

No outward pomp the Rock display'd,
 Though needful was its store;
 Christ, in a servant's form, appear'd,
 And for our sake was poor.

A wond'rous scene the Rock disclos'd;
 When smitten, water came;
 A smitten Christ, from death unloos'd,
 Great wonders doth proclaim.

The Rock sent forth a stream, to give
 The marching host supply;
 The Church, by streams from Christ, doth
 Here in this desert dry. [live

The Rock did not exhaust the store,
 Where flowing waters came;
 Christ well supplies the humble poor,
 And still his grace the same.

SCENE VIII. *The High Priest.* EXOD. XXVIII.

THE High Priest's office was from God,
 By sacred unction seal'd;
 So Christ anointed, shows abroad
 The grace in him reveal'd.

With blood of victims to atone,
 The High Priest must appear,
 Within the veil, before the throne,
 On each returning year.

Jesus, the great atoning Priest,
 Hath offer'd up his blood,

And

And in his high and glorious rest,
 Doth intercede with God.

While the High Priest in office stood,
 Then the man-slayer found
 A city and a safe abode,
 From dangers all around;

Those sinners who to Jesus go,
 A refuge in him have;
 The city, and the priest, did show,
 That our High Priest can save.

SCENE IX. *The Brazen Serpent.* NUMB. XXI.

WHEN Israel was distress'd,
 With fi'ry Serpent's brood,
 Their camp expos'd to be laid waste,
 The host a trembling stood.

The Lord in mercy, saves
 The trembling host from fears;
 A remedy, which soon relieves,
 In mercy he prepares.

When men for sin must die,
 And no relief was found;
 The gospel brings the Saviour nigh,
 To heal the deadly wound.

The Brazen Serpent made,
 Which speedy help could give,
 Was to the dying host display'd,
 That they might look and live.

So

So Christ is rais'd high,
That faith may clearly see;
Where those who are condemn'd to die,
May find a remedy.

SCENE X. *The Leper.* LEVIT. XIII.

THE Leper, by the ritual priest,
Pronounced was unclean;
Christ views apostate man debas'd
With an unholy stain.

The priest did find the sad disease
Was deeper than the skin;
Christ knows man's heart, by wickedness,
Makes him defil'd within.

The lep'rous person might not take
A latitude abroad;
But man a forfeiture did make,
Of favours from the Lord.

The plague of leprosy did stain
Where'er it did extend;
So all the *arts* of wicked men,
Do grievously offend.

The Leper must be brought to own
Himself unclean to be;
Sinners are by their sins undone,
And must their vileness see.

The house in which the Leper dwelt,
Is taken down at last;

This

This world, a scene of sin and guilt,
Must be consum'd and waste.

SCENE XI. *The cleansing of the Leper.*
LEVITICUS XIV.

THAT he who had the Leprosy,
Might from its sad effects be free,
He must unto the priest repair,
And be the subject of his care.

So sinners, who would find relief,
Must go to Christ with all their grief;
In him alone can sinners find
A sanctifying Saviour kind.

The priest, to make the Leper clean,
Two birds doth for that end assign;
One must be slain; and in the blood,
The other dipt, may fly abroad.

A figure in the birds and priest,
Two natures in the person *Christ*;
One bird shows *Jesus*, who was slain;
The other *Christ*, who rose again.

With blood the ritual sprinkler came,
To on the Leper shed the same;
Apply'd to ears, and hands, and feet,
When the rite was perform'd complete.

When Christ to men applies his blood,
They hear, they work, they walk with God;
Their souls, from sin and guilt discharg'd,
In ways of peace are much enlarg'd.

L

The

The priest, with offerings in his hands;
 Before the Lord atoning stands;
 So Christ, presenting his own blood,
 Atones for sin before our God.

SCENE XII. *The Candlestick.*

Exod. xxv. 31, and xxxviii. 17.

THE Candlestick, ordain'd for light,
 To scatter lucent rays;
 So Christ gives light to guide his Church,
 In truth his word displays.

It of the purest gold was made;
 Christ's preciousness is shown:
 Like seven lamps, he by his grace
 Makes God's perfections known:

It in the sanctuary stood;
 Christ in his Church appears;
 Like branches, are his bounties shed
 On all his chosen heirs,

Like knops & flowers with heavenly gifts,
 Christ his true Church doth bless,
 A pleasant scene, when saints do grow
 In fruits of righteousness.

SCENE XIII. *The Meat Offering.* LEV. XI. 1.

BY the Meat Offering, was a sign,
 All gifts came from a hand divine;
 Christ, the most wond'rous gift of God,
 Is sent to man, in his good word.

When

When in his grace we him do own,
 We humble thanks to him return;
 The gift of all within our power,
 Like offerings of the finest flour.

The oil, to gladness may compare,
 Which saints receive when Christ is near;
 When we his welcome presence meet,
 It makes his way and worship sweet.

The offering by the priest was brought;
 Without Christ, all we bring is nought;
 By him, acceptance we obtain,
 The great memorial who was slain.

The offering bak'd, a sign doth show,
 Of Christ's great sufferings here below,
 And all our love to him must be
 Unleaven'd, from all malice free.

P A R T VII.

A MONITORY INQUIRY.

SECT. I.

SHALL souls immortal yield to lust,
 And serve the flesh in iron cords,
 Or finest gold be laid in dust, (swords?)
 And gen'rous breasts be pierc'd with
 Shall pois'nous vipers range at large,
 And harmless doves become their prey,

If

Or malice in the bosom rage,
 And gentle peace be storm'd away?
 Shall love, that noble passion, be
 A servant to some vain delight?
 Shall hope be made to bow the knee
 To objects which I have in sight?
 Shall pray'r, that messenger of Heav'n,
 Be so benumb'd it cannot go?
 When things of weight are to it giv'n,
 Shall it be here detain'd below?
 Shall heavenly mindedness decay,
 And love to earthly things increase;
 Or thoughts celestial pass away,
 And I be left to earthly peace?
 Must I submit to *mammon's* toys,
 And treat them as my greatest good,
 While great *Dian's* sons rejoice
 To see me slight my Saviour's blood?
 Shall blessings on me daily roll,
 And true devotion all be dead,
 While I devote my longing soul
 To things on which the worms do feed?
 Must I not shun with greatest care,
 Those things which keep me from my
 Must I not daily persevere, [God?
 And keep the strait and heavenly road?
 Shall *Saul* among the stuff abide,
 When called forth to take a crown,

Or

Or servants, vile as princes, ride,
 And princes lay their honours down?
 Shall thorns and bri'rs possess the ground,
 Which heavenly fruit might daily yield,
 And nothing in my soul be found
 Which makes it like a fruitful field?
 Shall empty toys below the skies,
 Employ immortal mental powers,
 And real good, which never dies,
 Not bless me from its ample stores?
 What shall we call those men, but fools,
 Who waste the precious day of grace?
 Can they be wise, who damn their souls,
 In their own cholen sinful ways?

SECT. II.

SINNERS, can you good reason give,
 Why in your sins you choose to live?
 Are those the ways that please you well,
 Which lead directly down to hell?
 Is it a mere fantastic whim,
 That mortal life is but a dream,
 That things of time can never save,
 From the dark confines of the grave?
 Have you a soul which must abide,
 When flesh, frail flesh, is laid aside,
 And then deny the better part,
 Or keep soul-matters from the heart?

Can

Can you employ your thoughts so well,
As on those scenes where you must dwell,
Throughout a long, and endless state,
Either in woe, or bliss complete ?

Can you deny your choicest love
Unto the King of saints above ;
And is it not your guilt and shame,
To choose this world, with love supreme ?

Think you, without true holiness,
You can true joy above possess,
And dare indulge a fleshly mind,
Yet life and peace expect to find ?

Can't God appear a God of love,
Unless your hatred he approve,
And make you heavenly glory share,
Altho' your heart was never there ?

Would it to him great honour bring,
If he should work so strange a thing,
As to grant you the joy of peace,
And yet a stranger to his grace ?

Do all professors of Christ's name,
Embrace his cross, and suffer shame,
Renounce the world, and sin subdue,
And gospel holiness pursue ?

Can you be high in God's esteem,
And yet with lies encompass him,
And boast a fair profession, when
In heart you love the ways of sin ?

Can

Can you believe hypocrisy
Will not augment your misery ;
Or can your mock-religion gain
Salvation from eternal pain ?

Can you your soul from danger shield,
Because baptized when a child ?
Or broken bonds give you a place
Among the chosen heirs of grace ?

Do you believe that God will own
You in the merits of his Son,
While you redemption-work despise,
And count it nothing in your eyes ?

Does the Redeemer, by his blood,
Stand consecrated unto God,
While you upon his offers play,
And spurn the gospel grace away ?

Cannot your heart to Christ be gain'd,
To be no more by satan chain'd ;
But must a world involv'd in sin,
Give all the prize which you do win ?

Will you in ways of folly run,
'Till you forever be undone,
And nothing bring you to a stand,
Or make you see your dreadful end ?

Has satan gain'd so on your heart,
That you from sin cannot depart ;
And you so mad as to destroy
Your soul for that which gives no joy ?

PAUS.

PAUSE.

Is it your pleasure to displease
 That God who can you crush with ease;
 Or can you with your feeble might,
 Engage to with your Maker fight?
 Can you almighty pow'r display,
 And o'er all worlds your sceptre sway;
 Or can you with a *let be*, make
 A world like this to stand or shake?
 Can you command the clouds to rise,
 And with their shades to veil the skies,
 And then bestow the beams of light,
 Or draw the curtains of the night?
 Have you, by majesty alone,
 Erected Heaven for your throne,
 While shining hosts around you stand,
 To take their order from your hand?
 Can you display an arm so strong,
 That you can make each mortal tongue
 Confess they do upon you stay,
 And learn your wisdom every day?
 Do you all flesh in safety keep,
 And watch their motions while they sleep?
 Must they arise and praise your name,
 For all the favours done for them?
 Must they before you spread their grief,
 When they do greatly need relief?
 Have you an ear to hear their cry,
 Or can your arm their wants supply?

Is

Is it by your all-wise decree,
 That acts and creatures govern'd be!
 Does nothing in all worlds take place,
 But where your agency we trace?
 Do you defuse your blessings round?
 Are all your works with glory crown'd?
 Must men adore your sovereign grace,
 In granting favours as you please?
 Have you a right, yourself to call
 Th' eternal sovereign over all?
 Have you the keys of death and hell,
 To bind in chains, all who rebel?
 Does satan roar beneath your hand,
 Because he can't your power withstand;
 Does he believe your word and quake,
 And fear your rod will quickly shake?
 Can you make known that burning day,
 When earth-born things must fade away?
 Do you expect then to appear,
 And show almighty greatness there?
 Will creatures own that your hand brings
 The conflagration of all things;
 Or can your eye with awful blaze
 Blend rolling planets, earth and seas?
 Will you a voice like thunder send
 Unto the earth's remotest end,
 To rend the graves and raise the dead,
 That death your captive may be led?

M

And

And will the grave your voice obey;
Unable to withhold its prey!

Shall you the Judge of all appear,
And call the race of Adam near?

Shall you give sentence then, "*depart,*
Those who have been my foes in heart?"

Will your bright glory happy make
Those who, for you, did all forsake?

Now, sinner, if you dare presume,
That you can those great *acts* perform,
And can with firmness, this maintain,
"Above my Maker I shall reign."

Then you have reason on your side
To live in sin and swell in pride,
To seek yourself, and sport away
The blessing of a gospel day.

But if you find, that after all,
You by the stroke of death may fall;
This world may want that perfect rest,
In which alone the soul is blest:

If all we need, in Christ is found,
If all his foes, he will confound;
O may his glory please your eyes,
No longer dare his grace despise.

PART VIII.

THE ALLEGORY OF JOHNSON'S MATHE-
MATICAL QUESTION INVESTIGATED.

IN the great Universe, was found,
A kingdom which was well renown'd,
So magnify'd with dignity,
That only one did it outvie:
In was with peace and beauty blest,
Nor scenes of grief did it molest;
Its rich embellishments did show
What the great Architect could do:
Its decorations were to bring,
Praise to the universal King;
Who with his visits did it grace,
And did his bounties in it place.
Great were the gifts he did confer
On those who did inhabit there;
And from among them one did take,
Well qualify'd a prince to make;
And for a princess, to him grants,
One with admir'd accomplishments;
And for their safety did provide,
A faithful and unerring guide,
Who would their happy state defend,
While they would on his aid depend.
But lo! one of the giant race,
Oppos'd to the Lord of the place,

Who for rebellious *arts* was sent,
 From the King's face to banishment.
 Behold this giant, full of rage,
 To raze this kingdom doth engage,
 And enters it by fallacy,
 And gains the lady's chastity;
 While she is pregnant to her cost,
 She finds she has her virtue lost:
 And soon from her there did proceed,
 A monster most deform'd indeed.
 No sooner is this monster born,
 But they are in a state forlorn;
 The prince, and princess, leave their thrones,
 And the whole kingdom sadly mourns.
 This monster, like a tyrant great,
 Soon subjugated the whole state,
 And, with repacious fury, made
 Contagion through the system spread.

PART I.

THIS monster, in each part to trace,
 We first must find his dwelling place;
 Also his form; and then the sum
 To which his limbs and members come;
 Likewise dimensions of him take;
 Also his strength, and where it lies,
 And to what height his voice will rise;
 What poison in his nature is;
 Also how deep his policies;
 His arms, and how with them he fights;
 And vict'ries gain'd by his exploits;
 And

And then his age, how long that he
 Alive has been, and still shall be?

PART II.

THE question in the second part,
 Requires probation of some art;
 By which the mischief may be known
 That's by this horrid monster done.

PART III.

NOW let us see if we can find
 A person, in whom there is join'd,
 Endowments which are adequate,
 To lay this monster at his feet;
 One who by strength and wisdom can
 Find out and execute a plan,
 Which may this monster supercede
 In ways which he doth proudly tread;

PART IV.

NOW may some ample way appear,
 Which will this monster's harm repair,
 That he who governs, may maintain
 His dignity without a stain.

THE ANSWER TO PART I.

THE place this monster doth improve,
 Is where the heart its ways doth love;
 We by its sad effects conclude,
 What is the place of his abode.

In Heaven it has no place at all,
 Since 'tis from thence it tends to fall;
 In hell its limits has no bounds,
 For all the crew its sceptre owns;
 It virtually on this earth dwells,
 In vegetives, and animals,
 Though it essentially reigns in
 The vicious hearts of fallen men;
 Its form appears where'er it goes,
 Among its friends, but not its foes:
 On creatures who of it partake,
 It doth most wretched havock make,
 And by it they those sorrows feel, [dwell,
 Which blast their hopes while here they
 To seek the sum, would prove in vain
 Of parts and limbs it doth contain;
 Its ways, and acts, in numbers rese,
 Beyond what human thoughts devise.
 Acts may, by words, be multiply'd,
 Then a product by thoughts be made.
 Sums wrought from sums produce at last,
 A sum which is in numbers vast.
 Men by their sins do disregard,
 What God discovers in his word;
 His daily favours they misuse,
 While they his holy law abuse;
 The Bible they do lay aside,
 And their own wills they make their guide:
 Though the vile turpitude of sin,
 Their nat'ral pow'rs are stain'd within.

Sins are augmented when we trace,
 The methods of God's boundless grace,
 By which all ought to be inclin'd
 To serve him with a willing mind.
 Sin doth a vast extention take,
 In sad effects which it doth make,
 When for it here a place was found,
 It spread a curse upon the ground;
 Angels and men with torment fill,
 And ruins all things where it dwells;
 And sinks beneath all joy and light,
 All those who are polluted by't.
 Would we its vast extent explore?
 'Tis like a sea without a shore:
 Would we find out its pond'rous weight?
 The load is found amazing great.
 No finite power can it sustain,
 It gives the soul the keenest pain.
 All who are crush'd by its power,
 Cannot its dreadful weight endure;
 Nor can the heavy load remove,
 Which sinks beneath Almighty love.
 Then we its strength will seek to know,
 By what it actually doth do.
 Of creatures who its paths do take,
 It doth most wretched captives make;
 In every change, it strength doth gain,
 While they its willing slaves remain.
 How far can it that voice proclaim,
 Which speaks its nature and its shame?

Nor place, nor time, nor changes bound
 The voice of its tremendous sound.
 It speaks the guilt which sinners feel,
 Who dare against God's law rebel;
 In all the scenes which on them wait,
 It speaks their awful, dangerous state.
 Now let us the contagion tell,
 Which doth in its vile nature dwell.
 Its deep infection wide has spread,
 And struck the race of Adam dead,
 Nor can that natural good be found,
 Which once in *Eden* did abound;
 And the idea is only feign'd,
 Of earthly paradise regain'd.
 It strangely doth infatuate,
 By wiles profound, and deep deceit.
 We may its subtle measures trace,
 In follies of the human race;
 It makes the sons of men believe,
 The words which do their souls deceive;
 The sinner's mind it vainly props,
 By false imaginary hopes;
 Those things which claim our high esteem,
 It renders with an odious name,
 And treats those truths which are divine,
 As though no light did in them shine;
 The law, it says, is too severe,
 Which doth demand a heart sincere,
 And in the gospel, Christ despise,
 And all which pleases angels eyes.

Now

Now treat of weapons it doth use,
 And souls immortal doth abuse;
 Lust of the flesh, lust of the eyes,
 And pride of life; poor vanities!
 But if by these it can't succeed,
 It lies and fights in ambushade;
 It conscience then, and reason braves;
 By bold efforts to be its slaves.
 And with defensive weapons, still
 It keeps the soul, by hellish skill,
 Fighting against conviction's dart,
 Lest it should pierce the sinner's heart;
 And show him that he is undone,
 Unless he by repentance turn;
 Or seeks to plunge him in despair,
 Hoping to always hold him there:
 Or else to get the storm allay'd,
 Which has been by conviction made:
 It fixes on some form secure,
 On which to rest, and seek no more.
 Let us proceed now to go on,
 To treat of battles it hath won:
 In this inquiry, let us see,
 How many and how great they be;
 Speak we of angels who did fall,
 It binds damnation on them all;
 And creatures on this earth do groan,
 Beneath the conquest it hath won.
 Alas! they now divested are,
 Of that which once did make them fair;

N

They

They go with sorrow and disgrace,
 In all the various ways they trace.
 When creatures first did stray from God,
 Then it took place, we may conclude;
 That it was made, we can't pretend,
 For then on God it must depend,
 Since all created beings have
 Their stay on God, who being gave.
 That it exists, we all agree,
 Therefore it is depravity
 Of creatures from that rectitude,
 In which they by creation stood.
 It as prevation cannot cease,
 While creatures are deprav'd; since 'tis
 Nothing but restoration can
 Place rectitude again in man;
 Therefore to all eternity,
 Creatures deprav'd in misery,
 While it for their companion have,
 Hence it eternally will live.

THE ANSWER TO PART II.

TO know the mischief brought to view,
 In ways this monster doth pursue,
 Its hateful nature we must trace,
 And see how baneful are its ways.
 The glory of the great Supreme,
 It wishes all would disesteem;
 And vainly seeks to supercede
 The end for which all things were made.

By

By its efforts it never can
 Defeat the purpose of God's plan,
 Or give him reason to complain
 That he hath done one act in vain;
 Since creatures, and their acts, fulfil
 The plan of God's decreetive will;
 The evil which takes place by sin,
 Applies to states creatures are in.
 Creation's of no worth at all,
 For God indeed, is all in all;
 Things made, we then must estimate,
 As to his glory they relate;
 Hence evil relative is found
 Where sin hath spread its deadly wound.
 God's purpose, (as it doth respect
 Creation) will have good effect;
 His glory, by his creatures made,
 He in his works will see display'd;
 And will forever clothe with shame
 The wretch who dare despise the same.
 This monster's evils, then, are great,
 As to God's glory they relate;
 God can to it no favour show,
 For well he doth its nature know;
 His glory infinitely dear,
 Doth in his holy sight appear;
 He knows the worth of all that joy,
 Which sin is seeking to destroy;
 And could his enemies succeed,
 He must most wretched be indeed.

This monster, all those evils brought,
 With which this life is now replete;
 This world is now a scene of woe,
 And never can true peace bestow;
 Here man must groan in grief and pain,
 And then he goes to dust again;
 But future scenes of black despair,
 This monster's inj'ries will declare;
 Also how ruinous they be,
 In souls bound fast in misery.
 God's rest in glory, will be strife,
 With sinners who do seek his life;
 In spite, they at his life do aim,
 Who hate the glory of his name;
 God doth in righteousness contend,
 With sinners, who on him depend,
 Who with the power he doth bestow,
 Wish they could work his overthrow.
 Hatred against him they display,
 Because he's good, and will repay
 Fury on those whose hearts possess
 Contempt of spotless holiness.
 God's glory, infinitely great,
 Sinners; with all their hearts, do hate:
 Thus sin, as relatively view'd,
 Is opposition to all good.

THE ANSWER TO PART III.

NOW let us see what may be said,
 (In the inquiry to be made)
 For one in whom there may appear,
 A character which may declare,
 Upon a just, and glorious plan,
 Glory to God, and peace to man;
 A person, able to afford
 To man, the favour of the Lord;
 And in the wond'rous scene of grace,
 Mercy, and justice, both take place.
 Justice can plead, in point of law,
 Sin must its weight of vengeance draw
 On those who law-transgressors are,
 That they must die, not too severe;
 Just is the law, and just the doom,
 Which on the guilty pair is come;
 Should they attempt themselves to clear,
 Against them new crimes would appear;
 This they can't do, unless they say,
 "If we our Maker disobey,
 Reason appears fair on our side,
 To slight the law as no just guide."
 If such a plea as this may stand,
 Thus urg'd against my just demand,
 The great Creator's claim is void,
 And rebels take the place of God!
 The holy law doth well express
 God's perfect, spotless holiness;

And righteousness I must maintain,
 Which can't be void and God remain.
 If God should pardon sinners, when
 They blame his law, and plead for sin,
 They in their pride would dare to say,
 "This law no one ought to obey."
 The law cannot its claims abate,
 Because vile creatures do it hate;
 It shows the great Creator's right,
 And curses those who do it slight.
 Mercy with justice well agrees,
 In favour of such righteous pleas,
 Nor seeks to bring a plan to view,
 Which law demands will disallow;
 Mercy and justice freely join
 To have the rights of justice shine,
 Though they, in different ways, declare,
 That they in sweet agreement are;
 Justice says, sinners must receive
 The sentence which the law doth give;
 Mercy allows this to be true,
 Yet doth the wretched sinner view;
 She seeks not sinners, to restore
 Them to the state they had before;
 Allows death's vengeance, brought by sin,
 Shall be made known on guilty men:
 Wisdom makes known a wondrous way,
 Which grace and justice will display;
 In her deep counsel, we may find,
 A way which can retrieve mankind,

From

From the sad ruin made by sin,
 And grace in glorious triumph reign.
 Th' eternal Word, God's only Son,
 In essence with his Father one,
 He in creation-work display'd
 That power by which all things were made,
 In Heaven, where sin can have no place,
 We may his matchless glory trace;
 On earth, where sin hath spread its stain,
 He doth its sad effects restrain.
 His image in his saints he forms,
 And beautifies with grace, poor worms;
 And then he dwells in every heart,
 Where he doth saving grace impart:
 All which is precious in the saints,
 He by his grace unto them grants.
 All scenes which truly are divine,
 Do in the face of Jesus shine;
 Refulgent rays of glorious light,
 In him do centre, and unite.
 The great perfections of a God,
 Which blaze in lustre all abroad,
 His work and purpose, do proclaim
 The glory of the Saviour's name.
 In strength, invincible he reigns,
 And his dear chosen flock sustains;
 And all the havoc sin hath made,
 Can never his high throne pervade.
 He saves from sin's profound abyss,
 And will from death his saints release;

Blessings

Blessings on them will more abound,
 Than those which were in *Eden* found;
 All earthly things are vanity,
 When they with Christ compared be;
 The weight of glory in him known,
 Can weigh the vast creation down.
 As he doth o'er creation reign,
 Despotic power he doth maintain;
 And in the Mediator's place,
 He shows his power in saving grace:
 The saving power he doth assume,
 Will fix the haughty sinner's doom;
 While it doth humble souls advance,
 It on the proud will wrath dispense.
 The power of his almighty voice,
 Will break the grave's devouring jaws;
 That voice which rends the sinner's heart,
 And makes him for his folly smart;
 That power which in Christ's voice is great,
 Is to his saints divinely sweet;
 By *art* divine they know his voice,
 Which proves he truly is their choice.
 Christ's nature is all purity,
 And in superlative degree;
 Those rays which show created light,
 Are shades and darkness in his sight.
 Creatures, who gifts of reason share,
 Conscious how weak their natures are,
 Conscious of folly, they proclaim
 Their nothingness compar'd with him.

Jesus

In *Lebanon* the cedar mourns,
 And *Sharon* to a desert turns,
 Nor *Carmel's* flow'ry, fruitful plain;
 Shall cheer the spreading fold again.
 In thunder the Almighty cries,
 My power and vengeance shall arise;
 Lo! valleys tremble, mountains nod,
 And earth will own an angry God.
 Like chaff and stubble are your schemes,
 Which you expose to burning flames;
 Your breath shall set the pile on fire,
 And all your subtle plans expire.
 Your host into the furnace cast,
 Like lime shall burn, like smoke shall waste,
 And like dry thorns your honours blaze,
 And nations on your ruin gaze.
 What I have done, ye people, hear:
 Ye sons of men, my judgments fear:
 The sinner hangs his guilty head,
 And hypocrites in my presence dread.
 Wretches in horror and surprise,
 Send forth their self tormenting cries:
 Who with devouring fire can dwell?
 Or burn in an eternal hell?

TEXT IV. *The Beloved.* EPH. i. 6.

HOW great is the Redeemer's worth,
 Who sets his Father's glory forth,

TEXT VI.

P

When it appears that he alone,
 Can for the sins of men atone?
 That God is good, none can dispute;
 He only is so absolute;
 Creatures, *as such*, can only find
 Relation in the supreme mind.
 Perfection must be in the plan,
 Not wrought by angels, nor by man;
 For sin and weakness do disgrace
 The angels, and the human race.
 The Father knows, the Son he loves,
 To love divine an equal proves;
 His works with glory crowned are,
 As in and for him they appear.
 Infinite wisdom, power and grace,
 Shines in and by the Saviour's face;
 He who the Father's image bears,
 Centre of love, which God declares.
 O glorious scene! here love doth shine;
 Love infinite, is love divine;
 Infinite love in God we view,
 God infinitely lov'd also.
 The Father's love unto the Son,
 From God, to God, doth kindly run;
 The God-man, Christ, the glorious way,
 Which doth to us this love display.
 On high, the great Redeemer reigns,
 His character he still sustains;

How

How rich and pleasing is that love,
 Which doth a constant fountain prove!

TEXT V. *Come down.* Luke xix 5.

WITH kind and condescending grace,
 The precious Saviour comes;
 Glory adorns his sacred face,
 And peace his tongue assumes.
 "Come down, Zaccheus, from the tree,
 Salvation now, I bring;
 If you the good of it would see,
 Receive me as your King.
 If you my presence would enjoy,
 No more attempt to climb;
 For haughtiness will peace destroy;
 Be lowly, and sublime.
 This day unto your house, I will
 A joyful visit make;
 There I will news of pardon tell,
 Salvation there partake."
 Zaccheus wisely did obey,
 And found the Saviour true;
 My soul, believe what Christ doth say,
 And taste salvation too.

TEXT VI.

TEXT VI. *Ye worship, ye know not what.*

JOHN IV. 22.

HOW great, dear God, thy glory shines,
 In what thy works and word declare!
 Thy character in fairest lines,
 Display how rich thy beauties are.
 Thy wond'rous and all seeing eye,
 Beholds the works we mortals do;
 All things before thee naked lie,
 One look from thee can scan us through.
 But yet, regardless of the fear,
 Thy sacred worship men profane;
 With lying lips, to thee draw near,
 With hearts exploring objects vain.
 Their wand'ring thoughts do trifles chase;
 Their barren souls the winds pursue;
 Nor seek, nor love they pard'ning grace,
 Nor thee, nor thy true worship know.
 Although thy sacred beauties shine
 All round them in their various ways,
 Thy dear profusions, all divine,
 Excite their anger, not their praise.
 If in their worship here below,
 Where all thy ways are truth and love;
 Men treat thy welcome visits so,
 They cannot worship thee above.
*In all my roving, and my rest,
 My thoughts of thee possess my breast;*

Let

*Let no temptation me insnare;
 Can I dare sin, when God is there?*

TEXT VII. *I will give thee Rest.*

EXODUS XXXIII. 14.

IN all our various ways below,
 And all concerns we have,
 Let us in God that rest pursue
 Which he to *Moses* gave.
 God promised to the meek faint,
 His presence for a rest;
 When God doth such a blessing grant,
 The soul in him is blest.
 May we that blessed favour seek;
 Alone in God 'tis found;
 This good we freely all may take,
 And have true joy abound.
 Now while we through this desert rove,
 And many trials bear,
 May the kind angel of God's love
 Keep us from every snare.
 Towards the heav'nly *Can'an's* rest
 Let all our journey be;
 May love to *Jesus* fare each breast,
 While we from *Egypt* flee.
 Though in our way, the serpent's sting
 We very often feel;
 The balm in *Christ* will comfort bring,
 And all our bruises heal.

TEXT

TEXT VIII. *Before all the People I will be glorified.* LEVIT. x. 3.

WHEN God himself did manifest
Unto the people of his choice;
When often he to them express
The thunder of his mighty voice:
When he in matchless glory rode;
Israel, his people, then did see,
That he, a sin avenging God,
Would by them glorified be.
When *Aaron's* sons profanely dare
To jealousy the Lord provoke,
They with their offering brought strange
By fire they had a fatal stroke. [fire]
God will get glory to his name,
By those who hate him, and rebel;
He flaming justice will proclaim
In sending sinners down to hell.
May we, in love, and humble fear,
Ourselves but dust and ashes own;
By faith in Christ alone, draw near,
To bow before his awful throne.

TEXT IX. *He taught the Men of Succoth.*
JUDGES VIII. 16.

WHEN men, by unbelief, disdain
The Lord of life to entertain;
Nor for his cause and kingdom care,
But for the world and self appear:
They;

They, as the men of *Succoth* said,
To Gideon, when he fought their aid,
"Do you, your enemies possess,
That we should help you in distress?"
But Gideon soon did let them know,
What they must feel, who treat him so;
And taught them with the briars and thorns,
A recompence for all their scorns.
Thus Christ will to proud sinners do,
Who in the way of scorers go;
He will their haughtiness requite,
Who his rich grace and kingdom slight!
Christ can his kingdom well secure,
Without the help of human power;
But those who will his cause despise,
Must find his wrath against them rise.

TEXT X. *Christ died for us.* ROM. v. 8.

MAY floods of tears fill and surprise
Our dry and unaffected eyes,
For him whom our hard hearts did wound,
Whom we in scorn did spit upon,
Who for the deeds which we had done,
Hath by his blood a ransom found.
His dying, gentle hands we see
Nail'd to the cross, that cursed tree:
Alas! our sins, what have they done!
Which on the bleeding Saviour lay,
And made him groan his life away,
That he might for our sins atone

Can e'er our hearts or eyes forbear
 A humble groan, a melting tear,
 A tribute to the Saviour's pains?
 Who for our crimes has bled and died;
Jesus! we need no name beside,
 To save our souls from endless chains:

From death, in all its horrid forms,
 Nothing could save us, dying worms,
 But his dear life, a rich expence:

And now our hearts he doth require,
 To make his love our true desire,
 And give for faith, the joy of sense.

Such a dear friend was never known,
 Such love, by man, was never shown;

While we were rebels to our God,
 He came, our guilty souls to save,
 And as a ransom for us, gave
 The merits of his precious blood.

TEXT XI. *Blessed are ye that hunger.*
 LUKE VI. 21.

BLESSED are they whose hearts aspire
 To joy on high, their chief desire;
 Whose thirsty souls would now be fed
 With heavenly streams, and heavenly bread.
 When streams of worldly comforts fail,
 In God they may with pleasure dwell;
 His grace affords a large supply,
 A fountain full, is always nigh.

White

While others from the world would get
 Their peace, where sin and sorrow meet,
 The soul which craves immortal food,
 Shall have a fulness of all good.

TEXT XII. *Madness is in their Heart.*
 ECCL. IX. 3.

WHERE are those men, where are they
 Who sought for pleasure here below, [now,
 And vainly spent their thoughts and care,
 To gain possessions to them here?
 Can they upon the stage be found,
 With earthly wealth and pleasure crown'd?
 Could they, with mirth and riches brave,
 Obtain a ransom from the grave?
 Once they their hearts did proudly cheer;
 Their haughty eyes disdain'd a tear;
 This world did once their hearts inflame;
 They thought the ways of God a shame.
 They now have made unwilling flight,
 From scenes which once were their delight;
 They took unwilling, long farewell,
 And now in endless darkness dwell.
 While worms their bodies will devour,
 Their souls a dreadful scene explore,
 Conscious of guilt, and vengeance too,
 In chains of everlasting woe.

Q

But

But when the flesh must leave the grave,
Unwelcome union it must have
Unto the soul, with it to take,
The torments of the burning lake.

TEXT XIII. *Wretched Man that I am.*

ROMANS VII. 24.

HOW often doth my soul,
From thee, my Lord, decline?
How oft forget my sacred bond,
To be intirely thine?
Oft may my Lord complain,
That I unstable prove,
And from him sadly go astray,
Who is my chiefest love.
How weak the flesh, to stand
The bold and subtle foe!
How dang'rous those temptations are,
Which seek my overthrow!
Alas! the daily grief
I on my soul do load!
How feeble all my poor efforts,
To keep the heavenly road!
Afford thy help, my Lord,
And keep me near thy face;
Then shall my lips sound forth thy praise,
And sing redeeming grace.
What triumph grace displays,
In its own worthiness,

By

By leading souls through scenes below,
To the bright realms of bliss!

TEXT XIV. *Thine Eyes shall see the King.*
ISAIAH XXXIII. 17.

CHRIST is a Saviour most complete,
The richest beauties in him meet,
His face, his ways, exceeding fair,
No beauty can with him compare.
Titles by which the angels high,
Each other do in praises vie,
Are not too glorious to express
The honour which he doth possess;
Saints see the beauty of their King,
And of his light and glory sing;
While humbly they his grace adore,
They do abhor themselves the more.
Christ's beauty in his word doth shine,
With rad'ant beams and charms divine;
Majestic and attractive love,
He shows in paradise above.
Could I with kings in greatness vie,
Those scenes cannot my wants supply;
But if in Christ I have a part,
He truly can delight my heart.

TEXT XV.

TEXT XV. *He that bath the Son, bath Life.*

I JOHN, V. 12.

THOSE who, by faith, an int'rest have
 In God's eternal Son,
 May hope for life beyond the grave,
 And joys which are unknown.
 Since they have him, they must have life,
 If life in him doth dwell;
 In troubles here, their souls are safe
 From sin, and fears of hell.
 A nobler prize poor man can't need,
 Nor the great God bestow;
 Christ to the soul is living bread,
 And life immortal too.
 All those who in him have no part,
 Children of death remain;
 To him they will not give the heart
 Expos'd to deathless pain.
 Since Christ is offer'd, and made known,
 Come, and by faith embrace
 The best of offers, God's dear Son,
 Now in the day of grace.
 Delays are made without excuse,
 While Christ is not made sure;
 And those who do his grace abuse,
 His anger must endure.

TEXT XVI.

TEXT XVII. *Blessed is the Man that trusteth
 in the Lord.* JER. XVII 7.

BLESSINGS divine shall on him flow,
 Who makes the Lord his only stay;
 In God he hopes while here below;
 On him he rolls from day to day.
 He like a tree shall flourish fair,
 Which by refreshing water stands,
 By which her boughs supplied are,
 While to the stream her root extends.
 In times of drought he shall be green,
 Nor shall his root by heat decay;
 In barren times his fruit is seen,
 Nor shall his feet in darkness stray.
 Christ like a fountain will afford
 His grace to those who on him trust;
 The boundless mercy of the Lord,
 Shall well supply and save the just.

TEXT XVII. *All the Days of my appointed
 Time will I wait, till my Change come.*
 JOB XIV. 14.

IWAIT my great appointed change,
 For death I know will come,
 And all my active pow'r unbinge,
 And bring me to the tomb.
 This change is sure, of vast concern;
 None can too well prepare,

To

To meet the king of terrors, when
His summons we shall hear.

Life, when 'tis past, no more can give
Supply from any store;
Then may I heav'nly comfort have,
In life for evermore.

That God, who is my portion now,
Is life beyond the grave:
Should death me call from things below,
Still I may comfort have.

TEXT XVIII. *Lo! I come!* PSAL. XL. 7.

WHAT bowels of eternal love
Did in the great Redeemer roll,
When he on a kind message came!
See the compassion of his soul!

He comes! the only Saviour comes,
To do a work of vast concern;
An earthly body he assumes,
And puts a servant's likeness on.

The law he cheerfully obey'd,
And did its great demands fulfil;
(In form the law at Sinai had)
In love did do his Father's will.

Since Christ so willingly has come,
We from him must not turn away;
We in our hearts must give him room,
And cheerfully his will obey.

Can

Can we his loveliness deny,
Who is replete with truth and grace?
Most glorious in his Father's eye,
Shines the bright lustre of his face.

TEXT XIX. *I will publish the Name of the
Lord.* DEUT. XXXII. 3.

TO God's great name be praise,
For all his blessings shown;
Let us adore his wond'rous ways,
While we his goodness own.

His hand is always kind;
His power is always great;
His favours we do always find,
In this our feeble state.

When he his name displays,
By wond'rous acts of grace,
May we have hearts to praise always,
And taste the joy of peace.

How great his boundless love,
Which shows his holy name!
May all his works incentives prove,
To celebrate his fame.

TEXT XX. *I will not turn away from them
to do them good.* JER. XXXII. 40.

MOST kind and good doth God appear,
In the rich covenant of his grace;

He

He hath made large provision there,
To help his saints in ev'ry case.

He doth to them in love impart
His everlasting blessings sure;

And the kind pity of his heart
Towards them, ever doth endure.

In them his fear he doth implant;
They on his word with joy attend;

In all their ways, and every want,
They trust their kind, immortal friend.

Their souls are well secur'd from ill,
Supported by redeeming love;

Although in trouble here they dwell,
True joy remains for them above.

How glorious are God's ways of grace,
Which all his chosen saints approve!

Because he is their God always,
They walk with him in fear and love:

TEXT XXI. *Behold the King cometh.*
ZECH. ix. 9.

BEHOLD the King of Zion comes!

A glorious King is he!
By character which he assumes,
He must the Saviour be.

He comes, to save his church from sin,

And make his gospel known;
And the salvation which he brings,

Let Zion's daughters own.

He

He is in this salvation just,
In lowliness doth shine;
In him may all his people trust;
He is a King divine.

His blood a sure foundation lays
For Zion's truest joy;
May all his servants in his praise,
Their cheerful tongues employ.

When he upon a colt did ride,
Hosannas him attend;
And now in Heav'n he doth abide,
Where praises never end.

TEXT XXII. *Life is in his Son.*
I JOHN, v. 2.

WHAT soul-reviving news, to hear,
That life is in the Son of God;
That we from death may freedom have,
By the atonement of his blood!

This truth may cheer each drooping mind,
That life is in God's blessed Son;
Those who a portion in him find,
May have enough to live upon.

He, who can say that Christ is his,
Cannot a richer word express;
Saints, by his life, are heirs of bliss,
Of endless life, and righteousness.

May we receive life in the Son;
By faith, life in his blessings share;
And

And have our hearts with him above,
And live devoted to him here.

TEXT XXIII. *Heareth, and doeth: Heareth,
and doeth not.* LUKE VI. 47, 49.

HE who hears Christ in faith and love,
Like one who builds secure,
Shall find his building steadfast prove,
When floods against it roar.
When troubles like a tempest rise,
His hopes are fix'd upon;
The Lord his rock a refuge is,
A tried corner stone.
But he who hears the gospel sound,
And doth not understand,
Is like the man who seeks to found
His building on the sand.
And when the floods against it rise,
It cannot stand at all;
The rapid stream comes with surprise,
And it must surely fall.
Thus hypocrites away will fade,
Who make a specious show;
Those trials, which true saints abide,
Will sinners overthrow.

TEXT XXIV:

TEXT XXIV. *Fear not, little Fock.*
LUKE XII. 23.

HAPPY the flock, which Jesus owns;
His blood for all their guilt atones;
In all their danger, he is nigh;
His grace will all their wants supply.
Christ is a Shepherd, good and kind;
Compassion moves his sacred mind;
His people's comforts in him are;
His little flock is safe from fear.
God's children have the best of friends;
His wealth beyond their thoughts extends;
Christ, of his flock takes special care;
Though they are small, they need not fear.
As pity moves a father's breast,
To give his suffering children rest,
Christ, by his strong and mighty arm,
Will well secure his flock from harm.
God, in his gracious cov'nant, grants
An heavenly kingdom to his saints;
The flock of Christ is most secure,
Protected by almighty power.
When storms, the Church of God invade,
Christ warns her, not to be afraid;
God will his children free from grief,
And to Christ's flock will send relief.

TEXT XXV:

TEXT XXV. *To them gave he Power to be,
come the Sons of God.* JOHN I. 12.

THOSE who, by faith, the Lord embrace,
Have blessings in the word;
To be partakers of free grace,
The chosen Sons of God.

Those who, in heart, truly believe
On Christ's exalted name,
His glorious benefits receive,
His offices esteem.

Great is their happiness, who come
To God with filial fear,
As children in and through his Son,
Do unto him draw near.

The tokens of God's special grace,
Unto his sons are giv'n;
He guides them here in his good ways,
And makes them blest in Heav'n!

Eternal life is their reward,
Who truly Christ receive;
They who receive him as their Lord,
All blessings in him have.

TEXT XXVI. *Be perfect.* 2 Cor. XIII. 11.

IF we would taste the joys above,
Which God doth on his saints bestow;
We to perfection must aspire,
Though not attained here below.

The

The more we are conform'd to God,
The greater happiness we find;
Complete obedience is true bliss,
Known only by a perfect mind.
Truly, that must be peace indeed,
Which from the God of peace doth come;
He to his saints an earnest gives
Of their eternal, blessed home.

O may the God of peace bestow
On us, the presence of his grace!
And while we sojourn here below,
May we enjoy his smiling face.

TEXT XXVII. *And make our Abode with him.*
JOHN XIV. 23.

JESUS is altogether fair;
His grace most glorious doth appear,
To all whose hearts, by love, do know
The beauties which his graces show.
The Prince of life at God's right hand,
An interceding Priest doth stand;
While saints by faith and vision sing
The honours which proclaim him King.
Such is his condescending grace,
That saints below may see his face;
To those who truly him obey,
He will his friendly light display.
Come, let us own him as our king;
To him our willing homage bring;
Truly,

TEXT XXX. *He hath put a new Song in my Mouth.* PSAL. XL. 3.

I WAITED with a patient mind,
Saith Christ, 'till God his ear inclin'd,
And heard my bitter groans and cries;
While grief, and anguish, fear, and pains,
And sweat like blood pour'd from my veins,
Conspire to make my sorrows rise.

'Twas then in miry clay I stood,
Sustaining the amazing load,
Of piercing grief, while cruel foes,
Instead of pity, did impart
Their rage, to sink my bleeding heart
Deep in the horrid pit of woes.

The pit where death and darkness reign,
To hold me fast attempts in vain,
When God's almighty power was there,
To spoil the triumph death had made,
And me advance, and crown my head,
That new songs might his praise declare.

Many the wonders shall behold,
Which God doth by his grace unfold;
And learn to fear, and trust his name;
They thro' the great Redeemer's blood,
Obtain forgiving grace of God;
And do his boundless love proclaim.

TEXT XXXI.

TEXT XXXI. *Many are the Afflictions of the Righteous.* PSAL. XXXIV. 19.

SAINTS may have great afflictions here,
Which may be long and prove severe;
By troubles of the flesh and mind,
Tempest'ous billows they may find.

When sins, and fears, give them surpris,
And God seems to reject their cries;
When weak, and helpless, they must stand,
Combatants with an hellish band:

Great is their grief, their fears are great,
In tears they mourn, disconsolate;
Their souls in sadness are cast down,
Beneath their heavenly Father's frown.

But from all trouble God will save
His chosen ones, who to him live;
Their sorrows shall be felt no more,
When this tempestuous life is o'er.

TEXT XXXII. *Mary hath chosen that good part.* LUKE X. 42.

COME let us make the happy choice,
Which holy Mary did;
Who to her blessed Saviour's voice
Her chief attention paid.

Christ her example did approve,
When wisely she did choose
That part which he assures in love
That she should never lose.

It is a part which is most good,
 Since Christ doth call it so;
 And with the knowledge of a God,
 He certainly must know.

It is a part of more true worth
 Than all created good;
 'Tis what the Saviour purchas'd hath
 With his most precious blood.

The goodness of it is to those,
 Who choice of it do make;
 While sinners, who do it refuse,
 True happiness forsake.

TEXT XXXIII. *Behold I stand at the Door.*
 REV. III. 20.

BEHOLD how *Jesus* condescends,
 Still waiting all the day;
 With an inviting voice he stands,
 And calls us to obey.

He at the door doth plead and knock,
 For us to let him in;
 While we the heart do shut and lock,
 And entertain our sin.

His loving voice is surely sweet,
 Those blessed are, who hear,
 Whose humble souls, at *Jesus* feet,
 Feel true submission there.

Christ to the humble heart will come,
 With visits of his grace,

And

And as a King will it assume,
 For his own dwelling place.
 He will commune with those in love,
 Who do him entertain;
 Nor will his gracious presence prove
 To humble souls in vain.

TEXT XXXIV. *Consolation in Christ.*
 PHIL. II. 1.

SWEET and celest'al joys,
 And beauties all divine;
 Are in the blest Redeemer found,
 And gloriously do shine.

Happy the gracious soul,
 Which climbs to Heaven to see
 The comely, and immortal charms,
 Which in the Saviour be.

What glorious beams of light,
 And clear majestick rays,
 In Christ appears, all to invite
 To joy which he displays.

The beauties of his grace,
 Cannot be fully known,
 By saints who dwell in mortal flesh,
 Nor angels near his throne.

TEXT XXXV. *That ye love one another.*
 JOHN XIII. 34.

WHEN holy love inspires the breast,
 The soul has entertaining rest;

Christ.

Christ doth it on his friends enjoin,
By his new law which is divine.

Not only by command, doth he
Require that we in love agree,
But by example, he doth show,
What love in his own heart could do.

The image of his love divine,
Is what he doth on us enjoin;
He, who in love his life did give,
Commands that we in love should live.

Let love to him prevail supreme,
And then his saints we shall esteem,
As in his image they appear,
The stronger love we to them bear.

By this all men may clearly see,
Those who Christ's chosen people be,
When love to Christ unites them well,
And in his cause one interest feel.

His church on earth by love is known,
And he no other church will own;
Unless this mark of love they show,
True fellowship they cannot know.

TEXT XXXVI. *Come, ye Blessed of my Father.*
MATT. XXV. 34.

BEHOLD, and praise th' exalted Son,
Amidst the splendor of the throne;
A glorious man, a glorious God,
Dear in appearance, and in word.

Come

Come, heavenly souls, possess my joy;
Celest' al praise be your employ;
Employ, which gives your souls delight,
Once known by faith, but now by fight.

You who my name did fear, and know,
And love did in obedience show,
And own'd my members and my cause,
Here you may taste immortal joys:

Joys, which for you were well prepar'd,
Ere earth's strong pillars up were rear'd,
Which I have purchas'd by my blood,
That you might here enjoy your God.

How will the saints admire the love
Of *Jesus*, who will them approve,
And with a sacred pleasure own
Works, which they by his grace have done.

They by his love constrained were,
To act the love he did require;
In them he owns, and loves his grace,
By which, with joy, they see his face.

TEXT XXXVII. *What lack I yet?*
MATT. XIX. 20.

THE young man vainly boasts, that he
Had kept the law with care,
That from his youth, he did agree
With all it did require.

Proudly, he thinks the law had taught
What he did well approve;

That

That he could keep it as he ought,
Though destitute of love.

But Christ doth unto him declare,
That if he would obey,
He must dispense with treasure here,
For wealth which can't decay.

"Now you must part with things below;
If perfect you would be;
And on the poor your wealth bestow,
And come, and follow me."

He then from Christ in sorrow went,
Nor did this offer choose;
To keep his wealth was his intent,
Tho' he his soul must lose.

Dear Jesus, may my mind be free,
To hearken to thy call;
And part with all to follow thee,
For thou art all in all.

TEXT xxxviii. *To him who alone doth great
Wonders.* PSAL. cxxxvi. 4.

MERCY and power to God alone,
Belong by uncontested claim;
By him are mighty wonders done,
While mercy well displays his name;
Praise, with his name doth well agree,
Whose mercy shines with majesty.
The wonders which his hands perform,
Are many; but in them we see,

The

The wisdom of his hand, by whom,
They all with ease effected be;
Eternal wisdom, boundless might,
Appear, our homage to invite.

Thro' the expanded universe,
His mighty works declare his praise;
There's not an atom in all space,
But what creating power displays;
His mercy doth with wonders shine,
And shows his majesty divine.

Redemption-work, above the rest,
Excites our wonder and our praise;
There mercy is with power express,
Above the highest angels keys;
The mercy of the God of power,
We never fully can adore.

TEXT xxxix. *But the greatest of these is
Charity.* 1 COR. xiii. 13.

HOW much doth charity excel!
Her charms and beauties who can tell;
Her name, and virtues, join to prove,
That she flows from the God of love.
She is long suffering, and kind;
From envy she doth free the mind;
Not sunk, when grief doth on her lie;
Nor puffed up, when raised high.
In all things she behaves aright;
And public good is her delight;

Nor

Nor yields to vicious passion's reign,
Nor evil thoughts will entertain.

She for iniquity will grieve,
While truth doth pleasure to her give;
When sin abounds, her sorrows rise,
But truth advanc'd, doth please her eyes.

With patience, she all things can bear,
While faith, and hope, her helpers are;
She knows the promises are sure,
Tho' fiery trials she endure.

When light and glory supercedes,
Those gracious acts which now she needs,
She shall in full perfection shine,
In perfect love, to things divine.

TEXT XL. *Unto him be Glory in the Church.*
EPH. III. 21.

LET the true Church adore the Lord,
For grace he doth to her afford;
'Tis by his grace his Church doth shine,
If he withdraws, she doth decline.
'Tis the good spirit's powerful breath,
Which brings her from the shade of death;
When she in darkness lies obscure,
His word can light and life restore.
When Christ is in her as a King,
She glory to her God will bring;
Tributes of praise with joy she gives,
Thro' Christ her Lord, by whom she lives.

Bless

Blest be the Lord, whose power can well
Defend her from the rage of hell;
If gates of hell against her are,
He will to her relief appear.

God's *Zion* most secure shall stand;
By the protection of his hand;
She safely may in him confide,
Who keeps her walls on every side!

TEXT XLI. *I will weep bitterly.* ISA. XXII. 4.

HARK, for 'tis *Zion* weeps!

Mine ears attend her sighs,
And learn what melting sorrows move
Her lips, to make these cries.

"My heart with bitter pangs,
Beneath my sorrows bow;
The night which once did give repose,
Is turn'd to sadness now.

Ye earth-born friends withdraw;
Your comforts are in vain;
The spoil that's on my people brought,
Gives anguish to my pain.

My soul is overwhelm'd,
While blood the land doth drown;
And suddenly the tempest brings
My tents and curtains down.

Most grievous is the wound
Which patiently I bear;

* *JER.* IV. 19, 20. and *X.* 19, 20. *ISA.* XXI. 2.

T

Tho'

Tho' none among my sons are found,
My ruins to repair."

TEXT XLII. *Men ought always to pray.*

LUKE XVIII. 1.

AFFLICTIONS make God's children
Or they would surely faint, (pray,
When in a sore distressing day,
A Father's rod is sent.

They, on their God with patience wait,
He hears their humble cry;
They to his holy will submit,
He with his grace is nigh.

Does God invite us by his grace,
To seek his aid by prayer?
We may approach our Father's face,
That he our cries may hear.

O! never may a christian faint,
When he to God may go;
And leave with him each sore complaint,
And take true comfort too.

When troubles bring us near to God,
Great blessings they do prove;
A Father's smiles, a Father's rod,
Do each, display his love,

TEXT XLIII. *Rejoice not against me.*

MICAH VI. 8.

MINE enemies may not rejoice,
May Zion boldly say;

My soul can triumph in the cross,
In a tumultuous day.

My foes don't know how all their rage
Doth drive me to my rest;
When Christ doth on my part engage,
Their hatred makes me blest.

When I do fall, my hope remains,
That I again shall rise;
Then joy and light, will ease my pains,
And clear the darkest skies.

From God, my light, my joy doth flow;
Relief in him I find;
His arm is all the strength I know;
No friend, like him, is kind.

The light in which he leads my soul,
My labouring thoughts compose;
His hand doth all creation rule;
His right he cannot lose.

I in his light such brightness see,
When I behold his face,
I cannot own 'tis dark with me,
Held in his kind embrace.

TEXT XLIV. *What is your Life?*

JAMES IV. 14.

THIS life, with all her boasted joys,
Are always fleeting here,
A passing scene of vap'ry toys,
Which soon must disappear.

Our sight will scarcely move so fast
As objects here below ;
All earthly glory soon is lost,
Just like an empty show.

The thread of life, with strongest ties,
Can't hold the parting hand ;
When death its force with nature tries,
None can the stroke withstand.

O may we well our time improve !
The only season giv'n,
To well prepare for joy above,
Eternal life in Heav'n.

TEXT XLV. *How shall we escape ?* HAB. II. 3.

WHAT great salvation is display'd,
By grace in God's eternal Son ?
What overture of love is made,
By the great God, to man undone ?
God sent his Son from mansions high,
Who, to this world, did make his way,
And kindly bow'd his head to die,
That sov'reign grace he might display.
Can we behold the wond'rous scene,
And still our hearts be hard as stones ?
Is that dear blood in no esteem,
Which only for our guilt atones ?
Can we forget a bleeding God,
And *ad* as tho' he dy'd in vain ?

Those,

Those, who such love will disregard,
Cannot escape eternal pain.

TEXT XLVI. *We walk by Faith.* 2 COR. V. 7.

IF we would taste pure sacred joy,
Our souls must learn divine employ ;
And in that heavenly art improve,
To walk by faith which works by love.
By carnal sight those are not led,
Who are with carnal pleasure fed ;
But, by the acts of faith sublime,
They up to Heav'n for comfort climb.
With joy, they by believing taste
The bounties of an heav'nly feast ;
Faith in the great Redeemer's power,
Supports them in a trying hour.
When sense is gone, and sight is blind,
Faith brings true pleasure to the mind ;
Come let it be our chief delight,
To walk by faith and not by sight.

TEXT XLVII. *A prudent Man foreseeb the
Evil.* PROV. XXII. 3.

A PRUDENT man foresees
The sinners dangerous road,
And flies for refuge to that grace
Which reigns in Christ our Lord.
How dangerous is the state,
In which vile sinners lie,

Exposed

Exposed to the dreadful wrath,
Of the great God on high.

Yet sinners will go on,
In this destructive way;
They dare provoke the God above,
And slight the gospel day.

They will not counsel take,
By solemn warning given,
To make their peace with God betimes,
And be prepar'd for Heaven.

Tho' God, with awful power,
Will make his anger known,
They will provoke his dreadful arm;
And draw his vengeance down.

TEXT XLVIII. *With the Mind I serve the
Law of God.* ROM. VII. 25.

ALL humble thanks to God is due,
Thro' Jesus, our ascended Lord;
By whom the mind doth gladly know
The sweet attraction of his word.

'Tis all thro' Christ, that we obtain
The pleasure of an heav'nly mind;
Grace in the heart thro' him doth reign,
When to God's law it is inclin'd.

Grace in the heart doth make us choose
To serve the Lord with all our might;
But with the flesh we do refuse
Those ways which give the mind delight.

The

The flesh is seeking to deprive
The soul of joy divinely sweet;
The flesh doth pine, and fret, and strive,
When grace doth some enlargement get;
O welcome day! when saints shall leave
The flesh to moulder in the ground;
No more to clog the willing mind,
To such a vile companion bound.

TEXT XLIX. *The Glorious Gospel of Christ;*
2 COR. IX. 4.

KINDLY the gospel grace appears,
In Christ, who God's blest image bears;
Those truths with glorious brightness shine;
The rays of grace are all divine.

The gospel glory shines so bright,
That those, who do refuse the light,
Are by the prince of darkness blind,
Who rules the unbelieving mind.

It doth appear, that they are lost,
Who cannot gospel sweetness taste;
Eternal darkness they secure,
Who cannot gospel light endure.

Dear Jesus! by thy powerful grace,
Subdue thy foes to truth and peace;
And make thy glorious gospel known,
In hearts, where satan has his throne.

Be thou all glorious in the eyes
Of those, who now thy grace despise;

Thy

Thy vict'ry in thy truth display,
That blind, lost souls, may learn the way.

TEXT L. *They desire a better Country.*
HEB. XI. 16.

IT was a sweet, and heav'nly mind,
The good old Patr'archs had,
When in their hearts, they were inclin'd,
To live as pilgrims did.
They from their native land did go,
Not knowing where they went,
While to a place, not here below,
Their minds were fully bent.
With heav'nly hearts, they had in view
Things of an heav'nly kind;
They found no earthly scenes below,
Which could delight the mind.
God did their pious ways behold,
Their acts of faith approve;
And in his cov'nant, to them told,
He'd be their God in love.
He, those as servants to him dear,
Was not asham'd to own;
And for them mansions did prepare,
In presence of his throne.

TEXT LI.

TEXT LI. *I will rejoice in the Lord.* HAB. III. 18.

ALTHO' no bloom the fig-tree gives,
And earth for smiling verdure grieves,
Yet in my God I can rejoice,
I in his will have all my choice.
Should vines no more their fruit afford,
Nor wine be spread upon the board;
The Lord my soul can sweetly cheer,
When his refreshing grace is near.
Should olives mock the lab'rer's toil,
And scorn to give the cheering oil;
That oil which doth from *Jesus* flow,
Will on my soul true joy bestow.
Should drought consume the verdant field,
That it no food to nature yield;
My soul true bread in Christ will find,
The word of life will feed the mind.
Tho' from the fold the flock decay,
Tho' shepherd charge be mov'd away;
To Christ, my Shepherd, I'll repair;
He makes his chosen flock his care.
Tho' in the stall no herd is seen,
To raise the hopes of worldly men;
Hope, by celest'al prospects stands,
And tastes the fruit of distant lands.

TEXT LII *What think ye of Christ?*
MATT. XXII. 43.

COME thou, my soul, inquire and see,
What thoughts of Christ do govern thee;
Has

Has he thy chief, thy choicest love?
 Dost thou thyself to him approve?
 Doth love to him so warm thy breast,
 That thou canst choose no other rest?
 Dost thou to him for help repair,
 And find thy choicest comforts there?
 Is he thy constant, welcome friend,
 Who, as thy guide, thou dost attend?
 Hast thou the truest joy, when made
 To walk the way which he did tread?
 With others canst thou friendship break,
 For Christ thy dear Redeemer's sake?
 And with delight the cross embrace,
 And think the service no disgrace?
 Doth it to thee relief afford,
 To think and speak of Christ thy Lord?
 Is it his glory, not thine own,
 Which thou dost seek when all is done?

TEXT LIV. *Watch thou in all Things.*
 2 TIM. IV. 5.

MAY we in all things watchful be,
 And stand most steadfast on our guard;
 And from ensnaring objects flee,
 Which tempt us to displease the Lord.
 May we be cautious with concern,
 Lest proud ambition swell the heart;
 Let humble lowliness disdain
 To act the haughty scorner's part.

In

In all the duties we pursue,
 This duty must our actions guide,
 To have God's glory in our view,
 And watch, lest self turn us aside.
 To watch our words and thoughts aright,
 Requires much diligence and pain:
 Since all we do is in God's sight,
 A constant watch let us maintain:
 The watchful and the praying saint,
 Who makes God's glory his chief aim,
 Will work for God, and will not faint;
 Work can't be lost, done for his name.

TEXT LIV. *That I may cause those that love me to inherit substance.* PROV. VIII. 21.

SUBSTANTIAL joy those souls possess,
 Who love the Lord with all their heart;
 Their heav'nly treasure God will bless,
 And in the bounties of his grace
 They largely share a noble part,
 Which shall eternity endure.
 But this divine, this heav'nly joy,
 Imply'd in union, can't be known
 By those who do not feel that love
 Which joins the soul to God above,
 Thro' his rich grace in Christ his Son;
 Who gives believers all their peace.
 Let all pursue the heav'nly prize,
 The lot of those who love God's name,
 And thus enjoy an heav'nly mind,

To

To God the only good inclin'd,
And make his grace a constant theme,
Waiting to go to perfect rest.

Rest to the saints in Heav'n remains,
Where perfectly God's will is done;
As they, in love, God's will approve,
They do enjoy what God doth love,
Joy in the heav'nly scene made known,
The substance of eternal blifs.

TEXT LV. *Good News.* PROV. xxv. 25.

GOOD news the gospel tells,
While it to man reveals
A pard'ning God, a Saviour kind;
It speaks of holy joys,
In Christ's inviting voice,
To come, and taste, and pleasure find.
Pardon in gospel grace,
In the Redeemer's face,
Is founded freely all abroad,
And in God's grace, so free,
Sioners may saved be,
And sing salvation in our God.
Men who deserve to die,
May now for refuge fly
To the exalted Saviour's arms;
A plenitude of room,
Is found for all who come;
His smiles have sweet and pow'ful charms.

Let

Let all from sin depart,
With an unfeigned heart,
Resolv'd no more to pierce the Lord;
Who now, high on his throne,
Once for our sins did groan,
Now all we want he can afford.

TEXT LVI. *Being justified by his Grace.*
TITUS III. 7.

BEHOLD how rich, how free, the grace,
Which God shows in the Saviour's face!
He saves, he justifies alone,
In the rich merits of his Son.
Here God makes known a glorious way,
How sinners, who have gone astray,
May turn to him, and so obtain
Freedom from sin, from shame, and pain:
By grace, he forms the heart anew;
By grace, he doth our sins subdue;
He turns the rebels, by his grace,
To paths of holiness and peace.
Free grace is rich, and great indeed,
And doth by far our praise exceed;
That must be grace which kindly grants
Pardon to humble penitents.
The hope of life at God's right hand,
Doth on the truth in Jesus stand;
Forgiving grace, foundation lays,
For songs of everlasting praise.

May

May hope, well grounded, daily rise,
To sacred joy beyond the skies;
In God our Saviour, may we find
A pard'ning God, a Saviour kind.

TEXT LVII. *Christ who is our Life.*
COL. III. 4.

CHRIST is the life of all his saints;
They life in him obtain;
His spirit, life unto them grants;
He for their life was slain.
In him they live, on food divine;
Which doth support afford;
With Christ, their souls in union join;
In his dear flesh and blood.
When Christ, their life, in glory comes,
And they with him appear,
Life they receive, when from their tombs
They his bright image bear.
When Christ his splendor will display,
And saints their fears forsake,
In glories of that solemn day
They glorious life partake.
That glorious day of life and rest,
To foll'wers of the lamb,
Will make them all in Jesus blest,
For bliss they bless his name.
Infinite life, and glory, show
The glory of the King;

That

That joy which all his members know,
Will glory to him bring.

TEXT LVIII. *Great Wonder in Heaven;*
REV. XII. 1.

AN heav'ly scene behold!
See what it doth unfold!
Great wonders do the Church surround;
Her Saviour's righteousness
Provides a wond'rous dress,
While she with gospel truth is crown'd,
Surrounded with the light,
Like sun beams shining bright,
She shows the glory of her King;
In heav'ly dress so fair,
Her lucid robes appear,
And praise and admiration bring:
Lo! in this pleasing state,
The world's beneath her feet,
Like Jewish shades, or Gentile toys;
This world is like the moon,
Unseen at blazing noon,
Nor light affords, nor eye employs:
The truth which in Christ's name
Apostles did proclaim,
Like gems doth crown the Church's head;
Thus the true Church doth shine,
When she by truth divine
In ways of holiness is led.

TEXT LIX.

TEXT LIX. *Abstain from fleshly Lusts which
war against the Soul.* I PET. II. 11.

THOSE who admire the things above,
Have scenes of grief below ;
They seek to feed on things they love,
Nor would they let them go :

But yet against their souls they find
Temptations bold and strong ;
As enemies in ranks combin'd,
Our lusts our ways do throng.

Our souls would dwell on things divine,
And run the christian race ;
Our foes would all their influ'nce join,
To stop the heav'nly pace.

To live as strangers here below,
Doth please an heav'nly mind ;
To vanity, and death pursue,
The flesh is still inclin'd.

From fleshly lust we must abstain,
By sin-subduing grace ;
If in the heart they live and reign,
The soul can have no peace.

TEXT LX. *Give, give.* PROV. XXX. 1.

HOW is the anxious soul befool'd,
To think a fever may be cool'd
With burning coals, or flaming fire ?
Or think the world at its request,
Will freely give a fixed rest,
And satisfy its vast desire ?

Let

Let art, her subtle plots project,
And smiling fortune then perfect
What art profoundly first began ;
Let frauds and taste their skill improve,
To give delight in worldly love,
These cannot make a happy man.

When wealth comes by the careful hand,
And gold increases like the sand,
The soul, then far from rest, would find
Some greater good to call her own,
Which is to her as yet unknown,
To feed and please the restless mind.

Great mammon, the fool's paradise,
Is made a stage of grief and vice,
From which true joy cannot proceed ;
Pleasure is sought in her in vain,
Her busy sons, with toil and pain,
In her can't find the good they need :

TEXT LXI. *Ye received the Word of God.*
I THES. XI. 13.

THANKS to the Lord be paid,
For light and truth display'd
In the success of his good word ;
When chosen servants dear,
The gospel did declare,
And souls were brought to own the Lord ;
The gospel's sacred plan,
Was not devis'd by man,
But God reveals this glorious grace ;

X

Those

Those, who the truth believe,
Do Christ by faith receive,
And bless the Lord with songs of praise:

Those who rejoice in God,
Find new joy in his word;
The joy, the light, is all divine;
Truth sealed in the heart,
By God's own hand is wrought,
As God's own witness there doth shine.

TEXT LXII. *When wilt thou comfort me?*

PSALM CXIX. 28.

HOW are my eyes o'erwhelm'd in tears,
While for thy word they fail?
How many are my groans and fears,
While gloomy thoughts prevail?
My longing soul within me cries,
"When wilt thou comfort me?
When shall thy light upon me rise,
And make this darkness flee?
When shall the cordials of thy word,
Heal and refresh my wound?
When wilt thou help to me afford,
And all my sins confound?
When shall my eyes thy face behold,
In thy good word divine,
And those sweet mysteries unfold,
Unto this soul of mine?
May I those true delights enjoy,
Which in thy word appear;

Then

Then will it be my sweet employ,
To seek my comfort there.

O! may I taste, and hunger more,
For what thou dost bestow,
And find the fulness of that store,
Which feeds thy saints below.

Thy word of truth, how bright it shines!
Thy promises, how kind!
Thy grace can pardon all my sins,
And purify my mind."

TEXT LXIII. *Yet always rejoicing.*

2 COR. VI. 20.

BLEST is the godly man, who gains
By all the losses he sustains,
And when he most doth stand in need,
He doth upon a fulness feed.
When disappointments him attend,
He doth succeed best in the end,
And by his folly wiser grows,
By knowing that he nothing knows.
He doth the brightest dawns find,
In scenes in which he is most blind;
He makes the greatest progress, when
He sees his race is to begin.
He lives upon his daily breath,
And finds his sweetest life in death;
Indeed, with joy he doth forbear
Actions and ways which pleasant are.

TEXT LXIV.

TEXT LXIV. *Who comforteth us in all our
Tribulation.* 2 COR. I. 4.

IN every dark and grievous scene,
Which in my pilgrimage I find,
May grace triumphant reign within,
And guide and cheer my drooping mind.
In all my wants, I've none so great
As those which do concern my soul;
May Christ be truly my delight,
And all my powers and passions rule.
When I have him, what can I need?
And when without him, what have I?
He must be rich, and free indeed,
Who can and will my wants supply.
The treasure which to me belongs,
When Christ my only portion is,
Exceeds the fame of angels tongues,
And all my thoughts and hopes surpass.
O may it be my constant aim,
To peace with Christ, my Lord, maintain!
May he, whom all ought to esteem,
Within my heart as sov'reign reign!

TEXT LXV. *Having a Desire to depart and
be with Christ.* PHIL. I. 23.

NOTHING can raise my comforts higher,
Than joy in Christ, my heart's desire:
How glad, O Lord, my soul would be,
Might I arise and dwell with thee!

Am

Am I in trouble, or in rest,
This is my wish, my last request,
Set me from earthly trouble free,
Still I desire to be with thee.
But how shall I this good obtain?
The flesh will prove an heavy chain;
The Spirit wishes to be free,
And in that freedom bound to thee.
I grieve, because I find I must
Be shackled with this heavy dust;
Might I but have my liberty,
Soon would I fly and be with thee.
But while it is thy blessed mind
That I be to the body join'd,
Patience I'll make my remedy,
'Till I may die, and go to thee.

TEXT LXVI. *That the Power of Christ may
rest upon me.* 2 COR. XII. 9.

WHEN Christ doth grant his aid to me,
I then can courage take;
Unless he guide me in his way,
No progress can I make.
When his kind love he doth impart,
And give my soul relief,
I find his strength can cheer my heart,
And dry my tears of grief.
But when my heart is cold and dull,
And strangely goes astray;

When

When love moves faintly in my soul,
 And thoughts of Christ decay :
 Then, where can I for comfort go?
 In sin, I'm sure there's none ;
 Unless in Christ I comfort know,
 I wish all comfort gone.
 But, weak, I to Christ may repair,
 And have my wants supply'd,
 And will improve the strength which there
 He doth by grace provide.

TEXT LXVII. *Draw near with a true Heart,*
 HEB. X. 22.

LORD, what a heart is this in me,
 Which I attempt to bring to thee?
 Vile as it is, do thou it take,
 And for thyself it holy make.
 Scarce can I raise my thoughts on high;
 But soon from thee they seek to fly ;
 Strangely I lose the things I prize,
 By wand'ring feet, and wand'ring eyes.
 Would Angels, who on high abide,
 Be free to lay their harps aside,
 And then their hearts and tongues employ
 In worldly scenes and worldly joy?
 They do in happy union join,
 To praise a Being all divine,
 And in the heav'nly sphere do move;
 In scenes which all excite their love.

Lord,

Lord, wean my heart from things below,
 Thou who dost all my weakness know ;
 And when from thee I go astray,
 Restore me to thy pleasant way.
 I can draw near with a true heart,
 When thou dost truth and love impart ;
 Unless thy grace my heart repair,
 My sins will reign and dictate there.

TEXT LXVIII. *But I obtained Mercy,*
 I TIM. I. 13.

I DO by sweet experience find,
 God in his mercy always kind :
 Sprinkled with mercy from above,
 My soul is all bedew'd with love.
 The greatest joy I find while here,
 Doth in God's pard'ning grace appear ;
 Nothing such pleasure can afford,
 As mercy in the love of God.
 God's healing mercy through his Son,
 Can cure the ill my sins have done ;
 My shameful sins I can't endure ;
 In hell no pain would grieve me more.
 Should ev'ry good from me depart,
 And sorrows rise to break my heart,
 They never can make me complain,
 If love within my heart may reign.
 Should justice doom me down to hell,
 Where I for sin deserve to dwell ;

My

My soul for nothing there would mourn;
 But this, alas! from God I'm gone.
 I then could tell the saints on high,
 That with them I could pleasure vie;
 If I true holiness might share,
 My joy with theirs might then compare.

TEXT LXIX. *Refreshed by thee, Brother.*
 PHILEMON, 7.

GREAT is the joy the faithful find,
 In acts of mutual love,
 When grace unites each pious mind,
 Like fellowship above.

The souls of saints great joy receive,
 Refreshed by each other,
 When Charity the name doth give
 Of a dear Christian Brother.

May all, who truly love the Lord,
 In love united be;
 Thus they are helpers Heaven-ward,
 And in Christ's name agree.

But when professors of Christ's name
 Walk in an empty show,
 They do expose his cause to shame,
 True love they do not know.

When they the laws of Christ despise,
 Nor will his ways adorn,
 No wonder if contentions rise,
 And they be trodden down.

TEXT LXX.

TEXT LXX. *Cleave unto the Lord.* JOSHUA
 XXIII. 8.

MAY all God's saints, with willing mind,
 Esteem his holy law;
 Then they shall by experience find,
 That he their souls doth draw.

That love to God, which now they know,
 Will last beyond the grave;
 They forward in obedience go;
 The Lord their souls will save:

The tokens of God's special grace,
 Which by the saints are known,
 Give them true joy in his good ways,
 Ways, which they gladly own.

Let willing minds in us be found,
 Who now God's blessings share;
 As we by him wish to be own'd,
 Let us serve him in fear.

Cleave to the Lord, for he is good;
 In him the soul is blest;
 Jesus has enter'd, by his blood,
 Into the heav'nly rest.

By faith, we must cleave to him now,
 If with him we would dwell;
 Our souls may freely to him go;
 He can support us well.

X

TEXT LXXI.

TEXT LXXI. *The Sentence of Death in ourselves.* 2 COR. I. 9.

QUICKLY must I complete my race ;
My fleeting days go off apace ;
Short is the time of my abode ;
To death I daily tread the road.

My days in haste away do flee ;
My tongue must shortly silent be ;
When I behold things here below,
They are not long for me, I know.

How soon must I be call'd away,
And to the dust commit this clay !
Must leave all fading comforts here,
And on the stage no more appear !

Is this the state of feeble man ?
Why then should trifles, short and vain,
Possess a soul which must endure
When things of time shall be no more ?

Lord, may my soul thy call obey ;
And when the dust receives this clay,
May I, in elevating love,
Go to the joys which are above.

TEXT LXXII. *She shall not find her Paths.*
HOSEA II. 6.

THE needle, by magnetic pow'r,
Points to the pole, and gives the hour ;
And, restless, turns from side to side,
'Till fixed points become its guide.

Just

Just so the soul is here and there,
Plung'd in anxiety and care,
On things which seem to give delight,
But soon are loathsome to the sight.

She would some pleasure in them take,
But grief and toil they for her make ;
Flatter'd with hopes, both false and vain,
Her fond pursuits increase her pain.

Weary with seeking, back she turns,
And for an absent God she mourns :
Tir'd with these empty toys below,
She weeps to think she sought them so.

She sees the lost sublimer good,
While she her vanities pursu'd :
" Where is my God ?" she then doth cry ;
" Unless I find him, I must die."

Love, as a load stone, touch'd the soul ;
She points to God, as to the pole :
Love, by divine attraction, brings
Her aim to be at heav'nly things.

Most holy God, thou only art
A centre for my restless heart ;
From thee, the centre of my love ;
Let me not once attempt to move.

TEXT LXXIII. *Happy is he.* PROV. XVI. 20.

HAPPY the man, whose daily trust
Is on his Maker's arm alone ;
God will support and save the just ;
Mercy attends them from his throne.
Safety

Safety and joy will them attend,
 Amid their troubles here below ;
 Their God, on whom they do depend,
 All good upon them will bestow.
 Their faith will give them sweet repose,
 Which in the blessed God they place ;
 Their confidence they shall not lose ;
 From God they have supply of grace.
 Lord, grant that I may trust in thee,
 And on thy goodness daily wait ;
 All needed mercy send to me ;
 Thy mercy, and my sins, are great.
 Thy pow'r is always still the same,
 Thro' light and darkness, grief and joy ;
 My safest guard is in thy arm ;
 Thy service is my best employ.

TEXT LXXIV. *Seek these Things which are above.* COL. III. 1.

TO things which are above,
 Let our affections move,
 For Christ, our glorious King, there reigns ;
 Be there, each strong desire,
 Souls which to him aspire
 May sing his love in lofty strains.

A vain and empty show,
 Are objects here below,
 And to the soul may fatal prove ;

True

True pleasure for the mind,
 Is pure, and well refin'd,
 In streams of endless joy above,
 Scenes of inviting grace,
 In the Redeemer's face,
 May make our souls with joy explore
 The mansions Christ prepares,
 For all his chosen heirs,
 Who may rejoice forevermore.
 If Heav'n gives real joy,
 Which will the soul employ
 In bliss, in one eternal round,
 Their souls, while here below,
 May sigh, and wish to go
 Where they may walk *Immanuel's* ground.

TEXT LXXV. *Possessing all Things.* 2 Cor. VI. 10.

NOTHING can more delight the mind,
 When troubles do arise,
 Than to surmount things here below,
 For joy above the skies.

Are earthly things from us withheld,
 Do worldly comforts cease,
 If we a portion have in God,
 We then have real peace.

Thus the true servants of the Lord,
 Can in their God confide,
 Though fading treasure of this life
 May be to them deny'd,

Those

Those treasures which enrich the soul
 Are offer'd to us now;
 Salvation may be had in God,
 And not in things below.
 Now in our Saviour, Christ the Lord,
 We sacred joy may find;
 And in him only may be found,
 Pure treasures for the mind.

TEXT LXXVI. *They are Men wondered at.*
 ZECH. III. 8.

MY soul on every side beset,
 Lies in the dust, and mounts on high;
 I strongly seek the things I hate,
 And wish to bring my sorrows nigh.
 I love to see the Saviour shine,
 And yet in darkness choose to go;
 I pant, I long for life divine,
 And still the ways of death pursue.
 I see how empty all things are,
 And yet with them I love to dwell;
 To Heav'n I send my warm desire,
 Yet roll in sins as black as hell.
 I love to hover near my God,
 And yet I soon am from him gone;
 With Christ I make a sweet abode,
 Altho' his face I often shun.
 With joy I meet contempt and scorn,
 But at reproach I soon regret;

I dare

I dare defy the scoffer's frown,
 Yet slanders never wish to meet:

TEXT LXXVII. *Seek them not.* JER. XLV. 5:

IN things below, I plainly see
 How they have oft deceived me;
 In vain I seek to fill the mind
 With empty chaff, and fleeting wind!
 Lord, in thy creatures thou art seen,
 In plants and birds, and beasts and men;
 Thy hand supports them, and they show
 What thy almighty pow'r can do.
 Thy uncreated pow'r around,
 Hath all thy works with beauty crown'd;
 Unto thy name is glory due,
 In all thy works which I do view:
 But if I don't thy beauty see,
 In creatures which were made by thee,
 Then they no beauty can afford;
 Beauty is only in the Lord.
 Men, in their sins, and void of grace,
 On things of time their hopes do place;
 While they their hearts do thus employ,
 They are remote from solid joy.
 While in their hearts the world doth reign;
 More empty, needless care they gain;
 With things below, their minds are fed,
 And thus are to destruction led.

TEXT LXXIX.

TEXT LXXVIII. *I was in the Spirit on the
Lord's Day.* REV. I. 10.

COME thou, my soul, with all thy pow'rs,
Bid welcome to God's blessed day;
The day on which the Saviour rose;
This day, the tomb did him obey.

This day, the great Redeemer shows,
The grave its prey can't always keep;
For he, who on this day arose,
Is the first-fruit of those who sleep.

Did Jesus show his pow'r this day,
In rising from his dusty bed?
Will he, who is ascended high,
At last appear to raise the dead?

May this good day our thoughts employ,
In reference to an endless rest;
May we esteem, with solemn joy,
This sacred day which God hath blest.

May we, while here, some foretaste gain,
Of joy not found in things below,
And knowledge of the Lord obtain,
Who resurrection pow'r doth show.

We know the Saviour's pow'r divine,
When we by faith his glory view,
When truth, like morning rays, doth shine,
To form our spirits all anew.

TEXT LXXIX. *That I may win Christ.*
PHIL. III. 8.

DEAR Jesus, how divinely sweet
Thy kind embraces are,
Which all thy welcome friends do get,
Who unto thee draw near.

To have communion with my Lord,
Is most delectable;
The joy thy visits do afford,
All interviews excel.

True love to thee doth cleanse my soul;
Thy beauty makes it bright;
Thy garment's hem can make me whole,
Thy clay restore my sight.

A nuptial match with thee will make
My soul a virgin fair;
A stroke which my hard heart will break,
My ruins will repair.

A frown from thee destroys my peace,
My soul can't it endure;
Yet when thy frowns are on thy face,
My soul is still secure.

What I receive from thee, I prize;
I love to trust in thee;
I give my all to thee likewise,
When I thy glory see.

TEXT LXXX. *A just Man falleth seven Times,
and riseth up again.* PROV. XXIV. 16.

WHEN the bold tempter doth his most,
To shake the standing of the just,
And seeks to triumph in their fall,
They shall be victors after all.

The tempter's boastings all are vain,
Against their falls who rise again;
Though he against them roars, yet they
Shall like brave champions win the day.

Where is the ground of boasting, then?
Doth it belong to feeble men,
Who have those falls which make them fear
The bold enraged tempter's war?

The strength of creatures cannot claim
The honour of victorious fame,
Which crowned conq'rors do receive,
Who in the Church triumphant live.

The praise of vict'ry all belongs
To Zion's King, in joyful songs;
Eternal honours to him flow,
By whom his saints their conquest know.

TEXT LXXXI. *What I do, thou knowest not
now.* JOHN XIII. 7.

LORD, let me not dispute thy will,
Or faithfulness mistrust;
I know that thou dost all things well,
And all thy ways are just:

Although

Although the dealings of thy hand
May a great wonder be,
So that I cannot understand
What is well known to thee:

Infinite wisdom doth perform
What all thy works display;
Then never let a feeble worm
Thy precepts disobey.

Whatever, Lord, thou dost deny,
This of thee I request,
That I thy presence may enjoy,
And then I shall have rest.

If I have thee, what can cause grief,
Or make my soul afraid?
Thy presence can afford relief,
When I am sore dismay'd.

TEXT LXXXII. *There is no Enchantment against
Jacob.* NUM. XXIII. 23.

HOW vain are all the bold efforts,
Which Zion's foes do make?
God will confound the crafty plots,
And measures which they take.

When he appears resolv'd to save
His people by his hand,
Protection in him they will have,
Though foes insulting stand.

Though they appear in spite and charm
They find there is no pow'r

In

In all created strength, to harm
Where God doth make secure.

The Lord will save his hidden ones,
And hell's designs will blast;
His faithful servants and his sons,
Will from him never cast.

Then let us seek that help from God,
Which he affords his saints,
That he may keep us in his road,
And well supply our wants.

TEXT LXXXIII. *That Christ may dwell in your
Hearts.* EPH. III. 17.

WHEN *Jesus* fills my heart with love,
How sweet doth all his service prove!
In anguish, he can give me ease;
In sorrows, make my troubles cease.
Strength in him always doth remain,
Through him my soul can courage gain;
Some near approaches at his feet
Will make communion with him sweet.
He makes me taste his love below,
While through this wilderness I go;
What heart refreshment do I find,
In being to his will resign'd!
If in him now such joy is known,
When he sends his kind presence down,
How joyful is that blessed place
Where Heav'n's born souls dwell near his face!

O when

O when shall my poor soul be found
With life and endless pleasure crown'd!
Enjoy those pleasures well refin'd,
And leave a tempting world behind!

TEXT LXXXIV. *Grow in Grace.* 2 PET. III. 18.

A Great and solemn work
Attends us all our days;
We many trials must engage,
To grow in ev'ry grace.

We must not slothful be,
Because the task is hard;
Nor by discouragements to lose
Advances Heaven-ward.

But with a love supreme
To Christ and things divine;
May we a constant watch maintain,
Lest we in love decline.

The glorious gospel scene,
Invites increasing love;
The righteousness of Christ on high,
Should draw our hearts above.

Let not attainments here,
Excite us to a stand;
But may our souls feel always bound
To reach the heav'nly land.

This life will soon be gone,
And seasons be no more,

For

For us by grace to serve the Lord;
Come feed at grace's store.

TEXT LXXXV. *You cannot do the Things that
ye would.* GAL. V. 17.

LORD, shall the vicious seeds of hell
Be suffer'd in my heart to dwell?
Must sin within my soul have sway,
And lead my heart from thee astray?

Can I endure to be a slave
To sin, the worst of foes I have?
Must it within my heart appear
As king, to reign a sov'reign there?

Was I for sin a servant made,
That it by me should be obey'd?
Can it in justice once pretend
I am its servant, or its friend?

O God, my King, thou well dost know;
That I my service to thee owe;
Then let it be my whole employ,
To serve my God in fear and joy.

May I within my heart possess
An ample portion of thy grace;
And by its working in my heart,
May I act well a christian part.

Dear *Jesus*, thou alone canst bring
My soul to serve thee as my King;
Be thou my sov'reign to maintain
Within my heart a sacred reign.

TEXT LXXXVI.

TEXT LXXXVI. *Against spiritual Wickedness:*
EPH. VI. 12.

ALAS! how far my soul from God,
How far below its proper rest,
Were things, possess'd without his love,
Design'd to make a creature blest?

Have I pursu'd with greatest care,
God's love, as my true happiness?
Is it his glory I prefer,
To all I am, or may possess?

Have I own'd Christ, and his dear cross,
His service never to forsake?
May I his pure and righteous laws,
For kind instruction always take.

May I love him, who lovely is,
And lie submissive to his feet,
And by the visits of his grace,
Have favours from his mercy-seat?

Sweet is the grace which I do sing,
When Christ is my exalted theme;
Hosanna to the glorious King,
Whose praise the heav'nly host proclaim;

TEXT LXXXVII. *Ephraim compasseth me about
with Lies.* HOSEA XI. 12.

ALL those whose ways are mark'd with
Do all their services defile; [guile,
And, Ephraim like, with a vain guise
Compass the Lord about with lies.

With

With a vain show, the hypocrite,
 In sacred things dare use deceit;
 In empty forms, will vainly try
 To make the Lord believe a lie.
 But those who are by grace sincere,
 With good and honest hearts appear,
 Though others act by lies and fraud,
 Like *Judab*, they do rule with God.
 They with the saints do faithful prove,
 As heirs of grace they walk in love;
 In ways of holiness they're found,
 Though sin in others doth abound.
 The cause of Christ is their concern,
 And his religion will adorn,
 And for the faith with zeal contend,
 When it hath scarce a faithful friend.

TEXT LXXXVIII. *Unto you, O Men! I call.*
 PRG. VIII. 4.

WISDOM sends forth a moving call;
 Her voice proclaims it to us all;
 O come, and make her offers sure,
 Lest we should have her calls no more.
 She spread her gracious arms abroad
 To man, a rebel to his God;
 She calls from sin, and endless woe:
 When she invites, come let us go.
 Let all the sons of men esteem
 The tidings which she doth proclaim;

Let

Let us the voice of Christ regard,
 Which doth direct us Heaven-ward.
 If we will now obey his voice,
 Our souls may in his grace rejoice;
 If we refuse his call to hear,
 We may of happiness despair.
 How stupid are the souls of men,
 While they pursue the ways of sin?
 The dang'rous ways which now they tread,
 Down to destruction daily lead.

TEXT LXXXIX. *As many as I love, I rebuke.*
 REV. III. 19.

HEAR what the great Redeemer says,
 Concerning his peculiar ones,
 Who do that faith and love possess,
 Which makes them heirs with him as Sons:
 "I'll clothe my face with sad rebukes,
 And visit those I dearly love;
 With my chastising, smarming strokes,
 I will their faith and patience prove."
 And doth the Lord in wisdom see,
 That it is best it should be so?
 That his own children chasten'd be,
 To wean their hearts from things below?
 Will *Jesus* make his chosen feel
 The stroke of his afflicting rod?
 Must saints on earth in trouble dwell,
 Whom he hath washed in his blood.

A a

Then

Then let the men, who are his foes,
 Love God, and for their sins repent,
 Lest they unto eternal woe,
 With right'ous frowns be quickly sent;

TEXT XC. *Honour the King.* I PET. II. 17.

JESUS, the glorious King,
 Exalted on his throne,
 Sees cheerful faints and angels bring
 Their songs to praise his crown.

He took our feeble flesh,
 A crown of joy to gain;
 He dy'd, he rose, he went to bliss,
 As Lord of all to reign.

By faith he must be own'd,
 Though he's a King unseen;
 For man below he has aton'd;
 He must be serv'd by man.

Honour to him be paid,
 Through all the earth abroad;
 By those whom he redeem'd and made,
 Be his great name ador'd.

He once appear'd despis'd,
 Here he receiv'd the scorn,
 And now he is to honour rais'd,
 Here let his fame be known.

TEXT XCI.

TEXT XCI. *There is no Power but of God.*
 ROM. XIII. 2.

TO God supreme, all pow'r belongs,
 Here on his footstool shown;
 Pow'r to create, redeem, and save,
 Is in the Godhead known.

The Son, the glorious Lord on high,
 Ordained is to reign;
 His righteous sceptre he doth sway,
 Nor bears the sword in vain.

To be the glorious Judge at last,
 He surely will appear;
 And full subjection to his law,
 God doth of us require.

Those who this Ruler's word despise,
 Which heav'nly rules contain,
 Must know they do resist that pow'r
 Which did the King ordain.

Those who against him dare rebel,
 Damnation do secure;
 The great Redeemer's arm is strong,
 Cloth'd with almighty pow'r.

TEXT XCII. *A marvellous Thing.* JOHN IX. 30.

IN works made known by Christ below,
 He to mankind did clearly show;
 The Father sent him from above,
 On the kind message of his love.

Amazing

Amazing guilt, those sinners load,
Who dare despise th' incarnate God;
He brought credentials from on high,
And blaz'd the light in ev'ry eye.

O wond'rous folly of the mind!
By which the sinner is inclin'd
To rays of Heaven's glory slight,
And shut his eyes against the light,

While Jews of *Moses* made their boast,
They to the truth he wrote were lost,
Moses will not their honour own,
While they reject God's only Son.

Let none of us, like stubborn *Jews*,
The glorious light of life refuse;
May truth, which doth in *Jesus* shine,
Unite our souls to things divine.

TEXT XCIII. *He will save.* ZEPH. III. 17.

LET dangers come, and troubles spring,
If God, my help, is near,
My soul, secure beneath his wing,
Has nothing then to fear.

Now to the Lord, who is most high,
My soul I do resign;
Lord, 'tis thy right I can't deny;
I love to have it thine.

Now, by thy grace, I own thy claim,
And unto thee will live,
While I confess my sin with shame,
By which I strayed have.

Lord,

Lord, thou mayst justly hide thy face,
And leave me in despair;
But as thou hast a throne of grace,
I to thee will draw near.

Thou, who most rich in goodness art,
Through thy beloved Son,
Can grace to wretched souls impart,
And no injustice done.

May it be pleasing to thy grace,
To feed me from thy store;
Teach me the sweetness of thy ways,
That I may serve thee more.

TEXT XCIV. *The Glory and Praise of God.*
PHIL. I. 11.

MY God, instruct my tongue to move,
And speak the wonders of thy love;
What love, more beauty can display,
Than that eternal love of thine,
Which doth in the Redeemer shine
More glorious than the morning ray?

Eternal praise is due to God,
Sweet work to spread his fame abroad;
Let ev'ry saint this work pursue;
This work of duty, and delight,
To which the songs above invite,
To give the Saviour glory due.

The Father's love, well pleas'd to own,
The work accomplish'd by the Son,
In whom he ever took delight;

A work

A work to which the angels fair,
In all their strength unequal were;
This work declares the Saviour's might;

Great God of goodness, and of grace,
In Christ may I behold thy face,
And thy life giving presence grant;
By him may I this favour claim,
To taste thy love, and praise thy name,
Found in thy Son, a real saint.

Christ's right'ousness can make complete
A wretch who needs thy mercy great,
Mercy, the sum of my request;
My sins do make a wretched state,
Grace can my soul at freedom set,
And lead me to eternal rest.

TEXT XCV. *The Word of the Lord was precious.* I SAMUEL III. I.

GOD's great almighty hand,
A sure foundation lays,
For us to understand
The works which show his praise:
His work displays
A cheering scene,
Where we may learn
His glorious ways.

Behold his precious word,
Here we his grace may know,
Here see a glorious God,
Where he his love doth show:

Let

Let hearts arise
With strong desire,
And thoughts aspire
To sound his praise.

We never can pursue
A more exalted theme;
Here grace and glory too
Reveal God's holy name:
O sweet employ!
Here we may trace
The streams of grace
To perfect joy.

The treasure of the word,
Can well enrich the mind;
Here, in our Saviour God,
Eternal life we find:
Vain world, be gone;
Be hearts above;
Be Christ our love,
In his word known.

TEXT XCVI. *All are of the Dust.* ECCL. III. 20:

MY body form'd of thee, O Earth!
May in thy bosom claim a rest;
By thee I had a shameful birth,
And scenes to pain my troubled breast!
If I enlargement in thee have,
I know thou art a prison still;
Far from the blessings which I crave,
Thou canst not one good wish fulfil.

How

How many scenes of grief and woe,
 On thee I constantly behold!
 How vain and transient all thy show!
 How false thy hills of shining gold!

'Tis false, to say that thou canst suit
 The breathings of an heav'nly mind;
 All that thou hast, and all thy fruit,
 Were never for a soul design'd.

Farewell, O Earth! a better home
 My heart and service shall possess;
 My risen Lord, once in thy tomb,
 Can give me all true happiness.

TEXT XCVII. *We also joy in God.* ROM. V. 11.

AM I a Christian now become,
 Is this my happy case,
 To be a foll'wer of the Lamb,
 In his delightful ways?

How shall I praise redeeming grace,
 And sing the Saviour's love?
 In him I taste the joy of peace,
 With the great God above.

O may my heart, inflam'd with zeal,
 This boundless grace declare!
 My soul, those matchless glories tell,
 Which in my Jesus are!

No worth, no worth, in me is found,
 That I should taste his grace,
 And sing the Saviour's merits round;
 With joy I see his face.

To see his face without a cloud,
 Will make my joy complete;
 O may I sing his love aloud,
 Before the mercy seat!

TEXT XCVIII. *Thou canst not bear them which are evil.* REV. 11. 2.

I To my Church my mind reveal,
 That I her cause and int'rest feel;
 I bear my saints upon my mind,
 In me they shall protection find.

Those Ministers, who have a care,
 To make my light and truth appear,
 I will encourage to pursue
 The work which they are call'd unto!

My saints, who do desire to shine
 In ways of holiness divine,
 I will with love their souls inflame,
 To well adorn a Christian name.

Who for my sake have grief below,
 I do their works and patience know,
 Who do a faithful witness bear,
 Against those men who wicked are,

With care in special, you must try
 The men who with a specious lie
 Pretend they are sent in my name,
 But my true gospel don't proclaim!

I know and love the tried saint,
 Who works with zeal, and does not faint;

I know the patience by you borne,
When you my name and cause will own.

TEXT XCIX. *Ye shall find Rest for your Souls.*
JER. VI. 16.

MY dear Redeemer is my stay,
And heav'nly light he will display;
O may my soul, with strong desire,
To him, my only joy, aspire!

How long shall I a mourner be,
That I his smiles no more can see?
That I without him walk alone,
And for his presence sadly mourn?

Ah! foolish heart, which leaves my God,
In leaving wisdom's pleasant road;
Strange! that my heart from God should go,
And fondly plunge in grief and woe!

O My God, the stay of all my hope,
My love in thee may take full scope;
Be thou the sum of all my joy,
And be thy service my employ.

Some sweet devotion I can find,
And good employment for the mind,
When I to God, my Saviour, live,
And trust his grace alone to save.

TEXT C. *That those which mourn may be ex-
alted to safety.* JOB V. 11.

NOW let my soul arise and view
The scenes of joy above,

And

And see if objects here below
Can claim one act of love.

How blessed are the saints, who dwell
In that all glorious place,
Where harps do sound, where tongues do tell
Songs of redeeming grace!

Their songs of highest praise appear
Below him they adore;
If mourning was not absent there,
They'd mourn they praise no more.

Eternity too short would be,
If it had any end,
To sound the songs of grace most free
In Christ their blessed friend.

O must the saints, who dwell on high,
Live all on things divine!
And shall the things below the sky,
Engage this soul of mine?

TEXT CI. *He is precious.* I PETER, II. 7.

MAY the Redeemer shine,
With his transcendent love;
May he engage this heart of mine,
To sacred joy above.

By faith in him, may I
Receive his heav'nly aid;
I only on his grace rely;
He is my Lord and head.

Jesus,

Jesus, his name I know,
 The Saviour most complete;
 In all my troubles here below,
 His comforts are most sweet.
 When I enjoy his love,
 I cannot let him go,
 His visits always quick'ning prove,
 No joy can cheer me so.
 O may his arms of love
 Surround me all my days!
 May I his faithful servant prove,
 In his delightful ways!
 Can I those thoughts approve,
 Which lead me from his love?
 I cannot let true comfort go,
 In thoughts of Christ above.

TEXT CII. *What manner of Man is this?*
 MARK IV. 41.

HOW precious is the Lord of love,
 Whose glory is divine!
 How vile my treach'rous heart doth prove,
 Which from him doth decline!
 How full of light doth he appear!
 More glorious than the sun!
 But yet my steps so heedless are,
 I into darkness run.
 He, a kind Shepherd always true,
 Will keep his chosen sheep;

But

But I do often from him go,
 And then no joy can keep.
 He is the bread of life for souls,
 Sure and substantial food;
 Why then do I forsake those rules
 Which he pronounces good?
 His blood can cleanse me from my sin,
 And wash away my stain;
 But yet I am impure within,
 And must of sin complain.
 While I my glorious Lord admire,
 Myself I will condemn,
 That I no more to him repair,
 And walk no more with him.

TEXT CIII. *Put on the whole Armour of God.*
 EPH. VI. 11.

UNTO ourselves, now let us take
 The armour of our God,
 And stand, and fight, for Jesus' sake;
 If call'd, resist to blood.
 We do the Christian armour need,
 If we intend to stand;
 By it in dangers we succeed,
 When it doth us defend.
 If in distress, Christ hath to us
 A kind supporter been,
 Let us apply unto his grace,
 To keep our souls again.

Some

Some new temptation may arise,
 From which we seem secure,
 And when unguarded, may surprize
 The standing we thought sure.
 The tempter, in his subtle way,
 Doth various methods take;
 And when we once are led astray,
 True peace doth us forsake.

TEXT CIV. *The Redemption of our Body.*
 ROM. VIII. 23.

O Happy hour! O glorious day!
 When I shall leave this tent of clay;
 And never more with sighs complain,
 That I am fetter'd with this chain.

My senses all would act their part,
 To banish *Jesus* from my heart;
 And by some object they approve,
 Make me forget my highest love.

My appetite will prove a snare,
 Without my watchfulness and care;
 And while that I the flesh would please,
 Then I lose ground in wisdom's ways.

My fancy on vain objects set,
 Would all my mind a wand'ring get;
 And give my conscience grief and pain,
 With images both light and vain.

When such temptations do me try,
 May I on *Christ* for help rely,
 And

And my attempts successful be,
 Through *Christ*, who can do all for me.
 The body must go to the grave,
 Before we full redemption have;
 The saints will bodies wear above,
 Which will all move in perfect love.

TEXT CV. *Whom I serve.* ACTS XXVII. 23.

LORD, to thy glory may I live,
 And to thee all my service give;
 I will with care thy law observe,
 And gladly thy good pleasure serve:
 Should grief, reproach, distress and pain,
 Attend me while I here remain,
 May I thy glory have in view,
 And praise thy name as thy just due.

Lord, what are earthly things to me,
 If I am still afar from thee?
 Where can a soul true pleasure find,
 Which is not unto thee resign'd?

This world, with all its pomp and show,
 Cannot delight me here below;
 O may I in it find a place,
 To wisely run the Christian race!

My God, I to thy will submit;
 All things behind, I will forget;
 May I by trials be refin'd,
 To things above engage my mind.
 Do thou this heart of mine impress
 With friendly feelings to thy grace;

In all the duties by me done,
May love engage my heart and tongue.

TEXT CVI. *I have waited for thy Salvation.*
GEN. XLIX. 18.

WHEN good old Jacob knew
His glass was almost run,
And that his service here below
Would speedily be done:

When he unto his sons,
Prophetic blessings gave:
His faith relies on God alone,
For peace beyond the grave.

He for his Saviour God,
Had long a waiting been;
With hopes in the Redeemer's blood,
He leaves a world of sin.

We all a Saviour need;
We all by faith must live;
And *Jacob's* God to *Jacob's* seed
Will great salvation give.

Those who are heirs of grace,
Great blessings shall obtain,
Who seek the God of *Jacob's* face,
Nor do they seek in vain.

TEXT CVII. *The Joy of the Lord.* NEH. VIII. 10

NO real pleasure can we find,
When vanities amuse the mind;

We

We never can enjoy true peace,
And not live near the God of grace.

Those men are wretched, who don't know
Some better good than things below;
Vain is their boast of all their gains
Of wealth acquir'd by care and pains:

The man, with whom I wish to vie,
Is he whose treasure is on high,
And, near the fountain of delight,
Enjoys the beams of heav'nly light:

But he who makes it his chief care,
To only for the flesh prepare,
Shall have my pity, for I know
His way will to destruction go.

O may my soul by faith arise
To joy above, which never dies!
When shall I go to that blest place,
Where Christ unfolds his wond'rous grace?

TEXT CVIII. *That I might come even to his
Seat!* JOB XXIII. 3.

I'LL go and spread before my God,
The sorrows of my mind;
I'll speak of thoughts which rove abroad,
To earthly scenes inclin'd.

I'll pray my God to send relief,
And call my wand'rings home;
To lay me in his bosom safe,
Where sorrows cannot come.

I'll reach for joy beyond the sky,
 Where joy forever springs,
 E'en where the soul finds no annoy
 From transitory things.
 To taste the joy of saving grace,
 Which now is faintly told,
 To see the dear Redeemer's face,
 Will fresh delight unfold.
 Then while we act a part below,
 We'll seek for Christ above,
 And by his gracious visits know
 Communion in his love.

TEXT CIX. *Let brotherly Love continue.*
 HEB. XIII. 1.

O GOD, the God of peace!
 Engage my heart above;
 Send down thy Spirit, and thy grace,
 And cheer me with thy love.

I will my mind employ,
 To do my neighbour good,
 And pray that he may peace enjoy
 In the Redeemer's blood.

I'll take a feeling part
 In sorrows he doth bear;
 With all who are of heavy heart,
 May I a burden share.

My brother's wealth and fame,
 Shall pleasure to me give;

And

And pray, his heart may be in frame,
 A humble saint to live.

When others spiteful prove,
 May I forgive the wrong;
 And may the Saviour's dying love,
 Be on my heart and tongue.

TEXT CX. *Strong in Faith, giving Glory to God.* ROM. IV. 20.

HAPPY those souls who do appear
 Enrich'd with heav'nly grace;
 There Christ, in whom true glories are,
 Reveals his glorious face.

He who has Christ, what can he need?
 Without him, what have we?
 Fly to the Saviour's arms with speed;
 With gospel terms agree.

To have Christ in your souls, must mean
 That you with him unite;
 If you would sacred joy obtain,
 He must be your delight.

May joy above engage the soul;
 May Jesus be your all;
 May love, your kind affections rule;
 On Christ for mercy call.

Jesus will to the soul afford
 The joy of grace divine;
 By the redemption of his blood,
 We may be free from sin.

TEXT CXI.

TEXT CXI. *He that serveth Christ.*

ROM. XIV. 18.

TRUE joy, and peace, and right'ousness,
Belong to all the heirs of blifs;
Christ hath secur'd for them in Heav'n,
That kingdom, which to them is giv'n.
Heirs of this kingdom serve their King;
They cheerful service to him bring;
Their joy and strength is in the Lord;
They in his merits have reward.

The saints bestow religious care
On what Christ's kingdom doth declare;
The more they do his kingdom view,
The more they in his service do.

Christ's servants only do obtain
The just esteem of God and man;
The works of duty none do give,
Who unto *Jesus* do not live.

O! may I always be employ'd
In the good service of the Lord;
Firm in his cause may I abide,
And nothing turn my feet aside.

TEXT CXII. *Jesus was called to the Marriage.*

JOHN II. 2.

HAPPY the marriage, where the Lord,
His sacred presence doth afford,
And kindly there reveals his love;

How

How honourable is the guest,
How entertaining is the feast,
Grac'd with his visits from above!
Where Christ the Prince of peace is found,
The nuptial is with honour crown'd;
How happy is the dove-like pair,
Whose hearts conform'd to gospel grace,
Each other in the Lord embrace,
Jointly devoted to his fear!

First to the Lord, themselves they give,
Then to each other while they live;
Making religion their employ,
They view this transient life a glance,
And live by faith and not by sense;
Expectants for sublimer joy.

But wretched those in wedlock join'd,
Whose hearts to Christ no union find;
Abusing what they cannot use;
Antediluvian-like, prepare
For their own souls a dang'rous snare;
Expos'd to misery and woes.

TEXT CXIII. *The Lord cometh.* JUDE, 14.

GOD comes in flames array'd;
His Majesty displ'y'd,
Will make the guilty nations fear;
Then would his foes retire
To shun devouring fire,
When he in glory will appear.

Sinne

Sinners with terrors aw'd,
 Must meet a frowning God,
 And stand before his gracious face;
 The glory of the day
 Will infidels dismay,
 Who have despis'd the day of grace.
 The Saviour, who will stand
 A Judge at God's right hand,
 In love and justice then proceeds;
 Then will the tribes of men
 Find scenes of bliss, or pain,
 According to their various deeds.
 Vile sinners then will know
 A dreadful overthrow;
 The Judge's sentence on them past,
 Forever will abide,
 While they in shame and pride
 Will know and feel their souls are lost;
 The coming of the Lord,
 Will to the saints afford
 A bright and welcome scene;
 When glory in full blaze,
 Will stimulate their praise,
 To sing Hallelujah, *Amen.*

TEXT CXIV. *The Kingdom shall be the Lord's;*
 OBADIAH, 21.

O HAPPY day! when Christ the Lord
 His kingly pow'r shall take,
 And those who now reject his word,
 His willing subjects make:

When

When he who hath a glorious right
 To reign as Lord of all,
 Shall bring dear souls with sweet delight,
 To hear his heav'nly call:
 When those to him shall gather'd be,
 Who now dispersed are;
 And he in heav'nly majesty,
 In glory shall appear:
 When unto him there shall be born,
 A nation in a day,
 And with his graces those adorn,
 Who gospel calls obey.

TEXT CXV. *He rose again the third Day.*
 I COR. XV. 4.

LET praises to the Lord,
 Inspire each pious breast;
 Let saints, this day, the wonders tell,
 Of our Redeemer Christ.
 This sweet and blessed day,
 Christ rais'd his sacred head;
 No longer in the tomb to lie,
 Among the silent dead.
 His friends with joy did find
 Him risen from the tomb;
 The grave his body had resign'd,
 Free from corruption's doom.
 Come let us join the saints,
 And angels, in their praise,
 Whose harps and tongues are never faint,
 In songs of wond'rous grace.

FINIS,

