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EVANGELIC POETRY:

FOR THE

PURPOSES OF DEVOTION,

EXCITED BY

SPIRITUAL SONGS:

AND

CONVICTION URGED BY GOSPEL
TRUTH.

BY PELATIAH CHAPIN, A. M.
IN HOPKINTON.

*Ye Sons of Earth! (nor willing to be more!)
Since Verse you think from priest-craft somewhat free,
Thus in an age so gay, the Muse plain truths
(Truths which at church you might have heard in
Has ventur'd into light; ————— [prose]
NIGHT THOUGHTS.*

CONCORD:

Printed by GEO. HOUGH, for the Author.

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P R E F A C E.

THE motives which urge Christian devotion, and the danger of treating them with neglect, is evident to all who maintain a devout life, to whom every work appears great which belongs to the character of a true Christian; and while duty, as it consists in true love to Christ, in every act requires close attention, lest motives be wrong, those who approve themselves to God will find great consolation in the strength of Christ, in all which he calls them to do or suffer: The glory of the Redeemer, revealed in the Gospel, and the reasons why he should be praised, will possess the hearts of his friends, with desires that all would unite to serve the great purposes of his glory; and every attempt to declare it, will have their kind approbation.

As what is contained in the following stanzas, relates to EVANGELIC GLORY, the necessity of an apology, is superceded by the weight of the subject, and excuses the *Author's* attempt under all the disadvantages which attend the publication.

To compare what is here published, with some former writings, it will be found, that not only an ideal,

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ideal, but a verbal likeness, is admitted on some occasions, which could not well be avoided, with justice to the subject.

May the reader's heart be susceptible of religious impressions, from the lips of babes, and gain those benefits which may easily be lost, by curiosity or coldness; humility, watchfulness and prayer, will give scope to devotion, though assisted by small capacities.

May Divine Glory employ our attention, and support our hope, in every scene of life; and we be furnished with well established prospects of complete happiness, in the kingdom and glory of Christ, when all promises relating to his and his people's blessedness, shall be completed in the glory of the eternal world; and the rays of divine light, so illumine every soul, as to abundantly outshine this glow-worm appearance of

THE AUTHOR.

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are here omitted.

EVANGELIC POETRY.

PART I.

Abfalom's Rebellion applied to the Character and Destruction of the Enemies of Christ.

SECT. I. *His Conspiracy.* 2 Sam. xv.

IN David's heart paternal passions reign'd,
For Abfalom, by banishment detain'd;
The filial exile did with joy embrace,
And made him share an injur'd Father's grace;
But lo! the wretch, thus by his father lov'd,
Unto his royal parent traitor prov'd;
The Lord's anointed labours to dethrone,
On the King's ruin'd state to raise his own;
He first entices with his speeches fair;
By kind address, the people did insnare;
Wishes that he might fill the judge's seat,
Protect their cause who there for justice wait.
Strange! how his heart deceives him by his pride!
A righteous judge found in a paracide;
A judge's place thinks he could well supply,
As son, and subject, justice dare deny.
Thus men hate duty in their proper place,
And think they might some noble office grace;
If God on them some other work would lay,
They cheerfully his precepts would obey.
This spurious prince dare hide his villany,
Under the specious veil of sanctity.

He

He tells his pious, royal father, how
 He, when an exile, unto God did vow;
 "If he from banishment shall set me free,
 I with his people will his servant be,
 And now to Hebron, I must soon repair,
 To pay my vow, and serve Jehovah there;
 Who hath me from a heathen land reform'd,
 Unto this land where his great name's ador'd."
 The treacherous son, the father's favour gain'd,
 To act the pious part which he had feign'd;
 He Heaven's colours here displays to view,
 An hellish scheme the better to pursue;
 He said, and went, and soon it did appear,
 Neither for vow, or father, did he care;
 But soon declares his base, his vile design,
 And forms the people in rebellious line.
 He had before by smooth, deceitful arts,
 Gain'd on his side, a group of treacherous hearts,
 By fulsome words, and airy charms impress'd,
 Respect to all true loyalty had lost.
 These by the filial rival now are rul'd,
 By him are flatter'd, and by him befool'd;
 In pride, he now braves danger and disgrace,
 And calls their aid to take his father's place,
 That when the trump's triumphant sound they hear,
 They his usurping honour then declare;
 Say, "Absalom, the son, in triumph reigns,
 And by his own, his father's honour stains;
 Let Israel to my honour now proclaim,
 How royal and paternal right became,
 To my ambitious plan, an easy prey;
 Let self be great, though realms and kings decay;
 Self-love affects this self-exalting strain,
 All glory but its own, to blast and stain;
 David's great antitype, in glory high,
 Proud men despoise, and praise to him deny;
 And slight the King, celestial glory crowns,
 Immortal glory which all Heaven owns;
 Self-love, with Christ, a rival dare appear,
 For all that praise which he by right doth share.

SECT. II. *David fleeth from Jerusalem.*

SO strong, so bold, is this conspiracy,
 The royal host must now from danger flee;
 Not Zion's hill could safety then afford,
 But still 'twas safe to trust in Zion's God;
 Weeping they went, for mournful was their case,
 The King must flee before the monster's face;
 The plain is veiled in a mournful hood,
 And men upright, expos'd to scenes of blood.
 The men who dare espouse the injur'd cause,
 And act in favour of God's righteous laws,
 On what ensues must bravely venture all,
 Resolv'd with the just cause to rise or fall.
 Ah! must the sacred cause of David bleed?
 Must a vile rebel on the throne succeed?
 The Lord's anointed no protection have,
 Which may retrieve from the devouring grave.
 Will God permit his friends no more to see
 Their King maintain his royal dignity?
 May sweet melodious songs no more proclaim,
 The people's safety, and their sovereign's fame?
 Perfidious foes are furious to maintain,
 The honour of the proud usurper's reign;
 Can this be thought a cause which Heaven owns,
 Which sinks the hopes of Zion's faithful sons?
 No! David's servants need not be afraid;
 The crown can't perish from their Prince's head;
 The right by which he reigns is too divine,
 To be the sport of vile, ambitious men.
 Success awaits those who are *David's* friends;
 Their tears, and pains, in joyful triumph ends;
 Let them be faithful on their master's side,
 And show that zeal which is by most deny'd;
 If *David's* weeping friends may thus be brave,
 And hope, when dangers rise, that God will save;
 How may celestial hopes fill every breast,
 Which with the love of Jesus is possess'd?
 When gloomy shades surround them in their way,
 When seeming friends the cause of Christ betray,
 And

And show the world they do profess in vain,
 'Tis not this world, but Jesus they disdain,
 In grief the friends of Christ may weep to see,
 The slaves of sin resolv'd for misery ;
 Oppose the folly of those harden'd fools,
 Who bring damnation on their guilty souls,
 Those who in Heavenly glory have delight,
 Mourn any should joy in such glory slight,
 Yet their calm souls enjoy a quiet rest,
 To think that Jesus lives forever blest ;
 And that his cause, no injury can sustain,
 By those who foes unto his grace remain.
 The promises that Christ shall reign as King,
 True comfort to his drooping saints will bring ;
 While Christ on high anointed Sovereign dwells,
 And while his word such glory of him tells ;
 While angels on his Heavenly orders stand,
 And scenes below unfold at his command ;
 While works of friends and foes directed are,
 To show, his kingdom stands both strong and fair ;
 Saints in good hope with him may trust their all,
 And seek a kingdom which can never fall ;
 Even that kingdom, founded in the blood,
 Of the once slain but now ascended God.

SECT. III. *David's Submission.*

DAVID, with those surrounding dangers prest,
 Calmly resign'd unto God's will, doth rest ;
 He on the ark bestows religious care ;
 The honour of his God to him was dear ;
 The ark he sends unto its proper place,
 And leaves the issue to God's power and grace ;
 Almighty power he knows could him sustain,
 And place him on the rightful throne again ;
 If such a favour may to him be shown,
 God's gracious hand he thankfully will own ;
 But if the righteous Lord of all will take
 Him from the throne, and wholly him forsake,
 And

And let his power be trodden to the dust ;
 God's will he owns to be intirely just.
 Thus pious souls, God's holy hand adore,
 When they are crush'd by the oppressor's power ;
 They see his hand in all the grief they feel,
 And learn submission to his holy will ;
 They own he's good, when he their wants supplics,
 They own he's good when favour he denies ;
 That God who gives, and takes, is still the same,
 And they who love him, love to bless his name ;
 When God with floods of grief his people tries,
 God's will be done, the humble sufferer cries.
 Intire submission to God's holy will,
 Did in the humble heart of Jesus dwell,
 Whose life, in human nature, did resign,
 Though he in person was the son divine.

SECT. IV. *Shimei curses David.*

SHIMEI with cruel malice now did taunt
 The mourning King—the meek and royal saint ;
 Render his character in shocking hue,
 A bloody regicide he points to view ;
 " He who by cruel measures gain'd the throne,
 Is justly by his rival son cast down.
 The kingdom now is in a broken state,
 Because that David fill'd a royal seat ;
 And nothing will restore to peace again,
 Till bloody David and his men are slain.
 Thus proud, malicious men, will dare apply
 God's providence in a mistaken way,
 Nor will events of wonderous scenes abide,
 To see how God will in the end decide ;
 Men rashly judge that thus God indicates,
 Who are the men he loves, and who he hates ;
 These scenes are not by Providence design'd,
 To tell us who will endless pleasure find ;
 Meekly did David this contempt receive,
 And spar'd the wretch's life who did it give,
 And

And leaves the stroke to God's avenging hand,
 To pay the vengeance justice may demand;
 God by this man doth unto me make known,
 His righteous hand, which I must humbly own;
 The hand on which all human *acts* depend,
 And guides each action to its proper end;
 An end oppos'd in this vile sinner's heart,
 Whom he thus bids to *act* this wicked part.
Acts are as natural neither good or bad,
 But as they are by *actors* qualified;
 The quality, is as the heart's inclin'd,
 Or else as moral *acts* can be defin'd;
 God *acts* by wicked men, as is his will;
 In what they *act* they *willingly* rebel;
 When wicked men arose and sought the blood
 Of him who was in truth the son of God,
 They wore the sword of God which then awoke,
 To give the dreadful unrelenting stroke;
 Thus God his purpose by those men fulfil'd,
 What by the prophets he before reveal'd;
 And in his wisdom by his works made known,
 His son through suffering gain'd a glorious crown.

SECT. V. *Ahithophel's Apostacy & Overtrow.*

TH' aspiring Prince drew numbers on his side,
 Congruous to his plan set forth by pride;
 Ahithophel, a counsellor of fame,
 Adopts this wicked and new fangled scheme;
 Abandons David to a scene of woe,
 And joins to work his fatal overthrow;—
 David with him religious hours had spent,
 When with accord unto God's house they went,
 And seem'd to join with marks of friendship dear,
 To serve the Lord with mutual hearts sincere.
 The solemn ties of most endearing love,
 To this feign'd saint like Samson's cords did prove;
 Temptation fir'd ambitious thoughts of fame;
 He leaves religion to support his name;

Employs

Employs his crafty wisdom to contrive,
 How a rebellious cause may rise and thrive.
 So false are friends when we their friendship need,
 They for this world will leave Christ's cause to
 When David doth in sad prophetic strain, [bleed;
 Accuse, and of his counsellor complain,
 He doth the crime and punishment behold,
 Of him by whom the Lord of life was sold;
 God's wisdom makes the rage of wicked men
 Apply to execute his glorious plan,
 And by their sinful measures will confound
 The cause they wish to see with triumph crown'd;
 His and his people's cause he well defends,
 Though men forsake it who did seem its friends.
 When David's counsellor had from him fled,
 To whom, as one divine, respect was paid,
 The injur'd King upon his God relies,
 To blast the plan of one who seem'd so wise;
 God makes the wisdom of the man abhor'd,
 By those whose vicious cause he did regard;
 His fancied glory vanishes in shame,
 And hates his life, when he had lost his fame,
 And vents the rage that pain'd his troubled breast,
 On life self-loath'd to ties of friendship lost;—
 So men who slight the cause of David's Lord,
 And seek in worldly kingdoms their reward,
 Shall have the plagues that do those pow'rs await,
 Which seek by worldly grandeur to be great.
 Kingdoms set up by earthly pomp, shall fall,
 For Christ is King who claims a right to all.
 The Jewish King, upon whose royal head,
 God gave command the holy oil to shed,
 Was but a type of God's anointed son,
 Who, to be King, was of the virgin born,
 And died, and rose, and lives exalted high,
 To rule below, and reign above the sky;
 His offices are all divinely great,
 As mediator he appears complete;
 Him God ordain'd—men must to him submit,
 Or else be trodden down beneath his feet;

Tides;

Titles, and pomp, and wealth, will soon decay,
From those who now the gospel disobey.

SECT. VI. *David giveth charge of Absalom,
who is slain by Joab.*

GO forth, brave general, to th' important post;
Review the troops, and lead the martial host:
Go fight your Maker's and your sovereign's cause;
Relieve your country, and secure the laws;
Go chase the rebels from the mountain's side;
Restrain their fury, and chastise their pride:—
But when the scenes of the auspicious day,
Shall make my son, and Israel's host, your prey,
To Absalom let pity then be shown,
Crush the conspirators, and save my son.
Unwarily from virtue's path he strays,
Dazzled with honour, and seduc'd with praise;
Empire's deluding charms the youth mislead,
By crafty counsel wretchedly betray'd,
Perhaps he may be willing to submit,
And own his folly at his father's feet;
He then may see the fruit of factious times,
Abhor his errors, and abjure his crimes.
O could your conquering arm but once restore
This darling son unto his father's power!
The neglected harp would string again,
And speak your valour in exalted strain.
He said, and to the field the captains go,
In rage, and pity to engage the foe.
By Ephraim's wood embattled parties wait;
While conscious guilt forebodes impending fate:
The royal host soon makes the omen good,
And drive the rebels thro' the neighbouring wood.
The sword and wood did twenty thousand slay,
Like scatter'd leaves the conquered legions lay;
The vanquish'd Prince no longer trusts to might,
But seeks in vain to save himself by flight;

And

And through the branches of a spreading oak,
His warlike mule with frighted courage struck.
The warlike boughs arrest the rider's hair,
And hold the youth suspended in the air.
Those comely locks which on his shoulders hung,
The pleasing theme of the fair virgin's song,
Shall now no more employ the ladies breath,
But hold the rebel in the arms of death.
Thus fickle beauty glories for a while,
To show her charms and on her votarists smile;
But soon those charms her lovers will betray,
Their hopes must sink, and see her bloom decay.
One, in the royal host, saw this event,
And flies with tidings to the General's tent:
Joab in haste did take the fatal dart,
And pierced through the dying hero's heart;
The joyful trumpet sounds for victory won,
And Israel's troops unto their tents return.
The man who war with David dare proclaim,
Is dead, and all his honour turn'd to shame;
Though fancy's dreams had plac'd him very high,
His visionary hopes do with him die.
Let all the foes of David's glorious Lord,
Who hate his glory shining in his word,
Learn to be wise, and know he is a King,
Who all his foes will to destruction bring.
Those who deny his sacred right to reign,
By his command before him must be slain;
Not one of all his enemies can flee,
Or shun his hand, which will uplifted be;
Be lifted up, with glorious power divine,
To crush his foes who dare against him join;
Sent from triumphant glory of his power,
Their endless, growing torments will endure.

SECT. VII. *David's Lamentation.*

JOAB commands, and valiant Cushy goes,
To bear the tidings of the vanquish'd foes;

The

The General's orders he obeys in haste,
 Soon o'er the plain the willing carrier past;
 The penfive Monarch on the watch-tow'r sat,
 Willing to know, but fearful of the fate;
 Contending passions in his bosom roll,
 But love still keeps the empire of his soul.
 As Cush enters, cries th' indulgent King,
 "How fares my son? what tidings do you bring!
 How ends the scene of this unnatural strife?
 Is my son spar'd, or has he lost his life?"
 Cush, amaz'd, with stammering dread replies,
 "As is the youth, so be thine enemies;
 The rebels meet with his untimely fate;
 Then *David* shall be safe, and *Israel* great."
 The Monarch's grief did soon a gloom display,
 To shade the triumph of the joyful day.
 The royal subjects saw, to their surprise,
 The sorrow of their King, with weeping eyes.
 The mourning King into his chamber went,
 To mourn his sin, and give his passion vent.
 What deep contrition on his visage hung!
 What melting words dropt from his humble
 tongue!

"Unhappy youth! in bloom of life cut down!
 My *Abfalom* is from my bosom torn!
 My son a rebel, and my sin the cause
 Why he dar'd trample on such sacred laws!
 I feel the pangs of grief, when I survey
 The shocking picture of the dismal day,
 When my mandate did good *Uriah* send,
 Into a scene, which his dear life did end:
 My faithful subject then a victim made,
 To vile designs, inhumanly betray'd:
 Nor the remotest thought of my intent
 Possess'd his heart, when bravely forth he went,
 To fight that famous battle of the Lord,
 By me expos'd to the devouring sword;
 When I, to please the flesh, and hide my shame,
 Sunk in the shades of death his rising fame;

Nor

Nor did allow his loyalty to share
 The triumph which that battle did declare.
 I now do feel the Prophet's solemn doom,
 That on my house the sword should surely come;
 The sad prophetic tidings *Nathan* told,
 My complicated trials do unfold.
 O *Abfalom*! my son! I could resign
 My aged blood, might it but ransom thine.
 Had God seen fit to guide the fatal dart,
 To miss the son, and pierce the father's heart,
 My hoary locks had smiled on the grave,
 This filial rebel from its jaws to save."

In *David's* pity we may darkly trace,
 A shadow of the great *Messiah's* grace;
 Free grace made known to *Adam's* guilty sons,
 In scenes of grief, and blood, and dying groans;
 In other acts, the muse dare not pursue,
 That in the type which *Jesus* brings to view;
David, for sins which he in person did,
 Saw he must die, if on him they were laid;
 But *Christ*, by sin, did ne'er receive a stain,
 When he, for sin, was willing to be slain.
David was sad on that triumphant day,
 Which did his victory o'er his foes display;
 But *Jesus*, in the triumph which he wears,
 With his pure joy can never mingle tears:
 He, *David's* Lord, is now in joy complete;
 Blessings, and glories, all do in him meet;
 His merits, which those blessings do secure,
 Do make the blessings of his people sure;
 Because he lives exalted on his throne,
 Eternal life will all his chosen crown:
 The life which they receive by faith, is theirs,
 Because in *Christ* they to that life are heirs.
 Hence all those blessings mystically known
 To saints, are given in *God's* blessed son;
 As he is *God*, heir to all things is he;
 As *Mediator*, grace through him is free:
 Free grace alone provides the saints a rest;
Christ in himself, and them in him are blest.

SECT. VIII.

SECT. VIII. *Conclusion.*

IF Christless sinners to destruction go,
 'Tis their own folly works their overthrow.
 Man is invited to immortal bliss;
 Eternal life in Christ he may possess,
 Furnish'd with power, with which he may be wise,
 With which he can the greatest good despise;
 By wisdom, he may his own actions guide;
 Or wisdom he can proudly lay aside.
 Has the Creator pow'r on him bestow'd,
 Humbly to love, and seek the greatest good?
 Shall God be blam'd, who has created man
 With noble powers, which he employs in sin?
 Should God, to man, free conscious power deny,
 No praise or blame will to his state apply;
 But passive, lifeless matter, may as well
 Reason improve, or its efforts expel.
 Man is important; for he may be wise;
 In making sure of an important prize;
 Which to neglect, is but to disallow
 He is important, but for endless woe.
 Wretched is man in what he doth embrace;
 Fond of the ruin which in him takes place;
 While, to be happy in the God of love,
 Mercy invites him, from her seat above;
 On kind persuasions in the Saviour's call,
 He pours contempt as of no worth at all.
 To him, his chosen measures fatal are;
 His wish'd-for bliss, is nothing but despair;
 The good he hates can only make him blest;
 Without it, is no soul-inviting rest:
 As well may man complain that he was made,
 As that his homage to his Lord be paid;
 Vain is his plea to urge his right to sin,
 Because his heart resolved is therein;
 His heart, dispos'd the blessed God to hate,
 Proves plain enough his sad and vicious state.
 If man is thus, then justice on God's part
 Pleads woe to man, who has a wicked heart;

Of haughty man, good reason to complain;
 For in his heart, contempt of God doth reign.
 A character more vile, man cannot show,
 Than this, his heart to Jesus will not bow:
 Can God be wrong, in doing what is right?
 In his own glory may he not delight?
 May he not show it in his works made known,
 Though man, for hating him, must be undone?
 Undone! yes: they their guilty selves undo;
 Compass the ends they wickedly pursue;
 Their own ways feed them with the bitter gall;
 Their wickedness procures their dreadful fall.
 God tells the wicked they must damned be,
 Unless by faith they will to Jesus flee:
 The word is sure—they may on it depend—
 They have fair warning of their dreadful end;
 God's high decree against them does protest,
 That unbelievers shall not see his rest!

P A R T II.

SOLOMON'S SONGS.

The Songs, which of Jesus do tell,
In pastoral language of love,
Give beauty, which never will fail;
And life, to the soul they will prove.

SONG I. *The Love of the Spouse.*

MAY embraces, from Jesus above,
Be granted to comfort my soul;
My joys do all spring from the love
Which in his dear bosom doth roll.
His name, with his glory replete,
Diffuseth the choicest perfume;
His graces, like ointments most sweet,
Are precious wherever they come.
Dear faints, who receive his free grace,
His beauty and charms do admire;
They pant for the smiles of his face;
His presence they greatly desire.
May he, by endearing constraints,
Engage me in raptures sublime;
I'll run for the prize which he grants;
To heavenly faith will I climb.
So kind are his visits of love,
He grants me his chambers of grace;
I'm

I'm glad, and with pleasure approve
The brightness his glory displays:
His love I can never forget;
It quickens and pleases me well;
His servants, who with him unite,
His love in sweet accents can tell.
My blackness, by sin, I do own;
By grace, I am comely and fair,
Like curtains of *David's* wife son;
Tho' with *Kedar* I well may compare:
But look not upon me with frowns,
As smitten with sun-beams of day;
In anger mine own mother's sons
From my vineyard have call'd me away:
My Shepherd, the joy of my soul,
By thee may I safely be led,
To rest in the shades of thy fold;
With thy faints may I daily be fed.

CHRIST.

MY fair One, the way that you seek,
Is the way which the faithful pursue;
Go forth in the steps which they take,
Then joy which they find is for you.
When cloth'd with my graces, you wait,
Attentive my orders to hear,
To the grandeur of *Pbaraob* in state,
My loving kind Spouse I compare.
Like jewels, my grace doth adorn
My lovers, who with it do shine;

With

With chains, for bright ornaments worn,
Stands array'd this fair One of mine.

Thy borders in peace shall appear,
In beauty and worth to excel;

Like bases, my arm shall be near,
To support where my chosen do dwell.

CHURCH.

MY King at his table doth shine,
And around his glory doth spread;
His graces, in this heart of mine,
Their heavenly flavours do shed.

As the myrrh which drops from the tree,
My beloved his love doth display;
His visits are so dear to me,
I wish he forever would stay.

As clusters the vineyard perfumes,
So *Jesus*, his Church, with his grace;
It is joy, wherever he comes;
He is the sweet fountain of peace.

He looks on his Church, and will prize
What in her is comely and fair;
He speaks of her watchful dove's eyes,
Employ'd in his service with care.

When she speaks, her beloved appears,
The joy and the food of her heart,
And faintly, but boldly declares,
What sweetness his love doth impart.

Like

Like cedar, her beams will abide;
Her beauty and strength are well known;
With tempests, she oft has been try'd;
But never has been overthrown.

SONG II. *Christ, in his Grace, the Delight of
the true Church.*

THE fair rose of Sharon appears;
Such beauties in *Jesus* do dwell;
His grace, with the humble, compares
With lilies which grow in the vale.

As lilies, where thorns do abound,
With singular beauty do shine;
So *Jesus* hath graciously crown'd
His Church with his graces divine.

To his shade with joy I retire,
From the sun; 'tis a welcome retreat;
His fruit I do greatly admire;
He feeds me with spiritual meat.

He brought me, with joy, to the place,
Where, feasting, a banquet I had;
Like a King, with the bounties of grace,
His manner of love he display'd.

With wine, and with fruit, from his board,
Now may I be richly supply'd;
Such comfort he brings in his word,
I'm sick of all lovers beside.

His hands do support and embrace,
Or else I through weakness must die;

D

I find

I find that 'tis nought but his grace
My weakness and wants can supply.

By the hinds, and the soon-frighted roes,
Ye tempters, I charge you forbear,
To injure the happy repose,
I find in the Saviour most dear.

His voice and his goings I know;
O'er mountains and hills doth he skip;
To scatter his blessings below,
From Heaven to earth did he leap.

His going through death we may trace,
Then rising, he mounts his high throne;
His progress shows wonders of grace,
And mountains of sins are cast down.

He's gone, like the swift bounding roe;
Conceal'd, as an object of sense;
Yet faith, as through windows, can view
The glory his grace doth dispense.

He speaks to his Church, in his word,
Of the cause he has to maintain;
He calls her from wand'rings abroad,
To sing, for her Saviour doth reign.

His kingdom, on earth, doth appear
Like sun-beams when winter is past;
The flowers now flourish most fair, [blast.
Where the winds and the tempests did

Like the buds on the boughs of free grace,
Babes lisp out the breathings of love;

'Tis

'Tis pleasant to be in the place
Where we hear the sweet voice of the dove;

His Word, like the tree, and the vine,
Yield fruits which do heal and do cheer;
His voice to his bride is divine,
When he calls her, his grace to declare.

He calls her from caves, and from dens,
Where shades of the night were long
And opens enlightening scenes, [known,
That the Church, Jews & Gentiles, will own.

He pronounces her voice to be sweet,
When his kingdom & grace are her theme;
In her face do his own beauties meet,
Which the world will never esteem.

He warns against those who are foes,
By craft on the vines they would tread;
The gospel's true light they oppose,
And errors most fatal do spread.

The Church will rejoice in her Lord;
His gospel and interest she owns;
He gives her the light of his word,
As lilies the valley adorns.

'Till the beams of his glory shall rise,
She wishes and looks for the day,
That he would remove from her eyes,
The mount of division away.

SONG III. *The Church's desires for Christ,
and her views of his Grace.*

BY night my beloved I sought,
To excite and maintain a sweet frame;
But in seeking, I found him not,
With his presence my heart to inflame:

Then rising, the streets I explore,
'Till I my beloved might meet;
The inquiry I could not give o'er,
His visits of love are so sweet.

The watchmen who walk in the night,
My walking and care did espy;
I inquir'd for my soul's chief delight,
"Have you seen my beloved," said I.

Beyond what the watchmen could tell,
My wishes did urge me to go;
And I scarcely did bid them farewell,
When I found him I longed for so.

I held him with joy and with care,
Resolv'd not to part with him now;
'Till in Zion we both might appear,
Where breath of his love I first drew.

*By the hinds, and the soon-frighted roes,
Ye temples, I charge you forbear,
To injure the happy repose,
I find in the Saviour most dear.*

As columns of smoke do arise,
He from this vile desert withdrew;

With incense surmounting the skies,
He pleads for his people below.
The Church in affection ascends,
Where Christ her beloved is gone;
She mingles in heart with his friends,
Who worship and praise near his throne:
His rest, and his train, let us view;
In peace and in glory he reigns;
Our spiritual *Solomon* now,
Is rejoicing in fruit of his pains.
His guards, all expert in his cause,
Stand bold in a militant state;
And nobly contend for his laws,
When danger appears in the night:
Majestic, on high, is his throne;
His kingdom unshaken abides;
His decree, thro' the earth is made known;
In rest, in his chariot he rides.
His glory is seen all around,
His chariot he wisely doth move;
With beauty and strength is it crown'd,
And 'tis pay'd with a pavement of love.
Ye lovers of Jesus, come see,
The joyful and fair crown'd King;
Great splendor to his majesty,
His Church, his espoused, will bring;

SONG IV. *Christ's view of the Church's Beauty.*

MY spouse, it is love I admire,
That grace which enlightens the mind,
And renders thee harmless and fair,
In loyalty, watchful and kind.

Thy teeth, like a flock which is shorn,
And marching, is fruitful and clean;
So faith, the true Church doth adorn;
In order and strength is she seen.

Thy speech is so season'd with grace,
Thy lips are inviting to please;
And wisdom doth shine in thy face,
And fair words with good fruit agrees.

Lo! thy neck, like David's strong tow'r,
Defence to the feeble imparts;
Faith acts on the strength of my pow'r,
Which eludes the tempter's fire darts.

The truths of my word are agreed,
Like reos are the Church's two breasts;
Souls born of the spiritual seed,
Are fed with the choicest of feasts.

Till the morning of joy shall arise,
And the shadows of time are all fled,
By my blood, a sweet sacrifice,
The cause of my saints will I plead.

My spouse, who is cloth'd with my grace,
So fair in my eyes doth appear,
In relation to my righteousness,
No blemish or stain doth she wear.

My

My sister, with me may your eyes
From scenes on my footstool be drawn;
Look and long for that paradise,
Where Jesus, your Saviour, is gone.

That glory engages my heart,
In which you desire to be blest;
From that glory never to part,
Is your life, your joy, and your rest.

That love, by which you aspire
To the joy of glory divine,
Is what I do greatly admire,
More than ointments, spices and wine.

Thy lips, like honey, diffuse
The sweetness that flows from my grace;
That grace, which thy garment bedews,
Doth savour of Heavenly peace.

A garden enclos'd all around,
Is the Church, and her safety is sure;
As a spring in the desert is found,
Is she walled and sealed secure:

Like trees of sweet spices, she stands,
Where God his rich blessing bestows;
She's planted and kept by his hands,
By his care she blossoms and grows.

Here trees of all kinds may be seen,
For health and for beauty they cheer;
Saints, with their ripe fruits, & with green,
In vineyards of Christ do appear.

The

The Spirit, the fountain of grace,
 With living, free waters of love,
 Sends gently his streams round the place,
 Where Christians so fruitful do prove.
 May the Spirit awake and descend,
 That the garden may fruitful appear;
 That Christ, the Beloved, may find
 What he owns to be pleasant and fair.

SONG V. *Christ speaks, and the Church admires him.*

CHRIST gives the Spouse this kind re:
 "I come, at your request; [ply:]

That grace which doth thee beautify,
 Gives me a sweet repast.

Come taste the sweetness of my love,
 Drink largely of my grace;
 By streams of mercy from above,
 My friends in me have place."

The Church cries out, My heart regards
 The voice of my Belov'd:
 He knock'd, and call'd in melting words,
 His lips with kindness mov'd:

"My love, to me admittance give;
 The pure are my delight;

Detain'd

* Here is a reply to the Church's prayer in the former chapter: as the Old Testament has been divided into chapters but about four centuries, we may see the reason of this division.

And o'er the all devou'ring grave,
 Thy flaming triumph glows.
 Those flames, those bright and heavenly
 The waters cannot drown; [flames,
 By fire the Lord his love proclaims,
 And burns his footstool down.
 Should all the wealth this world can give,
 Then offer'd be for love,
 Such gifts would just contempt receive,
 From our dear Lord above.

PAUSE.

We in the promises do see,
 A little sister dear,
 That souls to Christ shall gather'd be,
 Where shades of death appear.
 What for this sister shall be done?
 For now she has no breasts;
 How can the Lord this sister own
 Among his chosen guests?
 Should she a stately wall appear,
 Built up by hands divine;
 A tow'r on her we soon would rear,
 That she by faith might shine.
 Though she, as doors when open'd wide,
 To thieves expos'd may be;
 The Saviour will for her provide,
 And her from danger free.

F

He

He saw me like a wall, and round
 My breasts like tow'rs did rise;
 As one who his kind favour found,
 Then was I in his eyes.

The Church he like a vineyard owns,
 And pours down blessings there;
 And gave his plants, his chosen ones,
 Unto the keeper's care.

The Church within his sight shall live,
 And great shall be his praise;
 The keepers of the fruit shall have
 Rewards in his free grace.

O thou who with thy saints dost dwell;
 Who thy companions are!
 Thy cheering voice doth please them well,
 Thy voice, Lord, let me hear.

Come, my Beloved, come in haste,
 Be like a youthful roe;
 O may the time be quickly past,
 Which keeps me here below.

An Hymn on Canticles 1. 7.

MY heavenly shepherd, whom I love,
 With all my heart, and mind,
 Whose presence I esteem above,
 All joy which here I find,
 Teach me, O thou my skilful guide,
 To find the welcome place,

Where

Where thou dost with thy flock abide,
 By visits of thy grace.

Where shall I find that quiet rest,
 To which thy saints repair,
 In hours of sadness and distress,
 And find sweet comfort there?

Why should I wrong my Saviour so,
 Who is my dearest friend,
 That I should treat him as those do
 Who hate his sweet command?

Why should I relish vain delight,
 Since I have found such joy
 In heavenly things beyond my sight,
 Which death cannot destroy?

Why should I sink my mind so low,
 Which once could soar on high,
 As to pursue what can't, I know,
 My longing soul supply?

PART III.

P A R T III.

GLORIOUS PEACE IN CHRIST'S MEDIA-
TORIAL GOVERNMENT.

ISAIAH II. 2, 5.

JEHOVAH's mount, in latter days,
His sacred house of joy will raise,
Above the hills exalted high,
And strike and please the wond'ring eye.

The glory which it then will show,
Will make the nations to it flow,
With willing minds as one they meet,
To bow at the Messiah's feet.

Up to the holy mount, they say,
To Jacob's God we'll go and pray;
In ways of truth he will us lead,
From Zion will the law proceed.

Among the nations will he sit,
As Judge to punish or acquit;
No rage disturb his peaceful reign,
Nor scenes of war be known again.

The swords and spears be laid aside,
Ensigns of fierce, ambitious pride,
And men, vain men, no more proclaim;
Pretended glory in their shame.

PAUSE.

PAUSE.

May all who love the Lord, draw near,
And in the paths of peace appear,
With mutual hearts in friendship join,
To walk in ways of truth divine.

The great Messiah, high in power,
Keeps all earth's magazines in store;
He can give blessings from above,
And rule the hearts of men by love.

At his command contentions cease,
And jarring kingdoms blest with peace;
The swords are broken, bows unstrung,
And nations make his grace their song.

He can send down all needed aid,
When men of blood our peace invade;
Or if they rage without control,
He sweetens the embitter'd bowl.

Unless we learn his peaceful way,
We in the midst of light shall stray;
Darkness unknown will veil our sight,
Or gathering clouds, and gloomy night.

ISAIAH IX.

THOSE who in darkness long did roam,
Now see a wond'rous light,
Where shades of death had spread a gloom,
The welcome day shone bright.

Though

Though nations multiplied are,
 Their joys will not increase,
 Till heavenly blessings they do share,
 In dews of quick'ning grace.

Now joy doth like an harvest rise,
 In fruits of grace made known;
 No victor, who divides the prize,
 Can share so bright a crown.

Oppression shall no more maintain
 The sons of mirth and pride,
 As *Midian's* cruel host was slain,
 Shall tyranny subside.

Though rage and warriors thro' the world,
 May wide confusion spread,
 In reeking blood are garments roll'd
 Among the thousands dead.

Yet the decisive stroke at last,
 Which will God's people free,
 By all devouring fire will blast,
 His foes shall fuel be.

PAUSE.

For lo! the Saviour to us sent,
 Is God's beloved Son,
 Who has the right of government,
 Though of a virgin born.

His name doth sacred wonders show;
 His counsels are divine;
 The mighty God doth dwell below,
 And with our natures join.

Though

Though he in person is the Son,
 To show his Father's grace,
 As Mediator there is born
 To him a numerous race.

The Prince of peace, with glory crown'd;
 Is truly Lord of all;
 His empire takes creation round,
 And earth-born kings must fall.

As *David's* throne by promise stood,
 So *David's* Son and Lord,
 Shall have all promises made good,
 Found in God's faithful word.

Saints may take courage then, and pray,
 When earthly kingdoms shake;
 That Christ would make the world obey,
 And his laws freely take.

ISAIAH XXX.

THE wilderness shall joyful be,
 In the Redeemer's grace,
 When souls the gospel beams shall see
 In every desert place.

There, blossoms greatly shall abound,
 Like fragrant roses fair,
 As *Lebanon*, with blessings crown'd,
 Is *Zion's* glory there:
 And fruit like *Sharon's* field shall grow
 By blessings from our God,

And

And *Carmel's* top his praise shall show,
And glory all abroad.

The hands which have no might, shall find
Help in God's holy arm;

The feeble who to him are join'd,
He will defend from harm.

Say unto those of fearful heart,
Be strong, and do not fear;

Behold your God will take your part,
And to your help appear.

Behold, with vengeance will he come,
And bring proud sinners down;

Those scenes which will his foes consume,
Will make salvation known.

The rays of cheering light he'll shed
On eyes of sinners, blind;

His voice shall by the deaf be heard,
With ears to him inclin'd.

PAUSE.

Then shall the lame leap like the hart,
Which speedily doth bound;
The dumb, as though they spake by art,
Their Maker's praise shall sound.

And waters shall in plenty flow,
The desert land to cheer;

As streams in gentle murmurs go,
Will springs of grace appear.

The

The parched land shall be supply'd,
And flourish like the mead;

And where the dragons did abide,
Shall grow the grass and reed.

The way of holiness, shall be
A way most clearly seen;

Though none the light of it will see,
But those whose hearts are clean.

Those who like lions rage and roam,
This path can never tread;

But all who to the Saviour come,
Shall safely there be led.

To *Zion* they shall come with songs,
And joys immortal share;

No grief, but unmix'd joy, belongs
To all who enter there.

ISAIAH XLIX. 1, 12. *Christ's Works glorious,
and Gospel Blessings to the Gentiles.*

O MAY the Islands now attend,
And foreigners abroad;

The Father his dear Son doth send
To preach the truth of God.

"I to my Father's work am call'd,"
The blessed Saviour cries,

"His name by me shall be extoll'd,
In wondering nations eyes.

My mouth shall heavenly truth proclaim,
And be like a sharp sword;

G

I shall

I shall be well secur'd from harm,
As in the hand of God.

He owns me for his servant dear;
In him I shall prevail;
His glory, which I shall declare,
Is safe, and cannot fail.

Though stubborn Jews make me complain;
When over them I mourn,
To see my work with them prove vain,
A work which God will own.

The Father to me doth declare,
I'm glorious in his eyes;
He to my help is surely near;
The cause of truth shall rise.

Although the work, but small is seen
Among old *Jacob's* race,
If only those must be brought in,
To sing redeeming grace.

But lo! the heathen nations round,
Shall light from me receive;
Salvation shall by them be found;
They by my word shall live."

PAUSE.

Thus saith the Lord, the Holy One,
Who mighty is to save;
"Though men did scorn and hate my Son,
And brought him to the grave;
Kings shall his sacred honours see,
And wonder at his grace;

Princes

Princes his worshippers shall be,
And bow before his face.

For in a most accepted day,
To him I bow'd mine ear;
When from the grave he broke his way,
In answer to his pray'r.

He leaves the cup, and takes the crown,
The earth by promise stands,
'Till men his righteous sceptre own,
Who dwell in heathen lands.

He to the pris'ners will declare
The joyful Jubilee,
And when they gospel freedom share,
They much enlarg'd shall be.

Hunger and thirst no more shall grieve
Those who his mercy know;
The sun to smite no pow'r shall have,
Where springs of waters flow.

Each mount shall be the mount of God,
Where souls do taste his love;
The gospel shows a pleasant road,
In blessings from above."

2 SAMUEL, XXIII. 2, 3, 4.

THE spirit of the Lord did move
Good *David's* praising tongue,
His heart inflam'd with holy love,
Of the Messiah sung.

He

He o'er the sons of men shall reign,
Said the prophetic bard,
The rights of justice he'll maintain,
In the pure fear of God.

He like the blessings of the morn
Will rays of light extend,
From the bright lustre of his throne
To earth's remotest end.

He shall be like the day serene,
When the bright sun doth rise,
And not a cloud to intervene
The joy of waiting eyes.

And in the blessings of his grace,
Like grass shall fruit appear,
As smiles of spring adorn the place,
Where show'rs distilled are.

Like tender plants will souls receive
The joy his word imparts,
The peace which he to them will give,
Will grow, and cheer their hearts.

ISAIAH LXI.

THE Son, who from the Father came,
As Mediator to proclaim:
"Like oil, the Spirit on my head,
Fulness of grace doth on me spread:
I come, to make glad tidings known;
The meek, my word will gladly own;
In

In me, the broken-hearted find
True peace to raise the drooping mind.
The captives, who, in fetters bound,
Have freedom in the gospel found:
The year, which makes the pris'ners free,
Is the sweet gospel's Jubilee.

Though I appear in vengeance dress,
I come to make the mourners blest;
No more shall Z'ion's mourners spread
Ashes on the declining head.

I will them with my beauty dress,
And call them trees of righteousness;
My plants shall flourish fair and green;
In them my glory shall be seen.

Where ruins were display'd around,
I on the truth my Church will found;
Ye shall repair the walls at last,
Which were for many ages waste.

Strangers, like shepherds, will you lead,
And stand my chosen flock to feed;
The help of heathen sons combine
To plough your fields, and dress your vines.

I will take service at your hand,
As those who near my altar stand;
When Gentile nations hear my voice,
You in their glory shall rejoice.

You then shall double honour share,
For all reproach which you did bear;

No more confusion veils your face,
Now you are cloth'd with joy and peace;

I do the ways of judgment love,
And robb'ry I cannot approve;
In ways of truth I will you guide;
My cov'nant shall with you abide.

Your seed shall be to Gentiles known,
As a dear offspring of renown;
When I my blessings on you pour,
Nations shall wonder and adore.

Now I will in Jehovah's name,
My joy in his high praise proclaim;
Cloth'd with salvation I appear,
And robes of right'ousness I wear.

Those glorious robes, in which I shine,
Are heav'nly blessings all divine;
As I am like a bride-groom drest,
I with my grace my Church have blest:

For as the earth doth fruit produce,
When visited with rain and dews;
So nations shall in graces grow,
Where blessings by the gospel flow."

ISAIAH LXII. *Zion's latter Days Glory.*

THE glorious work I undertake,
Shall never cease for *Zion's* sake,
'Till she shines with my graces bright;
And as a lamp, displays her light.

Nations

Nations will on her lustre gaze,
And kings shall see her brightness blaze;
The Lord's own mouth shall spread her
And bless her with another name. [*same,*

The Lord will hold her as his crown;
In royalty she shall be known;
As *diadems* do princes grace,
God will his glory in her place.

No more shall it be told abroad,
That she's forsaken of her God;
Her desolations now are past,
Her land no longer shall lie waste.

She shall be call'd the Lord's delight,
Her land be precious in his sight;
She shall be his peculiar care,
Her welfare in his sight is dear.

Zion, in thee thy sons will rise,
And bind their souls with strongest ties;
To serve thy cause with willing mind,
As hands which are in wedlock join'd.

Thy Saviour God will joyful be,
To show his kind respects to thee;
The grace he doth on thee display,
Will gladden like a nuptial day.

Those watchmen on thy walls he'll place,
Whose zeal for thee shall never cease;
They of the Lord will freely speak,
His love will all their silence break.

To

To him they'll send their humble cries;
 Unless the Lord in glory rise,
 And make the praise of Zion known;
 By favours from his gracious throne.

The Lord by his right hand doth swear;
 Thy foes no more shall make thee bare;
 Strangers no more thy wine shall take,
 Or of thy labours booties make.

Thy sons shall eat and praise the Lord,
 For favours which he doth afford;
 They in his holy courts shall tread,
 And praises with his bounties spread.

"Go thro' the gates," the Lord doth say;
 "Prepare my saints a pleasant way;
 Make their high-way both plain and clear;
 And raise for them a standard there."

Behold, the great and sovereign Lord,
 Doth through the earth proclaim his word;
 To Zion's daughters now declare,
 That her salvation draweth near.

Behold, her great and glorious King,
 Is he who doth salvation bring;
 His work is with his glory crown'd,
 And in his hand reward is found.

Then those who speak of Zion's fame,
 The holy people will her name;
 Redeem'd by her dear Saviour's blood,
 She's consecrated to her God.

MATTHEW

MATTHEW VI. 10. *Thy Kingdom come.*

DEAR Jesus, show thy mighty pow'r;
 Crush satan's kingdom down;
 Our eyes long for that glorious hour,
 By visits from thy throne.

O may the welcome period come,
 When honour shall redound
 To him who will his right assume,
 And all his foes confound!

That Kingdom which the Lord doth own,
 Shall to the saints be giv'n;
 His word, which makes his promise known,
 Stands in the Court of Heav'n.

Joyous, that glorious day will prove,
 To foll'wers of the Lord;
 Their hearts are warm with sacred love;
 They trust his sacred word.

 P A R T IV.

 C O N T R A S T S.

SECT. I. *Hypocrisy and Duty contrasted*

HYPOCRISY and Duty trace,
 Which never can agree;
 That, always stands oppos'd to grace;
 This, takes her offers free.

H

That,

That, fixes on a legal form,
But with the law contends;
This, gives to grace its sacred claim;
And yet the law befriends.

That, makes its boast of duties done,
Though all its ways are wrong;
This, rests on sov'reign grace alone,
And makes Christ's work its song.

That, hates those ways which are sincere;
And builds upon deceit;
This, doth in honest truth appear,
And false disguise doth hate.

That, treats religion like a slave,
To serve a selfish turn;
This, doth to true religion live,
And all her ways adorn.

That, much esteems the action done,
When motives are not right;
This, will not acts as duty own,
Where motives wrong have weight.

That, like the Pharisee, will pray,
And boast of noted deeds;
This, on kind mercy has its stay,
And mercy humbly pleads.

That, with the multitude will go,
When they the truth oppose;
This, has the law of Christ in view,
And peace with him pursues.

That

That, treats religion as a whim,
Which bids us take the cross;
This, doth religion so esteem,
That all things else are dross.

That, sounds religion in the name,
The great religious I;
This, to self-praise resigns all claim,
On free grace to rely.

That, by its labour seeks to live,
As by mechanic tools;
This, the true way of life doth crave,
As living bread for souls.

That, by the things of time doth square,
The daily course it makes;
This, views things which eternal are,
In ev'ry path it takes.

That, blazes with a party zeal,
And urges all things wrong;
This, love to all the saints doth feel,
In heart, as well as tongue.

That, claims to self the highest place,
Where it may make a show;
This, humble in the views of grace,
By self will nothing know.

That, on the poor will cast the eye
Of criminal disdain;
This, lays its own self-int'rest by,
To seek another's gain.

That

That, will applause on those bestow,
From whom it has the same;
This, unto others, good will do,
Who slander and defame.

That, will a sham religion own,
Which goes with wind, and tide;
This, *abides* by faith on Christ alone,
And trials can abide.

That, glories in a painted face,
Though all defil'd within;
This, glories only in that grace
Which frees the heart from sin.

That, when it doth from virtue stray,
Cries out, "My sin is small;"
This, hating ev'ry sinful way,
No sin will *little* call.

That, will false charity commend,
When self may take a share;
This, is true charity's best friend,
Pleas'd with her charms most fair.

That, will against contention speak,
With bitter words of strife;
This, ways of holiness will seek,
At the expense of life.

That, will of hypocrites complain,
And call the righteous so;
This, true religion will maintain,
And fruit of grace will show.

That

That, though it flatters for a while,
Will sink its followers down;
This, free from all deceit and guile,
Leads to an heav'nly crown.

SECT. II. *A Contrast between Duty and Hypocrisy, from ISAIAH LVIII.*

YE Ministers, employ'd to tell
The meaning of Jehovah's will,
Let your undaunted lips proclaim
The weighty message in his name.

With holy zeal, and courage great,
Tell ev'ry tribe, through ev'ry street,
And let the sinful nation hear
How vile they in my sight appear.

They seem delighted in my ways;
Their lips are forward in my praise;
They dare approach my holy place,
And solemn views of God express.

They're fond to treat my sacred word
As though their hearts did it regard;
And do pretend to seek my laws,
To guide them in a righteous cause.

In solemn cant these wretches say,
"We in devotion spend the day;
Lord, we in fruitless cries, and tears,
Do waste the painful night in pray'rs."

With dust and ashes on the head,
The soul by fasting is made sad;

Their

their bodies pine, and spirits faint,
And tongues grow weary by complaint.

But God, with penetrating eyes,
Sees through this fair, this false disguise;
Nor can such villany respect,
But will their cries and tears reject.

PAUSE.

“Ye fast, ye fast,” th’ Almighty says,
“To gain your own, and not my praise;
You please yourselves in all your pain;
In stripes and fasting seek your gain.

Is this the solemn fast I choose,
My work and worship thus to use,
The soul a scene of anguish made,
And like a bull-rush bows the head?

Is this the penance of each day?
Is it for this ye fast and pray?
Dare you, your Maker seek to please,
With such polluted works as these?

In acts of love let fasts appear;
Make your own flesh your tender care;
And let the fulness of your store
Be spread to feed and clothe the poor.”

Then welcome beams of morning light,
Shall chase the gloomy shades of night;
Your health in speed shall bless the day,
And right’ousness shall lead the way:

The Lord, your right’ousness and guide,
Be your defence on ev’ry side;

The

The glory which in him is found,
Shall grant you safety all around.

PAUSE.

Then you may humbly seek his face,
And have the answer of his grace;
If you the yoke of bondage break,
And vanity, nor act, nor speak;
If you will with a gen’rous hand,
To sons of want your food extend;
And cheerfully afford relief,
Where poverty makes scenes of grief:

In darkness then will light arise,
To bless your heart, and guide your eyes;
Like noon day brightness shall appear,
The light which you may largely share.

The Lord will always be your guide;
You by his grace shall be supply’d;
In drought, as living waters flow,
So shall you his rich favours know.

PAUSE.

And those who of you shall be born,
The ancient ruins shall adorn,
And many ages shall declare
Your fame, by works which they repair.

If you the Sabbath will regard,
As consecrated by the Lord,
Who rose to be in glory blest,
And from his labours now doth rest:

IF

If you with him by faith unite,
 And in his glorious rest delight,
 And on the *first*, the sacred day,
 Your cheerful homage to him pay:
 Then you in him true joy shall find,
 In comforts of an heavenly mind;
 And in the promises be fed,
 By Christ who is the living bread.

 P A R T V.

The Angel's Address to Christ in the Garden.

LUKE XX. 43.

HAIL! glorious Sun! thy healing ray
 Can chase the darkness of the night;
 Though earthly clouds obstruct thy way,
 Soon wilt thou shine with brilliant light:
 The beams of thy celestial love,
 The shades of darkness will remove.
 Thy friendly light will nations guide
 To regions of eternal day;
 Triumphant angels at thy side,
 Shall with their songs thy fame display;
 Who, standing round the saphire throne,
 Sing anthems to the great Three-One.
 When from domains of hell profound,
 Those horrid monsters, sin and death,
 Away

Aw ay to happy *Eden* found,
 And man imbib'd rebellious breath;
 Contagion spread to every flow'r,
 And sweets of *Eve's* delicious bow'r:
 This hayock mov'd thy melting eye,
 To view the shocking scene of woe;
 A world in guilt now doom'd to die,
 And none to ward the dreadful blow;
 Convulsive earth, with pangs and groans,
 Yawning to take her trembling sons.

PAUSE.

Loaded with guilt, primevous pair
 Sent forth their melting cries in vain;
 Explore creation, none will dare
 To lead them back to bliss again;
 No morning star, no angel pleads;
 So great their guilt, none intercedes:
 'Till thou didst hear the wretches moan,
 And did the Father's love proclaim;
 And from the great Eternal throne,
 Reveal'd that grace which is our theme;
 The morning stars, with raptures new,
 Sang forth thy grace display'd to view.
 When thou, the uncreated Son,
 Forth from the Father's bosom came;
 When of the virgin thou wast born,
 We sang salvation in thy name:
 Thine infant state, which men despise,
 Was joy and wonder in our eyes.

The work of that redeeming love,
Which thou didst humbly undertake;
Drew our attention from above,
To of thy matchless glory speak;
Glory to God, and peace to man,
Was founded by the heavenly clan.

PAUSE.

“Hail! Word eternal, infinite,”

Then did the hills and vales resound,
When thou didst thus display thy light,
And stream thy blessings all around;
Arnon, Amana, Sbevir, rang,
And forests of thy *Carmel* sang.

When thou wast in the flesh made known,
What matchless love to fallen man,
To join his nature to thy own,
To execute a glorious plan!
That those who love thee, may arise
To an immortal paradise!

O rose of *Skaron*! heavenly fair!
May winds upon thy garden blow,
That sweet perfumes and spices fair
May make celest’al flavours flow;
May angels taste the odours sweet,
In raptures round the mercy seat.

O morning star! effulgent beams
Display’d thy high, majestic state,
When the embattled seraphims,
In cheerful ranks did on the wait;

When

When storms and thunder from thy hand,
Crush’d the arch rebel and his band.

PAUSE.

Though now you feel your soul oppress’d;
Though men and devils now engage
To fill with pain your peaceful breast,
And with your groans inflame their rage;
They cannot crush almighty pow’r,
Though this be their triumphing hour.
Your Father never will disown
His Son, his image, and delight;
Your cries and tears will reach his throne;
Your life is precious in his sight;
Though now you may sink down to death;
Soon will you leave the gloomy earth;
Soon will the scene of grief be o’er,
And men and devils rage in vain;
In you we own almighty pow’r,
Which can restore to life again;
He who the keys of death doth keep,
Can’t long within its chambers sleep.
Methinks thy robes, with sanguine red,
Do now almost thy conquest show;
As those who in the wine-vat tread,
And bear the spoils of every foe;
Most bright, most glorious, to the skies,
I shall behold my Lord arise.
How bright the triumph of that day,
When death and hell are captives led,

By

By him who through death pav'd the way,
 And of its sling a prey hath made;
 Angels attend him with their song,
 And round his heav'nly chariot throng.

PAUSE.

We sing his vict'ry with delight,
 When he hath clos'd the battle well;
 We bear on mind his arm of might,
 Which made us chafe the pow'r of hell;
 We fly with raptures on the wing,
 To hail our great, our glorious King!
 Lift up your heads; ye gates, prepare;
 Ye living orbs! eternal doors;
 The King of glory now draws near,
 Clothed with light, with heav'nly power;
 This King of glory, who is he?
 What glory is it which we see?
 The King of glory now behold!
 Who sent *Abaddon* down to hell;
 New scenes of pow'r he doth unfold;
 Now let your harps his wonders tell:
 Ye saints, and angels, now proclaim
 The honour of the crowned Lamb.
 Those honours which do him adorn,
 Transcend the thought of angels bright;
 He who was of the virgins born,
 Is cloth'd with glory infinite:
 Let highest songs and raptures lead,
 The song cannot the theme exceed.

PAUSE.

PAUSE.

Angels shall see thee rise above,
 And stain the pride of men below;
 Angelic hosts will round thee move,
 And on thy praise their tongues bestow;
 And while they clap their beamy wings,
 The sweet melodious anthem rings.
 Attention to thy stock we'll pay,
 On earth the purchase of thy blood;
 All those who do thy truth obey,
 We'll own as servants of their God;
 By us, thou wilt them safety send,
 And guard them 'till their sorrows end.
 When thy almighty hand hath wrought,
 And gather'd all thy chosen ones,
 They shall to thee, their Lord, be brought,
 And thou wilt own them as thy sons;
 They to thy joy above shall rise,
 And with thy glory please their eyes.

PAUSE.

Angels will sound, at thy command,
 The trumpet's joyful, awful sound;
 Nor earth, nor stars, will longer stand,
 To bring their circling periods round;
 When thy tremend'ous brightness beams,
 To wrap the rolling worlds in flames.
 Those files of angels will appear,
 To shout thy praise, & spread thy fame;

The

The dead, thy majesty declare ;
 The grave, thy vict'ry will proclaim ;
 When graves their feeble doors will burst,
 And loose re-animated dust.

Then on the left, at thy command,
 The wicked must with shame appear ;
 Thy face, thy sentence, and thy hand,
 Will sink them down to black despair ;
 In endless woe, to groan, and tell
 What wretches feel, who dare rebel :

But on the right, thy saints display
 The shining beauties of thy grace ;
 The glories of celest'ial day,
 They in thy cross and crown will trace ;
 Angels, with them will join, to raise
 The songs of thy immortal praise.

Inviting service there, is found,
 For those who with thy glory join,
 To see thee blaze thy glory round,
 And fill their harps with songs divine ;
 Thy joy, will to thy friends be rest,
 Where with their Lord they shall be blest :

 PART VI:

 PART VI.

 GOSPEL TRUTH IN TYPICAL
 SCENES.

SCENE I. *Moses a Type of Christ.*
 DEUT. xviii. 18.

HOW true and faithful is our God ;
 To verify his holy word ;
 What he declar'd to be his will,
 In faithfulness he did fulfil.

His word he did reveal of old,
 And to his servant *Moses* told,
 He in his likeness would provide
 A prophet for his people's guide.

Thus Christ, the heavenly prophet, came ;
 Who gospel blessings did proclaim ;
 The truth which he comes to declare,
 We must with all attention hear.

Moses refus'd to take a seat,
 In *Pharaoh's* court, among the great ;
 So Christ did scenes of grandeur shun,
 And put a servants likeness on.

Moses wrought wonders with his rod,
 Which did display the pow'r of God ;
 But Christ, by miracles, did prove
 His great commission from above.

Moses

Moses in meekness did excel,
 When God approv'd his service well ;
 Christ, full of heav'nly meekness, shone,
 When God approv'd him as his Son,
Moses the shock of Sinai stood,
 When thunders were proclaim'd abroad ;
 But Christ a scene of more surprize,
 Which shook the earth, and veil'd the skies ;
Moses, by pray'r, with God prevail'd,
 When Israel grievously rebell'd ;
 But Christ, with pleas, doth always stand
 To intercede at God's right hand.
 Though *Moses* short of *Canaan* dies,
 Christ gain'd an heavenly paradise ;
 God's word doth certainly declare,
 He is the prophet we must hear.
 Those who will not his voice regard,
 In the kind language of his word,
 Can never find a remedy,
 But death their part must surely be.

SCENE II. *Samson a Type of Christ.*

JUDGES XVI. 28.

FAITH gives the soul a pleasing view
 Of God's almighty pow'r,
 Which can his enemies subdue,
 And will his rights secure.
 Though Christ's dear cause hath many foes,
 Who rage with fury strong,

And

And saints who do their rage oppose,
 Must lie in fetters long :
 Yet in the most surprizing scene,
 When floods against them roar,
 God's hand will kindly intervene,
 When they his help implore.
 Thus *Samson*, with expiring breath,
 Appears a man of pray'r,
 And God did strengthen him in death,
 His foes to conquer there.
 The pillars of the house must fall,
 When faith desires the same ;
 God will confound his haters all,
 And plunge them deep in shame :
 Here is a character which gives
 A type of God's dear Son,
 Who from her foes God's Zion saves,
 By conquests he has won.
 He in his death did triumph show
 O'er the dark powers of hell,
 And did that kingdom overthrow,
 Where he by malice fell.

SCENE III. *Adam a Type of Christ.*

ROMANS V. 14.

ADAM the first, made of red earth,
 Type of the second's bloody death,
 Each, but in different senses, were
 The Sons of God, and Sov'reigns here.

K

To

To one, an earthly paradise;
 The other's life above the skies;
 And each, as righteous must appear,
 God's favour in each rest to share.
 The first did stand a fed'ral head,
 Whose guilt brought death on all his seed;
 The second gain'd a deathless crown;
 His seed are children of renown.
 Sweat of the brow the first did bear;
 The second, drops of blood most dear;
 That, had an *Eve* brought from his side;
 This, by his *blood*, obtain'd a bride.

SCENE IV. *Jacob's Ladder.* GEN. XXVIII. 12.

JACOB, a Ladder did behold,
 Extend from earth to Heav'n;
 The myst'ry which it doth unfold,
 Is Christ a God-Man giv'n.

On it the angels did ascend,
 And did descend likewise;
 Through Christ they do his saints attend,
 And bring them fresh supplies.

Christ is the only way to reach
 Celestial joy above;
 No other way his servants preach,
 To taste his Father's love.

Good *Jacob* in a vision saw
 The Ladder with his eye,

And

And thus true saints do Jesus view;
 And faith doth bring him nigh.
 The Lord above, the promise gave,
 Of the good land of rest;
 The saints by Christ a promise have,
 To be forever blest.

To *Jacob*, glorious was the place,
Bethel, the house of God;
 So saints by Christ do taste that grace,
 That's glory in the bud.

Beneath the Ladder *Jacob* slept,
 Christ's feet his saints repose,
 Their peace in him is safely kept,
 Their joy they shall not lose.

When *Jacob* from his vision 'woke,
 Surprise did fill his mind;
 But saints, when Christ their graves unlock,
 Shall perfect calmness find.

SCENE V. *The Ark.* EXOD. XXXVII. 5.

THE Ark of firmest wood was made,
 And with fine gold was overlaid;
 The works of Christ are all divine,
 Which in his glorious person shine.

The Ark, grac'd with a golden crown;
 Did shade Christ's honour and renown;
 True glory is his heart's delight,
 In which his friends with him unite.

The