean, all-gracious God,
 O breathe new life through all my powers,
 Teach me to keep thy sacred road,
 And well improve my remnant hours.

True Happiness to be found only in GOD.

WHEN fancy spreads her boldest
 And wanders unconfin'd, [wings

Amid the unbounded scene of things,
Which entertain the mind :

In vain I trace creation o'er,,
In search of sacred rest ;
The whole creation is too poor,
Too mean to make me blest.

In vain would this low world employ,
Each flattering specious wile ;
There's nought can yield a real joy,
But my Creator's smile.

Let earth and all her charms depart,
Unworthy of the mind ;
In God alone, this restless heart
An equal bliss can find.

Great spring of all felicity,
To whom my wishes tend,
Do not these wishes rise from thee,
And in thy favour end ?

Thy favour, LORD, is all I want,
Here could my spirit rest ;
O, seal the rich, the boundless grant,
And make me fully blest.

LASTING HAPPINESS.

IN vain my roving thoughts would find
 A portion worthy of the mind ;
 On earth my soul can never rest,
 For earth can never make me blest.

Can lasting happiness be found
 Where seasons roll their hasty round,
 And days and hours, with rapid flight,
 Sweep cares and pleasures out of sight?

Arise my thoughts, my heart arise,
 Leave this low world and seek the skies;
 There joys for ever, ever last,
 When seasons, days and hours are past.

Come, LoRD, thy powerful grace impart,
 Thy grace can raise my wandering heart
 To pleasure perfect and sublime,
 Unmeasur'd by the wings of time.

Let those bright worlds of endless joy,
 My thoughts, my hopes, my cares employ,
 No more, ye restless passions, roam,
 God is my bliss, and heaven my home.

Bidding adieu to Earthly Pleasures.

YE gay deceivers of the mind,
 Ye dreams of happiness adieu;
 No more your soft enchantments bind,
 This heart was never made for you.

The brightest joy your smile can boast,
 Is but a moment's glittering light;
 It sparkles now, and now 'tis lost,
 Extinguish'd in the shades of night.

Begone, with all your soothing charms;
 Pleasure on earth!--O empty name!
 Superior joy my bosom warms,
 And heaven approves the sacred flame!

To perfect bliss my soul aspires,
 That shines with never fading ray!
 No less can satiate my desires,
 Than full delight, and endless day!

Blest be the kind, the gracious power,
 That gently call'd and bade me rise;
 And taught my nobler thoughts to soar
 To happiness beyond the skies.

LONGING for IMMORTALTY.

2 Cor. 5. 4.

SAD prisoners in a house of clay,
 With sins, and griefs, and pains opprest,
 We groan the lingering hours away,
 And wish and long to be releast.

Nor is it liberty alone,
 Which prompts our restless ardent sighs ?
 For immortality we groan,
 For robes and mansions in the skies.

Eternal mansions ! bright array !
 O blest exchange ! transporting thought !
 Free from the approaches of decay,
 Or the least shadow of a spot !

There shall mortality no more
 Its wide extended empire boast,
 Forgotten all its dreadful power,
 In life's unbounded ocean lost.

Bright world of bliss ! O could I see
 One shining glimpse, one cheerful ray
 (Fair dawn of immortality !)
 Break through these tottering walls of clay.

JESUS, in thy dear name I trust,
 My light, my life, my SAVIOUR GOD;
 When this frail house dissolves in dust,
 O raise me to thy bright abode.

The Funeral of a Young Person.

WHEN blooming youth is snatch'd
 By death's resistless hand, [away
 Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
 Which pity must demand.

While pity prompts the rising sigh,
 O may this truth, imprest
 With awful power--I too must die--
 Sink deep in every breast.

Let this vain world engage no more;
 Behold the gaping tomb!
 It bids us seize the present hour,
 To-morrow, death may come.

The voice of this alarming scene,
 May every heart obey,
 Nor be the heavenly warning vain,
 Which calls to watch and pray.

O let us fly, to JESUS fly,
 Whose powerful arm can save;
 Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
 And triumph o'er the grave.

Great GOD, thy sovereign grace impart,
 With cleansing, healing power;
 This only can prepare the heart,
 For death's surprizing hour.

SIN the STING of DEATH.

DEATH! 'tis a name with terror fraught,
 It rends the guilty heart,
 When conscience wakes remorseful
 With agonizing smart. [thought,

'Tis guilt alone provokes that frown
 Which all the soul alarms;
 Gives terror to the monarch's crown,
 And conquest to his arms!

Dear SAVIOUR, thy victorious love
 Can all his force controul,
 Can bid the pangs of guilt remove,
 And cheer the trembling soul.

Victorious love thy wondrous power
 From sin and death can raise ;
 Can gild the dark departing hour,
 And tune its groans to praise.

Then shall the joyful spirit soar
 To life beyond the skies,
 Where gloomy death can frown no more,
 And guilt and terror dies.

No more, O pale destroyer, boast
 Thy universal sway ;
 To heaven-born souls thy sting is lost,
 Thy night, the gates of day.

*The PRESENCE of CHRIST the JOY
 Of his PEOPLE.*

THE wondering nations have beheld
 The sacred prophecy fulfill'd,
 And angels hail'd the glorious morn
 That saw the great MESSIAH born :
 The prince ! the SAVIOUR long desir'd,
 Whom prophets taught, by heaven inspir'd,
 And shew'd far off the blissful day ;
 Rise o'er the world with healing ray.

Oft in the temples of his grace
 His saints behold his smiling face,
 And oft have seen his glory shine,
 With power and majesty divine :

But soon alas, his absence mourn,
 And pray and wish his kind return ;
 Without his life inspiring light,
 'Tis all a scene of gloomy night,

Come dearest LORD, thy children cry,
 Our graces droop, our comforts die :
 Return, and let thy glories rise,
 Again to our admiring eyes :

Till fill'd with light, and joy, and love ;
 Thy courts below, like those above,
 Triumphant hallelujahs raise,
 And heaven and earth resound thy praise.



ABSENCE from GOD.

O Thou, whose tender mercy hears
 Contrition's humble sigh ;
 Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
 From sorrow's weeping eye :

See! low before thy throne of grace
 A wretched wanderer mourn;
 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
 Hast thou not said, Return?

And shall my guilty fears prevail
 To drive me from thy feet?
 O let not this dear refuge fail,
 'This only safe retreat.

Absent from thee, my guide, my light,
 Without one cheering ray,
 Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
 How desolate my way!

O shine on this benighted heart,
 With beams of mercy shine;
 And let thy healing voice impart
 A taste of joys divine.

Thy presence only can bestow
 Delights which never cloy:
 Be this my solace, here below,
 And my eternal joy.



DESIRING a TASTE of REAL JOY:

WHY should my spirit cleave to earth,
 This nest of worms, this vile abode?
 Why thus forget her nobler birth,
 Nor wish to trace the heavenly road?

How barren of sincere delight,
 Are all the fairest scenes below!
 Though beauteous colours charm the sight,
 They only varnish real woe.

Were I to mount the flying wind,
 And search the wide creation round,
 There's nothing here to suit the mind;
 On earth no solid joy is found.

Oh! could my weary spirit rise,
 And panting with intense desire,
 Reach the bright mansions in the skies,
 And mix among the blissful choir:

How should I look, with pitying eye,
 On this low world of gloomy care,
 And wonder, how my soul could lie
 Wrapp'd up in shades and darkness there!

Say, happy natives of the sky,
 What is it makes your heaven above?
 You dwell beneath your father's eye,
 And feast for ever on his love.

My God, thy presence can impart
 A glimpse of heaven to earth and night;
 O smile, and bless my mournful heart,
 Sweet foretaste of sincere delight.

Then shall my soul contented stay
 Till my REDEEMER calls me home:
 Yet let me oft with transport say, [come."
 "Come, O my LORD, my SAVIOUR,

HUMBLE RELIANCE.

MY GOD, my FATHER, blissful name!
 O may I call thee mine,
 May I with sweet assurance claim
 A portion so divine?

This only can my fears controul,
 And bid my sorrows fly;
 What harm can ever reach my soul
 Beneath my FATHER'S eye?

Whate'er thy providence denies,
 I calmly would resign,
 For thou art just, and good, and wise ;
 O bend my will to thine.

Whate'er thy sacred will ordains,
 O give me strength to bear ;
 And let me know my FATHER reigns,
 And trust his tender care.

If pain and sickness rend this frame,
 And life almost depart,
 Is not thy mercy still the same,
 To cheer my drooping heart ?

If cares and sorrows me surround,
 Their power why should I fear ?
 My inward peace they cannot wound,
 If thou, my GOD, art near.

Thy sovereign ways are all unknown
 To my weak, erring sight ;
 Yet let my soul, adoring, own
 That all thy ways are right.

My GOD, my Father, be thy name
 My solace and my stay ;
 O wilt thou seal my humble claim,
 And drive my fears away.

*The PRESENCE of GOD the LIFE
and LIGHT of the SOUL.*

MY God, my hope, if thou art mine,
Why should my soul with sorrow
On thee alone I cast my care; [pine?
O leave me not in dark despair.

Though every comfort should depart,
And life forsake this drooping heart;
One smile from thee, one blissful ray,
Can chase the shades of death away.

My God, my life if thou appear,
Not death itself can make me fear;
Thy presence cheers the sable gloom,
And gilds the horrors of the tomb.

Not all its horrors can affright,
If thou appear, my God, my light;
Thy love shall all my fears controul,
And glory dawn around my soul.

Should all created blessings fade,
And mourning nature disarray'd
Deplore her every charm withdrawn,
Light, hope and joy, for ever gone.

Though nought remain below the sky,
 To please my taste, my ear my eye,
 Be thou my hope, my life, my light,
 Amid the universal night.

My God, be thou for ever nigh;
 Beneath the radiance of thine eye,
 My hope, my joy, shall ever rise,
 Nor terminate below the skies,



RESIGNING the HEART to GOD.

Psalm 119. 94.

THEE, dearest LORD, my soul adores,
 I would be thine, and only thine,
 To thee, my heart and all its powers,
 With full consent, I would resign.

But ah! this weak inconstant mind,
 How frail, how apt from thee to stray!
 Trifles, as empty as the wind,
 Can tempt my roving thoughts away.

Sure I am thine—or why this load
 When earthly vanities beguile?
 Why do I mourn my absent God,
 And languish for thy cheering smile?

If thou return, how sweet the joy,
 Though mix'd with penitential smart!
 Then I despise each tempting toy,
 And long to give thee all my heart.

Come, Lord, thy saving power display,
 (Resistless power of love divine!)
 And drive thy hated foes away,
 And make me thine, and only thine.

The INCONSTANT HEART.

AH! wretched, vile, ungrateful heart
 That can from JESUS thus depart,
 Thus fond of ties vainly rove,
 Forgetful of a Saviour's love!

In vain I charge my thoughts to stay,
 And chide each vanity away
 In vain alas! resolve to bind
 This rebel heart, this wandering mind.

Through all resolves, how soon it flies
 And mocks the weak, the slender ties!
 There's naught beneath a power divine,
 That can this roving heart confine.

Jesus, to thee, I would return,
 At thy dear feet repentant mourn;
 There let me view thy pardoning love,
 And never from thy sight remove.

O let thy love with sweet controul,
 Bind all the passions of my soul,
 Bid every vanity depart,
 And dwell forever in my heart.

COLD AFFECTIONS.

SURE I must love the Saviour's name—
 Or is the heaven-born passion dead,
 Extinguish'd the celestial flame—
 And all my joys for ever fled?

At the sweet mention of his love,
 How should the sacred ardour rise!
 And every thought, transported, move
 In grateful joy, and glad surprize.

Jesus demands this heart of mine,
 Demands my wish, my joy my care;
 But ah! how dead to things divine,
 How cold my best affections are!

What death-like lethargy detains
 My captive powers with fatal art,
 And spreads its unrelenting chains
 Heavy and cold; around my heart!

'Tis sin, alas! with dreadful power
 Divides my SAVIOUR from my sight;
 O for one happy, shining hour
 Of sacred freedom, sweet delight!

See, dearest LORD, my wretched state,
 And thy almighty power employ;
 To thee I seek, on thee I wait,
 For life, and liberty and joy.

O let thy love shine forth, and raise
 My captive powers from sin and death;
 And fill my heart and life with praise,
 And tune my last expiring breath.

Then bear me to the blissful seats
 Of perfect freedom, life and light,
 Where thy redeemed assembly meets,
 To love and praise with full delight.

There shall my thoughts transported trace,
 And all my soul for ever prove
 The boundless riches of thy grace,
 The endless wonders of thy love.

THE EXAMPLE of CHRIST.

AND is the gospel, peace and love ?
 Such let our conversation be ;
 The serpent blended with the dove,
 Wisdom and meek simplicity.

When'er the angry passions rise,
 And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
 To JESUS let us lift our eyes,
 Bright pattern of the christian life !

O how benevolent and kind !
 How mild ! how ready to forgive !
 Be this the temper of our mind,
 And these the rules by which we live.

To do his heavenly Father's will,
 Was his employment and delight ;
 Humility and holy zeal
 Shone through his life, divinely bright !

Dispensing good where'er he came,
 The labours of his life were love ;
 O, if we love the SAVIOUR'S name,
 Let his divine example move.

But ah how blind! how weak we are!
 How frail! how apt to turn aside!
 LoAN, we depend upon thy care,
 And ask thy spirit for our guide.

Thy fair example may we trace,
 To teach us what we ought to be;
 Make us by thy transforming grace,
 Dear SAVIOUR, daily more like thee,

RETIREMENT and REFLECTION.

HENCE, vain, intruding world depart,
 No more allure nor vex my heart;
 Let every vanity be gone,
 I would be peaceful and alone.

Here let me search my inmost mind,
 And try its real state to find,
 The secret springs of thought explore,
 And call my words and actions o'er,

Reflect how soon my life will end,
 And think on what my hopes depend,
 What aim my busy thoughts pursue,
 What work is done, and what to do.

Eternity is just at hand;
 And shall I waste my ebbing sand,
 And careless view departing day,
 And throw my inch of time away?

Eternity, tremendous sound!
 To guilty souls, a dreadful wound;
 But Oh! if Christ and heaven be mine,
 How sweet the accents! how divine!

Be this my chief, my only care,
 My high pursuit, my ardent prayer,
 An interest in the SAVIOUR'S blood,
 My pardon seal'd, and peace with God.

But should my brightest hopes be vain,
 The rising doubt, how sharp its pain!
 My fears, O gracious God, remove,
 Confirm my title to thy love.

Search, I O A D, O search my inmost breast
 And light, and hope, and joy impart;
 From guilt and error set me free,
 And guide me safe to heaven and thee.

HOPE in DARKNESS.

GOD is my sun, his blissful rays
 Irradiate, warm, and guide my heart!
 How dark, how mournful, are my days,
 If his enlivening beams depart!

Scarce through the shades, a glimpse of day
 Appears to these despairing eyes!
 But shall my drooping spirit say,
 The cheerful morn will never rise?

O let me not despairing mourn,
 Though gloomy darkness spreads the sky;
 My glorious sun will yet return,
 And night with all its horrors fly.

Hope, in the absence of my LORD,
 Shall be my taper; sacred light,
 Kindled at his celestial word,
 To cheer the melancholy night.

O for the bright the joyful day
 When hope shall in assurance die!
 So tapers lose their feeble ray,
 Beneath the sun's refulgent eye.

DEATH and HEAVEN.

OFT have I said, with inward sighs,
 I find no solid good below;
 Earth's fairest scenes but cheat my eyes,
 Her pleasure is but painted woe.

Then why, my soul, so loath to leave
 These seats of vanity and care?
 Why do I thus to trifles cleave,
 And feed on chaff, and grasp the air?

There is a world all fair and bright?
 But clouds and darkness dwell between,
 The sable veil obstructs my sight,
 And hides the lovely, distant scene,

Whene'er I look with frighted eyes
 On death's impenetrable shade,
 Alas! what gloomy horrors rise,
 And all my trembling frame invade!

O death, frail nature's dreaded foe,
 Thy frown with terror fills my heart;
 How shall I bear the fatal blow,
 Which must my soul and body part!

'Tis sin which arms his dreadful frown,
 This only points its deadly sting;
 My sins which throw this gloom around,
 And all these shocking terrors bring.

O could I know my sins forgiven,
 Soon would these terrors disappear;
 Then should I see a glimpse of heaven,
 And look on death without a fear.

JESUS, my SAVIOUR, and my GOD,
 To thee my trembling spirit flies;
 Thy merits, thy atoning blood,
 On this alone my soul relies.

O let thy love's all-powerful ray
 With pleasing force, divine controul,
 Arise, and chase these clouds away.
 And shine around my doubting soul.

Then shall I change the mournful strain,
 And bid my thoughts and hopes arise,
 Above these gloomy seats of pain,
 To glorious worlds beyond the skies.

With cheerful heart I then shall sing,
 And triumph o'er my vanquish'd foe—
 O death, Where is thy pointed sting?
 My SAVIOUR wards the fatal blow.

O when will that illustrious day,
 When will that blissful moment come,
 That shall my weary soul convey
 Safe to her everlasting home?

Then shall I leave these fetters here,
 And upward rise to joys unknown;
 And call, without an anxious fear,
 The fair inheritance my own.

Adieu to all terrestrial things;
 Come bear me through the starry road,
 Bright Seraphs, on your soaring wings,
 To see my SAVIOUR, and my God.

Redemption by CHRIST alone.

1 Pet.~ i. 18, 19.

ENSLAV'D by sin and bound in chains,
 Beneath its dreadful tyrant sway,
 And doom'd to everlasting pains,
 We wretched guilty captives lay.

Nor gold nor gems, could buy our peace;
 Nor the whole world's collected store,
 Suffice to purchase our release;
 A thousand worlds were all too poor.

JESUS the Lord, the mighty God,
 An a-sufficient ransom paid;
 Invalued price, his precious blood,
 For vile rebellious traitors shed.

JESUS the sacrifice became,
 To rescue guilty souls from hell;
 The spotless, bleeding, dying LAMB
 Beneath avenging Justice fell.

Amazing goodness I love, divine!
 O may our grateful hearts adore
 The matchless grace, nor yield to sin,
 Nor wear its cruel fetters more!

Dear SAVIOUR, let thy love pursue
 The glorious work it has begun,
 Each secret lurking foe subdue,
 And let our hearts be thine alone.



The Mysteries of Providence

LORD, how mysterious are thy ways!
 How blind are we! how mean our
 Thy steps can never eyes explore [praise]
 'Tis our's, to wonder and adore.

Thy deep decrees from creature sight
 Are hid in shades of awful night;
 Amid the lines, with curious eye,
 Not angel minds presume to pry.

Great God, I would not ask to see
 What in futurity shall be;
 If light and bliss attend my days,
 Then let my future hours be praise.

Is darkness and distress my share?
 Then let me trust thy guardian care;
 Enough for me, if love divine,
 At length through every cloud shall shine.

Yet this my soul desires to know,
 Be this my only wish below, [quest,
 'That CHRIST is mine!'—this great re-
 Grant, bounteous God, and I am blest.



Refuge and Strength in the Mercy of GOD.

MY GOD, 'tis to thy mercy-seat
 My soul for shelter flies;
 'Tis here, I find a safe retreat,
 When storms and tempests rise.

'Tis here, my faith resolves to dwell,
Nor shall I be afraid
Of all the powers of earth or hell,
If thou vouchsafe thy aid.

My cheerful hope can never die,
If thou my God art near;
Thy grace can raise my comforts high,
And banish every fear.

Against thy all supporting grace
My foes can ne'er prevail;
But oh! if frowns becloud thy face,
Faith, hope, and life will fail.

My great protector, and my Lord,
Thy constant aid impart,
And let thy kind, thy gracious word
Sustain my trembling heart.

O never let my soul remove,
From this divine retreat;
Still let me trust thy power and love,
And dwell beneath thy feet.



Desiring Resignation and Thankfulness.

WHEN I survey life's varied scene,
 Amid the darkest hours,
 Sweet rays of comfort shine between,
 And thorns are mix'd with flowers.

LORD, teach me to adore thy hand,
 From whence my comforts flow;
 And let me in this desert land
 A glimpse of Canaan know.

Is health and ease my happy share?
 O may I bless my God;
 Thy kindness let my songs declare,
 And spread thy praise abroad.

While such delightful gifts as these,
 Are kindly dealt to me
 Be all my hours of health and ease
 Devoted **L**ORD to thee.

In griefs and pains thy sacred word,
 (Dear solace of my soul!)
 Celestial comforts can afford,
 And all their power controul.

When present sufferings pain my heart,
Or future terrors rise,

And light and hope almost depart
From these dejected eyes:

Thy powerful word supports my hope,
Sweet cordial of the mind!

And bears my fainting spirit up,
And bids me wait resign'd.

And O, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereing hand denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise.

"Give me a calm, a thankful heart,

"From every murmur free;

"The blessings of thy grace impart,

"And let me live to thee.

"Let the sweet hope that thou art mine,

"My path of life attend;

"Thy presence through my journey shine,

"And bless its happy end."



Desiring the Presence of God.

Isa 1. 10.

HEAR, gracious God, my humble moan
 To thee I breathe my sighs,
 When will the mournful night be gone?
 And when my joys arise?

My God—O could I make the claim—
 My father and my friend—
 And call thee mine, by every name,
 On which thy saints depend?

By every name of power and love,
 I would thy grace intreat;
 Nor should my humble hopes remove,
 Nor leave thy sacred seat.

Yet though my soul in darkness mourns,
 Thy word is all my stay;
 Here, I would rest 'til light returns,
 Thy presence makes my day.

Speak, Lord, and bid celestial peace
 Relieve my aching heart;
 O smile, and bid my sorrows cease,
 And all the gloom depart.

Then shall my drooping spirit rise,
 And bless thy healing rays,
 And change these deep complaining sighs,
 For songs of sacred praise.

CHRIST the LIFE of the SOUL.

John xiv. 19.

WHEN sins and fears prevailing rise,
 And fainting hope almost expires;
 Jesus, to thee I lift my eyes,
 To thee I breathe my soul's desires.

Art thou not mine, my living lord?
 And can my hope, my comfort die,
 Fix'd on thy everlasting word,
 That word which built the earth and sky.

If my immortal Saviour lives,
 Then my immortal life is sure;
 His word a firm foundation gives,
 Here, let me build, and rest secure.

Here let my faith unshaken dwell,
 Immovable the promise stands;
 Nor all the powers of earth or hell,
 Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.

Here O my soul thy trust repose ;
 If Jesus is for ever mine,
 Not death itself, that last of foes,
 Shall break a union so divine.



Aspiring towards Heaven.

VAIN world be gone, nor vex my heart
 With thy deluding wiles :
 Hence, empty promiser, depart,
 With all thy soothing smiles.

Superior bliss invites my eyes,
 Delight unmix'd with woe ;
 Now let my nobler thoughts arise,
 To joys unknown below.

Yon starry, plains how bright they shine,
 With radiant specks of light ;
 Fair pavement of the courts divine,
 That sparkles on the sight !

'Tis distance lessens every star ;
 Could I behold them nigh,
 Bright worlds of wonder would appear
 To my astonish'd eye!

Thus heavenly joys attract my eyes,
 My heart the lusture warms ;
 But could I reach those upper skies,
 How infinite their charms !

Come, heaven-born faith, and aid my flight,
 And guide my rising thought,
 Till earth, still lessening to my sight,
 Shall vanish quite forgot.

But when to reach those blissful plains
 Her utmost ardor tries,
 And almost hears the charming strains
 Of hymning angels rise.

Mortality, with painful load,
 Forbids the raptur'd flight ;
 In vain she means heaven's bright abode,
 And sinks to earth and night.

O let thy love, my God, my King,
 My hope, my heart, inspire ;
 And teach my faith with stronger wing
 To rise, and warm desire.

Oft let thy shining visits cheer
 This dark abode of clay,
 Till I shall leave these fetters here,
 And rise to endless day.

GOD my only HAPPINESS

WHEN fill'd with grief, my anxious
heart

To thee, my God, complains,
Sweet pleasure mingles with the smart,
And softens all my pains.

Earth flies with all her soothing charms,
Nor I the loss deplore ;
No more, ye fancies, mock my arms,
Nor tease my spirit more.

I languish for superior joy
To all that earth bestows ;
For pleasure which can never cloy,
Nor change, nor period knows.

Still, must the scenes of bliss remain
Conceal'd from mortal eyes ?
And must my wishes rise in vain,
And never reach the skies ?

My God, O could I call thee mine
Without a wavering fear,
This would be happiness divine,
A heaven of pleasure here.

This joy, my wishes long to find,
 To this my heart aspires,
 A bliss, immortal as the mind,
 And vast as its desires.



*Mourning the Absence of GOD, and
 longing for his gracious Presence.*

MY God, to thee I call—
 Must I for ever mourn?
 So far from thee, my life, my all?
 O when wilt thou return!

Dark as the shades of night
 My gloomy sorrows rise,
 And hide thy soul-reviving light
 From these desiring eyes.

My comforts all decay,
 My inward foes prevail;
 If thou withhold thy healing ray,
 Expiring hope will fail.

Away distressing fears,
 My gracious God is nigh,
 And heavenly pity sees my tears,
 And marks each rising sigh.

Dear source of all my joys,
 And solace of my care,
 O wilt thou hear my plaintive voice
 And grant my humble prayer !

These envious clouds remove,
 Thy cheering light restore;
 Confirm my interest in thy love
 Till I can doubt no more.

Then if my troubles rise,
 To thee my God, I'll flee,
 And raise my hopes above the skies;
 And cast my cares on thee.

Stanzas

*GOD the only REFUGE of the troubled
 MIND.*

DEAR refuge of my weany soul,
 On thee, when sorrows rise ?
 On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
 My fainting hope relies.

While hope revives, though prast with fear
 And I can say my God,
 Beneath thy feet I spread my cares,
 And pour my woes abroad.

To thee, I tell each rising grief,
 For thou alone canst heal;
 Thy word can bring a sweet relief
 For every pain I feel.

But Oh! when gloomy doubts prevail,
 I fear to call thee mine;
 The springs of comfort seem to fail,
 And all my hopes decline.

Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
 Thou art my only trust,
 And still my soul would cleave to thee,
 Though prostrate in the dust.

Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
 And shall I seek in vain?
 And can the ear of sovereign grace
 Be deaf when I complain?

No, still the ear of sovereign grace
 Attends the mourner's prayer;
 O may I ever find access,
 To breathe my sorrows there.

Thy mercy-seat is open still;
 Here let my soul retreat,
 With humble hope attend thy will,
 And wait beneath thy feet.

**COMPLAINING at the THRONE of
GRACE.**

O'erwhelm'd with restless griefs and fears
LORD, I approach thy mercy-seat,
 With aching heart and flowing tears,
 To pour my sorrows at thy feet.

Can mournful penitence and prayer
 Address thy mercy-seat in vain ?
 Unnotic'd by thy gracious ear,
 Can sorrow and distress complain ?

Thy promises are large and free.
 To humble souls who seek thy face ;
 O where for refuge can I flee,
 My **GOD**!—but to the throne of grace ?

My **GOD**, for yet my trembling heart
 Would fain rely upon thy word ;
 Fain would I bid my fears depart,
 And cast my burthen on the **LORD**.

Thou see'st the tempest of my soul,
 These restless waves of fear and sin ;
 Thy voice can all their rage controul,
 And make a sacred calm within.

Amid the gloomy shades of night,
 To thee I lift my longing eyes;
 My saviour God, my life, my light,
 When will thy cheering beams arise ?

My thoughts recall thy favours past,
 In many a dark distressing hour,
 Thy kind support my heart confes'd
 And own'd thy wisdom love and power

And still these bright perfections shine,
 Eternal their unclouded rays ;
 Unchanging faithfulness is thine,
 And just and right are all thy ways.

And can my vile ungrateful heart
 Still harbour black distrust and fear ?
 O bid these heavy clouds depart,
 Bright Son of Righteousness, appear.

Let thy enlivening healing voice,
 The kind assurance of thy love,
 Relieve my heart, revive my joys,
 And all my sins and fears remove.



Submission to GOD under Affliction.

PEACE, my complaining, doubting
 Ye busy cares be still; [heart,
 Adore the just, the sovereign **L**ORD,
 Nor murmur at his will.

Unerring wisdom guides his hand;
 Nor dares my guilty fear,
 Amid the sharpest pains I feel,
 Pronounce his hand severe.

To soften every painful stroke,
 Indulgent mercy bends,
 And unrepining when I plead,
 His gracious ear attends.

Let me reflect with humble awe
 Whene'er my heart complains,
 Compar'd with what my sins deserve,
 How easy are my pains!

Yes **L**ORD, I own thy sovereign hand
 Thou just, and wise, and kind;
 Be every anxious thought suppress'd,
 And all my soul resign'd.

But oh! indulge this only wish,
 This boon I must implore!

Assure my soul, that thou art mine,
My God, I ask no more.

Trusting in the DIVINE VERACITY.

WHEN sin and sorrow, fear and pain,
My trembling heart dismay,
My feeble strength alas, how vain !
It sinks and dies away.

My spirit asks a firmer prop,
I lean upon the Lord ;
My God, the pillar of my hope,
Is thy unchanging word.

On this are built the brightest joys,
Celestial beings know,
And 'tis the same almighty voice,
Supports the saints below.

'Tis this upholds the rolling spheres,
And heaven's immortal frame ;
Then, O my soul, suppress thy fears,
Thy basis is the same.

The sacred word, the solemn oath,
For ever must remain ;
I trust in everlasting truth,
Nor can my trust be vain.

TIME flying and DEATH approaching.

AWAKE, my soul, nor slumbering lie,
Amid the gloomy haunts of death ;
Perhaps the awful hour is nigh,
Commission'd for my parting breath.

That awful hour will soon appear,
Swift on the wings of time it flies,
When all that pains or pleases here,
Will vanish from my closing eyes.

Death calls my friends, my neighbours
And none resist the fatal dart ; [hence,
Continual warnings strike my sense,
And shall they fail to reach my heart ?

Shall gay amusements rise between,
When scenes of horror spread around ?
Death's pointed arrows fly unseen,
But ah, how sure, how deep they wound ?

Think, O my soul, how much depends,
On the short period of a day ;
Shall time, which heaven in mercy lends,
Be negligently thrown away ?

**Thy remnant minutes strive to use,
 Awake ! rouse every active power !
 And not in dreams and trifles lose,
 This little now ! this precious hour !**

**Lord of my life, inspire my heart,
 With heavenly ardour, grace divine ;
 Nor let thy presence e'er depart,
 For strength, and life, and death are thine.**

**O teach me the celestial skill,
 Each awful warning to improve !
 And while my days are shortening still,
 Prepare me for the joys above.**

**Insure my nobler life on high,
 Life, from a dying Saviour's blood !
 Then though my minutes swiftly fly,
 They bear me nearer to my God.**

**VICTORY over DEATH through
 CHRIST.**

1 Cor. xv. 57.

WHEN death appears before my sight
 In all his dire array.
 Unequal to the dreadful sight,
 My courage dies away.

How shall I meet this potent foe,
 Whose frown my soul alarms ?
 Dark horror sits upon his brow,
 And victory waits his arms.

But see my glorious Leader,
 My Lord, my Saviour lives !
 Before him death's pale terrors fly,
 And my faint heart revives.

Jesus, be thou my sure defence,
 My guard for ever near ;
 And faith shall triumph over sense,
 And never yield to fear.

O may I meet the dreadful hour,
 With fortitude divine ;
 Sustain'd by thy almighty power,
 The conquest must be mine.

What though subdu'd this body lies,
 Slain in the mortal strife,
 My spirit shall unconquer'd rise,
 To a diviner life.

Lord, I commit my soul to thee,
 Accept the sacred trust,
 Receive this nobler part of me,
 And watch my sleeping dust.

Till that illustrious morning come,
 When all thy saints shall rise,
 And cloath'd in full, immortal bloom,
 Attend thee to the skies.

When thy triumphant armies sing,
 The honours of thy name,
 And heaven's eternal arches ring,
 With glory to the Lamb :

O let me join in raptur'd lays,
 And with a blissful throng,
 Resound salvation, power and praise,
 In everlasting song,



CHRIST the SUPREME BEAUTY,

Isaiah xxxiii. 17.

SHOULD nature's charms to please thee
 In sweet assemblage join, [eye,]
 All nature's charms would droop and die,
 JESUS, compar'd with thine.

Vain were her fairest beams display'd
 And vain her blooming store ;
 E'en brightness languishes to shade,
 And beauty is no more.

But ah how far from mortal sight,
 The LORD of glory dwells!
 A veil of interposing night
 His radiant face conceals.

Could my longing spirit rise
 On strong immortal wing,
 And reach thy palace in the skies,
 My Saviour and my King!

There myriads worship at thy feet,
 And there, (divine employ!).
 The triumphs of thy love repeat,
 In songs of endless joy.

Thy presence beams eternal day,
 O'er all the blissful place;
 Who would not drop this load of clay,
 And die to see thy face!



The PROMISED LAND.

Isaiah xxxiii. 17.

FAR from these narrow scenes of night
 Unbounded glories rise,
 And realms of infinite delight,
 Unknown to mortal eyes.

Fair distant land!—could mortal eyes
 But half its joys explore,
 How would our spirits long to rise,
 And dwell on earth no more!

There pain and sickness never come,
 And grief no more complains!
 Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
 And endless pleasure reigns!

From discord free and war's alarms,
 And want and pining care,
 Plenty and peace unite their charms,
 And smile unchanging there.

There rich varieties of joy,
 Continual feast the mind;
 Pleasures which fill, but never cloy,
 Immortal and refin'd!

No factious strife, no envy there,
 The sons of peace molest,
 But harmony and love sincere
 Fill every happy breast.

No cloud those blissful regions know,
 For ever bright and fair!
 For sin, the source of mortal woe,
 Can never enter there.

There no alternate night is known,
 Nor sun's faint sickly ray ;
 But glory from the sacred throne
 Spreads everlasting day.

The glorious monarch there displays
 His beams of wonderous grace ;
 His happy subjects sing his praise,
 And bow before his face.

O may the heavenly prospect fire,
 Our hearts with ardent love,
 The wings of faith and strong desire
 Bear every thought above.

Prepare us, LORD, by grace divine,
 For thy bright courts on high ;
 Then bid our spirits rise and join
 The chorus of the sky.

The HEAVENLY SHEPHERD.

Psalm 23. 1, 2, 3.

WHILE my Redeemer's near,
 My shepherd and my guide.
 I bid farewell to anxious fear,
 My wants are all supply'd.

To ever-fragrant meads,
 Where rich abundance grows,
 His gracious hand indulgent leads,
 And guards my sweet repose.

Along the lovely scene,
 Cool waters gently roll,
 And kind refreshment smiles serene,
 To cheer my fainting soul.

Here let my spirit rest ;
 How sweet a lot is mine !
 With pleasure, food, and safety blest ;
 Beneficence divine !

Dear shepherd, if I stray,
 My wandering feet restore,
 To thy fair pastures guide my way,
 And let me rove no more.

Unworthy, as I am,
 Of thy protecting care,
 Jesus, I plead thy gracious name,
 For all my hopes are there.

The CHRISTIAN'S noblest Resolution.

Joshua 24. 15.

AH wretched souls, who strive in vain,
 Slaves to the world, and slaves to sin!
 A nobler toil may I sustain,
 A nobler satisfaction win.

May I resolve with all my heart,
 With all my powers to serve the Lord,
 Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
 Whose service is a rich reward.

Be his service all my joy,
 Around let my example shine,
 Till others love the blest employ,
 And join in labours so divine.

Be this the purpose of my soul,
 My solemn, my determin'd choice,
 To yield up his supreme control,
 And in his ~~land~~ commands rejoice.

O may I never faint nor tire,
 Nor wandering leave his sacred ways;
 Great God, accept my soul's desire,
 And give me strength to live thy praise.

The SAVIOUR'S INVITATION.

John 7. 37.

THE Saviour calls—let every ear
 Attend the heavenly sound;
 Ye doubting souls dismiss your fear,
 Hope smiles reviving round.

For every thirsty, longing heart,
 Here streams of bounty flow,
 And life, and health, and bliss impart,
 To banish mortal woe.

Here, springs of sacred pleasure rise,
 To ease your every pain,
 (Immortal fountain! full supplies!)
 Nor shall you thirst in vain.

Ye sinners, come, 'tis mercy's voice,
 The gracious call obey;
 Mercy invites to heavenly joys
 And can you yet delay?

Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts,
 To thee let sinners fly,
 And take the bliss thy love imparts,
 And drink and never die.

JESUS the BEST BELOVED.

DEAR center of my best desires,
 And sovereign of my heart,
 What sweet delight thy name inspires!
 What bliss thy smiles impart!

JESUS—O loveliest, dearest name!
 And wilt thou condescend
 To own the bold, yet humble claim,
 My everlasting friend?

Too oft, alas, my passions rove,
 In search of meaner charms;
 Trifles unworthy of my love
 Divide me from thy arms.

Ye teasing vanities depart,
 I seek my absent Lord;
 No balm to ease my aching heart,
 Can all your joys afford.

Come, dearest Lord, with power divine,
 And drive thy foes away;
 O be my heart, my passions thine,
 And never, never stray.

*Desiring to KNOW and LOVE HIM
MORE.*

THOU lovely source of true delight,
Whom I unseen adore,
Unveil thy beauties to my sight,
That I may love thee more.

Thy glory e'er creation shines ;
But in thy sacred word
I read, in fairer, brighter lines,
My bleeding, dying LORD.

'Tis here, whene'er my comforts droop,
And sins and sorrows rise,
Thy love, with cheerful beams of hope,
My fainting heart supplies.

But ah, too soon, the pleasing scene
Is clouded o'er with pain ;
My gloomy fears rise dark between,
And I again complain.

JESUS, my LORD, my life, my light,
O come with blissful ray,
Break radiant thro' the shades of night,
And chase my fears away.

Then shall my soul with rapture trace
 The wonders of thy love ;
 But the full glories of thy face
 Are only known above.

The Glorious PRESENCE of CHRIST
in HEAVEN. John 17. 24.

O FOR a sweet inspiring ray,
 To animate our feeble strains,
 From the bright realms of endless day,
 The blissful realms, where Jesus reigns !

There low before his glorious throne
 Adoring saints and angels fall,
 And with delightful worship own [all.
 His smile their bliss, their heaven, their

Immortal glories crown his head,
 While tuneful hallelujahs rise,
 And love, and joy, and triumph spread
 Through all the assemblies of the skies.

He smiles, and seraphs tune their songs
 To boundless rapture while they gaze ;
 Ten thousand thousand joyful tongues
 Resound his everlasting praise.

There all the favorites of the Lamb
 Shall join at last the heavenly choir ;
 O may the joy-inspiring theme
 Awake our faith and warm desire.

Dear Saviour, let thy spirit seal
 Our interest in that blissful place ;
 Till death remove this mortal veil,
 And we behold thy lovely face.



The Happiness of the SAINTS above.

John 17. 24.

O Could we read our interest here,
JESUS, in these dear words of thine,
 A heaven of pleasure would appear,
 A blissful view of joys divine.

Dear Saviour, let thy boundless grace
 Remove our guilt, our fears remove ;
 Then shall our thoughts with rapture
 trace

The radiant mansions of thy love.

There shall our hearts no more complain,
 Nor sin prevail, nor grace decay ;
 But perfect joy for ever reign,
 One glorious, undeclining day.

No darkness there shall cloud our sight;
 These now dejected feeble eyes,
 Shall gaze, with infinite delight,
 On the full glories of the skies.

There shall we see thy lovely face,
 And chang'd to purity divine,
 Partake the splendors of the place,
 And in thy glorious likeness shine.

Yes, dearest LORD, to dwell with thee,
 Thy praise our endless, sweet employ,
 Must be immense felicity,
 A full infinitude of joy!

O let thy spirit now impart,
 The kind assurance of thy love,
 With sealing power to every heart,
 Sweet earnest of the joys above.

HYMN to JESUS.

JESUS,—in thy transporting name,
 What blissful glories rise!
JESUS, the Angel's sweetest theme!
 The wonder of the skies!

Well might the skies with wonder view
 A love so strange as thine!
 No thought of angels ever knew,
 Compassion so divine!

Didst thou forsake thy radiant crowns,
 And boundless realms of day,
 (Aside thy robes of glory thrown,)
 To dwell in feeble clay?

JESUS,—and didst thou leave the sky
 For miseries and woes?
 And didst thou bleed, and groan and die,
 For vile rebellious foes?

Through the deep horrors of thy pain
 Then love triumphant smil'd;
 Earth trembled at the dreadful scene,
 And heaven was reconcil'd.

Victorious love! can language tell
 The wonders of thy power,
 Which conquer'd all the force of hell,
 In that tremendous hour?

Is there a heart that will not bend
 To thy divine controul?
 Descend, O sovereign love, descend,
 And melt the stubborn soul!

O may our willing hearts confess
 Thy sweet, thy gentle sway ;
 Glad captives of resistless grace,
 Thy pleasing rule obey.

Come, dearest LORD, extend thy reign,
 Till rebels rise no more ;
 Thy praise all nature then shall join,
 And heaven and earth adore.



PRAISE to the REDEEMER.

TO our Redeemer's glorious name;
 Awake the sacred song !
 O may his love, (immortal flame !)
 Tune every heart and tongue.

His love, what mortal thought can reach ?
 What mortal tongue display ?
 Imagination's utmost stretch
 In wonder dies away.

Let wonder still with love unite,
 And gratitude and joy ;
 But JESUS our supreme delight,
 His praise, our best employ.

JESUS who left his throne on high,
 Left the bright realms of bliss,
 And came on earth to bleed and die—
 Was ever love like this ?

Dear LORD, while we adoring pay
 Our humble thanks to thee,
 May every heart with rapture say,
 The Saviour dy'd for me.

O may the sweet, the blissful theme,
 Fill every heart and tongue,
 Till strangers love thy charming name.
 And join the sacred song.

*Desiring to LOVE CHRIST without
 WANDERING.*

YE earthly vanities depart,
 For ever hence remove ;
 JESUS alone deserves my heart,
 And every thought of love.

His heart, where love and pity dwell,
 In all their softest forms,
 Sustain'd the heavy load of guilt,
 For lost rebellious worms :

His heart, whence love abundant flow'd
 To wash the stains of sin,
 In precious streams of vital blood—
 Here, all my hopes begin.

Can I my bleeding Saviour view,
 And yet ungrateful prove,
 And pierce his wounded heart anew,
 And grieve his injur'd love ?

Forbid it LORD, O bind this heart,
 This rebel heart of mine,
 So firm, that it may ne'er depart,
 In chains of love divine.



The EXALTED SAVIOUR.

NOW let us raise our cheerful strains,
 And join the blissful choir above;
 There our exalted Saviour reigns,
 And there they sing his wonderful love.

While Seraphs tune the immortal song,
 O may we feel the sacred flame;
 And every heart, and every tongue
 Adore the Saviour's glorious name.

JESUS, who once upon the tree
 In agonizing pains expir'd,
 Whod'y'd for rebels—yes, 'tis he!
 How bright! how lovely! how admir'd!

JESUS, who dy'd that we might live,
 Dy'd in the wretched traitor's place—
 O what returns 'oán mortals give,
 For such immeasurable grace?

Were universal nature ours,
 And art with all her boasted store,
 Nature and art with all their powers,
 Would still confess the offerer poor!

Yet though for bounty so divine,
 We ne'er can equal honours raise,
 JESUS, may all our hearts be thine,
 And all our tongues proclaim thy praise.



The WONDERS of REDEMPTION.

1 Pet. 3. 18.

AND did the holy and the just,
 The Sovereign of the skies,
 Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,
 That guilty worms might rise?

Yes, the Redeemer left his throne,
 His radiant throne on high,
 (Surprizing mercy ! love unknown !)
 To suffer, bleed and die.

He took the dying traitor's place,
 And suffer'd in his stead ;
 For man, (O miracle of grace !)
 For man the Saviour bled !

Dear Lord, what heavenly wonders
 In thy atoning blood? [dwell
 By this are sinners snatch'd from hell,
 And rebels brought to God.

JESUS, my soul, adoring, bends
 To love so full, so free ;
 And may I hope that love extends
 Its sacred power to me ?

What glad return can I impart,
 For favours so divine ?
 O take my all,—this worthless heart,
 And make it only thine.

**COMMUNION with CHRIST at his
TABLE.**

TO JESUS, our exalted LORD,
(Dear name, by heaven and earth
ador'd !)

Fain would our hearts and voices raise
A cheerful song of sacred praise.

But all the notes which mortals know,
Are weak and languishing and low ;
Far, far above our humble songs,
The theme demands immortal tongues,

Yet while around his board we meet,
And worship at his glorious feet ;
O let our warm affections move
In glad returns of grateful love.

Yes, LORD, we love and we adore,
But long to know and love thee more ;
And while we taste the bread and wine,
Desire to feed on joys divine.

Let faith our feeble senses aid,
To see thy wonderous love display'd,
Thy broken flesh, thy bleeding veins,
Thy dreadful agonizing pains.

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Let humble penitential woe,
 With painful, pleasing anguish flow,
 And thy forgiving smiles impart
 Life, hope, and joy, to every heart.



*FAITH in a REDEEMER'S
 SUFFERINGS.*

LORD, when my thoughts delighted
 rove
 Amid the wonders of thy love,
 Sweet hope revives my drooping heart,
 And bids intruding fears depart.

But while thy sufferings I survey,
 And faith enjoys a heavenly ray,
 These dear memorials of thy pain,
 Present anew the dreadful scene.

I hear thy groans with deep surprize,
 And view thy wounds with weeping eyes,
 Each bleeding wound, each dying groan,
 With anguish fraught, and pains un-
 known.

For mortal crimes a sacrifice,
 The LORD of life, the Saviour dies :
 What love, what mercy, how divine !—
 JESUS, and can I call thee mine ?—

Repentant sorrow fills my heart,
 But mingling joy allays the smart,
 O may my future life declare
 The sorrow and the joy sincere.

Be all my heart, and all my days
 Devoted to my Saviour's praise ;
 And let my glad obedience prove
 How much I owe, how much I love.



A DYING SAVIOUR.

STRETCH'D on the cross the Saviour
 dies,

Mark ! his expiring groans arise !
 See, from his hauds, his feet, his side,
 Runs down the sacred crimson tide !

But life attends the deathful sound,
 And flows from every bleeding wound ;
 The vital stream, how free it flows,
 To save and cleanse his rebel foes !

To suffer in the traitor's place,
 To die for man, surprizing grace !
 Yet pass rebellious angels by—
 O why for man, dear Saviour, why ?

And didst thou bleed, for sinners bleed ?
 And could the sun behold the deed ?
 No, he withdrew his sickening ray,
 And darkness veil'd the mourning day.

Can I survey this scene of woe,
 Where mingling grief and wonder flows,
 And yet my heart unmov'd remain,
 Insensible to love or pain !

Come, dearest LORD, thy power impart,
 To warm this cold, this stupid heart ;
 Till all its powers and passions move,
 In melting grief and ardent love.



*Meditating on the REDEEMER'S
 SUFFERINGS.*

RECALL, my heart, that dreadful
 hour,
 When JESUS on the cursed tree
 Infinite pains and sorrows bore—
 Think, O my soul, was this for thee ?

See, crown'd with thorns that sacred head,
 With beams of glory once adorn'd !
 That voice, which heaven and earth
 obey'd,

Is now by traitors mock'd and scorn'd.

And see those lovely melting eyes,
 Whence kind compassion often flow'd,
 Now rais'd imploring to the skies,
 For harden'd souls athirst for blood !

Those healing hands with blessings
 fraught,

Nail'd to the cross with pungent smart !
 Inhuman deed ! could no kind thought
 To pity move the ruthless heart ?

But oh ! what agonies unknown,
 His soul sustain'd beneath the load
 Of mortal crimes ! how deep the groan
 Which calm'd the vengeance of a God !

He groan'd ! he dy'd ! the awful scene
 Of wonder, grief, surprizing love,
 For ever let my heart retain,
 Nor from my Saviour's feet remove.

JESUS, accept this wretched heart,
 Which trembling, mourning, comes to
 thee ;

The blessing of thy death impart
And tell my soul, 'tis all for me.



*SIN the CAUSE of CHRIST'S
DEATH.*

WAS it for sin, for mortal guilt,
The Saviour gave his vital blood?
For sin amazing anguish felt,
The wrath of an offended God.

When bleeding, groaning, on the tree,
He breath'd such agonizing cries,
When nature suffer'd, LORD, with thee,
And darkness cloath'd the mourning
skies.

And shall I harbour in my breast
(Tremble my soul at such a deed)
This dreadful foe, this fatal guest?
'Twas sin that made my Saviour bleed:

'Tis sin that would my ruin proye,
And sink me down to endless woe;
But O forbid it, heavenly love,
And save me from the cursed foe.

**Ye sins, ye cruel sins, depart,
Your tyrant sway I cannot bear ;
My rightful sovereign claims my hear,
JESUS alone shall govern here.**

**Come, glorious conqueror, gracious
LORD,**

**Thy all prevailing power employ ;
O come, with thy resistless word,
These hateful enemies destroy.**

**Guilty and weak to thee I fly,
My Lord, my Saviour, and my Friend,
On thy almighty arm rely,
On thy atoning blood depend.**

**My all of hope is fix'd on thee,
For thou alone hast power divine ;
O come, and conquer, LORD, for me,
And all the glory shall be thine.**



CHRIST DYING and RISING.

COME tune, ye saints, your noblest
 strains,
**Your dying, rising LORD to sing,
And echo to the heavenly plains
The triumphs of your Saviour-King.**

In songs of grateful rapture tell
 How he subdu'd your potent foes,
 Subdu'd the powers of death and hell,
 And, dying, finish'd all your woes.

Then to his glorious throne on high
 Return'd, while hymning angels round,
 Through the bright arches of the sky,
 The God, the conquering God, resound.

Almighty love ! victorious power !
 Not angel-tongues can e'er display
 The wonders of that dreadful hour,
 The joys of that illustrious day.

Then well may mortals try in vain,
 In vain their feeble voices raise ;
 Yet Jesus hears the humble strain,
 And kindly owns our wish to praise.

Dear Saviour, let thy wonderful grace
 Fill every heart and every tongue,
 Till the full glories of thy face
 Inspire a sweeter, nobler song.



POEMS

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

To *LYSANDER*.

A Muse, in learning's arduous toil unskill'd
That sung her wild-notes to the silent
 shade,
Collected blossoms from her native field,
 And o'er the rural scenes delighted stray'd:
Though unambitious of the wreath of fame,
Yet glow'd her bosom with a nobler flame.
Nor kings nor heroes grac'd her artless lay
 For peaceful themes to silvan shades be-
 long,
Alike unknown among the great and gay,
 Soft adulation flow'd not in her song.
To heav'n that gave them, oft her notes aspire
Or friendship wakes the sympathizing lyre.

Indulgent friendship, listening, caught the
strain,

And fondly fancy'd it was tun'd to move;
Then, smiling, bore it to the distant plain,

Far, ah how far beyond its native grove !
But say, Lysander, can such notes as these,
Amid politick scenes expect to please ?

Say, can these untaught airs acceptance find
Where Milton, wonderous bard ! divinely
sung ?

Or yield a taste of pleasure to the mind
That raptur'd soars with Hervey or with
Young ?

In minds of polish'd frame can friendship
dwell

Plain, unadorn'd, as in the rural cell ?

Yet friendship dwells with piety sincere,
Or in the cottage, or the stately dome,
Whether detain'd in crowd'd scenes of care
Or in the village fix'd, her peaceful home :
Where these reside, tho' artless be her strain,
O may the muse a kind admission gain.

If minds, where piety and friendship glow,
Approving smile; and own the kindred
theme ;

That smile a nobler pleasure will bestow,
 Than all the laurell'd wreaths of boasting
 fame ;
 Blest minds ! to these the muse devotes her
 lays ;
 If these approve, she seeks no other praise.



An EVENING MEDITATION.

WHEN Phœbus had withdrawn his ra-
 dian beams,
 And evening spread her sable curtains round
 In that soft hour when to the listening grove
 Her pleasing, soothing, melancholy airs,
 Poor Philomel begins—(the kindly dews
 Shed their soft influence on the fragrant
 herb,
 And gave fresh odours to the flowery shrub,
 Refreshing to the sense—) the charming
 scene
 Alluring call'd to taste the evening air,
 Amid the verdure of the lonely shade :
 The lonely shade indulgent to the Muse.

Here may I stretch my wondering eyes
around

O'er all the beauteous landscape, and behold
Almighty power and wisdom plain impress'd
On every tree, on every plant and flower.

All own the sovereign Architect divine,
And in their different language speak his
praise,

The gentle zephyrs with harmonious breath
Brush through the grove, and play along
the stream,

And in soft whispers to the silver wave,
Speak their Creator's name, and die away,
The silver wave retains the pleasing theme,
Laves her glad banks, and gently murmur-
ing on,

Bears to the neighbouring trees the wel-
come sound;

They bend their wavering tops, adore and
praise. [heads]

The lofty mountains rear their towering
Tall and majestic, to the fleecy clouds;
With awful pride confess their Maker God,
How great his power, how wide his dread
command. [vale]

Dress'd in a thousand charms, the flowery

Displays his goodness in her cheerful bloom,
And smiling owns beneficence divine.

Harmonious all and fair ! whole nature
joins
To speak the wonders of creating skill ;
Bids us in all his works confess the God,
And bend our souls adoring at his feet.

Whether with pleasing rapture I survey
The smiling green in rich embroidery dress,
Or the more solemn grove in shady state,
Or contemplate the smoothly flowing
stream ;
Or if I raise my wandering eyes to gaze
On yonder azure plain, unnumber'd beauties
Inspire my breast with wonder and delight.

Serenely bright ascends the silver moon,
Attended by the innumerable train
Of sparkling stars, with rich profusion pour'd
O'er all the vast expanse, and every star,
In ev'ry beam, proclaims his Maker's praise.

O thou both nature's author and her lord
Whose power and skill, in all thy works
confess'd,
Demand the tribute of my noblest song ;

Instruct my heart, and raise my humble
thoughts

To trace thy forming hand in every scene,
And in thy works to meditate thy praise :
'Till, led by these, my raptur'd soul ascends,
On heavenly contemplation's soaring wing,
To thee, the sacred source of all perfection.



HAPPINESS.

O Happiness, by all admir'd, pursu'd,
How oft defin'd, how seldom understood
And always at a painful distance view'd !

Thy charms, alluring, in fair prospect rise ;
They court our eager arms and longing eyes
And prompt our fond desires and restless
sighs.

If thou art but a dream, an empty name,
Then why this active power, this quenchless
flame,

By heaven implanted in the human frame ?

The great Creator, just, and good, and wise,
The wants of all his creatures well supplies,
Nor blessings to the lowest rank denies.

Shall man, alone, unsatisfy'd remain ?
 And doom'd to ceaseless unavailing pain,
 Must all his ardent wishes rise in vain ?

No, there is nobler bliss for man design'd,
 A happiness of an immortal kind,
 Wide as his wishes, ample as his mind.

Earth never can bestow the sovereign good ;
 The sacred word, unerring, points the road,
 To happiness, to glory, and to God.

But foolish mortals oft mistake the way,
 In search of bliss on earth, we anxious stray,
 And take a meteor for the lamp of day.

Phantoms of pleasure rise, and smiling fair,
 They tempt our feet thro' labyrinths of care,
 Till catching at the prize we grasp the air.

Almighty goodness, call our hearts and eyes
 From these deluding, tempting vanities,
 And upward bid our ardent wishes rise.

O bid each fatal, fair illusion flee,
 Mark out our path from every error free,
 And let us seek for bliss, alone, in thee.



PRIDE and HUMILITY.

MARK, how the stately tree disdainful
 rears [clouds !
 His towering head, and mingles with the
 But by his fatal height, the more expos'd
 To all the fury of the raging storm :
 His honours fly, the sport of angry winds ;
 Till the loud blast with direful stroke de-
 scends :

Torn from his basis, low on earth he lies,
 And the hills echo to the sounding fall.
 So pride, with haughty port, defies in vain,
 The force of rough adversity, which rends
 With double violence the stubborn heart.

But, like a tender plant, humility [hurt,
 Bends low before the threatening blast un-
 Eludes its rage, and lives thro' all the storm.

Pride is the livery of the prince of dark-
 ness, [shame ;
 Worn by his slaves, who glory in their
 A gaudy dress, but tarnish'd, rent and foul,
 And loathsome to the holy eye of heaven.

But sweet humility, a shining robe,
 Bestow'd by heaven upon its favourite sons :

The robe which God approves, and angels
 wear ; [light,
 Fair semblance of the glorious Prince of
 Who stoop'd to dwell (divine humility !)
 With sinful worms and poverty and scorn.

Pride is the source of discord, strife, and
 war,

And all the endless train of heavy woes,
 Which wait on wretched man ; the direful
 sting

Of envy, and the dreaded frowns of scorn,
 And gloomy discontent, and black despair.

But sweet humility, the source of peace,
 Of amity and love, content and joy ;
 Where she resides, a thousand blessings wait
 To gild our lives, and form a heaven below.

Pride leads her wretched votaries to con-
 To certain ruin, infamy and death. [tempt,
 But sweet humility points out the way
 To happiness, and life, and lasting honours.

Humility how glorious ! how divine !
 Thus cloath'd, and thus enrich'd, O may I
 shine,
 Be mine this treasure, this celestial robe,
 And let the sons of pride possess the globe.

*Imitation of Mr. POPE's ODE on
SOLITUDE.*

IS there on earth a solitude,
Which anxious care can ne'er invade ;
Where pains nor sorrows e'er intrude ?
A hallowed shade !

Where peace extends her halcyon wing,
To guard and bless the soft retreat ;
Content sweet breathes eternal spring
Around her seat.

Some gentle spirit aid my flight
To this delightful, blissful spot,
From human converse, human sight ;
Blest, and forgot.

Illusive dream ! it fleets in air !
No paradise is found below,
No solitude secludes from care,
Or shuts out woe.

Happy the man, and he alone,
To whom the easy lot is given,
Cheerful to wait, and thankful own
The hand of heaven.

Then solitude, or social joy,
 Can please, yet not engage his heart ;
 Nor sorrow, pain, nor care annoy
 His nobler part.

His wish, his hope, his soul aspires
 To a fair paradise above ;
 Yet patient waits, 'till heaven requires
 His blest remove.

Thus may my hopes and wishes rise,
 Be mine serenity like this,
 Till death's kind sleep shall close my eyes
 'Then wake to bliss.



ON FRIENDSHIP.

HOW fondly those mistake who seek for
 joys [noise :
 In crowds, and mirth, and never ceasing
 Their mirth, how empty ! and their joys,
 how vain ;
 Reflection ever flies the laughing train.
 Stunn'd with the din, thought sickens ; and
 the mind
 No true delight, no taste of bliss can find.

Alike they err, who leave the world to
dwell

With gloomy sadness in a lonely cell :
Heavy and dull, the joyless hours move on,
To all the sweets of social life unknown.

If pleasure smiles sincere below the skies,
That pleasure must from sacred friendship
rise ;

Of all which animates the human frame,
The noblest ardour, and the purest flame :
Offspring of heaven !—there friendship all
refin'd,

Immortal glows in each seraphic mind :
Mix'd with the streams of bliss for ever flows,
Nor change, decay, nor interruption knows :
A glorious native of the realms of love,
And only, in perfection, known above :
Yet is the blessing, by indulgent heaven,
Though in a less degree, to mortals given :
Its pleasing power by providence design'd,
To soften human cares, and mend the mind ;
To calm our passions by its gentle sway,
And bid them reason's sacred laws obey.
Friendship can often o'er the heart prevail,
When philosophic rules and maxims fail :
It turns to mutual tenderness the thought,

May thy kind influence smooth my path of
 life,
 Still calm and peaceful, free from noisy
 strife, [mine,
 Be virtue, sweet content, and friendship
 I at my humble lot shall ne'er repine.
 From these alone more real pleasures flow, }
 Than the gay round of mirth or gaudy show }
 Or all the charms of greatness can bestow. }



On the SAME.

TRUE Friendship is the noblest earthly
 gift [drop,
 Which heaven on man bestows : the cordial
 That mingling with the bitter cup of woe,
 Gives a kind tincture to the deadly draught.
 Not mines afford a gem of equal worth ;
 But ah how rarely found ! amid the croud
 Tho' glittering counterfeits may oft appear,
 And many a phantom borrow friendship's
 name,

Smooth complaisance, and well-dissembl'd
 kindness,

And Hope, fair sister, smiling wait
With heaven erected eye :

While Faith, (kind Seraph !) points her view
Beyond the starry plain,
To the bright worlds where ever new,
Immortal pleasures reign.

Thy comforts, O divine Content,
From those fair regions flow ;
For bliss sincere was never meant
On earth's low soil to grow.

In cold affliction's dreary shade,
Fresh-blooming joys are thine :
Can wintry storms the heart invade
When vernal sun-beams shine ?

Come then, thou dear delightful guest,
Thy lov'd companions bring ;
Come, take possession of my breast,
And winter shall be spring.



On REASON.

REASON, the glory of the human frame
Eye of the mind, the stamp of heaven
impress'd

On man alone, of all the various ranks
 Of being, which the great Creator form'd,
 To people numberless this earthly globe,
 To man alone, he gave this ray divine,
 This emanation of the deity :

A gift of countless value ! rais'd by this
 Above his fellow worms, and taught to view
 His maker's hand in all his wond'rous works ;
 To trace his glories, his divine perfections,
 And worship with accepted adoration :
 Fitted by this for converse with his God.
 Amazing thought ! the distance, how im-
 Betwixt infinity, and humble clay ! [mense,

Yet thus exalted, man, ungrateful man
 Rebell'd, and spurn'd his Maker's righteous
 law ;

And in his just resentment, God withdrew
 His blissful presence from his wretched
 offspring. [lustre

Then Reason, heavenly flame, with faded
 Glow'd faintly, its primæval brightness gone,
 Sully'd and clouded with surrounding guilt ;
 And feebly glimmering with uncertain light,
 No more it mounts sublime, to earth con-
 fin'd. [way

Weak, erring guide, no more it points the

To happiness, but leaves the mind bewilder'd,
 And lost in paths of danger, guilt and death.

But light divine breaks from the sacred word,
 And cheers the darksome gloom; while heaven-born faith
 The dawning glory views, and soars aloft.
 Borne on her wings, hope cheerful smiles;
 and lo [round;
 The clouds disperse, the prospect brightens
 A glimpse of heaven appears, of bliss immortal [known,
 Reserv'd for mortal man; and joys unblest
 fruit of the Redeemer's dying pains,
 Pardon, and peace, and life laid up in him,
 For guilty rebels! Reconcil'd through him,
 With his bright presence God revisits earth:
 Transporting view! lost happiness restor'd!

Weak-sighted reason upward rises too
 Thus aided, and pursues the shining tract
 With cheerful wing, though slow; and glad adores
 The dazzling glories, which she cannot reach
 With steady sight: yet with delightful toll

The use and value of its numerous blessings.

Robb'd of her cheering light, what woes
 attend [tion,
 On helpless wretched man! self-preserva-
 By gracious heaven implanted in his frame,
 Oft in the hand of providence a guard
 Amid surrounding dangers, then forsakes
 him.

Were reason's beam withdrawn, life would
 be death,
 Existence a mere blank;—the sweets of life
 Be tasteless, and its blessings unenjoy'd;
 Fame, pleasure, riches, useless all, and vain;
 And health and friends, (dearest of com-
 forts!) sink [state;
 O'erwhelm'd in dark oblivion: dreadful
 Recoiling nature trembles at the thought!

O may my soul with gratitude sincere,
 And constant praise, adore the God of mercy
 Who gives this blessing still to shine on me.
 LORD, raise my gratitude, and tune my
 praise
 To thy almighty goodness, which bestows
 On me this gift of reason, and continues

Its cheering ray ; and may thy powerful
 grace

Assist me, O my God, still to devote
 Reason, and life, and all my powers to thee,
 Till this frail transient scene shall close in
 death.

Then may I rise, by angel-guards convoy'd,
 To the bright mansions of eternal bliss.

There nobler praise, and worship all refin'd,
 Unnumber'd hearts, unnumber'd tongues
 employ,

And joys unknown to mortals.—Reason
 there,

Shall shine with perfect & unclouded lustre ;

And all my powers exalted and renew'd,
 Glow with immortal vigour.—There my
 voice,

Tun'd to the strains of paradise, shall join
 With saints and seraphs, in transporting
 songs

To thee, the source of everlasting joy.



*On reading Mr. HERVEY's MEDI-
TATIONS.*

HAPPY the man, whom grace divine has
taught

To raise to nobler scenes the flying thought ;
Beyond the bounds of sense and time to
And awful immortality explore. [soar,
Amid the chill of death's tremendous gloom,
And all the dreary horrors of the tomb,
He walks serene—'tis heaven with sacred
ray,

Darts thro' the sable shade a glimpse of day ;
Faith views the dawning bliss with raptur'd
eye, (sky.
And bears his thoughts and hopes above the

Yet, o'er the ruins of mankind he weeps,
O'er mortal hope which here in silence
sleeps ;

But from the pitying tear, the pious woe,
Celestial truths with soft persuasion flow.
He from these silent teachers, bids us learn
Our certain fate, our infinite concern.
To realms of life he points the radiant way,

Pain'd and oppress'd with glories too in-
tense. [fair ;

The evening comes—all mild, and sweet, and

The dusk how grateful, how serene the air?—

Yet still my soul would see her Saviour God,

The living source of all that's fair and good :

His beauties, tho' at humble distance, view

And trace him in the scenes his pencil drew.

His bright perfections round me are dis-

play'd, [shade,

The morn, the noon, the grateful evening

Present his different glories to the sight,

Or strike with wonder, or inspire delight.

His power and love, in plenty's smiling form,

O'er the wide fields each grateful bosom

warm.

From him, the gentle evening-breezes spring

And waft refreshment on their balmy wing.

His beauty glitters in the pearly dew,

And smiles amid the bright ethereal blue

Which paints yon spacious arch ; and charms

our eyes [skies.

In clouds of gold, which streak the western

And now the shining lamps of heaven ad-

vance,

Rang'd in bright order o'er the fair expanse !

See the clouds blacken, heavy showers descend,

The weak, soft race o'erladen, droop and bend, [mourn,

Recline their languid heads, and seem to
Till the storm cease, & sunny beams return ;

Then smiling, rise more lovely, bright and fair, [air.

And with new sweets perfume the ambient

Thus, to the soul affliction oft supplies
New life, and bids declining virtue rise,

The storm which seem'd awhile to oppress,
revives [gives.

Each fading grace, and strength and beauty
Their drooping powers, by heaven's kind influence fed,

A fairer bloom, & sweeter fragrance spread,

Prest with affliction, let me then conclude, [situde :)

That storms and sunshine, (kind vicissitudes)
Are mingled blessings, meant to work my good.



A Meditation on DEATH.

COME bid adieu, my soul, to earthly pleasures.—

Illusive phantoms ! distant how they smile,
Fair as the colours of the radiant bow ;
But nearer fade upon the cheated eye,
Lose all their lustre, or dissolve in air.

Ah, think how soon these dreams will fit
away ; [sink

How soon these gayly-tempting forms will
In death's eternal shade !—Death onward
comes

With hasty step, tho' unperceiv'd and silent.
Perhaps (alarming thought !) perhaps he
aims

E'en now the fatal blow that ends my life,
O let me then, arous'd, reflect in time,
And make this awful, this important theme
Familiar to my thoughts ! Awake, my soul,
Nor, careless, slumber on the brink of fate.
With constant warnings, with loud admonitions,

Can I be unconcern'd ? At length my eyes,
Long held in mists or cheated with false
visions,

Begin to open on the awful scene.
 Let idly-active fancy, now no more
 Spread her gay flattering colors to my view ;
 But aid my better thoughts, and represent
 Important truths in all their striking forms.

Behold the gaping tomb ! it seems to speak,
 With silent horror, to my shivering heart ;
 Bids me survey my swift approaching doom,
 And view the dark retreat which waits my
 coming.

O death, thou king of terrors ! dreadful
 name ! [can image
 What tongue can e'er describe, what thought
 The scenes of horror that surround thy
 throne ? [struction
 From thy wide-wasting hand what vast de-
 Is pour'd on all the tribes of wretched
 mortals ?

Behold, on every side the scatter'd bones
 Pave all the dreary mansion, and impart
 Chill melancholy to the sinking spirits,
 While all aghast I stand, and fix mine eyes
 On the dire prospect ! O thou gloomy
 Monarch, (arms ?
 Are these the trophies of thy conquering

Nor reverend hoary age, nor blooming
 youth,
 Nor boasted strength escape thy fatal dart,
 Not the persuasive pow'r of beauty's charms
 Nor the soft moving tears of innocence
 Can stay thy hand: nor can the miser's gold,
 Nor all the treasures of the eastern shore
 Buy one short moment of relentless death.

Not ev'n the good man's virtues ought
 avail [prayers
 To ward the direful stroke; nor all the
 And ardent wishes of the grateful poor
 Fed from his table, and who daily knew
 The blessings of his charitable hand.
 See, his sad relatives, his mournful friends
 Around his dying bed! what silent sorrow
 Sits on each visage, while their streaming
 eyes [anguish!
 And wringing hands confess their inward
 Who can describe the unutterable woe
 Which fills their hearts, to see a father,
 brother,
 A friend, in whom their all of earthly bliss
 Was center'd, gasping on the verge of life?
 And ev'n the sad remains of hope are lost.
 His every dying groan augments their tears,

In the bright records of the court of heaven,
Sign'd with the atoning blood of my Redeemer!

May his almighty love cheer my last hours,
Shew me my sins all cancell'd by his death,
And smiling open endless joy before me!

Then shall I triumph o'er my mortal foe,
And with exulting, heavenly transport say,
O death, where is thy sting? and where,
O grave,

Insatiate grave, is thy victorious power?
Then shall my last expiring accents breathe
His blissful name, who, dying, vanquish'd
death,

And purchas'd life, immortal life, for me—
JESUS, my Lord, my Saviour, and my all!



To *DELIA*.

THE gifts indulgent heaven bestows,
Are variously convey'd;
The human mind, like nature knows
Alternate light and shade.

While changing aspects all things wear,
Can we expect to find

Unclouded sunshine all the year,
Or constant peace of mind ?

More gaily smiles the blooming spring,
When wintry storms are o'er ;
Retreating sorrow thus may bring
Delights unknown before.

Then, Delia, send your fears away,
Nor sink in gloomy care,
Tho' clouds o'erspread the scene to-day,
To-morrow may be fair.



To AMIRA on her MARRIAGE.

WHILE round you hourly gratulations
rise,
And joy & happiness, (gay soothing sounds)
Salute your ear ; accept the artless wish
That friendship dictates, breathing from the
heart.

May gracious heaven the happy union
crown,
Propitious still and kind, with all the bliss
Which mortals can enjoy ; may health, and
peace,

And love, and friendship, guide the circling
hours.

Soft roll the circling hours, serene and fair,
Still brightening as they roll : may true
content

With kindly mixture sweeten every care,
'Till scarce the unpleasing tincture can be
found.

But earthly bliss is ever mix'd with pain,
And thorns among its flowery pleasures
grow.

May all the joys, the nobler, purer joys
Religion yields, be yours ; to fairer scenes,
And brighter prospects, may your hopes
ascend ;

While heaven-born faith presents a charm-
ing glimpse

Of that immortal paradise on high, [care,
Where pleasure blooms without a thorny
And friendship smiles beyond the reach of
pain.



The PLEASURES of SPRING.

NOW reigns the lovely spring in all her
pride,

And spreads her verdant robe, adorn'd with
flowers, [smile

Around the fields and meads; they cheerful
In her gay livery drest; the whispering
winds

Breathe soft, & on their balmy wings convey
Reviving sweets; the feathered choir awake
Their artless songs, and all the enchanting
scene

Is harmony and beauty: nature's charms
Subdue the heart, and every sense is fill'd!

But while the eye roves o'er the blooming
mead

With careless pleasure, or the listening ear
Attends the soothing musick of the grove;
Think, whither does the soft enchantment
tend?

Are nature's various beauties lent for this,
Only to please the sense? For nobler ends
The God of nature gave them. Nature
spreads

An open volume, were in every page
 We read the wonders of almighty power ;
 Infinite wisdom, and unbounded love.
 Here sweet instruction, entertaining truths
 Reward the searching mind, & onward lead
 Enquiring thought ; new beauties still unfold
 And opening wonders rise upon the view.
 The mind, rejoicing, comments as she reads ;
 While thro' the inspiring page, conviction
 glows,
 And warms to praise her animated powers.

How great, how glorious, is the sovereign
 hand,
 Which forms so beauteous every plant and
 flower,
 And on the vegetable world inscribes,
 In lively characters, his wonderous name ?
 While active life speaks in a thousand forms,
 Power, wisdom, and beneficence divine
 The parts of nature in their just proportion,
 Uniting, harmonizing, blend to form
 One perfect system ; truth & beauty smile,
 Inviting contemplation upward still,
 From step to step, till at their glorious source
 Arriv'd, the soul in low prostration bends,
 Adoring, with submissive, silent awe

The Great Unsearchable, the wonderful
 name, [reach !
 Which creature praise can never, never



On the SICKNESS of a FRIEND.

SHALL fond expectance lean on earthly
 friends, (die ;
 Since earthly friends, (alas !) are born to
 And disappointment waits, and grief attends
 The best, the dearest joys below the sky ?

Why will this wretched, this deluded heart
 So fast to earth's uncertain comforts cleave ?
 'Tis but to cherish pain, to treasure smart,
 And teach the unavailing sigh to heave.

Great source of good, attend my plaintive
 cries,
 My weakness with indulgent pity see,
 And teach this restless, anxious heart to rise
 And center all its hopes and joys in thee.

Then, should my dearest earthly comforts
 die, [depart ;
 Should every friend (distressing thought !)

My refuge, my unfailing friend on high,
Will never, never leave this trembling heart.

Should sorrow like a whelming deluge roll,
And gloomy death appear on every wave ;
Then hope, blest anchor, shall sustain my
soul, (grave.

And faith shall rise and triumph o'er the

Then shall I meet my much lov'd friends
above,

Safe landed on the ever-peaceful shore,

The blissful regions of immortal love,

Where happiness & friendship part no more.



The FETTERED MIND.

AH ! why should this immortal mind,
Enslav'd by sense, be thus confin'd,
And never, never rise ?

Why thus amus'd with empty toys,

And sooth'd with visionary joys,

Forget her native skies ?

The mind was form'd to mount sublime,

Beyond the narrow bounds of time,

• To everlasting things ;

But earthly vapours cloud her sight,
 And hang with cold oppressive weight
 Upon her drooping wings.

The world employs its various snares,
 Of hopes and pleasures, pains and cares,
 And chain'd to earth I lie :
 When shall my fetter'd powers be free,
 And leave these seats of vanity,
 And upward learn to fly.

Bright scenes of bliss, unclouded skies,
 Invite my soul : O could I rise,
 Nor leave a thought below ;
 I'd bid farewell to anxious care,
 And say to every tempting snare,
 Heaven calls, and I must go.

Heaven calls ! and can I yet delay ?
 Can ought on earth engage my stay ?
 Ah wretched, lingering heart !
 Come, LORD, with strength, and life, and
 Assist, and guide my upward flight, (light,
 And bid the world depart.

One word of thy resistless power,
 Can bid my joyful spirit soar,
 And scorn the feeble chain :

Come, bear my raptur'd thoughts above,
 On pinions of seraphic love ;
 And earth shall tempt in vain.

In vain, her syren voice may try,
 To lure me downward, from the sky,
 To this dark vale of tears ;
 How will her transient glories fade,
 And unregarded sink in shade, [pears }
 When heaven's bright dawn ap-

So, wandering meteors of the night,
 Amuse the weary traveller's sight,
 With fair deceitful ray ;
 But all their glimmering lustre flies,
 And every gay delusion dies,
 When Phœbus wakes the day.



To a FRIEND in TROUBLE.

IF when the tender sympathizing sigh,
 Swells the full heart, or melts the pitying
 eye,
 The soft compassion could convey relief,
 This heart should lessen, while it shar'd your
 grief.

Uncheck'd the sigh should rise, the sorrow
flow,

And pleasure mingle with the kindred woe.
But this is vain, 'tis not in nature's power
To cheer, with lightsome rays, the gloomy
hour.

The soothing voice of friendship may beguile
Our cares, & sorrow wear a transient smile.
Poor solace; soon the spreading gloom re-
turns, [mourns.

The heart that fain would comfort, only
Ah, wretched state! must friendship ever
share,

Yet never hope to ease the load of care,
Partake the anguish of infectious grief,
And wish, in vain, to bring a kind relief?
Ah, wretched state! each aking heart replies,
Till fainting, dying, hope begins to rise:
Hope, heaven-born comforter, with cheer-
ful air;

Sheds her kind lustre o'er the scenes of care;
Her gentle whisper calms the rising sigh,
And weeping sorrow lifts her tearful eye;
Nor lifts in vain, at his supreme command,
Who holds our welfare in his gracious hand:
His gracious hand alone, has power to heal,

Who pities, while he deals the pains we feel,
 The springs of life are his ; and cares and
 pains

Fulfil whate'er his sacred will ordains.

He knows what most we need : when skill
 divine

Presents a bitter draught, shall we repine ?

While mercy mingles all with lenient art,

To ease the anguish of the throbbing heart.

The steps of providence, though we in vain

Attempt to trace, while clouds o'erspread
 the scene ;

Its dealings all are just, and wise, and kind ;

Our lesson this—" Be humble and resign'd !

Thro' wilds & thorny paths our journey lies,

And darkness terrifies, and dangers rise.

O may our heavenly Father's guardian care,

Preserve our steps from every fatal snare :

Be his almighty arm our guide, our stay,

Through all the toils and terrors of the way.

No dangers can affright, if God is near,

A present God can banish every fear ;

His gracious smile can make the darkness fly

Smooth all the road, & brighten all the sky.

" He is our sun : " his soul-reviving light,

Alone, can chase the horrors of the night,

“ He is our shield :” when darts fly thick,
 around,
 They fall repell'd, and fix no deadly wound.
 Our GOD! our GUIDE! O may we never
 stray, [way ;
 But trust his care, and keep the heavenly
 Till safe we reach the happy seats of peace,
 And darkness, grief, and pain, and danger
 cease.

The ABSENT MUSE.

HOW soft roll'd the hours, how serene
 was my heart,

When the Muse my companion, & friend,
 Unknown to ambition, a stranger to art,
 Deign'd oft on my call to attend!

While she sooth'd all my cares, and my pas-
 sions to rest,] [stay ?

(Sweet moments, why would you not
 Delighted and easy, I thought myself blest,
 Nor envy'd the great, nor the gay.

Ye gentle delusions! ye dreams of delight!
 And will ye approach me no more?

Shall the scene be a desert, o'ershaded with
night,

Which was sunshine and Eden before ?

No, the pleasures were real, though soon
they withdrew ;

And my cares I will call a long dream ;

If the Muse will return, and present to my
view [theme.

The scenes which were once my glad

When Urania appears, o'er the field and
the grove,

New verdure and beauty shall rise ;

The prospect shall brighten where-ever I

And Eden again meet my eyes. [rove,

How vain the dear hope !—She despises the
lays

Which I once fondly thought she inspir'd ;

Unfetter'd, transported, with Hervey she
strays,

Applauded, belov'd, and admir'd.



The WASTE of TIME:

Occasioned by hearing these Lines repeated,

“ Another, and another, and the last,

“ Are copies of the dull, defective past.

“ THE DULL, DEFECTIVE ! ” 'tis too faint a name,

For vile ingratitude, for guilt, and shame !—
Such is my conduct, when I waste away
In trifles, or in indolence, a day.

Each future minute is beyond my power :
Can India's mines procure a single hour ?
O much-neglected time, thy worth how high !
Not thy least particle, the world can buy,
When heaven bestows this boon, it bids
employ,

(O blest command !) in seeking endless joy,
And shall my thoughtless heart, ungrateful,
waste

The present hour, as I have done the past ?
Forbid it, gracious God ! O let my soul
Obey reflection's strict, but kind controul ;
And humbly bend before that awful eye,
Which marks my squander'd minutes as
they fly ;

With deep contrition bend, and ardent pray
 That love may turn his angry frown away :
 Indulgent love through that atoning blood,
 In which alone I can approach to God,

To thee, great Advocate, to thee I fly,
 And on thy righteousness alone rely,
 O may thy spirit cleanse this guilty heart,
 My pardon seal, and strength divine impart ;
 And may my hours, if future hours are lent,
 To nobler, higher purposes be spent.



The DEATH-WATCH.

A DEATH-WATCH ! how distinct it
 beats !—in vain
 It beats to me, nor brings one anxious pain,
 Thou gloomy insect, oft inspiring fear,
 Dreadful to superstition's listening ear ;
 How many start to hear thy fancy'd knell,
 Dismal and solemn as a passing bell !

And why must harmless insects be ac-
 cus'd,
 When daily, hourly warnings are refus'd ?
 Each day, each hour, accosts my ear, or eye,
 Some monitor, which bids prepare to die,

See yonder stalk ! there lately grew a
flower,

'Tis gone, its glowing colours are no more.
That bush, where roses smil'd and breath'd
perfume ! [bloom !

How sweet their fragrance, and how gay their
A few days since they bloom'd, now dropt
and lost :

Frail mortal life, behold how vain thy boast !
Hark, near my side, the clock with solemn
sound, [round !

Tells me how time pursues his constant
Life on the wings of time flies swift away ;
My last will come, and this may be the day.
Each pain I feel, and every plaintive sigh,
What does it speak ? this truth—" I soon
must die."

Must die ! Is this a melancholy sound,
When endless life begins its blissful round ?
Thy poison'd arrow, death, wounds not the
heart, [part.

Which in the Saviour's blood can claim a
May this blest hope, (dear solace of my
soul !) [troul.

With heavenly comfort all my fears con-
While faith points upward to the blest abode

But ah, how short the bright untroubled
 hour! [lower,
 Soon clouds arise, and storms impending
 And oft they burst upon the fainting heart;
 Then friendship shews her noblest, kindest
 art, [bear
 Sustains the drooping powers, and helps to
 The well-divided load of mutual care,
 If griefs oppress, or threat'ning woes impend,
 Dear solace then, to find a real friend!
 He is a real friend, whose passions know
 The anguish of communicated woe;
 Who feels the deep distress when sorrow
 mourns,
 And from his inmost heart the sigh returns.
 The kindred sigh conveys a strange relief:
 How cordial is society in grief!
 Less are the woes, and lighter are the cares,
 Which gentle, sympathizing friendship
 shares. [bend,
 When humbly at the throne of grace we
 And ask its kindest blessings for a friend;
 When for a friend our warmest wishes rise
 In holy breathings to the pitying skies;
 The sacred precept warrants those desires,
 And heaven will sure approve, what heaven
 inspires,

O may I make my friends distress my
 own,
 Nor let my heart, unhappy, grieve alone :
 In sorrow, may I never want a friend,
 Nor when the wretched mourn, a tear to
 lend,

On CHILDREN'S PLAY.

OFT when the child in wanton play
 Exerts his little powers,
 And busy, trifling, toils away
 In sports the circling hours ;

We smile to see his infant mind
 So eager, so intent ;
 But growing years new follies find,
 As much on trifles bent.

Youth has its toys, when pleasure's charms
 The fond pursuit invite :
 But pleasure mocks the extended arms ;
 Vain shadow of delight !

What are the joys of riper age ?
 By time is folly cur'd ?
 No, trifles still the heart engage,
 And vanity matur'd.

If glittering riches tempt the eyes,
 An envy'd valu'd store ;
 Thus children shells and counters prize,
 And hoard and wish for more.

Or if aspiring fame employs
 The eager, gazing train ;
 The paper-kite of sportive boys,
 Is not more light and vain.

Unsatisfy'd, and tir'd at last,
 We must resign our breath,
 (Life's empty cares and follies past,)
 And evening close in death.

Thus children weary of their play,
 With fretfulness opprest,
 Throw all their little toys away,
 And gently sink to rest.

Happy the mind, by heaven inspir'd
 To scorn earth's empty toys ;
 And with divine ambition fir'd,
 Pursue sublimer joys !

Then, when the cares of life are o'er,
 The parting soul shall rise,
 And scenes of happiness explore,
 Immortal in the skies.

The PATH of LIFE.

WHAT is this world with all its gay
delights?

A gloomy wilderness of wide extent,
Where many winding paths perplex the
choice;

And lead the unwary traveller's feet astray.
Here smiles an easy smooth descending
road, [ing flowers :

In verdure cloath'd, and spread with bloom-
The scene how fair !—but ruin waits its
end. [thorns,

There rugged looks the path; thick set with
Where many toil their weary hours away
In search of happiness amid the dust. [see
What crouds of wretched, erring minds I
Still disappointed, yet persisting still,

All strangers to the way which leads to rest !
A thousand dangers, and a thousand snares
Attend their steps ; before them is a scene
Of various grief ; a labyrinth of woe ;

A dark, damp vale of tears. Though now
and then,

Prosperity's gay flattering sunshine smiles,
Its brightest day is short, declining fast

Shall scorch, nor cold adversity shall freeze.

Amid the devious labyrinth she marks

The path divine, where heavenly wisdom
leads [safe.

Her favour'd votaries ; narrow path, but

There real pleasures rise, and sacred peace

Attend their steps ; if thorny cares, too
near,

Inflict a wound, kind mercy instant pours

A sovereign balm, to ease the burning pain.

There walks humility with cautious step ;

On wisdom, gracious guide, she leans secure,

A thousand lurking snares her feet escape,

And o'er her head a thousand dangers fly,

Fly harmless. Patience there, and cheer-
ful hope, (eye

Walk hand in hand ; and faith with piercing

Looks forward thro' the shades, and joyful
marks

Her journey's end, the radiant seats of day.

“ Here, fix your choice ;” (immortal
wisdom cries,)

“ To you, O sons of men, to you I call :

“ O turn from erring folly. Fatal guide ;

“ Her way is danger, and it ends in death.

“ Turn to my path, here only can you find.
 “ Content, which wretched thousands seek
 in vain.

“ My path is safety ; and it leads to life,
 “ To life immortal, in the realms of bliss !”

Indulgent mercy wafts the heav'nly sound,
 Reviving to my heart ! Yes, glorious guide,
 To thy unerring conduct I resign
 My steps, and bless the ever-gracious pow'r,
 Which beam'd a ray of heaven o'er this
 dark wild,

And led my feet to thy celestial path,
 The path of peace, and life, and endless joy.



To the VOTARIES of PLEASURE.

YE mirthful tribes, who careless, vain
 and gay,

In pleasure's flowery paths, untiring stray ;
 Say, can you boast content ? Ah, no ; the
 sigh

Involuntary, breathes your sad reply.
 And conscience speaks : attend the friendly
 power ;

Indulge one serious, one reflecting hour.

Earth's soft allurements, empty, light and
vain,

Are dreams of joy; you wake to real pain.
When pleasure dawns, serenely fair and
bright, (night;

'Tis shaded soon with clouds, and lost in
Yet still you fondly court its flatt'ring smiles;
Again it glitters, and again beguiles;

Will you be tempted thus with painted
charms,

And follow shadows with extended arms?
While nobler pleasures stand neglected by,
Nor move your heart, nor raise your languid
eye? (choice,

Delights refin'd, and lasting, court your
And heavenly wisdom'sues with melting
voice:

"How long, deluded, wretched souls; how
long (song?

"Shall pleasure sooth you with her syren

"Ah fly the fatal smile, the enchanting
strain,

"And let the gay deceiver tempt in vain."

Turn at the friendly call; O yet be wise,
To real pleasures raise your cheated eyes.
May the kind admonition, deep impress,



Dwell on your hearts, and teach you to be
blest!

Think where you tread!—the path which
looks so gay,
Is ruin's sure, inevitable way.

Think—life immortal, or eternal death,
Precarious trembles on a moment's breath,
This single moment's yours—the next may
bear

Your souls to endless darkness and despair.
Fly from the world's deluding, tempting
wiles, (smiles:

While time is yours, and heavenly mercy
From sin, from all its soul-destroying
charms,

Fly to the great Redeemer's open arms.
Now with a gentle, kind, inviting voice,
He calls, he courts you to immortal joys,
O hear those winning accents, hear and prove
The boundless blessings of his pardoning
love. (sound

E'er long, that slighted voice, with dreadful
Shall with the keenest pangs of terror wound.
Shall wound those guilty souls, who dare
despise

His sov'reign grace; nor life nor glory prize.
Before his dreadful bar you must appear:

That awful, that tremendous hour, how near
 To you unknown; yet every moment brings
 The important period nearer on its wings.
 How will your now unmov'd, relentless heart
 Then bear the word, the dreadful word,
 Depart?

Depart condemn'd, accursed down to hell,
 Where black despair, and endless torment
 dwell?

In time reflect, and tremble at the view,
 The fatal path to death no more pursue.
 Fly for your lives, to safety instant fly;
 Ah, wretched lingering souls, why will you
 die? [day;

While heavenly patience lengthens out your
 And God's unerring word directs the way,
 O seize the fleeting hour, the precious Now,
 And at the Saviour's feet, for mercy bow.



On the PUBLIC FAST.

Feb. 6, 1756.

SEE, gracious God, before thy throne
 Thy mourning people bend!
 'Tis on thy sovereign grace alone,
 Our humble hopes depend.

* Tremendous judgments from thy hand,
 The dreadful power display;
 Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
 And yet we live to pray.

Great God, and why is Britain spar'd,
 Ungrateful as we are?

O be these awful warnings heard,
 While mercy cries forbear.

What numerous crimes increasing rise
 O'er all this wretched isle!

What land so favour'd of the skies,
 And yet what Land so vile?

How chang'd, alas! are truths divine,
 For error, guilt, and shame!

What impious numbers, bold in sin,
 Disgrace the christian name!

O bid us turn, Almighty Lord,
 By thy resistless grace;

Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
 And humbly seek thy face.

Then should insulting foes invade,
 We shall not sink in fear;

Secure of never failing aid,
 If God, our God, is near.

* Earthquake at Lisbon, &c.

NATIONAL JUDGMENTS *deprecatæ.*

† **ON THE FAST.** Feb. 11, 1757.

WHILE Justice waves her vengeful
hand

Tremendous o'er a guilty land,
Almighty God, thy awful power,
With fear and trembling, we adore.

Where shall we fly, but to thy feet?
Our only refuge is thy seat;
Thy seat, where potent mercy pleads,
And holds thy thunder from our heads.

While peace and plenty bless'd our days,
Where was the tribute of thy praise?
Ungrateful race! how have we spent
The blessings which thy goodness lent!

Pale famine now, and wasting war,
With threat'ning frown thy wrath declare;
But war and famine are thy slaves,
Nor can destroy when mercy saves.

Look down, O Lord, with pitying eyes,
Though loud our enemies for vengeance cry,
Let mercy's louder voice prevail,
Nor thy long suffering patience fail.

Encourag'd by thy sacred word,
 May we not plead the blest record,
 That when a humble nation mourns,
 Thy rising wrath to pity turns,

O let thy sovereign grace impart
 Contrition to each rocky heart,
 And bid sincere repentance flow,
 A general, undissembled woe.

Our arms; O God of armies, bless,
 (Thy hand alone can give success,)
 And make our haughty neighbours own
 That heaven protects the British Throne,

Fair smiling peace again restore,
 With plenty bless the pining poor,
 And may a happy thankful land
 Obdient own thy guardian hand,

*On the SAME, PLEADING for
 MERCY,*

COME, let our souls adore the Lord,
 Whose judgments yet delay,
 Who yet suspends the lifted sword,
 And gives us leave to pray.

In armies, fleets, or strong allies,
 No more we place our trust;
 On God alone, our hope relies,
 Kind, potent, wise and just.

Great is our guilt, our fears are great;
 But let us not despair;
 Still open is the mercy-seat
 To penitence and prayer.

Kind Intercessor, to thy love
 This blessed hope we owe;
 O let thy merits plead above,
 While we implore below.

O gracious God, for Jesus' sake,
 Attend thy Britain's cry;
 Nor let the kindling vengeance break
 Destructive from thine eye.

Though Justice near thy awful throne,
 Attends thy dread command,
 Lord, hear thy servants, hear thy Son,
 And save a guilty land.



National **JUDGMENTS**, and **MERCIES**
 a **CALL** to **REPENTANCE!**

Nov. 1757.

LONG has divine compassion store ;
 With this rebellious land ;
 O Justice, long has pleading love
 Withhold thy dreadful hand.

At length, ye Britons, lift your eyes,
 Your crimes no more pursue ;
 Behold the gathering tempest rise,
 And tremble at the view !

See, fraught with vengeance how it spreads !
 To mercy instant fly ;
 E'er yet it burst upon your heads,
 Repent, repent—or die.

Late raging * storm, 'twas mercy stay'd,
 Her voice destruction heard,
 The impetuous winds her voice obey'd,
 And awful Justice spar'd.

* Off *Louisburgh*.

Shall every warning be in vain
 Your ruin to prevent ?
 Indulgent mercy calls again,
 Return, repent ! repent !

The voice, ye Britons, hear with awe,
 O hear, and turn to God ;
 Lest mercy, long abus'd, withdraw,
 And leave you to the rod :

Almighty God, thy powerful grace
 Can change us, and forgive ;
 Can save a guilty rebel race,
 And say, Repent, and live.

O let thy powerful grace appear,
 And Justice sheath her sword ;
 Then shall a rescued nation fear,
 And love, and praise the Lord.

The INVOCATION.

SAY, gentle Muse, who oft has deign'd
 With humble solitude to dwell ;
 Whose cheering visits, in the lonely cell,
 With tuneful numbers sooth'd my pain,
 And bade the sadly pleasing strain,

To ease my woe,
 Harmonious flow;
 And pensive care sat list'ning while my song
 complain'd.

Say, wilt thou ne'er return ?

And must I ever mourn ?

And must I ever tune in vain

The dull unanimated strain ?

O come, the languid notes inspire,

Once more awake the sacred lyre,

And teach my song on stronger wings to rise.

Unmindful of her heavenly birth,

My groveling soul sinks down to earth ;

And while she tries

In vain to rise,

Clouds interpose, and veil the distant skies.

Come, sweet URANIA, come, thy cheering

Once more impart, [power

To warm my heart :

To thee, I would devote this solemn, silent
 hour.

Retir'd from company and noise,

Amusement flies ; her idle fluttering train

Reflection, sighing, owns are empty, light

and vain,

And bids my heart aspire to nobler joys.

To nobler joys than earth bestows,
 Were earth, in all her fairest charms,
 To lure my eyes, and tempt my arms,
 And try to gain my heart.

My heart replies
 In painful sighs,
 Vain world, depart!

Thy soft allurements all are vain;
 Thy sweetest pleasures are but gilded woes,
 Thy brightest scenes are clouded soon, and
 darkening end in pain.

Come heav'n born Faith, fair seraph come;
 How weak the muse's power without thy aid!
 Thy radiant eye can pierce the gloom,
 Can guide her doubtful flight,
 Beyond the seats of night,
 And point afar
 The Morning-star,
 Which cheers with heaven's sweet dawn
 this mortal shade!

Here let my invocation end;
 Or rather here begin!
 Bright morning-star, thy blissful ray
 Can chase this mortal shade away,
 This night of death and sin.

Before thy all-enlivening eye,
 Death, sin, and fear, and terror fly,
 And hope looks up and hails the rising day.
 Then comfort smiles, desire and faith ascend,
 Kind messenger of life, on thee my hopes
 depend.

Bright morning-star, when wilt thou rise
 On this benighted heart ?
 Thou art my light, and thou my guide ;
 O come, and bless my longing eyes,
 Dispel these gloomy clouds which hide
 Thy soul reviving light ; [night,
 Break with immortal radiance, thro' the
 And in thy healing beams, the dawn of heaven
 impart.

Thy beams alone can bring my day ;
 O shine with soul-attracting ray,
 Till darkness, sin, and doubt resign,
 And raise my languid heart, and bid my hope
 aspire
 To bliss unmingled and refin'd ;
 Bright scenes unknown below,
 Without a shade of woe.
 Immortal pleasures, worthy of the mind !
 Then shall the muse awake the sacred lyre ;

Then shall her sweetest notes harmonious
 rise, [skies,
 And bear my thoughts enraptur'd to the
 While love and thankful joy the votive song
 inspire.

To FLORIO.

FOR blooming happiness young Florio
 sighs ;

And yonder, see, the lovely stranger wait
 Desire, impatient, sparkles in his eyes,
 'Till wealth conduct her smiling to his gate,

Here, Florio, take this glass, § and look again;
 You'll find 'tis distance makes her seem so
 fair. [vain—

She must be your's,—nor shall you sigh in
 Not blooming happiness, but wrinkled care :

Companion of your life, for heaven ordains
 That care, with riches, is a constant guest ;
 Yet fond, mistaking mortal's court her chains,
 And think her tyrant sway will make them
 blest.

§ *The Bible.*

But upward point that glass of truth, and see
 A fairer guest, descending from the sky,
 Celestial hope ! 'tis she, my friend, 'tis she
 Who never pains the heart, or cheats the eye.

Kind hope, she rules the mind with sweet
 controul,

Her voice is harmony ! propitious fair !
 She calms, inspires, and animates the soul,
 And wins a smile from gloomy frowning care.

Care plants a thorny forest on the plain,
 And teasing, bids you trace that forest o'er
 In search of happiness, but still in vain
 Your weary steps the mazy wild explore.

Celestial hope relieves your anxious mind,
 While through the gloom the dear supporter
 guides

Your doubtful way, and whispers, " You
 shall find

(" Tho' distant far) where happiness resides.

" See the shades open!—now direct your eye

" A beam of glory points her bright abode,

" Beyond the reach of care above the sky :

" This glass, this faithful glass will shew the
 road."

To *BELINDA*.

BELINDA to her utmost wish is blest !
 But stay, my friend—that hasty
 thought review—

New wishes yet will rise to break your rest ;
 And if not lasting, can your bliss be true ?

True happiness is not the growth of earth,
 The toil is fruitless if you seek it there ;
 'Tis an exotic of celestial birth,
 And never blooms, but in celestial air.

Sweet plant of paradise, its seeds are sown
 In here and there a mind of heav'nly mold ;
 It rises slow, and buds, but ne'er is known
 To blossom fair the climate is too cold.

Ah no, Belinda, you have only found
 Some flower that charms your fancy, gaily
 drest

In shining dyes, a native of the ground,
 And think you are of happiness possess.

But mark its date, to-morrow you may find
 The colours fade, the lovely form decay :
 And can that pleasure satisfy the mind,
 Which blooms, and fades, the solace of a
 day ?

O may your erring wishes learn to rise
Beyond the transient bliss which fancy
knows !

Search not on earth, explore its native skies,
There happiness in full perfection grows.

RESIGNATION.

WEARY of these low scenes of night,
My fainting heart grows sick of
time,

Sighs for the dawn of sweet delight,
Sighs for a distant, happier clime !

Ah why that sigh ?—peace, coward heart,
And learn to bear thy lot of woe :
Look round—how easy is thy part,
To what thy fellow-sufferers know.

Are not the sorrows of the mind
Entail'd on every mortal birth ?
Convinc'd, hast thou not long resign'd
The flattering hope of bliss on earth ?

'Tis just, 'tis right ; thus he ordains,
Who form'd this animated clod ;
That needful cares, instructive pains,
May bring the restless heart to God.

In him, my soul, behold thy rest,
 Nor hope for bliss below the sky :
 Come Resignation to my breast,
 And silence every plaintive sigh.

Come Faith, and Hope, celestial pair !
 Calm Resignation waits on you ;
 Beyond these gloomy scenes of care,
 Point out a soul-enlivening view,

Parent of good, 'tis thine to give,
 These cheerful graces to the mind :
 Smile on my soul, and bid me live
 Desiring, hoping, yet resign'd !

Thy smile,—sweet dawn of endless day !
 Can make my weary spirit blest ;
 While on my Father's hand I stay,
 And in his love securely rest.

My Father, dear, delightful name !
 Replete with life, and joy sincere !
 O wilt thou gracious, seal my claim,
 And banish every anxious fear !

Then, cheerful shall my heart survey
 The toils, and dangers of the road ;
 And patient keep the heavenly way,
 Which leads me homewards to my God.

AN EVENING-WALK.

FROM the philosophic grove,
 Where enlarg'd ideas rove,
 In earth, or air, collecting sweets divine :
 Or the lonely rural cell,
 Where the humble virtues dwell,
 Unenvy'd dwell! and yet how fair they shine!

Meditation, pleasing guest!
 Come to this desiring breast,
 And make it, like the evening air, serene!
 See, what cheerful verdure spreads
 O'er the fields, and o'er the meads,
 And trace the beauties of the vernal scene.

Beauties, ah how short their boast!
 Now they bloom—and now they're lost,
 And all that looks so gay, shall cease to
 charm!

—Melancholy thought—away—
 Not in vain is nature gay,
 She bids expectant hope the bosom warm.

Hope with ever-cheerful eye,
 O'er yon verdant fields can spy
 Fair plenty pour profuse the future bread

On the rosy-blossom'd trees,
Smiling—fading—how she sees
Autumnal fruits, their richer beauties spread.

Meditation, come away,
Hope attends thee, ever gay ;
Come sweet companions, tune my artless
lays !

Nature's every various grace,
While my thoughts with wonder trace,
O may that wonder wake my heart to praise !

Can I view with languid thought,
All the scene with blessings fraught,
Nor own the bounteous hand from whence
they flow ?

See, how wisdom, goodness, power,
Join to bid my heart adore,
And pay the debt of praise I hourly owe !

Praise, a tribute ah how poor !
Language, what is all thy store,
My boundless obligations to display ?
Bid the earth-born reptile try,
Looking upward to the sky,
To count the blessings of the source of day,

Faint are all the notes I raise,
Lord, accept my wish to praise !

Triumphant mercy!—how divinely bright!
 How angels gaz'd, and wonder'd at the sight!
 Had angels cause of wonder? Man has more;
 Yes, dearest LORD, I wonder, love, adore!
 My Saviour, O permit my humble trust,
 Permit my soul, tho' mourning in the dust,
 To look to thee, my hope, my only stay?
 And sure, thou wilt not frown my soul away,
 For thou art love; thou wilt not say, "De-
 part,"

But, "give me, trembling sinner, all thy
 [heart."

To thee, my heart, dear Saviour, I resign,
 Thy grace, with sweet constraint can make
 it thine! [alone

Vile wretched heart! thy powerful grace
 Can cleanse, renew, and make it all thy own,
 O let thy love, thy all-prevailing love,
 Possess my heart, and every fear remove!
 Then shall my soul assert her joyful claim,
 Great Mediator, in thy worthy name!
 Then shall I say, my GOD, with full delight,
 While all his promises my trust invite!
 My GOD, transporting accents! bliss divine!
 Indulge the claim, O let me call thee mine!
 O may my panting heart to thee aspire,
 With restless wishes, with intense desire,

'Till full assurance of thy love impart
 The dawn of heaven to my enraptur'd heart!

Ah what is earth, with all her flatt'ring
 toys?

Ye dreams begone—I seek substantial joys,
 Substantial joys those glorious words contain,
 My God!—let not my heart repeat in vain,
 My God!—O seal my claim, and I am
 blest!

Here my hope terminates, my wishes rest,
 Of full, unbounded happiness possest.

The PROSPECT.

TO Melancholy, softly-pensive power,
 As late I gave the solitary hour;
 Before my thoughts, in long succession, rose
 The sadly-varied train of human woes.
 To contemplation's mount, (serene retreat!)
 The muse indulgent led my willing feet;
 And while I view'd the extended prospect
 round, [sound.
 She bade the soothing, plaintive lyre re-
 Here, on a verdant plain bespread with
 flowers,

The sons of mirth indulge their sprightly
 powers; [and gay,
 With roses crown'd, how blithsome, light,
 They dance and sing the flying hours away;
 Reflection, care, and foresight, all retreat,
 For here hath pleasure only fix'd her seat:
 Her wretched votaries court her silken
 chains

For present joy, nor dream of future pains.
 Death ready arm'd attends, and marks un-
 seen,

His fated victims in the mirthful scene.

Ha!—whence that groan?—from yonder
 gloomy cell:

So near the seats of joy, can anguish dwell?

Yes keenest anguish there and terror reign:

Oh, would the thoughtless, laughing, frolic
 train

Attend, nor let the warning groan be vain!

Unlike to these, yon restless tribe behold!
 Their lives, incessant toil; their idol, gold:
 Close at their heels attends corroding care,
 On either side, distrust and anxious fear.
 To friendship strangers, and to social joys;
 The wish of wealth their sordid souls em-
 ploys.

Their hopes, their cares, are lost in glitter-
ing dust :

The toil how fruitless ! and how vain the
trust !

Insidious death prepares his ruthless dart,
To rend the idol from the bleeding heart.

And now a different scene my eye surveys,
An eager throng, the candidates for praise.
To gain the envied height, where fame be-
stows [glows.

Her fairest wreath, each panting bosom
The glorious prize inspires their ardent toils,
Till on their brow the dear-bought laurel
smiles.

Behold the sons of valour, learning, wit ;
High on an eminence sublime they sit,
With crouds of flatterers fawning at their
feet.

But see, malignant envy stealing nigh !
She breathes—the tainted laurels droop and
die.

The changeful many mark the dire disgrace,
And pluck the little pageants from their
place.

Surprizing change ! almost ador'd before
Now nam'd with infamy, or nam'd no more,

Such mournful scenes, what heart un-
mov'd could bear ?

Soft pity dropp'd the unavailing tear.

“ Ah, wretched mortals ! a deluded train !

“ Their hopes, their joys, their busy cares,
“ how vain ;” [boast ?

Are gifts like these, O earth, thy proudest

Thy favorites prove their value to their cost.

'Tis then their real estimate we know,

When fame, wealth, pleasure, end in death
or woe.

The view how doleful, did there not appear

A few of mien sedate, and cheerful air.

A happy few, whom true religion guides,

Points out their path, and o'er their steps
presides ! [tains ;

When griefs oppress, her gentle hand sus-

Her cheering voice can soften all their pains.

Tho' arrows wing'd with danger, fly around,

She wards the stroke, or heals the smarting
wound.

Her sacred dictates they with joy obey,

Nor wish to leave the heaven-directed way

Nor fame allures, nor pleasure's silken
chain, [detain :

Nor glittering dust, their nobler thoughts

Desire and hope sit smiling in their eyes,

With patience temper'd ; while the distant
 skies [care,
 Attract their upward glance, and speak their
 And speak their joy and expectation there.
 Hail heaven-taught minds ! my heart your
 friendship claims ;
 Be mine your cares, and hopes, your joys
 and aims.

O for a beam of glory from above,
 To bid the intervening clouds remove ;
 From earth's low dregs to purge the visual
 ray,
 And clear my prospect to the realms of day.
 Dim is the eye of sense ; but faith supplies
 (Inspir'd by heaven) what feeble sense de-
 In revelation's glass, celestial aid [nies
 Applied by faith, what wonders are display'd !
 What boundless glories open to the view !
 And joys for ever bright ! for ever new !
 Unfading honours ! pleasures all refin'd !
 And riches lasting as the immortal mind !
 There full delight, a boundless river, flows !
 There unforbid, the tree of knowledge grows !
 And there the tree of life invites the taste
 To fruits celestial, an immortal feast !
 There an unfading verdure cloaths the plains,

The path where pleasure spreads the tempt-
ing snare : [earth :

Teach me to scorn the joys of treasur'd
Ignoble aim, unworthy of my birth,

Beneath my hopes ; nor let deluding fame

Allure me with the empty sound, a name,

Thy favour is my wish ; for this alone,

Is honour, boundless pleasure, wealth un-
known: [play,

My GOD, my guide, thy guardian care dis-

And let thy blissful presence cheer my way,

Thro' life's bewildered maze, in every scene,

My light in darkness my support in pain.

At death's approach, O let thy smile impart

Celestial consolation to my heart ;

Thy gracious smile shall banish every fear,

And gentle death without a frown appear :

Kind messenger, to bear me to my GOD,

To dwell for ever in thy bright abode !



Desiring to bid ADIEU to the WORLD.

VEXATIOUS world, thy flattering snares

Too long have held my easy heart ;

And shalt thou still engross my cares ?

Vain world, depart.

I want delights thou canst not give,
 Thy joys are bitterness and woe ;
 My pining spirit cannot live
 On ought below,

Enchanting prospects court the eye,
 And gay alluring pleasures smile ;
 But in the fond pursuit they die :
 Ah fruitless toil !

But grief, substantial grief is here,
 As gloomy as Egyptian night ;
 When will the smiling dawn appear
 Of true delight ?

How oft convinc'd shall I complain
 That happiness can not be found ?
 Yet sighing, mourning, still in vain,
 Cleave to the ground.

Look, Sovereign Goodness from the skies,
 Look down with gently-pitying eye ;
 O bid my fainting spirit rise :
 To thee I sigh,

With beams of sweet celestial light,
 Dispel the dark oppressive gloom ;
 Display the mansions of delight,
 And bid me come,

Those shining realms of endless day
 Could I one happy moment view,
 Then should my soul with transport say,
 Vain world, adieu.



*Occasioned by reading Mr. GRAY's
 HYMN to ADVERSITY.*

O KIND Adversity, thou friend to truth!
 By thee to virtue form'd, the human
 mind

Disdains the vanities of heedless youth;
 How roving else, and ignorant and blind!

When flattering fortune shines with gaudy
 blaze,

In fascinating chains she holds the eye;
 The mind is lost in error's fatal maze,
 And dreams of lasting bliss below the sky.

Thy friendly admonitions rouse the soul,
 Conviction rises strong to break the snare;
 Truth, (heavenly guide!) appears with kind
 controul,

And fortune's painted scenes are lost in air.

Which in the uncultur'd mind luxuriant rise;
Then heavenly wisdom sows her precious
seeds,

Nor shall they want the blessing of the skies.

But O may heaven thy rigorous hand re-
strain, [stroy!

May'st thou correct and teach, but not de-
Thy needful lessons then shall not be vain,
And thy short sorrows work my lasting joy,

*To a Friend, on the DEATH of
a CHILD.*

LIFE is a span, a fleeting hour,
How soon the vapour flies!

Man is a tender transient flower,
That ev'n in blooming dies!

Death spreads like winter's frozen arms,
And beauty smiles no more:

Ah! where are now those rising charms
Which pleas'd our eyes before.

The once lov'd form now cold and dead,
Each mournful thought employs;

And nature weeps her comforts fled,
And wither'd all her joys.

But wait the interposing gloom,
 And lo, stern winter flies !
 And drest in beauty's fairest bloom,
 The flowery tribes arise.

Hope looks beyond the bounds of time ;
 When what we now deplore,
 Shall rise in full immortal prime,
 And bloom to fade no more.

Then cease fond nature, cease thy tears,
 Religion points on high ;
 There everlasting spring appears,
 And joys that cannot die.

To DELIA, PENSIVE.

SAY, Delia, whence these cares arise,
 These anxious cares which rack your
 If heaven is infinitely wise, [breast ?
 What heaven ordains, is right, is best.

'Tis wisdom, mercy, love divine,
 Which mingles blessings with our cares,
 And shall our thankless hearts repine
 That we obtain not all our prayers?

From diffidence our sorrows flow ;
 Short-sighted mortals, weak and blind,
 Bend down their eyes to earth and woe,
 And doubt if providence is kind.

Should heaven with every wish comply,
 Say would the grant relieve the care ?
 Perhaps the good for which we sigh,
 Might change its name, and prove a snare.

Were once our vain desires subdu'd,
 The will resign'd, the heart at rest ;
 In every scene we should conclude,
 The will of heaven is right, is best.

SPRING and AUTUMN.

WHEN Spring displays her various
 sweets,
 And opening blossoms cheer the eyes,
 And fancy every beauty meets,
 Whence does the pleasing transport rise ?
 Soon will their transient date expire,
 They fly and mock the fond pursuit ;
 New pleasures then the thought inspire,
 And bounteous Autumn yields her fruit.

Where smiling beauties charm'd the sight,
 Whose fragrance bless'd the vernal hours ;
 Nectarious fruits the taste invite,
 And compensate for faded flowers.

Thus, when the spring of youth decays,
 Though deck'd with blossoms sweet and fair,
 Autumn a nobler scene displays,
 If fruits of virtue flourish there.

For this, the vernal buds arise ;
 But if no useful virtues grow,
 Their worthless beauty quickly flies,
 And blossoms only serv'd for show.

To VARIO.

GO, Vario, trace creation's ample round,
 In search of happiness your cares
 employ ;

And when the dear, important good is found,
 Say is it permanent, or real joy ?

If real, why when distant pleasures rise,
 Does glad expectance sparkle in your eye ?
 Say, why when near, the satisfaction flies,
 And disappointment heaves the painful sigh ?

On every heart ; and may Amira be
A living monument of grateful praise.

New mercies call for new returns of love
And glad obedience, to the bounteous hand
From whence they flow, thro' all our future
lives.

When sorrows rise, let sweet reflection call
Past favours o'er ; and while we wondering
trace

The steps of providence, adoring own [all,
Power, wisdom, love and truth, display'd in
And these can never change ; here let our
souls [cline.

With humble trust, and cheerful hope re-
May every pain be sweeten'd by content,
And calm submission to a Father's hand.

A father ! O endearing, tender name !

And will the Lord of angels condescend
To call us children ? Yes, almighty love
With more than tenderness paternal, deigns
To sooth our cares ; how kind his gentle
hand,

Who while he chastens, pities, and supports
Our fainting spirits ! though an angry frown
Becloud his face, how soon the gloom with-
draws !

How soon divine forgiveness smiles serene !

O may his mercies be our constant theme,
And warm our hearts, and tune our lips to
praise,

And heighten joy to transport, while we view
The boundless spring of bliss from whence
they flow ;

Who bids our hope aspire to greater joys :
To joys beyond the reach of time or care,
Reserv'd for those who love him ! may our
hearts

Rise often on the wings of faith and love
To those divine abodes, where not a cloud
Of pain or sorrow spreads a moment's gloom,
To shade the blissful scene, for God unveils
His radiant face, and spreads eternal day.



*To the SAME, on the DEATH of her
CHILD.*

SO fades the lovely, blooming flower

Frail, smiling solace of an hour !

So soon our transient comforts fly,

And pleasure only blooms to die !

To certain trouble we are born,

Hope to rejoice, but sure to mourn.

Ah wretched effort ! sad relief,
 To plead necessity of grief !
 Is there no kind, no lenient art,
 To heal the anguish of the heart ?
 To ease the heavy load of care,
 Which nature must, but cannot bear ?
 Can reason's dictates be obey'd ?
 Too weak, alas, her strongest aid !
 O let religion then be nigh,
 Her comforts were not made to die ;
 Her powerful aid supports the soul,
 And nature owns her kind controul ;
 While she unfolds the sacred page,
 Our fiercest griefs resign their rage.
 Then gentle patience smiles on pain,
 And dying hope revives again ;
 Hope wipes the tear from sorrows eye,
 And faith points upward to the sky ;
 The promise guides her ardent flight,
 And joys unknown to sense invite,
 Those blissful regions to explore,
 Where pleasure blooms to fade no more.



The COMFORTS of RELIGION.

O BLEST Religion, heavenly fair!
 Thy kind, thy healing power,
 Can sweeten pain, alleviate care,
 And gild each gloomy hour.

When dismal thoughts, and boding fears,
 The trembling heart invade ;
 And all the face of nature wears,
 An universal shade :

Thy sacred dictates can assuage
 The tempest of the soul,
 And every fear shall lose its rage
 At thy divine controul,

Through life's bewilder'd, darksome way,
 Thy hand unerring leads ;
 And o'er the path thy heavenly ray
 A cheering lustre sheds.

When feeble reason, tir'd and blind,
 Sinks helpless and afraid ;
 Thou blest supporter of the mind,
 How powerful is thy aid !

O let my heart confess thy power,
 And find thy sweet relief,
 To brighten every gloomy hour,
 And soften every grief.

*The Desire of KNOWLEDGE a Proof
of IMMORTALITY.*

WHAT is this thinking power, this
active mind, [can bound?
Which nought on earth can satiate, nought
Restless it roams the wide creation o'er
In search of something more, than sense
can give.

Whate'er delights the senses, must decline ;
'Tis short-liv'd pleasure, momentary joy !
The senses soon are tir'd, and sink to rest,
The mind unsatisfy'd, looks onward still,
And asks delights, more noble and refin'd,
More permanent and full ; 'tis knowledge
fires [suit,
Its ardent wish, and tempts the warm pur-
This is the food of minds ! 'tis angels food !
Those happy spirits feast with full delight,—
But here, we only taste, and long to feed.

Surely, the mind must be akin to heaven ;
For heaven, all-wise, and infinitely good,
Implants not these sublime desires in vain.
If nought, below immortal joys, can fill
The mind, the mind must be immortal too.

And all the toys of sense shall rise enlarg'd
To perfect freedom, and unbounded bliss,



1 COR. 13 *Chap.* PARAPHRAS'D.

WERE all the power of elocution mine,
An angel's voice, and harmony
divine:

The boasted gifts, with charity uncrown'd,
Were like the tinkling cymbal's empty
sound. [eye,

Endow'd with knowledge—tho' before my
Display'd the ample fields of science lie;

The power of miracles could I attain,
If charity be wanting, all is vain!

To feed the hungry, and relieve the poor,
Should zeal mistaken lavish all my store;

Nay should I give my body to the flame,
And win the glory of a martyr's name:

If charity be absent, all is lost,

My zeal is but an empty, idle boast!

Sweet charity, long-suffering, meek and
kind,

Inspires with peace and joy the humble mind.

Our hearts, so late oppress'd with fear,
 Forget the anxious sigh ;
 And dawning pleasures now appear,
 In every kindred eye.

Propitious heaven that smil'd before,
 To make Philander blest ;
 Indulgent sends this blessing more,
 And sweetens all the rest.

The dear-lov'd blessing while we view,
 And pleasing passions rise,
 Be love and praise, so justly due,
 Paid grateful to the skies.

With love supreme be heaven ador'd ;
 Still may our passions own,
 The bounteous giver as their LORD,
 Nor idolize the boon.

To the MOTHER.

SAY, while you press, with growing love,
 The darling to your breast,
 And all a mother's pleasures prove,
 Are you entirely blest ?

Ah, no ! a thousand tender cares
 By turns your thoughts employ,
 Now rising hopes, now anxious fears,
 And grief succeeds to joy.

Dear innocent, her lovely smiles
 With what delight you view !
 But every pain the infant feels,
 The mother feels it too.

Then whispers busy cruel fear,
 The child, alas, may die !
 And nature prompts the ready tear,
 And heaves the rising sigh.

Say, does not heaven our comforts mix
 With more than equal pain ;
 To teach us if our hearts we fix
 On earth, we fix in vain ?

Then, be our earthly joys resign'd,
 Since here we cannot rest :
 For earthly joys were ne'er design'd
 To make us fully blest.



The TULIP and the VIOLET.

SEE yonder gaudy tulip rise,
 And to the sun her leaves display;
 My fancy gives her voice and eyes,
 And thus the boaster seems to say.

“ Queen of the gay parterre I reign;
 “ My glowing dyes, how bright they shine!
 “ The flowers unfold their bloom in vain;
 “ No flower has charms to rival mine.

“ By nature meant for regal sway,
 “ Tall and majestic I appear;
 “ Ye subject tribes, your queen obey,
 “ My high command, submissive hear.

“ When I unfold my matchless bloom,
 “ And to the noon my beauties spread;
 “ Let no aspiring flower presume,
 “ Near me to lift her abject head.”

The flowers are silent while she speaks,
 And only blush to hear her pride.

The silence now a Violet breaks,
 That crept, unheeded, near her side.

“ Thy arrogance, imperious flower,
 “ To real worth hath made thee blind;

- " Thy vaunted beauties of an hour,
 " Are charms of an inferior kind.
 " From thee no fragrant odours breathe
 " No healing gift thy leaves bestow ;
 " The flowers thou view'st with scorn
 beneath,
 " Can more pretence to merit show.
 " The cowslip's virtues, and thy own,
 " Let man, let grateful man confess ;
 " To him our real worth is known,
 " Thee he admires but for thy dress."

The friendly hint, ye listening fair,
 Reflection bids the muse apply ;
 Let useful virtues be your care,
 Nor boast your power to please the eye,

CAPTIVITY.

CAPTIVITY.

ANGELS, happy spirits, say
 When you trace the airy way,
 Sent on messages of love,
 From the radiant courts above,
 Down to these abodes of night,
 Far from empyrean light ;

B

Say, can blest immortals know,
 Sympathy for human woe,
 While you view the scenes of pain,
 Captives struggling with their chain?
 Hated chain, that binds to earth
 Spirits of etherial birth;
 Birth at first to yours akin,
 Now enslav'd alas! by sin;
 Cursed sin, the source of woe,
 All the miseries below,
 From the hateful tyrant flow!
 Yet we bear the cruel chain,
 Only now and then complain;
 Now and then, with mournful eye
 Raise a wish, and breathe a sigh,
 Upward to our native sky.
 But how soon to liberty,
 Cold and negligent are we,
 Sink supine, and dream of ease!
 How, alas! can fetters please?
 Can we hope for crowns on high,
 Yet content in bondage lie,
 Exiles from the blest abode,
 Far from glory, far from God?
 Surely if the sons of bliss
 Feel a grief it must be this,

O for one celestial ray
 From the shining seats of day !
 Sun of Righteousness arise,
 Chase the slumbers from our eyes,
 Melt the chains with heavenly fire :
 Fervent love and strong desire,
 From thy love alone begin :
 Thou canst break the power of sin ;
 Thou canst bid our spirits rise,
 Free and joyful, to the skies ;
 Liberty and joy divine,
 Sun of Righteousness, are thine.



*A REFLECTION, occasioned by the Death
 of a NEIGHBOUR.*

A **N**OTHER awful warning heaven has
 sent [abroad ;
 To rouse my slumbering soul ;—Death is
 Close at my side he twangs his deadly bow,
 Unerring flies the shaft, Sarissa falls ;
 In life's gay bloom she falls ; yet I am spar'd !
 But wherefore this indulgence ? Gracious
 God,
 By this new admonition, teach my heart,

Dispels my fears, while here I fix my trust,
 Almighty love, thou art the fountain-head
 Of all the joys, which swell the unbounded sea
 Of bliss immortal!—JESUS, am I safe? [all?
 And art thou mine, my LORD, my life, my
 O speak the assuring word, and I am blest?
 Death shall resign his terrors; let him strike,
 Encircled in thy arms I'm safe for ever,
 For thy eternity of joy is mine,

INGRATITUDE REPROVED.

YE warblers of the vernal shade,
 Whose artless music charms my ear,
 Your lively songs, my heart upbraid,
 My languid heart how insincere!
 While all your little powers collected raise
 A tribute to your great Creator's praise.

Ye lovely offspring of the ground,
 Flowers of a thousand beauteous dyes,
 You spread your Maker's glory round,
 And breathe your odours to the skies:
 Unsully'd, you display your lively bloom,
 Unmingled, you present your sweet perfume,

SUBMISSION to GOD under AFFLICTION and desiring SUPPORT.

GREAT God, I own thy justice, while
 beneath
 The stroke of thy chastising rod I bend ;
 Nor dares this wretched, guilty heart repine.
 Far less I feel than merit, every stroke
 How gentle! smiling mercy breaks its force,
 And soft it lights, nor gives a fatal wound.
 O let my soul the wonderous power confess
 Of sovereign mercy, and adore the hand,
 Whose just rebukes, with kind indulgence
 mix'd, [feet,
 Are meant to teach, reclaim, and guide my
 Too apt to rove, forgetful of the way,
 Forgetful of the end. A crown of life,
 Of life immortal, is the glorious prize
 (Free gift of boundless grace!) which in the
 view
 Of faith and humble love thy word displays,
 Obtain'd by sufferings which amaz'd the
 world :
 And shall I seek it coldly ? gracious God,
 Awake my languid powers to active life,

Awake my faith and hope, and love, and zeal,
 And make me ardent in the glorious race,
 Power to the faint, thy sacred word assures,
 And strength increasing; be that gracious
 word

Pain'd to me unworthy! If thy hand,
 O ever wise and good, should justly deal
 Severer strokes, still let my soul behold thee,
 Not as an angry judge, vindictive, frowning,
 But as a tender father, who corrects
 In mercy, listening to the humble moan
 Of penitential sorrow. Were my fears
 To measure sufferings by my just desert,
 Dreadful expectance! what a scene of woe!
 The dearest comfort, every joy of life,
 Would quickly take its everlasting flight,
 And leave me desolate, forlorn, undone.
 But what are earthly joys? has not my heart,
 Ungrateful, forfeited far more than these?
 Should earthly joys forsake me, should my
 friends, [hand,
 My much-lov'd friends, by death's resistless
 Rent from my bleeding, agonizing heart,
 Leave me a miserable mourner here;
 Yet, O my God, if I may call thee mine
 Amid the scene of terror, if my faith
 Look up, and say My father, and my friend;

The blissful sounds will cheer my fainting
soul.

With peace divine, and recompence the loss
Of all that life can give, or death destroy.

And was not once this heav'nly blessing mine,
Diffusing comfort thro' my grateful heart,
Inspiring wonder, praise and humble love?

It was; but soon the sacred ardour sunk
To cold indifference. Should heavenly love,
Offended, leave me to the punishment
My guilt and vile ingratitude deserves,
Despair would soon his gloomy curtains
draw, [clode]

Each distant beam of cheering hope ex-
And shade my soul in everlasting night.

But oh, the amazing power of love divine!
Unlimited it pardons! justice pleas'd,

On mercy smiles; for lo, the Saviour's blood
Atones, and cleanses every guilty stain!

'Tis this, O gracious God, dispels my fears,
Revives my hopes; in this unbounded sea,

Let all my sins, and all my doubts be lost.

Lord, when this roving heart again forgets
Its duty, and its bliss; let grace reclaim;

And tho' thy awful hand chastising strike,
Let love support me, and beneath thy frown

O may paternal tenderness appear.

Then shall I patient bear thy just rebukes,
 And wait resign'd and penitent, in hope
 Of bliss returning in the smile of mercy.
 Then, tho' this mortal frame by slow degrees,
 In lingering years of pain should wear away,
 Or pungent griefs, too mighty, burst at once
 The vital springs ; or fatal accident
 Wing, swift and unforewarn'd, the silent shaft
 To set my spirit free ; if I am thine,
 To thy blest will, my God, I would submit,
 Sure to be happy ! Time is but a point,
 And mortal pains, or joys, are light as air,
 When vast eternity is full in view.



PLEASURE.

HOW vain a thought is bliss below !
 'Tis all an airy dream !

How empty are the joys that flow
 On pleasure's smiling stream !

Now gaily-painted bubbles rise
 With varied colours bright ;
 They break, the short amusement flies—
 Can this be call'd delight ?

Transparent now, and all serene
 The gentle current flows :
 While fancy draws the flattering scene,
 How fair the landscape shows !

But soon its transient charms decay,
 When ruffling tempests blow ;
 The soft delusions fleet away,
 And pleasure ends in woe.

Why do I here expect repose ?
 Or seek for bliss in vain ?
 Since every pleasure earth bestows,
 Is but dissembled pain.

O let my nobler wishes soar
 Beyond these seats of night ;
 In heaven substantial bliss explore,
 And permanent delight !

There pleasure flows for ever clear ;
 And rising to the view
 Such dazzling scenes of joy appear,
 As fancy never drew.

No fleeting landscape cheats the gaze,
 Nor airy form beguiles ;
 But everlasting bliss displays
 Her undissembled smiles.

Adieu to all below the skies,
 Celestial guardian come !
 On thy kind wing my soul would rise
 To her eternal home.

The PILGRIM.

IN this dark wilderness of pain and woe
 I wander mournful; oft my upward
 glance

Implores a cheering ray to guide my feet,
 Fearful, and trembling at surrounding snares
 Which lurk unseen: and oft I long for rest,
 But long in vain! for ah, no safe repose
 This land of danger yields! Then let my eyes
 Look upward still to those divine abodes
 Of light and joy, whence danger is excluded.
 And thither let my panting heart aspire
 With ardent hope! — 'Tis but to wait with
 patience

A few sad hours, a few more painful steps,
 And life's fatiguing pilgrimage is o'er.
 Soon will my weary eyelids close in death,
 And these poor feeble limbs sink down to
 In the cold bosom of the silent grave. [rest,

O could I with unshaken hope declare,
 Then should my nobler powers awake to life,
 To life and joy immortal! 'happy hour!
 Transporting moment! when eternal day
 First breaks upon my sight! what sweet
 surprize!

[death
 What boundless rapture, darkness, pain and
 Banish'd at once! and everlasting light
 In full meridian glory beaming round!
 Joys rising bright and new, in long succession,
 To set no more! and shall my weary spirit
 (Which wanders now depress'd with sin and
 woe,)

Rise to this glory! O my gracious God
 Guide of my life, and guardian of my soul,
 To thee, I breathe my supplicating sigh:
 Brighten my 'glimmering hope, dispel the
 clouds

Of gloomy fear, which hang upon my sight
 Heavy and sad; let thy reviving smile,
 (Fair dawn of glory!) cheer my fainting
 heart;

Till all the sorrows, all the pains of time,
 Appear as trifles in the blissful view
 Of immortality, of endless joys
 Incessant flowing from the throne of God
 Then shall I wait serene, with steady faith

In vain the feather'd warblers tune their
songs!

To me 'tis all a blank! untouch'd my soul
With nature's harmony! my eyes, uncharm'd
With all her beauties cannot find a joy
In the once lovely, once delightful scene!
A gloom of sadness hangs upon my spirits,
And prompts the frequent sigh, and silent
tear. [powers

Depress'd by pain and sickness, all my
Are dull and languid, every joy is tasteless;
All nature fades, and pleasure is no more!

Ah! what is life, so lov'd, so dearly priz'd,
If health be absent? 'tis a lingering night
Of tedious expectation, spent in sighs,
And restless wishes for the cheerful dawn.

Thus melancholy tun'd the mourning lay:
The cheerful muse withdrawn, the gloomy
power, [notes
Usurp'd her lyre, and chang'd its soothing
For sounds of woe; dark clouds oppressive
hung [shade
Around her seat, and spread their deepening
Till every pleasing object sunk in night.
Ah! where is faith? her heaven-illumin'd eye

Could pierce the mental night, could raise
the mind

Which sinks dejected, and beyond the gloom
Direct to fairer scenes: come, guest divine,

O come, and in thy train, let fortitude
Her useful succours bring, and meek-ey'd
patience, [pear-

And smiling hope, and sweet content ap-

And let my heart with calm submission wait
Heaven's destin'd tiar, to hail the glad
return [blessing:

Of health, the best and sweetest earthly

Then shall the muse her long neglected
strain [inspir'd,

Resume; and by each heaven-born guest
With grateful rapture tune the votive song,

To that almighty goodness, which bestows
Its gifts unmeasur'd, undeserv'd, on thee:

Nor let the grateful rapture be confin'd;
Since o'er the whole creation wide diffus'd,
Divine beneficence unbounded smiles,
And claims the tribute of unbounded praise.

~~scribes~~

RECOVERY from SICKNESS.

AWAKE my heart, arise my joyful
 powers,
 In songs of gratitude, and love, and praise,
 To God, the great deliverer's holy name !
 To God, my strength, my all-sufficient refuge,
 Whose powerful hand sustain'd my feeble
 frame, [sickness,
 Through all the tiresome scenes of pain and
 And rais'd me from the borders of the grave,

Death frown'd severe, and all the prospect
 round [light,
 Was dark! with scarce a ray of glimmering
 To point my view beyond the sable veil !
 Almighty goodness saw, with pitying eye, !
 My deep distress; my groans, and long
 complaints, [mercy.
 And sorrows reach'd the ear of heavenly
 My God attended to the humble prayer, !
 The mournful breathings of a helpless worm,
 And sent divine supports.—

The consolations of his sacred word
 Bore up my fainting spirit; rays of hope

Broke through the shades of death, and bid
my soul [hand,

Look up, and view her heavenly Father's
And bear his just rebukes and patient wait
His sovereign will! then smiling comfort
dawn'd,

And hush'd my sorrows to a peaceful calm.
A Father's kind indulgent care appear'd,
And while his rod chastis'd, his arm sustain'd.

At length fair health with cheerful aspect
comes :

Hail long-desir'd, delightful, welcome guest!
Gift of indulgent heaven! inspir'd by thee
Source of a thousand joys, my full heart pants
To pour the transport in a song of praise,
A grateful tribute to the almighty donor.

But ah, my voice unequal to my wishes,
Forbids the attempt, and damps the rising
ardour. [ing frame,

Would the same power which rais'd my sink-
Brought back declining health, and bid me
live,

Inspire the lay, and teach my song to flow
Harmonious to his wond'rous healing mercy!
Then should my tongue with joyful rapture
fir'd,

Begin the pleasing theme, and sing un-
 wearied [Lord,
 Thy mercy, and thy power, all-bounteous
 For ever good, beneficent and kind !

But oh ! what tongue can speak, what
 heart conceive

Almighty goodness ? infinitely short,
 The highest notes a mortal voice can raise
 Must fall ! As well I fondly might presume,
 To count, the endless train of shining lamps
 Which deck the azure canopy of heaven,
 My gracious God, as thy unnumbered
 mercies.

O may thy goodness, thy indulgent love,
 For ever dwell upon my thankful heart,
 And teach my future life to speak thy praise.



A RURAL MEDITATION.

WHAT soft delight the peaceful bosom
 warms,
 When nature drest in all her vernal charms,
 Around the beauteous landscape smiles
 serene,
 And crowns with every gift the lovely scene !

Unknown to earth in all her flowery sweets,
 Enraptur'd there the mind unweary'd roves
 Thro' flow'ry paths, and ever verdant groves;
 Such blissful groves not happy Eden knew,
 Nor fancy's holdest pencil ever drew.
 No sun departing, leaves the scene to mourn
 In shades, and languish for his kind return;
 Or with short visits cheers the wintry hours,
 And faintly smiles on nature's drooping
 powers.

But there the Deity himself displays
 The bright effulgence of his glorious rays;
 Immortal life and joy his smile bestows,
 And boundless bliss for ever, ever flows.

SOLITUDE.

SOFTLY-pleasing Solitude,
 Were thy blessings understood;
 Soon would thoughtless mortals grow
 Tired of noise and pomp and show;
 And with thee retreating, gain
 Pleasure-crowds pursue in vain.
 True, the friendly social mind
 Joy in converse oft can find;
 Not where empty mirth presides,

But with those whom wisdom guides,
 Yet the long-continued feast
 Sometimes palls upon the taste :
 Kind alternate, then to be
 Lost in thought awhile with thee.
 Intellectual pleasures here
 In their truest light appear ;
 Grave reflection, friendly power,
 Waits the lonely silent hour :
 Spread before the mental eye,
 Actions past in order lie ;
 By reflection's needful aid,
 Latent errors are display'd :
 Thus humility is taught,
 Thus confirm'd the better thought.
 Friends and soothing praise apart,
 Solitude unveils the heart ;
 When the veil is thrown aside,
 Can we see a cause for pride ?
 Empty is the heart and poor,
 Stripp'd of all its fancy'd store ;
 Conscious want awakes desire,
 Bids the restless wish aspire,
 Wish for riches never found
 Through the globe's capacious round !
 Contemplation, sacred guest,
 Now inspires the ardent breast,

Spreads her wing, and bids the mind,
 Rise and leave the world behind.
 Now the mind enraptur'd soars ;
 All the wealth of India's shores
 Is but dust beneath her eye ;
 Nobler treasures kept on high,
 Treasures of eternal joy,
 Now her great pursuit employ.
 Mansions of immense delight !
 Language cannot say how bright !
 See ! the opening gates display
 Beaming far, immortal day !
 See ! inviting angels smile,
 And applaud the glorious toil !
 Hark ! they tune the charming lyre ;
 Who can hear and not desire ?
 O the sweet, though distant strain !
 All the joys of earth, how vain !
 Nearer fain the mind would rise,
 Fain would gaze with eager eyes
 On the glories of the skies ;
 But mortality denies.
 Dusky vapours cloud her sight,
 Down she sinks to earth and night !
 Then to friendship calls again,
 Gentle solace of her pain !
 Friendship, with thy pleasing power,

Come and cheer the mournful hour ;
 Only solitude and thee
 Can afford a joy for me.

*To Mr. HERVEY, on his THERON
 and ASPASIO.*

O SENT by heaven, to teach the Saviour's
 praise,
 And bid our hearts with pure devotion glow !
 Truth shines around thee, with distinguish'd
 rays,
 And all the graces in thy language flow.
 Here beauteous landskips spread their
 various charms,
 The mind inspiring with delight serene :
 With pleasing power while sacred friendship
 warms,
 And blest religion crowns the lovely scene.
 Now deeply humbled, self-abas'd, we read
 The abject state of Adam's wretched race ;
 Now smiling hope lifts up her cheerful head,
 And faith adores immeasurable grace.

What glories in our great Immanuel shine!
 How rich, how free, how full his merits rise!
 The curse remov'd, fulfill'd the law divine;
 For rebels he obeys, for traitors dies.

His righteousness, (immortal robe!) he gives
 To cloath the naked; while his flowing blood
 Pours healing balm, the wounded sinner lives
 To speak the honours of the Saviour God.

In him what countless, endless wonders meet!
 Truth, justice, mercy, reconcil'd appear:
 His name, how precious! how divinely sweet!
 Joy to the heart, and music to the ear.

O Hervey, be thy pleasing labours crown'd
 With bliss beyond the low rewards of fame!
 Such joy be thine, as thy Aspasio found,
 While many a Theron owns the Saviour's
 name.



On the DEATH of Mr. HERVEY.

O HERVEY, honoured name, forgive
 the tear,
 That mourns thy exit from a world like this;
 Forgive the wish that would have kept thee
 here, [bliss.
 Fond wish! have kept thee from the seats of

No more confin'd to these low scenes of
 Pent in a feeble tenement of clay : [night
 Should we not rather hail thy glorious flight,
 And trace thy journey to the realms of day.

The blissful realms, where thy lov'd master
 reigns,
 Who taught thy pen its eloquence divine ;
 Whose presence now inspires to loftier
 strains,
 While all unveil'd his boundless glories shine.

Now, the celestial flame that warm'd thy
 breast, [shone,
 And thro' thy heav'n-taught page resplendent
 Exalted, joins the transports of the blest,
 In language, ev'n to thee, on earth unknown.

Yes, we resign thee to thy Saviour God ;
 O may his love, that taught thy feet the way,
 Conduct our steps to that divine abode,
 Where his full glories beam eternal day !

Yet its own loss must every heart deplore,
 That feels the power of Hervey's moving
 page, [more !
 That wish'd, (but ah, that wish avails no
 His life prolong'd to bless the rising age.

O lost to earth!—no, in his works he lives,
 Here shall the rising age his portrait view ;
 Here, his own pen, the mind's bright image
 gives,

In fairer tints than painting ever knew.

His warm benevolence, his sacred zeal,
 O may some blest, surviving Prophet find !
 Like him who caught the mantle as it fell,
 Heir to the graces of Elijah's mind.

While thus a stranger Muse presents the lay
 To Hervey's memory due, to grace his urn
 Let friendship more distinguish'd honours
 pay, [mourn.
 And teach the world departed worth to



The PICTURE ; to MARINDA.

MARINDA's temper, open and sincere,
 Despis'd the little, the dissembling arts
 Which often smooth the supple fawner's brow
 While hate and stormy mischief brood within.
 In friendship honest—nor profess'd esteem,
 But when her heart accorded with her tongue,
 She knew, by reason and reflection taught,

How vain the pleasures which the gay admire ;
 Her judgment bade her prize intrinsic worth
 Above the low parade of outward show,
 But then a warmth, impatient of controul,
 Would often rise and break her inward
 peace. [mend.

She knew, and call'd it, pride, and strove to
 The fault acknowleg'd ; but alas ! in vain.

Tho' reason said, " Content is earthly bliss ;

" And patience and humility prepare

" Her peaceful lodging in the human breast."

Yet to attain these graces reason fails ;

Till blest religion, heavenly form, appears !

A form no human pencil ever drew

In equal colours ! on her head a crown,

Emits a lustre like the rising morn !

See in her hand the sacred book of truth !

Which she unfolding, now with heaven-
 taught skill,

Points out the needful precept, now displays

The cheering promise of almighty aid :

Nor less than aid almighty can sustain

The fainting mind ; for lo affliction comes !

Nor comes undreaded ; though Marinda oft

Had seen the frowning form, yet ne'er till now

Array'd in half it's terrors ; now it spreads

A more than midnight shade ; ten thousand
fears

Torment the restless scene ! Marinda sinks,
O'erwhelm'd and fainting with extreme
distress, help"

Yet struggling with her sorrow : " O for
She sighs, nor sighs in vain to pitying heaven.
Two Nymphs Divine, of blest religion's train,
Are sent to cheer the heart-oppressing
gloom ; [mourns,

And these can cheer when human pity
And sympathizing friendship weeps in vain.
HOPE whispers comfort ; and a lucid ray
Breaks through the solid night : now FAITH
applies

The sacred optic, and Marinda's eye,
Thro' the dark clouds of mortal grief, beholds
A power omnipotent, and wise, and good,
Dispensing, with parental tender care,
Her needful pains, her salutary griefs,
As kind preparatives for future joy. [joy,
Her present woes, when weigh'd with future
How light ! when measur'd with eternal bliss,
They seem contracted to a moment's point.
Before the brightening prospect, proud im-
patience

Retreats ashamed : and now the gentle pair

Humility and patience, pleasing guests,
 Sure harbingers of sweet content, appear.
 O may the gentle pair propitious tarry,
 And may divine content, by them invited,
 Attend Marinda's dwelling, till this house
 Of feeble texture falls ; till heaven unfolds
 Its shining gates to her transported eyes ;
 And angels with triumphant songs, proclaim
 Her blissful welcome to the realms of joy.



RETIREMENT *and* **MEDITATION.**

KIND Solitude, I love thy friendly shade ;
 Reflection hither brings her needful aid.
 'Tis here I trace past thoughts and errors o'er,
 And learn to know my weakness, and deplore.
 (Ah! would the serious, sad compunction last,
 And teach to mend the future by the past)
 'Tis here, I see how empty, light, and vain,
 Is gay amusement with her idle train.
 And busy care, which fills the restless heart,
 With real, though with unavailing smart,
 Is no less vain ; for still her toils renew,
 And still some farther task remains to do.
 Time, nor for trifling, nor for business stays!

He shakes his glass, and counts the short-
ening days.

And see the ebbing sands, how fast they run!
How soon the little remnant will be done!
Shall vanity employ my precious hours?
Or earth's low cares engross my active
powers? [given,

For nobler ends, my time and powers are
Nor cares, nor pleasures, fits the soul for
heaven.

And can I hope to reach that blissful place?
Yet sleep supine, or linger in the race.
Alas my heedless heart, how apt to stray,
When earthly trifles tempt my thoughts
away!

All my celestial hopes on God depend;
His smile my life, his favour is my end.
How little do I know, or love his name!
And yet to spirits of immortal frame,
Knowledge is food, and love the vital
flame.

What is the business and the joy above,
But this, to know, to worship, and to love?
For this, my powers were given; this great
employ
Should be my ardent wish, my constant joy.

Long to know, and love, and praise thee
more.

In these blest moments fain my thoughts
would rise,

Lose this dull earth, nor rest below the skies;
Those happy seats of knowledge, love and
joy, [employ ;

Where every pleasing power finds sweet
Where praise and love, in everlasting songs,
Rise ardent from ten thousand thousand
tongues.

For JESUS and salvation, (charming theme!)
Inspires the strain, and feeds the immortal
flame,

O how my panting spirit longs to join
The sacred choir in extasies divine !
But ah! this load of clay, retards my flight:
When shall I reach those mansions of delight?
Short is the transport, soon my fears arise,
And snatch the lovely prospect from my eyes.
Should I be banish'd from that blest abode,
And never, never see my Saviour God,
(My Saviour God! for O my trembling heart
From those reviving accents cannot part :)
Banish'd from thee, my hope, my life, my
light,

T

To death, despair, and everlasting night—
 The thought is horror!—No, my heart shall
 stay

Here at thy feet, and wait thy healing ray,
 To chase the dismal gloom; one smile of
 thine,

One sweet forgiving smile, is bliss divine.

O let me hear thy soul-reviving voice,

To heal my sorrows, and renew my joys :

Reveal, confirm my interest in thy love,

And guilt, and fear, and darkness shall
 remove.

So fly the mournful shades of gloomy night,
 When radiant morn displays her cheering
 light.

Jesus let thy almighty love inspire

My heart, my voice, and tune the sacred
 lyre ;

Let thy unbounded grace be all my theme,

And songs of joy resound thy lovely name,

Till I forsake this dark abode of clay,

And death unfolds the gates of endless day.

Then shall I learn the blissful strains above,

And all my soul be harmony and love.



No true HAPPINESS below.

BY daily observation are we taught
(Experience too confirms the mournful
truth,)

That perfect bliss on earth is never found.
When roses, gay and blooming, strew the
path, [thick,
Sharp thorns intrude among them, scatter'd
Nor can we escape unwounded; sense of
pain

Forbids delight; and all we ask is ease.
We taste a moment's ease; our wishes rise.
In vain for happiness, the restless sigh
Still heaves, the painful vacancy remains.
If pleasure laughs a moment, is the joy,
Or is the sigh which follows, most sincere?
When sweet content serenely smiles around,
Like a fair summer evening; ah, how soon
The charming scene is lost! the deepening
shades

Prevail, and night approaches dark and sad,
Till the last beam faint-glimmering dies away.

Father of spirits, who hast form'd my soul
Capacious of immortal happiness,
O send a beam of heaven, dispel the gloom;

Direct my upward view, and point my path
 To thee, in whom alone my soul can find
 That perfect bliss I seek in vain below.



*True PLEASURE in DIVINE MEDI-
 TATION.*

COME, sacred contemplation, heavenly
 guest,
 And bring the muse to bless the lonely hour.
 Unbind my fetter'd thoughts, and bid them
 rise [scenes,
 Above these low, dull, tiresome, empty
 To nobler objects; spread the mental feast,
 A rich variety. The heaven-born mind
 Should never meanly stoop to feed on trash,
 Nor mingle with the appetites of sense.
 The heaven-born mind requires immortal
 food, [sweets,
 Such food as earth, with all her fancied
 Can never furnish; all her fancied sweets
 Are bitterness; her most substantial food
 Is airy chaff, and only starves the mind,
 Ye happy spirits, blest inhabitants
 Of paradise, Oh! could you aid my flight
 To your abodes, or bring a blissful taste

Of your divine enjoyments down to earth ;
 How would my soul disdain the joys of sense,
 And look on all the good below the skies
 Unworthy of her care !—alas, in vain
 My thoughts extend their feeble fluttering
 wings :

A misty gloom hangs heavy all around ;
 I sink to earth—which yet my soul disclaims,
 Unworthy of her birth !—see while I gaze
 Intent, its scenes in quick succession pass ;
 Each gay delusive form, which seem'd to
 please, [tion.
 Is gone ; and nought remains but sad reflec-

And is there nothing permanent, but grief?
 No real good in all the varied scenes,
 Which tire and pain the disappointed heart?
 Yes, sad reflection, though in sable robe
 Array'd, with mournful aspect, is my friend,
 And brings me real good ; else my fond
 heart [shews,
 Might still pursue, in vain, these empty
 Nor stay to ask for pleasures more sincere,

Then let me listen to her friendly lore,
 And learn the just, the real estimate
 Of all below the skies.—But oh let faith,
 And hope, celestial visitants, be here ;

And cheer my soul with some delightful
views

Of true, substantial, undecaying good
In fair perspective; distant scenes of bliss
Immortal, far beyond the reach of sense.
Let faith ascend with heaven-directed flight,
And smiling hope sit fast upon her wings,
And bear my thoughts, and bear my heart
on high.

O thou supreme, eternal source of good!
Of good, which knows no shadow of decay!
Wilt thou, all-gracious, beam one heavenly
smile. (soul,

Break thro' the gloom, and raise my grove hug
And with resistless, sweet attraction, draw
To thee, the center of immortal joys!

O bid my faith, and bid my hope ascend;
For on thy vital smile alone, they live.

Thy favour is the food, the life of souls;
This only can afford sincere delight,
And give a relish to inferior sweets;
Without it, all creation is a blank!

A dreary void!—O could my spirit dwell
Beneath thy cheering smiles, feast on thy
love, [tions;

And in full view adore thy bright perfec-

Yes, LORD, thy promises are clear,
 Thy power and faithfulness appear ;
 Nor can I doubt omnipotence and grace :
 But ah ! myself, my sins I fear,
 These springs of doubt are ever near,
 These gloomy clouds which rise and hide
 thy lovely face.

O let thy mercy's healing ray
 Arise, and chase these clouds away ;
 Thy spirit's witness (evidence divine !)
 Beam o'er my soul with sacred light ;
 Then shall my joys all pure and bright,
 Unclouded and serene, with pleasing lustre
 shine.

LOVE to CHRIST. John 21. 17.

OMNISCIENT LORD, before whose aw-
 ful eye,
 All undisguis'd, thy creatures actions lie ;
 Thou see'st my heart thro' every winding
 maze, [surveys.
 Each secret thought thy piercing glance
 My Saviour God—and can I call thee mine ?
 Can I each idol-vanity resign ?
 Can I to thee appeal without a fear ?

Thou know'st I love thee with a flame
sincere ?

Alas! I doubt my vile deceitful heart ;
Back from my lips the half-form'd accents
start ;

A thousand meaner objects share my love,
From thee, from thee my foolish passions
rove ;

My conscious soul shrinks at the solemn test,
And yet I fain would hope, I love thee best !
I fain would hope ! unworthy, base return !
Can it be love, and yet so faintly burn ?
Didst thou forsake thy radiant courts on high,
And freely lay thy dazzling glories by ?
Assume the human form, and wear the
chains

Of guilty rebels doom'd to endless pains ?
Bear all our sins, remove the ponderous load
Of vengeance due from an incensed God ?
And bleeding, dying on the cross, atone
For mortal crimes in agonies unknown ?
Touch'd with the melting power of love
divine,

Can I refuse this worthless heart of mine ?
See, dearest LORD, obedient to thy call, }
Asham'd, repentant, at thy feet I fall, }
And would resign myself, my soul, my all ! }

O let this stubborn heart, this flinty rock,
 Soften'd by heavenly love, with sorrow broke,
 Bath'd in the fountain of thy bleeding veins,
 Be fully cleans'd from all its guilty stains;
 Till I can say, without a rising fear,
 Thou, who know'st all things, know'st my
 love sincere.

DEVOTION.

HAPPY the mind, where true devotion
 glows!
 Immortal flame, enkindled from above,
 It upward rises, and to GOD alone
 (Its sacred source, its everlasting center.)
 Aspiring, trembling, points; attraction
 sweet, [aim.
 And powerful, though unseen, directs its
 But ah! too oft its force abated sinks,
 Damp'd with the gloomy fogs of sin and
 fear: [the sight,
 The last faint spark scarce glimmering to
 And near expiring seems, till wak'd to life
 By that all powerful word which gave it birth.
 But thus inspir'd, devotion flames anew,
 And bears the soul above those heavy clouds,

Which frequent rise and clog its feeble
wings. [free,
Unfetter'd thus, when thought expatiates
What sweet inticements nature's charms
afford

To her Creator's praise, whose hand bestows
Unnumbered gifts, in fair variety [reach,
Dispens'd, where'er the gazing eye can
Or pleasing meditation lead the thought.

Life and its joys depend upon his smile ;
Blest with his smile, the soul can see his hand
In every varying scene, and taste his love
In every good his bounteous hand bestows.

Inspir'd by him, the mind enraptur'd views
His bright perfections in his wonderous
works, [God!

The wise, the powerful, and the gracious
Wide o'er the fruitful fields and verdant
meads [flowers

His bounty smiles ! amid the blooming
Almighty skill appears, the breezy gale
Wafts on its wing, his goodness in their
sweets !

On the clear winding rill his goodness flows !
Descends in kindly showers to bless the
earth,

Or silent falls in soft refreshing dews !

In yon bright orb, the source of light and
heat,

His glory shines with dazzling fervid ray !
And mildly beams in every twinkling star !
In all the God appears ! the father smiles !
Omnipotent and wise, and good, and kind !
His works all beauteous ! all harmonious
join !

And charm the eye, and entertain the soul ;
Bld silent wonder mingle with delight,
And flow in adoration, love, and praise.



**ENCOURAGEMENT to TRUST in
GOD.**

*“ Casting all your care upon him, for he
“ careth for you. 1 Pet. v. 7.”*

ENGAGING argument ! here let me rest
With humble confidence and faith
intire : [breast ?
What less than this, can calm my troubled
What more can my distrustful heart desire ?
Encouraged by so full, so sweet a word,
Fain would my soul forbid intruding fears :
To thee, almighty Father, gracious Lord !
Fain would I bring my load of anxious care.

But can vile, a guilty creature dare
 Aspire to hope for favours so divine?
 Aspire to claim an interest in thy care,
 Or boldly call the glorious blessing mine?

O let thy spirit's sacred influence seal
 The kind assurance to my doubting soul,
 Thy pardoning love, thy tender care reveal;
 The blissful view shall all my fears controul.



The WISH.

SHOULD lavish wealth display her shining
 stores,

Or smiling fame her noblest wreaths present;
 Should pleasure, drest in all her soothing
 charms,

Approach, their proffer'd joys were all in
 vain {here

To tempt my better hopes. There's nothing
 To feed the immortal mind; no earthly good
 Can fill my large desires, sublime they soar
 Beyond this narrow scene of transient joy,
 To God, the spring of life, the source of
 bliss,

Of perfect bliss, and everlasting life !

Low at thy glorious feet, eternal God,
I prostrate fall, and humbly breathe my
wish.

I ask not riches, 'tis but gilded care,
Nor fame, nor pleasure, fleeting shadows all,
And vain delusive dreams of happiness!

No, 'tis thy gracious presence, LORD, I ask,
The cheering beams of thy almighty love:
To these, earth's brightest charms appear
no more, [noon.

Than glow-worms lost amid the blaze of
An interest in thy favour, O my GOD,
Is all my wish—for this alone contains
Full happiness,—One ray of solid hope
That thou art mine, is worth a thousand
worlds. [death,

Thy presence, LORD, can gild the shades of
And turn the darkness to celestial day.

At thy approach, black doubt and gloomy
fear

Retreat like mists before the rising sun.
While joys immortal dawning o'er the soul,
Diffuse new life, and give a taste of heaven.
O could I see, on thy dear hand imprest
In lasting characters, my worthless name;
Could I without a wavering doubt behold
Thy blissful face, and say, thou art my GOD!

Not earth with all the charms it has in store,
Should bribe my love, or draw my heart
from thee.

DIVINE CONTEMPLATION.

HOW blest the minds, which daily rise,
To worlds unseen beyond the skies,
And lose this vale of tears !

On heaven-taught pinions while they soar,
And joys unknown to sense explore,
How low the cares of mortal life ! how mean
its bliss appears !

O for the wings of faith and love,
To bear my thoughts and hopes above
These little scenes of care !
Above these gloomy mists which rise,
And pain my heart, and cloud my eyes,
To see the dawn of heav'nly day, and breathe
celestial air.

Yet higher would I stretch my flight,
And reach the sacred courts of light
Where my Redeemer reigns :
Far-beaming from his radiant throne
Immortal splendours, joys unknown,
With never-fading lustre shine, o'er all the
blissful plains.

Ten thousand times ten thousand tongues
 There join in rapture-breathing songs,
 And tune the golden lyre
 To **JESUS** their exalted Lord ;
 Dear name, how lov'd ! and how ador'd !
HIS charms awake the heavenly strain, and
 every note inspire.

No short-liv'd pleasure there beguiles,
 But perfect bliss for ever smiles,
 With undec'ling ray :
 Thither my thoughts would fain ascend,
 But ah ! to dust and earth they bend,
 Fetter'd with empty vanities, and chain'd
 to lifeless clay.

Dear **LORD**, and shall I ever be
 So far from bliss, so far from thee,
 An exile from the sky ?
 O break these chains, my wishes fire,
 And upward bid my heart aspire ;
 Without thy aid I cannot rise, O give me
 wings to fly.



REFUGE in DISTRESS,

IN a frail, shatter'd bark I trembling ride;
 Beneath me sin a boundless ocean
 spreads. [tempest,

Amid the dreadful waves or swell'd with
 Loud threat'ning ruin, and immediate death;
 Or smiling with a smooth deceitful calm,
 But hiding rocks and sands and sure de-
 struction,

A helpless voyager! nor skill nor strength,
 To 'scape the danger, or outlive the storm,
 Tempestuous winds with direful fury rise,
 And waves, with terror fraught, incessant
 rage,

To plunge me in the fathomless abyss.
 Thick clouds and darkness hide the face of
 heaven;

No friendly star appears to point my course
 To the wish'd hav'n of rest, the seats of bliss,
 Ah! must I sink, for ever lost?—

See, thro' the dreadful gloom a cheering
 ray [hope

With heav'nly radiance break! a glimpse of
 A smile of pity from the SAVIOUR'S face!

U

Till death shall land me on the blissful shore,
Where sins, and fears, and dangers are no
more.

*HOPE reviving in the Contemplation of
DIVINE MERCY.*

YE restless, dark, distracting fears, be
gone!

For mercy, kind inviting mercy, smiles:
No more, my trembling soul, indulge no
more, [scribe

These gloomy doubts; shall diffidence pre-
Limits to sovereign, free, unbounded mercy?
With transport let me hear, with joy obey
The blissful word, which bids my soul ap-
proach

The throne of grace, and ask, nor ask in vain
For pardon, life and peace; a full supply
For all my wants: divine beneficence!
The object, how unworthy! Gracious God,
Increase my rising hope to thankful joy,
And bid my heart with pleasing rapture
trace

The wonders of thy love: amazing theme!
The song of angels, and the bliss of heaven!

Long ere the worlds arose, or man was
 form'd. leave

Mercy, which mov'd the Son of God to
 The immortal splendors of his glorious
 throne,

For this low world, array'd in mortal flesh,
 To suffer all the sorrows, pains, and woes
 Of human nature, in its lowest form ;

A servant ! Oh, what miracles can mercy,
 What wonders can almighty love perform !
 Almighty love, which bore the cruel scoffs,
 The restless spite, and persecuting rage
 Of impious harden'd wretches !—patient

bore ! [sunk them

When with a single frown, he might have
 Quick to the caverns of eternal death.

But, Oh ! yet farther, let my soul pursue
 The wonderful labyrinth of love divine,
 And follow my Redeemer to the cross ;
 Nail'd to the cross, his hands and feet all torn
 With agonizing torture !—Can my heart
 Behold those wounds, and not weep tears of
 blood ?

His blood was shed for sin, his sacred side
 Deep pierc'd, pour'd forth the vital crimson
 flood,

Ordain'd to cleanse and expiate mortal
crimes.

For mortal crime, what loads of wrath un-
known [terrors,

Were due! Almighty justice, arm'd with
Pour'd the full vial on his guiltless head,

Of vengeance for the infinite offence
Of guilty man, against its sacred laws.

He bore it all! he in the sinner's stead
Sustain'd the dreadful storm, and by his
death [ment,

The immortal work was finish'd! full atone-
Full satisfaction made; amazing scene!

Stupendous sacrifice! mysterious love!

He died!—the Lord of life, the SAVIOUR
died!

All nature sympathizing felt the shock!

Earth groan'd, and trembled to her inmost
center! [face

The sun withdrew his beams, and wrapt his
In sable clouds, and midnight's deepest
shade;

To mourn the absence of a brighter sun,

The sun of righteousness eclips'd in death!

A short eclipse! for soon he rose again

All-glorious, and resum'd his native skies!

There, with full brightness and unclouded
 ray
 For ever shines, dispensing light and bliss
 Through the bright worlds of uncreated day.

His rays far-beaming, visit this dark
 world; [death,
 And thro' the clouds of guilt, the shades of
 Break the fair glimm' rings of etherial morn.

O may they reach this dark, cold, lifeless
 heart,
 And kindle light divine, and vital warmth
 Through all my powers! Arise, O blissful
 Sun, [row.
 Dispel the clouds of sin, and doubt, and sor-
 Shine with ali potent, and resistless beams,
 And in the sweet assurance of thy love,
 Spread the bright dawn of heaven around
 my soul. [frame,
 And when this mortal part, this feeble
 Sinks down, and mingles with its native dust;
 Let my free, joyful soul, exulting rise
 On angel-wings, to those divine abodes,
 Where thy bright presenee in full glory
 shines; [light,
 Transform'd to thy fair image, cloath'd in

Mix with the tuneful choir, thy love re-
 deem'd, [tion!
 In endless praise :—O bliss beyond concep-
 In silent rapture all my soul adores.

*EUSEBIA and URANIA, or DEVO-
 TION and the MUSE.*

EUSEBIA.

SAY, dear Urania, silent why so long?
 I languish for thy sweet reviving song;
 Wilt thou unkind, neglect a Sister's moan,
 And leave me wretched to complain alone?
 Oft has thy lyre my sacred joys exprest,
 And breath'd the ardent wishes of my breast.
 Oft have thy sympathizing strings com-
 plain'd, [pain'd.
 And gently sooth'd my heart with anguish
 Once more, Urania, try thy pleasing power,
 And animate this dull, this languid hour.

URANIA.

Thy active life must wake the silent strings;
 For when Eusebia breathes, Urania sings,
 But fainting efforts, and unmeaning sighs

Can never teach the feeble notes to rise.
 'Tis gratitude and love, 'tis warm desire,
 Or grief sincere attunes the heaven-taught
 lyre. [pain,

When thy heart labours with the sense of
 In sympathizing accents I complain :

And when from earth thy soaring thoughts
 arise,

My kindred notes attend them to the skies,
 Ah ! where is now the heart-oppressing
 sigh ? [sky ?

Or where the ardent wish that pierc'd the
 Does not Eusebia sleep supine on earth,
 Almost forgetful of her heavenly birth ?

EUSEBIA.

No more, my friend—at length, alas ! I see
 The change, the mournful change, is all in
 me. [pain ;

My heavenly birth !—the thought awakes my
 And shall I sleep regardless of the chain,
 The hateful chain, which holds me from the
 skies ?

Nor once look upward with desiring eyes ?
 Ah ! wretched state ! yet dear Urania say,
 Extinguish'd is the joy-inspiring ray ?

Lost is that heavenly flame, in mortal night,
Which once, attractive, led our upward
flight ?

Its vital warmth these fetters could unbind,
And earth no more detain the heaven-born
mind.

URANIA.

Extinguish'd ! No—immortal is the flame
Which animates my dear Eusebia's frame.
Tho' late with such a sickly beam it shone,
When fainting accents breath'd thy languid
moan :

Celestial love can never, never die,
It will revive, and seek its native sky ;
To its divine Original it tends,
And on almighty power its life depends.
Tho' earth-born vapours gloomy intervene,
And cloud, with night's dark shade, the
mournful scene ;

If love's unchanging source his beams
display, }
The intercepting gloom shall fleet away, }
And grateful transport hail the rising day. }

EUSEBIA.

Thou friendly power, how kind thy cheer-
ing strain !

This blissful hope will mitigate my pain,
 Arise, O Sun of righteousness, arise,
 With sweet attraction draw me to the skies.
 Thy healing beams my every grief can
 chase, [face.
 Great Spring of life, unveil thy radiant
 Awake desire, and hope, and love, and joy,
 Till heaven alone my raptur'd soul employ !

URANIA.

And heaven alone deserves Eusebia's care ;
 The loveliest scenes on earth no more are
 fair [stow
 When Jesus is withdrawn ? his smiles be-
 A glimpse of heaven, a paradise below.
 Then oh, what splendor fills those happy
 plains,
 Where in full glory our Immanuel reigns !
 Diffusing life, and love, and joys unknown
 Through all the blissful myriads round his
 throne.
 Ten thousand thousand tuneful voices raise
 Their sweetest, loftiest notes to sing his
 praise ; [sound
 While all the golden harps of heaven re-
 Triumphant love with endless glory crown'd.

EUSEBIA.

Transporting view ! O for a seraph's wing
 To bear me to thy courts, my Lord, my
 King !

O happy state ! how sweet, divinely sweet,
 To bend adoring at thy glorious feet !

How should I wonder that my powers could
 be

So languid here, so cold to heaven and thee !

Blest hour of liberty, when we shall rise,

Urania, to those ever-smiling skies !

Where not a cloud shall spread its transient
 gloom,

But undecaying joys immortal bloom.

There shall thy soothing lyre no more com-
 plain,

But tun'd to rapture breathe a nobler strain.

Extatic praise and boundless joy inspire

The meanest voice in that immortal choir.

Come, my Urania, aid my rising thought ;

In the bright hope be every care forgot.

URANIA.

Hail, glorious hope ! how sweet the distant
 view !

Ye little cares of earth and time adieu.
 Fain would I stretch my willing, joyful flight,
 With my Eusebia, to those worlds of light ;
 Where praise and harmony unknown below,
 For ever with unwearied ardour flow.
 But ere we reach the blissful seats of day,
 Eusebia's earthly mansion must decay ;
 Then death, (kind friend,) shall bid the
 prisoner rise,
 And join the raptur'd concert of the skies.
 Mean while Urania joins her sister's cares,
 Partakes her joy, and in her sorrow shares.
 And if thy smile inspire the humble song,
 Thy name, dear SAVIOUR, shall employ her
 tongue ;
 And JESUS, and Salvation shall resound,
 In echos of delight the groves around.
 Divine employ, to sing thy lovely name,
 While listening angels join the glorious
 theme !

AMBITION.

LET Fame the shining annals spread,
 Where she records her mighty dead,
 And boasting, promise an immortal name !

Vain is her boast, her proud parade
Sinks in oblivion's dreary shade ;
Time, all-destroying time, forbids the claim.

Let her employ her utmost power,
With radiance gild the present hour,
(Tis all she can) her fairest wreaths display ;
What is the envy'd prize, decreed
The living Conqueror's glorious meed
At best, the fading triumph of a day.

The Christian seeks a nobler prize,
A fairer wreath attracts his eyes,
Divine ambition in his bosom glows ;
His hopes a crown immortal fires ;
JESUS, the Lord of his desires,
On faith, and humble love, the crown
bestows.

Honours, unconscious of decay,
While ages rise and roll away,
Secur'd by perfect truth's unchanging word ;
The victor's palm, the robe of state,
Laid up in heaven, the christian wait,
Triumphant, through his dying, rising Lord.

His name, enroll'd among the just,
When sculptur'd monuments are dust,
And mortal glory sinks in endless night ;

Shall with immortal lustre shine,
 Wrote by the hand of love divine
 In life's fair book, in characters of light.

Such is the Christian's glorious prize ;
 Thus high, his hopes, his wishes rise
 Inspir'd by blest ambition, heaven-born
 flame !

O thou, the source of bliss divine,
 My heart renew, exalt, refine !
 Nor let me bear, in vain, the Christian's
 name.



CHRIST the CHRISTIAN'S LIFE.

O For the animating fire
 That tun'd harmonious Watts's lyre,
 To sweet seraphic strains !
 Celestial fire, that bore his mind
 (Earth's vain allurements left behind)
 To yonder blissful plains.

There, **JESUS** lives, (transporting name !)
JESUS inspir'd the sacred flame,
 And gave devotion wings ;
 With heaven-attracted flight she soar'd,
 The realms of happiness explor'd,
 And smil'd, and pity'd kings.

Come sacred flame, and warm my heart,
 Thy animating power impart,

Sweet dawn of life divine !

JESUS, thy love alone can give
 The power to rise, the power to live ;
 Eternal life is thine.

If in my heart, thy heavenly day
 Has e'er diffus'd its vital ray,

I bless the smiling dawn ;

But oh, when gloomy clouds arise,
 And veil thy glory from mine eyes,
 I mourn my joys withdrawn.

Then, faith, and hope, and love decay ;
 Without thy life-inspiring ray,

Each cheerful grace declines ;

Yet, I must live on thee, my LORD,
 For still in thy unchanging word
 A beam of comfort shines.

The vital principle within,
 Though oft depress'd with fear and sin,

Can never cease to be ;

Though doubt prevails, and grief complains,
 Thy hand omnipotent, sustains
 The life deriv'd from thee.

Ah, what is life ! what glimpse of real joy,
 Has ever smil'd to bless the gloomy scene !
 Anxieties, and fears, and pains, and sorrows,
 Thick interwoven, rise in every part,
 Thro' all the dreary wild : If e'er delights
 Seem'd budding, here and there, amid the
 thorns ;

Touch'd by the wasting canker, soon they
 fell [clin'd ;
 Or nipp'd by chilling wintry blasts, de-
 Nor one fair blossom ever cheer'd my sight.

So withers all my bloom of life away !
 So pain and sickness waste this sinking
 frame !

The lingering hours roll heavily along,
 All dark and sad ; save where some transient
 gleam

Lights a short blaze, and vanishes away.
 Birth of a moment!—Such is mortal bliss!—
 Is mortal bliss no more ? is this the all
 Of happiness that earth can e'er bestow ?
 A momentary ray ! a short-liv'd meteor !
 Let me reflect again—were blooming health,
 That best, that dearest earthly blessing
 mine ; [charms
 Were pleasure mine, and all its tempting

Still brighten'd with unsullied innocence;
 Should fortune smile auspicious on my life,
 And lavish, pour her gifts beneath my feet;
 Could all the gifts of fortune, health or
 pleasure,

Give permanent delight, or solid bliss?

Ah no! they all are empty, vain, and
 fleeting!

Earth's fairest gifts united, can't bestow
 One happy hour of real satisfaction.

Can air suffice the craving appetite,

Or empty shadows yield substantial good?

Man has desires, capacious as his soul,
 Desires, which earthly joys can never fill.

Can mortal food sustain the immortal mind,
 Or her unbounded wishes fix on ought

Below the skies, as equal happiness?

No, were the brightest scenes of mortal
 bliss [delights;

Display'd before me, crown'd with young
 Should smiling pleasures rise in fair suc-
 cession,

The earth all blooming, all serene the sky;
 The thoughts of death would cloud the gay

meridian [comes!

With midnight shades!—And see the tyrant

His arrow flies!—Down sinks the golden
In everlasting darkness!— [scene

But Oh! the soul, that never dying part,
Survives the ruin! then her vast concerns
Appear in all their infinite importance.

On worlds unknown, amaz'd the stranger
enters,

Heir to eternity of bliss, or woe.

Eternity—delightful, dreadful name!

What mind can grasp the infinite idea?

Eternity of woe! tremendous sound,
Fraught with despair! unutterable horror!
What heart can bear the distant apprehension [rors?

Of the ten thousandth part of half its ter-

Eternity of bliss! transporting thought!
But thought can never reach the faintest
shadow

Of joys for ever bright, for ever full!

What awful infinite concerns depend
On this poor, slender, trembling thread of
life!

Time—how inestimable is the treasure!

How precious every day, and every hour!

And could my foolish, my repining heart
Complain, they move too heavy? Gracious

God,

Forgive the rash complaint, the guilty folly!
By thee instructed, O may I employ

The fleeting remnant of my precious time
In that important work for which 'tis given,
In preparation for eternity.

Confiding still in thy almighty arm,
My God, my strength, (all impotence my-
self,)

On thee I lean: O make me persevere,
And ardent striving grasp the blessed hope
Thy sacred word displays—the blessed hope
Of life eternal through a SAVIOUR'S death!
Be this my refuge, my unfailing comfort,
In every painful hour! O may thy spirit
Apply that healing balm for every wound,
A dying SAVIOUR'S blood! that full atone-
ment

For all my guilt! that source of purity
To sinful souls! that antidote for death!
That fountain of immortal happiness!
And nought below immortal happiness
Can satiate the desires, the vast desires,
Which animate the soul, which bid it rise
Above this dying globe, this nest of worms.

And may a worm, a little particle
Of breathing dust, (for such the frame that
holds

This soul, this vital spark of heav'nly flame,)
Aspire to mix with angels? Yes, for man,
For sinful man renew'd, hath heav'n decreed
A place amongst those spotless sons of light.
The rebel-angels from their glory fell,
Whelm'd in the depth of everlasting woe,
Without one ray of mercy; while for man—
Here let me pause and wonder—while for
man,

For guilty rebel man, the SAVIOUR bled!
For traitors doom'd to never-ending torture,
He bled to purchase life, and happiness!
Redeeming love and mercy is the source,
The boundless ocean of immense delight,
Where all our thoughts are lost in vast
amazement.

Redeeming love is the delightful theme
Which tunes the golden harps of paradise
To notes of extacy! to endless rapture!
This can irradiate all the gloomy scenes
Of mortal life, and tune the jarring strings
Of nature!—This can change the deepest
groans
Of pain and sorrow, all to harmony,

And joy and praise!—O may its sacred
 power
 Reach this poor languid heart, enkindle life
 Thro' all my fainting frame, and raise my
 soul
 To join with angels in the strains of heaven!

My Saviour GOD, O loveliest, dearest
 name [nounc'd !
 That e'er my ear receiv'd, or tongue pro-
 While hoping, yet almost afraid to hope
 That thou art mine, I breathe the charming
 sounds [seal
 In faltering accents ; wilt thou, gracious,
 My humble claim, exalt my trembling hope
 To full assurance ? let thy holy spirit
 With powerful and convincing attestation
 Confirm my wavering faith, reveal my name,
 My worthless name, in thy fair book of life,
 In everlasting characters engraved.
 Disperse my fears, and fill my inmost soul
 With joy unspeakable and full of glory.

O blissful state ! on earth my wish su-
 preme !
 Sweet prelibation of immortal joys !
 Possess'd of this, I could resign the world,

Nor heave a sigh, nor shed one parting tear.
 Then, death were welcome, and the frowning
 aspect

Of nature's foe would change to heavenly
 smiles. [tended

Then would I spurn the globe, and rise at-
 By guards celestial to the realms of bliss :

To thy bright presence, O my Saviour God ;
 To dwell for ever in the vast delights

Thy smiles bestow ! there in transporting
 strains

To join the heavenly chorus ; all my powers
 Uniting in immortal praise, and honours,

To thy ador'd, to thy exalted name.

There Jesus and salvation, boundless theme,
 Shall swell the boundless song ; and tune
 the notes

To extacy ! the rapture-breathing strain
 Unmeasur'd, but by vast eternity.



A THOUGHT in SICKNESS.

HOW weak, how languid is the immortal
 mind !

Prison'd in clay ! ah, how unlike her birth !
 These noble powers for active life design'd,

Depress'd with pain and grief, sink down
to earth.

Unworthy dwelling of a heaven-born guest !
Ah no !—for sin, the cause of grief and pain,
Taints her first purity, forbids her rest ;
And justly is she doom'd to wear the chain.

To wear the chain—how long ? till grace
divine [toys ;
By griefs and pains shall wean from earthly
Till grace convince, invigorate, refine,
And thus prepare the mind for heavenly joys.

Then, O my God, let this reviving thought
To all thy dispensations reconcile ;
Be present pains with future blessings
fraught,
And let my cheerful hope look up and smile.

Look up and smile, to hail the glorious day,
(JESUS, to thee, this blissful hope I owe,)
When I shall leave this tenement of clay,
With all its frailties, all its pains below.

JESUS, in thee, in thee I trust, to raise,
Renew'd, rein'd and fair, this frail abode ;
Then my whole frame shall speak thy won-
derous praise,
For ever consecrated to my God.

**A REFLECTION on a WINTER
EVENING.**

NOW faintly, smile day's hasty hours,
The fields and gardens mourn,
Nor ruddy fruits, nor blooming flowers
Stern winter's brow adorn.

Stern winter throws his icy chains
Encircling nature round :
How bleak, how comfortless the plains !
Late with gay verdure crown'd.

The sun withdraws his vital beams,
And light and warmth depart,
And drooping, lifeless, nature seems
An emblem of my heart.

My heart, where mental winter reigns,
In night's dark mantle clad,
Confin'd in cold inactive chains,
How desolate and sad !

Erē long the sun with genial ray,
Shall cheer the mourning earth,
And blooming flowers and verdure gay
Renew their annual birth.

So, if my soul's bright sun impart
 His all-enlivening smile,
 The vital ray shall cheer my heart ;
 Till then, a frozen soil.

Then faith, and hope, and love shall rise.
 Renew'd to lively bloom,
 And breathe accepted to the skies,
 Their humble, sweet perfume,

Return, O blissful sun, and bring
 Thy soul-reviving ray ;
 This mental winter shall be spring,
 This darkness cheerful day.

But while to this low world confin'd
 Where changeful seasons roll,
 My blooming pleasures will decline,
 And winter pain my soul.

○ happy state, divine abode,
 Where spring eternal reigns ;
 And perfect day, the smile of God,
 Fills all the heavenly plains !

Great source of light thy beams display,
 My drooping joys restore,
 And guide me to the seats of day,
 Where winter frowns no more.

The ELEVATION.

WHILE I survey the azure sky
 With wonder and delight,
 A thousand beauties meet my eye,
 A thousand lambent glories deck the night.
 I do not ask to know their names,
 Nor their magnitude enquire ;
 What avails it me to prove
 Which are fix'd and which remove ?
 Let the sons of science rove
 Through the boundless fields of space,
 And amazing wonders trace ;
 Bright worlds beyond those starry
 My nobler curiosity inspire. [flames,

When o'er the shining plain,
 Thought ranges unconfin'd,
 Night with her sparkling train
 Awhile may entertain,
 But cannot fix the mind.
 The restless mind insatiate still,
 (Which all creation cannot fill,)
 Fain would arise,
 Beyond the skies, [hind,
 And leave their glittering wonders far be-
 Beyond them brighter wonders dwell,

By mortal eyes unseen ;
 Not angel eloquence can tell
 The endless glories of the blissful scene.
 Wonders, all to sense unknown !
 Glories, seen by faith alone !
 Come, faith, with heaven-illumin'd ray,
 Arise, and lead the shining way,
 And teach my longing mind
 The path of life to find ;
 A path proud science never found
 In all her wide unwearied round ;
 A path by bold philosophy untry'd :
 Nor will I ask the twinkling eyes of night :
 The sacred word alone directs my flight,
 Nor can I miss my way with this unerring
 guide.

From awful Calvary the flight begins ;
 For there the burthened mind
 Divine relief can find ;
 'Tis there she drops her load of sins ;
 Accursed load, which held her from the
 'Tis love, almighty love, [skies !
 Which bids the load remove,
 And shews the heavenly way, and bids my
 soul arise :
 Jesus, the true, the living way
 To the blissful realms of day !

Come, dearest LORD, my heart inspire
 With faith, and love, and warm desire ;
 And bear me, raptur'd, to the blest abode,
 Thy glorious dwelling, O my Saviour God !

In those happy worlds are given
 To the favourites of heaven,
 Mansions brighter far
 Than the brightest star,
 Which gilds the fair ethereal plains.
 Stars must resign their temporary ray,
 These shine resplendent with immortal day,
 Nor cloud, nor shade, their spotless glory
 Radiant mansions, all divine ! [stains,
 They shall for ever, ever shine
 With undecaying light ;
 When stars no more shall set and rise,
 And all these fair expanded skies
 Are roll'd away and lost in everlasting night.

Adieu, ye shining fields of air,
 Ye spangled heavens, that look so fair,
 And smiling court the eye ;
 Your fading beauties charm no more,
 While contemplation lost in sweet amaze,
 Dwells on the splendors of a brighter sky :
 But, O my soul at humble distance gaze,
 With trembling joy adore.

There reigns the eternal source of light,
 Full beaming from his awful throne
 Dazzling glories—Oh, how bright!

To thought unknown.

Too strong the unsufferable day
 For the strongest angel's eye!
 Seraphs veil'd and prostrate lie
 Adoring at his feet:

But love attempers every ray,
 And mingles holy awe with bliss divinely
 sweet.

Extatic joy! immense delight!
 Here fainting contemplation dies,
 The glory overwhelms her sight;
 Nor faith can look with stedfast eyes.
 No more, my soul, attempt no more
 Those awful glories to explore,
 From frail mortality conceal'd.

Yet in the sacred word,
 I may behold my LORD;
 In those celestial lines

A ray of glory shines,
 Pointing upward to the skies;
 Scenes of joy, though distant, rise,
 To faith, and hope, and humble love reveal'd.

JESUS, whom my soul adores,
O let thy reviving ray,
(Sweet dawn of everlasting day,)
With heavenly radiance cheer my fainting
powers;
And when I drop this mortal load,
Free and joyful to the sky
Let my raptur'd spirit fly, [road,
With unknown swiftness wing the aërial
And find a mansion in thy bright abode.
Transporting thought—and shall I see
The heavenly friend who died for me?
While seraphs tune the golden lyre,
JESUS, to thy charming name,
Let me join the blissful choir,
Thy love the everlasting theme!
But not the joy resounding lay,
Harmonious o'er the worlds above,
Through endless ages can display,
Dear SAVIOUR, half the glories of thy love.

FINIS.



