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H Y M N S

AND

MEDITATIONS,

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

BY

ANDREW FOWLER, A. M.

THE SECOND EDITION, WITH ADDITIONS.



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S O U T H W A R K.



H Y M N S.

P R A Y E R.

VOUCHSAFE, O Lord, to direct me in this Work, and bless these Hymns to the good of mankind ; that both I, and they, may glorify thee for the truths they contain ; through Jesus Christ our only Saviour. Amen.



H Y M N I.

INVOCATION.-----REV. 15. 3, 4.

O GOD, be pleased to conduct our hearts, that, with suitable reverence and humility, we may invoke thy Divine aid.—Thrice, Holy ! the Angels shout ;—thrice, Holy, our hearts reply—is great Jehovah's Name !—Help us to labour to thy glory, and our own salvation, for Christ's sake.

I.

ALMIGHTY GOD, thou sov'reign King,
Lord of the Universe !
Angels and saints before thee sing,
And Holy is their verse.

II.

Redeeming love, and pard'ning grace,
 Their highest strains inspire ;
 The glories of a Saviour's face,
 Fill them with sacred fire.

III.

O then, that we, thy sinful dust,
 May imitate them too,
 Grant us a spark of heav'nly flame,
 To sing—how just !—how true !



HYMN II.

FOR THE LORD'S SUPPER.

BLESSED JESUS ! we meet at thy table, to feed upon food divine : Thy body is the bread we eat ; and thy precious blood the wine we drink.—Thy love, which inclined thee to suffer, bleed, and die, provides this sweet repast ; and now invites us to partake of these holy pledges.—The bitter torments of the cross thou didst endure for us, thy welcome guests ; were the purchase of these heart reviving joys.—Thy mangled body becomes the finest bread, when spiritually taken ; and with thy blessing in this holy ordinance, our noblest hopes are satisfied.—Thy blood that flow'd in purple streams has fill'd this generous cup, which cheers the heart of man.—Sure, dearest Saviour ! never was love so free as thine : well may'st thou claim that heart which owes so much to thee.

I.

COME, holy Jesus ! view thy guests,
 We are both vile and poor ;
 Without thy love, O how unblest !
 Thy mercy we implore.

II.

Call'd to remember thee this day,
 We now approach thy face ;
 Thy great command, Lord, we obey,
 And trust thy saving grace.

III.

The bread and wine which here we see,
 Are tokens of thy love ;
 Giv'n to engage our hearts to thee,
 And fix our hopes above.

IV.

In this blest feast the more we join,
 The more our joys increase ;
 The more on earth our hearts combine,
 The more we find true peace.



HYMN III.

FOR YOUTH.

DEAREST SAVIOUR! vouchsafe to set a watch over my soul, that I may so conduct my life, as not to be afraid to die.—While I wander in this labyrinth of youth, guide and protect me in the dangerous way.—May I never be led by ill example, nor fear to act as thou ordainest.—May deceit be a stranger to my soul, and may I never have a thought I should be ashamed to own before men and angels.

I.

O GOD our Lord,
 With one accord,
 We now assemble here :
 Thy spirit send,
 While we attend,
 To worship in thy fear.

II.

Some sacred truth,
 To every youth,
 From thy blest word reveal :
 O may each mind,
 A Jesus find,
 And him a Saviour feel !

III.

In idle joys,
 And foolish toys.
 No more may they delight ;
 But let them see,
 How vain they be,
 And shun the dang'rous fight.

IV.

And when in death,
 They lose their breath,
 Thy presence we implore :
 O love divine !
 May each be thine,
 When time shall be no more.



HYMN IV.

SONG OF PRAISE.

O JESUS, thou dear Redeemer! magnify thy dying love, and in thine ordinance vouchsafe to come and meet thy followers. In this sacred rite let us now find thee ; and spiritually eat thy flesh and drink thy blood. Prepare our hearts by thy pardoning grace, to approach thy presence : Destroy the power of sin, and fill us with thy love ; stamp thine image on our hearts, and seal our souls with thy forgiveness. Holy Jesus ! thou art worthy to receive the highest praise of men and angels ; therefore, to thee will we sing.

I.

A WAKE, my soul, in grateful songs,
And all thy pow'rs employ ;
To Jesus' name thy praise belongs,
The subject of our joy.

II.

For us, he left his Father's throne,
And laid his glories by ;
For us he left his high abode,
To suffer, bleed, and die !

III.

Amazing love ! surprizing grace !
That Jesus thus should come,
To make us heirs of heav'nly peace,
And bring us wand'ers home.



HYMN V.

MATT. xxvii. 26.

HOLY SPIRIT ! help my infirmities, and enable me to reflect on this glorious theme, even Jesus Christ and him crucified ; that the words of my mouth, and the meditations of my heart may always be acceptable in his sight, who is my strength and my redeemer.

I.

A ND did my Saviour bleed and die,
To raise us rebels to the sky ?
And would he give that sacred blood,
To ransom us from sin, to God ?

II.

Then let us all with one accord,
Rehearse the sorrows of our Lord ;
And deep in every pious heart,
Impress his love,—his dying smart.

III.

In bitter groans, and fore distrest,
As one forsaken and unblest,
Now see him pant upon the cross,
Who took our sins and bore our loss.

IV.

Our heavy burden to sustain,
Did force his lips thus to complain,
My God! My God! why dost thou leave
My soul to mourn, and heart to grieve.

V.

In agony he wept!—he dy'd—
“Our Lord, our love was crucify'd!”—
Upon the cross, he clos'd his eyes,
And now he reigns in yonder skies.

VI.

Thus may we meditate his death,
And give to him our ev'ry breath,
That when to judgment he descends,
We may be found among his friends.



HYMN VI.

TO THE HOLY GHOST.

O HOLY GHOST! thou supreme good! thou
guide of my life! there is nothing good in my
nature, but what proceeds alone from thee.—Through
thee I now worship God, and call him Holy Father!
Through thee his word and sacraments I receive, and
hold with awful veneration.—O blessed Spirit! my
heart rejoices in thee, and my tongue confesses thy
praise, for all the grace and mercy thou hast shed on
me to this hour; beseeching thee to aid and assist me,
till I have run my race, and the glory shall be thine.

I.

COME, heav'nly Dove,
 With faith and love,
 And visit ev'ry mind :
 Let truth invade,
 Those thou hast made,
 Creator of mankind.

II.

Thy grace imparts,
 To pious hearts,
 The sev'n-fold gifts of God :
 The promise whence
 Of eloquence,
 We preach a Saviour's blood.

III.

Teach us to know,
 Ere hence we go,
 The Father and the Son ;
 And thee who dost,
 O Holy Ghost,
 Proceed from both—as One.



HYMN VII.

ADULT BAPTISM.

HOLY JESUS ! in thy Word our life is compared to a warfare, and thou art the great Captain of our salvation.—By Baptism we are lifted under thy banner, and become soldiers in this spiritual encounter, against the world, the flesh, and the devil.—And as a temporal captain is bound to give his soldiers wages and rations, when they faithfully do their duty ; so thou hast engaged to reward all those who obey thy laws, and to furnish them with such help as they stand

in need of.—Not that we could lay thee, O Lord, under any obligations to us ; for after we have done, we are unprofitable servants : But thou couldest lay thyself under as many promises as thou pleasest, and thy justice obliges thee to fulfil them. And we, by our enlistment, are bound to be true and faithful to thee, in order to obtain the recompence ; and if, at any time, we leave thee, by an irregular life, we desert our post—we betray the cause we have sworn to defend, and render ourselves subject to the severest degrees of discipline.—For thou hast taught us, O blessed Jesus ! that it will avail us nothing that we are called by thy Name, unless we live the life of thy disciples, which is an entire obedience to all thy commands.—O grant us then thy holy Spirit, to enable us to know and do thy pleasure ; that, in all things, we may live to thy honour.—And, in a particular manner, give thy grace and spiritual benediction to this person, who now presents himself at the holy Font !—May he not only receive the Baptifinal regeneration, whereby he becomes a Christian in outward profession ; but may he also receive the inward purification of heart, which is represented by the washing of this water, to the glory of thy name, and the everlasting salvation of his own soul.

I.

O JESUS ! Hear us now we pray,
 And bless the action of this day;
 Here we assemble to fulfil,
 Thy just command and holy will.

II.

O sanctify this water, Lord,
 Which we, according to thy word,
 Have for this sacred use design'd,
 And to thy Church the victim bind.

III.

No more may he in sin delight,
 Nor in a carnal warfare fight ;
 But subject to thy righteous laws,
 May he espouse a Saviour's cause.

IV.

A valiant soldier may he be,
 And when he long has fought for thee,
 O may his death, his peace restore,
 To toil, and war, and fight no more.



HYMN VIII.

DEAREST SAVIOUR ! thy most precious blood has paid a ransom for my soul :—Thou hast purchased a redemption for me : Thou hast taken away the curse of the law, and cancelled its most dreadful condemnation. When sin and satan had enslaved me, and conscience was my accuser ; then thou did'st appear as a mediator betwixt the anger of an incensed God, and my guilty soul.—O Jesus ! thou art my intercessor, and great high priest ; thou art my joy and comfort : thy death and sufferings, are the source of my eternal happiness.

I.

BEHOLD, O God, the sacrifice
 Of thy eternal Son ;
 The Lamb that takes away the sins
 Which had our souls undone !

II.

O let us all his pow'r of love,
 His intercession feel !
 He freely left his courts above,
 The broken heart to heal.

III.

That after death has clos'd our eyes,
 We may to joy awake ;
 And in the world beyond the skies,
 Of endless songs partake.



HYMN IX.

LOOKING TO CHRIST.

O BLESSED LORD! how happy would this precious season be to my soul, should I employ it in waiting for thy mercy?—O may I look to thee as my Saviour and Redeemer, that I may no more lose thy favor.—Guide me, O my God, into the paths of thine everlasting peace; and may, not only my lips, but my heart, and every action of my life, confess thy glory.—Hear me, O thou immaculate Lamb! and shew thyself a Redeemer to me;—a Saviour who hearest my complaints, and wilt give an answer of peace to my soul.

I.

TO Christ I lift my voice,
 And raise my weeping eye;
 O make my broken bones rejoice,
 And hear each mournful sigh.

II.

Thou art my Saviour king,
 On thee I still repose:
 Do thou thy great salvation bring,
 And vanquish all my foes.

III.

When I unfaithful prove,
 Then check my wild career:
 And send thine angry frowns in love,
 To guide me in thy fear.

IV.

O may my heart and life
With thy commands agree ;
So shall this war of sin and strife,
Forever cease to be.



HYMN X.

FOR THE LORD'S SUPPER.

DEAREST SAVIOUR ! we come to meet thee,
in obedience to thy last and kindest word, " Do
this in remembrance of me."—In the way of thine own
appointment thou wilt appear ; with confidence, there-
fore, we approach, to seek thy presence.—Whatever
thy goodness can bestow on pardon'd sinners, we here
with thee shall receive, O thou immaculate Lamb !

I.

O LORD our God ! into thy hand
We now commit our ev'ry care :
Hither we come at thy command,
And to thine altar now repair.

II.

O God, accept us in thy Son,
Who did his blood for sinners shed ;
All guilty, wretched, and undone,
For us the Saviour freely bled.

III.

This holy feast he did provide,
And calls his children to receive ;
His mercies on us multiply'd,
Do all require that we believe.

B

IV.

O may we then obedient prove,
 Nor slight his love nor spurn his grace,
 Whose tender bowels ever move,
 To bring us home, and near his face.



HYMN XI.

THE FINAL JUDGMENT.

O THOU supreme judge of all ! before whose unerring bar, with holy joy, or guilty dread, we must soon appear ; sit our souls for that great and tremendous day, and give us prudent zeal, to watch and wait the awful hour unknown.—To damp our earthly joys, and to encrease our pious diligence ; may the arch-angel's voice be founding in our ears, “ Arise ye dead, and come to judgment.”—Grant that we may be found obedient to thy will and faithful to thy cause ; that, while it is called to-day, we may insure a lot among the faints ; and, with the holy favorites, ascend to Abraham's bosom.

I.

MORTALS ! the awful summons hear,
 “ Prepare to meet thy God ! ”
 Now ye must all with joy appear,
 Or feel his dreadful rod.

II.

The earth and sea shall both their dead
 To judgment now restore ;
 For thus declares our sov'reign head,
 “ And time shall be no more.”

III.

Jefus, the king and judge of all,
To each his portion gives ;
On them his wrath and mercies fall,
Because he ever lives.

IV.

Before his Father's fmiling face,
And near his azure throne :
He will exalt his chofen race,
And take them for his own.

V.

For they the pious few have been,
Who've trod the paths of peace ;
They took his yoke, and left their fin,
Nor did their love decrease.

VI.

But to the wicked will he fay,
" Depart ye rebels vile !"
On them his wrath fhall ever prey,
Without a fingle fmile.

VII.

His love by them was fet at naught,
And all his dying groans ;
Yet they fhall grieve for every thought,
In fad and endlefs moans.

VIII.

O, then, that we may wifer grow,
And while 'tis call'd to-day,
On heav'n our pains, our time beftow,
And mourn, repent, and pray !

IX.

That when we hear the angel's voice,
" Arife ye dead and live !"
We may in that bleft crown rejoice,
Which Chrift our judge fhall give

HYMN XII.

CONFESSION AND PRAYER.

O THOU God of all mercy, hear my prayers and receive my sighs!—Manifest thy goodness to me; I confess my infirmities, and it is from thee my help must come.—Lord, grant me thy assistance, to do thy will and pleasure.—O make me truly wise betimes to live to thee; and the glory shall be thine, for thou only art worthy to receive the highest praise of men and angels.

I.

O GOD, thou judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar I soon must stand!
Teach me to seek my living head,
That I may dwell at thy right hand.

II.

Behold me now in deep distress,
Thy creature poor, and sick and blind,
Thy laws how oft have I transgress'd,
And to my Jesus prov'd unkind.

III.

No love have I for all he did,
I soon forget his dying grief;
And though by conscience often chid,
I yet give way to unbelief.

IV.

Whate'er I seek and strive to do,
It only proves the fruit of sin;
Unless thy love my heart renew,
I still pursue my lusts within.

V.

Arise then, mighty God, arise,
And snatch my guilty soul from hell;
O make my heart thy sacrifice,
And in my breast vouchsafe to dwell!

HYMN XIII.

RESIGNATION.

O GOD, we confess thy infinite love to man, in sending thine only Son for our redemption:—And yet such is the condition of what he has done, that none shall effectually partake the benefits of his purchase, but only those, who, having put off the old man and his conversation, put on the new.—Whilst others live according to the flesh, conforming themselves to the world, and must finally perish with the world; may I be one of the happy number of those, who, having chosen Christ for their lawgiver and master, are faithful in what they have undertaken, and make his doctrine the rule of their lives?—O may I ever delight to hear of a crucified Saviour, and freely resign myself to him, who freely died for me.—His blood, his precious blood alone, is my salvation's blessed title.

I.

LORD, I submit my will to thee,
And bow beneath thy cross;
Thy flowing blood I make my plea,
And count the world but dross.

II.

'Tis in thy precious wounds I trust,
And hope thy love to gain;
For thro' thy merits I expect,
My pardon to obtain.



HYMN XIV.

AT THE FUNERAL OF A CHILD.

O BLESSED JESUS! we believe that thou wilt take these little lambs, that die in their infancy, into thy tender arms, and gently lay them in

thy bosom.—Tho' death, by its cruel shafts, may loose the bands of life ; yet, such is thy unchanging nature, it cannot dissolve thy love, or break their peace with thee.—Nay, millions of infant souls, do now surround thy throne, and sweetly join the angelic choirs ;—they learn to lip thy praise, with joys ineffable.—O may we be like little children, of meek and lowly temper ; and love and learn thy sacred will, with hearts so pure and perfect, that our innocence may lasting bliss obtain.

I.

BEHOLD a sweet and lovely child,
Which once so fair, serene, and mild,
Has bid the world adieu !
No more it feels the pangs of death,
Or heaves the agonizing breath ;
No tears its cheeks bedew.

II.

Around the azure throne of God,
The soul now takes its high abode,
To dwell in heav'nly peace ;
Among the saints and angels blest,
It shall partake of endless rest,
In joys that ne'er decrease.

III.

Why then lament this sleeping clay,
Or mourn the separating day,
Since he is free from pain ?
Yea rather let us all prepare,
For portions that eternal are,
For this will be our gain.

IV.

With reverential awe and dread,
We view our infant children dead,

And grieve their hapless fate :
 But did we realife the joy,
 Which does their blessed tongues employ,
 How pleas'd to see their state.



HYMN XV.

M O R N I N G H Y M N .

H EAVENLY FATHER ! who causest thy sun
 to rise on the evil and on the good, and makest
 the outgoings of the morning to praise thee ; it is of
 thy mercy that I am brought to behold the blessed
 light of another day, and am permitted to give thee
 humble thanks, for preserving me thro' the silent watch-
 es of the night.—My being is from thee ; be pleased
 to preserve thy own gift.—Take me into thy kind pro-
 tection this day ; guard me from all difficulties and dan-
 gers, and so strengthen me by thy grace, that, avoid-
 ing whatever is sinful, all my thoughts, words, and ac-
 tions may be wholly directed by thy laws, and thy
 name be glorified in the being thou hast given me.

I.

T O GOD, the holy, good, and just,
 Do we lift up our eyes ;
 Thy care preserves our feeble dust,
 Or we should never rise.

II.

This morning, Lord, we bless thy love,
 For thy sustaining grace ;
 O may we join the choirs above,
 In tunes of nobler praise.

III.

In heav'n the angels do thy will,
 And may we do it here ;
 There they enjoy diviner skill,
 But we expect it near.

IV.

Then glory to thy blessed name,
 Thou mighty God supreme !
 Make us to celebrate thy fame,
 And live in thy esteem.



HYMN XVI.

FOR THE LORD'S SUPPER.

BLESSED JESUS! may we all receive these tokens
 of thy dying love.—The bread which here is broke,
 may it thy mystic body be ; and the cup of blessing,
 which here is blest, may it thy blood impart.—Dear-
 est Saviour ! satisfy our hungry souls with the hidden
 manna ; and allay our thirst with the pure rivers of
 bliss, which flow at thy right hand for evermore.

I.

NOW, blessed Jesus ! to thy name
 Be praise and honour giv'n ;
 And may we celebrate thy fame,
 As angels do in heav'n.

II.

'Thou hast prepar'd this holy feast,
 In goodness to our soul ;
 To fit us for that sweet repast,
 Where streams of mercy roll.

III.

In thee we find whate'er is good,
 For thou art grace divine !
 Thou giv'st thy flesh to be our food
 And may our hearts be thine.

IV.

'Tis here we kneel, and eat, and drink,
 And sweetly feast with thee ;
 'Tis here upon thy love we think,
 And hope thy bliss to see.

HYMN XVII.

FOR A FUNERAL.

O THOU immaculate Lamb of God! who hast tasted death for me, remember my soul in that important hour, when this drama of life shall close, and grant my sins forgiven.—Neither be unmindful, holy Jesus! of my fellow creatures, the purchase of thine all-atoning merit; but have mercy on the whole human race, that when the grim tyrant death, who now marches thro' our land with awful strides, and crushes in his arms our feeble frames, shall cease to riot more in human blood, they may then be partakers of thy redeeming love;—and whilst the world is in flames beneath arise to the grand architect of nature, who will repair the breaches of these earthly walls, and immortalize his own labors.

A sad, and awful truth!—A few short years, or days, or moments—is it possible? may end all time to me!—Soon will my daily sun be set to rise no more!—O earth, I feel thy weight!—The skies, the universe itself fly from my sight; and down the stream of life I'm driven, a victim to the jaws of death.

Whilst living, I am encompassed with death; I walk by his side, I lie in his cold embrace, I eat his empoisoned food, and daily gorge mortality.—All things conspire to quench the vital spark, and to extinguish the glimmering light.

This body, this proud idol, which now imprisons my soul, and cloggs its native energy, shall, ere long, be reduced to dust and moulder in a shrine, the livid food of worms.—O mournful destiny!—O painful thought!—All flesh is grass!—Whence then thy pride, O pampered earth!—Art thou stronger than nature, or canst thou wrestle with a decree of heaven?—Dost thou hope to escape a divine sentence, tho

common fate of all, by thy own power ; or to lengthen out the span of thine existence beyond the period assigned to man.—Nay, deluded wretch ! a little while and thou shalt lay thy head in the dust, and dwell with worms and corruption, till time and death shall be no more !—And wilt thou thus eagerly sooth the phantom of to-day, and be led about with dreams and empty bubbles ?

Alas ! of death, of near approaching death, how little do we think ; and of the laws of our own nature, irreverfable, how little do we confider.—We live like fools ; and like madmen die, becaufe we meditate not on death ; and making no provision for that important hour, we bring on ourfelves a new mortality.—Did we confider, as wifer care would us direct, what it is to die, death would lofe its ftting, and the grave its terrors.—But this we forget, till the right of death overtakes us, and the day of grace is gone !

Befides the common road to death, we make innumerable paffages—by folly—by madnefs,—to let out life.—We enter the grave in hafte and paffion, and pull the fleeting moment over our heads.—We let fip our years as a fhadow ; we bring our days to an end like a tale that is told, and nothing remains :—Nay, many roll on their own damnation, which of itfelf, flumbers not, and appear to be impatiently follicitous to contend with God, as tho' the vengeance of his eternal ire, were a pleafure to endure, and the fcorching pains of damnation, no more than a fweet repaft of joy.—Alas ! how furprifing, that men, with open eyes, fhould thus fport themfelves with the horrid flames of the bottomlefs pit, and dare the Almighty to exert his power in their deftruction !

The infidel may amufe himfelf with his deluding dreams of his future non-exiftence ; but let him ask himfelf, is there nothing of this vital animating breath,

which shall remain when the body is gone? The soul that pursues all nature in a single thought; that acts, that thinks, that knows the living God, is conscious of good and evil; must this illustrious victim fall by death? It cannot, will not be.—My soul revives at the thoughts of her future existence: and would, with humble confidence, anticipate a happy eternity, which once to enjoy, is to enjoy to endless ages.

Thus, the clouds being dispelled, behold the dawning hope of divine bliss unfolds a brighter prospect, and opens to my ravished eyes living streams of pleasure, pure and lasting. And shall that joy be mine? The just alone shall taste the promised bliss; whilst wicked and impious souls shall sink to endless woe; there to languish out eternity to come, and still to be where relentless vengeance shall ever reign.—And this, or that, must be my final doom; and whatever be my ultimate portion, a moment seals my fate; perhaps the next, death rends my soul from my body, and like a tree torn up by its roots, I am tortured from this mother earth.—Grandeur, riches, honor; these vain phantoms chain my soul, that would gladly soar above, and cause me a thousand deaths before I die.

But what do I hear? “Sure death can slay no more; no aim, no wish, nor effort that seems to own his power.” Alas! it is error that whispers man shall never die, and mankind greedily swallow the fatal delusion.—How many live, in reality, as if death were to pass them by! They eagerly pursue riches, honours, and renown, till they meet with the devouring jaws of death, and merely tumble into the grave.—Like the horse, unconscious of his fate, they rush into the field of battle, and yield to unexpected death!—O stupid!—thoughtless!—Go plow the angry seas, disdain the raging skies, nor fear the fatal rocks—Go, licentious mortals, the land explore, shipwreck despise, and dare the awful thunder or

thy God to gain the fading treasures of this world!—
But, by your example may I be taught.

It is most surprizing to see men so eagerly project, implore, and pant for riches; heedless of the one thing necessary, when they know the time will shortly come, that they shall be no more.—Riches make to themselves wings, and eagle like, with the most rapid speed, fly away towards heaven; or the possessor shall be taken from them, and the place that once knew him shall know him no more forever.

The haughty conqueror, who, with fire and sword has mark'd his bloody way; must, sooner or later, yield to death:—And, O ambitious dust! what good will thy ambition do thee, when thou art gone forever, and all thy fine projects blasted!—Hast thou conquered so many nations to deck thy tomb with mutilated crowns; or was thy ambition only to triumph, bleed, and die?

The great, the learned, and the wise, must all taste of death, and bow to his impartial strokes.—High and low, rich and poor, bond and free, are all led by sportive fortune to the grave.—There is no distinction here, no discharge in this impartial warfare, and my astonished eyes scarcely know the living from the dead.—And yet we are taught to mark their exit;—dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return—is the voice divine;—and in every instance of woe, are warned against the fatal dream of self-delusion.

We may truly say,
“Life’s but a walking shadow, a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more. It is a farce
Play’d by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.”

And yet,
“We fear to lose what a small time must waste,
'Till life itself grows the disease at last;

Begging for life, we beg for more decay,
And to be long a-dying, only pray."

"Behold, I die!"—Here reason, with our bodies, ends in a great dilemma!—But when our sense is too weak, God's word steps in to aid us, with a new song in conquest over death, through a Redeemer!—Where is thy sting, thy mighty power, thy conquering sword? "Death is swallowed up in victory!" To the righteous a gentle transition from earth to heaven, that they may receive the reward of their labours;—the heart cheering sentence of "Well done good and faithful servants, enter ye into the joy of your Lord."—But, alas! not so to the ungodly and sinners!—When the morning of the resurrection shall appear, and Gabriel's trumpet shall awake the sleeping dead, then, while the holy favorites ascend to Abraham's bosom, the wicked shall sink to hell, driven thither by the awful, sin-condemning voice,—“Depart from me, ye accursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.”

I.

THE living know that they must die,
Nor can they tell how soon!
From earthly joys we all must fly,
Into a world unknown.

II.

We every day should keep alive,
A just suspicion here,
Whether it may not be our last;
Our end perhaps is near.

III.

For man knows not his time on earth;
“Our life is but a span;”
So short, we scarcely pass the birth,
Before we leave the man!

IV.

Then let us strive to look on things,
As dying men should do ;
Nor fondly trust life's feeble strings,
Without a heaven in view.

V.

O let us often meditate
How worldly things appear,
In the dread agonies of death,
Replete with awful fear.

VI

And whilst 'tis call'd to-day, may we
That heav'nly wisdom gain,
Which will our souls prepare to see,
And with our Judge remain.



HYMN XVIII.

F O R M O R N I N G .

SOURCE of Goodness! from thee I receive my every enjoyment.—Accept my unfeigned thanks; and, by thy grace, may I resolve to please thee.—Give me strength to fulfil the duties of this day ; and let thy fatherly protection secure me from all dangers, ghostly and bodily.—O may I live this day, as a christian, to thy honour and glory, in serving thee with all my heart.—May I mourn the follies of my past life, and by deep repentance, gain thy pardoning love, to reinstate me in thy favour—May holiness be my portion here, and the endless enjoyment of thee, my portion hereafter.

I.

OLORD my God, my Saviour King,
My guard and sure defence ;
Thy daily care I live to sing,
And bless thy providence.

II.

Yea, Lord, thy Goodness still preserves,
 My fleeting, dying breath ;
 Thy goodness still prolongs my life.
 Or I had slept in death.

III.

Too long I've stray'd in sins dark maze,
 And run the paths of hell ;
 But now I mourn and grieve the days,
 And crimes by which I fell.

IV.

O may the sorrows of my heart
 Prevent eternal pain ;
 And when with earth I'm call'd to part,
 Still may thy love remain.



H Y M N XIX.

P S A L M CXLVIII, 8.

O GOD, who art said to harden the hearts of men, by permitting them to harden their own hearts, at the removal of thy judgments, which thy providence has brought upon them, to manifest thy power in punishing sinners ; suffer us not to forget thee, nor let the impressions of fear, which the awful noise and shaking of this storm has made on us, soon wear out of our minds ; but since the commotions it occasioned were so terrible, help us to consider how much more astonishing it will be, if we continue to harden our hearts against the messengers of thy wrath, to see the heavens on fire, and the elements melt with fervent heat — O may this thought sink deep in our minds, and lead us effectually to meditate what kind of persons we ought to be, in all holy conversation and godliness, that the fatal lot and final condemnation of impenitent and hardened sinners may never be our portion.

I.

Great God ! at thy command,
 Tempests and storms arise ;
 And black'ning clouds surround our land,
 Whilst darkness veils the skies.

II.

The snow and hail descend,
 Or show'rs in fury fall,
 And in one common horror blend
 The whole terrestrial ball.

III.

Meantime our courage fails,
 Our spirits droop and die ;
 Of wild confusion all partake,
 Nor dare to raise an eye.

IV.

But soon thy dreadful pow'r is seen,
 And tempests cease to rage ;
 Thy goodness brings a deep serene,
 And all our hearts engage.

V.

O then for this thy love,
 And mercy to our fear,
 Our praise shall rise to heav'n above,
 Harmonious to thine ear.



HYMN XX.

FOR THE LORD'S SUPPER.

BLESSED LORD, let thy precious death and passion be the subject of our highest joy ; and may our hearts continually sing thy praise.—As oft as we approach thy table, raise in us a pleasing expectation of the happiness of heaven ; that ere long our abode will be, where true joys are to be found.

I.

O GRACIOUS Jesus ! blessed Lord !
 With holy trembling, holy fears,
 We now approach the sacred board,
 To taste the feast thy love prepares.

II.

A wedding garment we desire,
 To cloath our souls with holiness ;
 O grant a spark of heav'nly fire,
 And fit us all for happiness.

III.

Worthy receivers of thy blood,
 May we continue thro' thy grace :
 That when we hear the last loud trump,
 We may awake to see thy face.



HYMN XXI.

TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

HOW short is life !—How uncertain the space !
 Alas, how quickly ended !—How swift and
 precarious the wild career !—And yet how difficult—
 how very hard—to run !—At first, youth stops its wil-
 ful ear to the prudent dictates of wisdom ; but when
 arrived to years of maturer life, experienced age worn
 out with cares and trouble, repents in vain, its earlier
 choice.—What tho' its prospects are so pleasing and
 refined, yet groundless hopes and anxious thoughts
 seize the busy moments, and by turns prey upon the
 sweetest joys of sense,—May I, then, thro' life's un-
 certain space, be free from the pain of guilt and in-
 advertency !—May all my wants find redress—my state
 too low to admit of pride, and above contempt.—
 And, as the summit of my desires, may the good spi-

rit, that enlightens, guides, and protects each pious heart, thro' unseen dangers peculiarly incident to youth, be ever present with me in all my ways, and so carry me thro' things temporal, that I finally lose not those which are spiritual and eternal.

I.

ETERNAL Spirit ! let thy word
My doubtful paths illumine ;
O may I ne'er forget the Lord,
Nor on myself presume.

II.

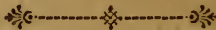
Breathe on this erring heart of mine,
Thy grace serene and pure ;
In thee alone, thou pow'r divine !
The humble are secure.

III.

Defend my frail, my giddy youth,
And each unwary hour ;
Instruct my heart to love the truth,
And keep me in thy pow'r.

IV.

From all the dang'rous paths which lead
To honors falsely won,
Lord, I thy sure protection need,
And may thy will be done.



HYMN XXII.

BLESSED Redeemer ! thou hast commanded me to take up my daily cross, and to follow thee.—Thy wonderful sufferings, call upon me to renounce all present gratifications, that are inconsistent with my future happiness.—They require me to crucify my love

to the world, and to hate and forsake every thing, that stands in competition with my love to thee.—And, Holy Jesus, thou hast given me to see the vanity and emptiness of all earthly enjoyments; give me also grace to see thee my only Saviour, and to confide in thy mercy.—Yea, Lord, I have chosen thee, as my present and future portion, and thou art become my all in all.

I.

O LORD, with a contemning eye,
On earthly things I look;
Before I thus could daily die,
How I thy love mistook!

II.

But being fully humbled now,
I would indifferent be,
Willing to part with all below,
That Christ may dwell in me.

III.

Whate'er this world can tempt me with,
Is empty, poor, and vain;
It will nor peace, nor pleasure bring,
Nor dying comfort gain.

IV.

In Christ alone is perfect rest,
In him I can confide;
He arms with fortitude my breast.
I wish for none beside.

V.

Let me be dead to all but Christ,
And all be dead to me;
Then shall I worship God aright,
And Christ my portion be.

HYMN XXIII.

I KNOW, O God, how holy my profession is ;—
I know with how great a price I have been redeemed :—I know that I have a precious and immortal soul which must hereafter be either eternally happy or miserable :—help me to keep a guard upon my thoughts, my words, and actions ; and may I never think or do any thing that will dishonor my profession, obstruct the efficacy of my redemption, or rob me of my salvation.

I.

THE business of our life is here
To seek the joys of heav'n ;
And should we thus our souls prepare,
To us the crown is giv'n.

II.

But if we too unwise shall prove
To live in yonder sky,
Then this our epitaph will be,
“ They without wisdom die !”

III.

And when to judgment we awake,
We must with devils dwell ;
And have our portion in that lake,
Where mercy never fell.

IV.

Then grant us, Lord, the flowing tear
Of sorrow, grief, and woe ;
And teach our hearts betimes to fear,
To make our judge our foe.



HYMN XXIV.

THE DYING SAVIOUR.

ALL things conspire, O Lord, to lament thy sufferings. The heavens put on mourning, the sun is veil'd in darkness, to see our Jesus in distress :

The holy temple, is shaken by this awful event, and, trembling, rends her veil, to express her sorrow.—The earth is in convulsion, and quakes; the hardest rocks are moved with compassion; a group of ancient saints leave their tombs to weep at his decease, as concern'd in the solemn tragedy.—The people of Judea, and the Roman soldiers, witness their lamentations, and feel the power of his cross.—Astonished the centurion cried out, truly this is the Son of God!—Nay, the whole universe shuddered at his fate; and shall I who was the cause of his sufferings, alas! shall I only be insensible of his death? Shall heaven and earth bemoan the sad catastrophe, and I still indulge myself in sin? God forbid! yea, rather let my inmost nature bow and sympathize with Jesus crucified; let my stony heart be softened, and every rebellious passion be subject to the cross of Christ; that the life I now live, may be by faith of the son of God, to the glory of his name.

I.

AND did my Saviour leave the sky,
To save us rebels doom'd to die!
And would he bear his Father's ire,
To keep our souls from endless fire.

II.

O yes, he left his glorious throne,
And made our sins, our stripes his own;
Upon the cross, he bled!—he dy'd!
My God! my Father!—lo, he cry'd!

III.

Nature amaz'd to see his death,
When he resign'd his dying breath,
In horror and convulsion shook;
Nor could the sun upon him look.

IV.

Veil'd as in darkeſt robes of night,
 He bluſh'd to ſee the awful fight ;
 Nor dar'd his face or rays diſcloſe,
 Till Jeſus ſlept in ſweet reſoſe.

V.

O then, my ſoul, with wonder view
 Whate'er his love has done for you ;
 Loſt and condemn'd we all had been,
 Had not our Saviour dy'd for ſin.

VI.

But now we live and ever may,
 Unleſs we miſimprove our day ;
 Live to enjoy a Saviour's love,
 In thoſe celeftial realms above.



HYMN XXV.

CHRISTMAS.

CHRIſT came into the world to ſave us from our ſins, and we can have no hopes of ſalvation but thro' him. How miſerable and ſtupidly wretched ſhall we be, if going on in the ways of ſin, we finally loſe the benefits of his coming? O Father of mercy, and God of all compaſſion, ſuffer us not to be thus blind to our own intereſt, nor faithleſs to thee ; but having expreſſed thy love to us on this manner, and thy deſire of our ſalvation, as to ſend thy only Son to become our redeemer, perfect thy grace in us, and grant that we may make ſuch a good uſe of this holy feſtival of joy, as will fit and prepare our ſouls to receive the bleſſed effects of thy goodneſs, in a redeemer.

I.

WHAT joyful sound is this I hear,
Which strikes and swells my list'ning ear!
For heav'n resounds with praise on high,
And echoes fill the nether sky.

II.

The mighty God has left his throne,
And holy angels guard him down ;
Whilst bursting clouds his glory shew,
And spread his glory here below.

III.

No more at distance now we stand,
A wretched, hell condemned band,
For Christ himself restores the fall,
And God is made our all in all.

IV.

To him we'll gladly join and raise,
Our sweetest songs of humble praise,
No greater love, nor greater bliss,
Could mortal men receive than this.



HYMN XXVI.

S T. J A M E S, IV, 8.

HOW ridiculous and inconsistent is it, to be halting between two opinions!—A double minded man is unstable in all his ways:—Inconstant and unsteady, fickle and changeable, he wishes to serve God and be saved, and at the same time wishes to serve satan and his own lusts: He hopes to be happy in the next world, but cannot endure the thoughts of parting with the sensual pleasures of this: His religion, since nothing he does can be uniform, has its ebbs and flows; it sometimes rises up like the sun, but soon like the moon puts on different aspects; sometimes in the increase, and

as often in the wane. Thus acts the man whose heart, or eye of his mind is not single; and whom the apostle paints by an elegant, yet familiar comparison: "He that wavereth is like the wave of a sea, driven by the wind and tossed."—The representation is taken from the good old Jacob, who tells us that his son Reuben, was "unstable as water:" the parts of which, in their own nature, are restless and unquiet; there is always in it a readiness to move and shift its place. To take away this inconsistency, and fix his choice on the one thing needful; the heart of the double-minded man must be purged from all secular and low aims, and exercised in such means as best conduce to that end:—His heart must be pure. Purity or singleness of heart, in opposition to double-mindedness, is that simplicity of intention whereby we give up ourselves entirely to the service of God and religion, without proposing or allowing ourselves in any ends inconsistent with it.—Lord, grant that we may see the folly of the double-minded man in pursuing opposite ends; that this singleness of heart which is peculiar to the virtuous and holy, may appear our greatest wisdom:—Shew us the uneasiness of pleasuring opposite ends, that this singleness of heart may appear the most pleasureable:—Convince us of the sinfulness of aiming at opposite ends, that this purity of heart may recommend itself to our practice, as necessary to our eternal salvation:—O give us grace that we may no more seek to mix heaven and earth together, nor endeavour to unite opposite interests, to reconcile Christ and Belial and to establish a communion between light and darkness; but with simplicity of heart and undivided affections, and with willing minds, without reserve or partiality, or worldly ends, may we love and serve thee, and draw nigh to thee in holy duties, that thou mayest draw nigh to us in ways of mercy.

I.

DRAW nigh to God, nor yet delay,
He will draw nigh to you ;
For God who hears us when we pray,
Is just as well as true.

II.

O cleanse your hands, ye finners then,
If grace ye hope to find ;
And purify your hearts, ye men,
Who have a double mind.

III.

No longer keep a halting pace,
Let wisdom guide your choice ;
A double mind will bring disgrace,
One end is reason's voice.



HYMN XXVII.

CHRISTMAS-DAY.

THIS being the day in which the Son of God was born of a pure virgin ; and wherein the angels appeared with the glad tidings of his nativity, praising God for his infinite mercy to mankind : Let us join our voices with the heavenly hosts, and in one united choir adore the divine goodness, in thus pitying our fallen state, and sending Jesus Christ to be our Saviour and Redeemer.

I.

HARK ! hark ! what awful silence reigns
In the vast courts above ;
Whilst angels cease their gentle strains,
Lost in redeeming love.

D

II.

Seraphs with awe and wonder fill'd,
No longer tune their voice,
And cherubs rest upon the wing,
Unable to rejoice.

III.

But now the mighty secret's known,
For Jesus leaves his seat ;
Down to the earth he bends his course,
And clouds surround his feet.

III.

Then angels strike their golden strings,
And cherubs loudly cry ;
Hark ! how the hollow ether rings,
“ Glory to God on high !

IV.

“ All peace on earth, good will to men,
“ The promis'd *Seed* is come
“ To ransom men, the slaves of sin,
“ And bring us wand'ers home.”



HYMN XXVIII.

LOVE TO CHRIST.

BLESSED SAVIOUR ! “ Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none on earth I desire in comparison of thee.”—“ Thy name is as ointment poured out, therefore, because of the favour of thy good ointments, do the virgins love thee.”

I.

JESUS, my spouse, my only care,
I love thy holy name ;
Who, when our sins had us undone,
Did'st freely bare our shame.

II.

The lily and the blushing rose,
Cannot compare with thee ;
They both must fade and pass away,
But thou from change art free.

III.

The heav'n and earth may cease to be,
The sun grow dim with age ;
But thou, O God, shalt still endure,
Thro' life's eternal page.



HYMN XXIX.

A GOOD LIFE NECESSARY TO HAPPINESS.

O GOD, how solicitous should we be to make a good use of our time, by studying to employ it to the purposes for which it is given ! May we never abuse thy blessings in seeking to adorn those perishing bodies, and satisfying their vain desires and appetites, to the neglect of our better part, the precious and immortal soul !—That, O my God, is made for truth, and designed for happiness, and may sin never get dominion over it ; but blessed in its choice of thee, as its supreme good, let it rejoice here in thy love and the sweet communications of thy holy spirit, that it may live to praise thee, through a Redeemer's blood, in thy glorious kingdom hereafter. .

I.

THERE is in me a soul
Which must forever be ;
If sin my heart and life controul,
I sink in misery.

II.

But if to truth inclin'd,
 How happy in my God !
 I shall enjoy a heav'nly mind,
 Thro' the Redeemer's blood

III.

In him alone I may
 My blessedness complete ;
 And live and love, rejoice, and pray,
 Till I my Jesus meet.

IV.

For such a life as this,
 No pains can be too great ;
 To gain a heav'n of perfect bliss,
 Requires a holy state.



HYMN XXX.

ALTERED FROM AN ANCIENT HYMN.

BLESSED JESUS! the only Saviour of the world! we confess that we have no help or hope but in thee; that we have no redemption of sin but thro' thee; and that we have no peace with God but by thee: wherefore, having our dependence on thee for time and eternity, we come to thee as to our God to bless us, as to our master to teach us, as to our light to direct us, and as to our Redeemer to save us.—O may we hear thy word, receive thy faith, walk in thy ways, observe thy precepts, fear thy judgments, and keep thy laws.—Into thy hands we commit our souls and bodies; be pleased to order and appoint for us, in all conditions of life, whatever shall be most for thy glory, and our everlasting good.

I.

BRIGHT sun of righteousness, all hail,
Thou Saviour ever blest !
The ocean's star by which we sail,
And gain the port of rest.

II.

Whilst thus our songs of praise to thee,
Our hearts and tongues rehearse,
O grant that peace our lot may be,
And all our woes redress.

III.

Release our long-entangled mind,
From all the snares of ill ;
With heav'nly light instruct the blind,
And all our vows fulfil.

IV.

Exert for us a parent's care,
And us thy children own :
Vouchsafe, O Lord, to hear our pray'r,
And all our sins atone.

V.

O spotless Lamb ! whose graces shine,
With brightest purity !
The motions of our souls refine,
And make us pure like thee.

VI.

Preserve our lives unstain'd with ill
In this infectious way ;
That heav'n alone our souls may fill,
With joys that ne'er decay.

VII.

To God the Father, endless praise ;
To God the Son, the same ;
And Holy Ghost, whose equal rays,
One equal glory claim.

HYMN XXXI.

LORD, I know how great my weakness is, and that I have nothing in myself wherein I can trust ; therefore, behold, I lay all my infirmities before thee, and earnestly beseech thee to consider my weakness, and mercifully to supply me with thy grace.—It is thou, O blessed Jesus, that reconciledst my soul to God, and makest me to run in the ways of his commandments :—Do thou cause the light of thy countenance to shine upon me, and enable me to wait upon thee in thy own appointments.

I.

I HAVE a glorious Christ
Who pleads my ev'ry cause ;
He reconciles my soul to God,
And keeps me in his laws.

II.

Awhile he hides his grace,
And leaves my soul to mourn ;
But soon he shews his smiling face,
And makes a sweet return.

III.

Then in my heart I find,
A pure and heav'nly guest ;
A God, a Judge no more unkind,
But living in my breast.

IV.

To him I can commit
My life, my joy, my all ;
And in his own appointments wait,
To hear his gracious call.

HYMN XXXII.

THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

HOLY SAVIOUR! O that thou wouldest give
 a blessing to us, who are assembled here, in memory of thy love to the world, by shedding thy precious blood to redeem it; and powerfully assist us with thy grace, according as our several necessities require, that our hearts may be deeply affected with thy goodness, and never more stray from virtue and thee.

I.

COME sinners, view the bleeding God,
 How strange, how awful is the scene!
 Fast streams the sacred crimson blood,
 Of our expiring Nazarene.

II.

Down from his hands, his side, his feet,
 The ever healing torrent flows;
 And purple streams each other meet,
 To wash and cleanse his rebel foes.

III.

Upon the cross he lifts his eyes,
 For such his love, so great, so free!
 He bows his head, and calmly dies,
 And bears our curse upon the tree.

IV.

Amazing grace! that Christ our king
 Should freely leave his high abode;
 Should quit his courts, where angels sing,
 To re-unite us to our God.

V.

O what return for this his love,
 Can we his guilty creatures make,
 Now he is seated far above,
 And yet we here his flesh partake.

HYMN XXXIII

I.

HOW cold my heart ! inactive, dead !
Before the Lord I say ;
O that he would his spirit shed,
And point the narrow way.

II.

'Tis Jesus makes my tongue rejoice,
And does my soul inspire ;
Yes, he will raise my heart and voice,
To join the heav'nly choir.

III.

In him alone I have the pow'r
To leave my sin and guilt ;
Nor shall the tempter me devour ;
For me his blood was spilt.

IV.

Then, Lord, do thou o'er all my ways,
And ev'ry step preside ;
O make my heart to hate all sin,
My soul averse to pride.

V.

So shall I here thy blessing find,
And all my joys increase ;
And after death that heav'nly mind,
Will bring more solid peace.



HYMN XXXIV.

I.

DEPARTING souls in love with God,
And blest in his esteem,
Shall find in him a bright abode,
And taste the heav'nly stream.

II.

Such sweet and ravishing delights
As Eden's garden brought,
Do the fair plains of heav'n produce,
To charm the noblest thought.

III.

The consolations of our God,
Are neither small nor few ;
Those who escape his awful rod,
Shall live as angels do.

IV.

The pleasing sentiments to souls
Was heretofore convey'd,
Thro' the creature mediation,
And thus was God survey'd.

V.

But in heav'n the intervening glass
Is taken from each eye,
And face to face the saints behold
The sov'reign of the sky.

VI.

The sweet communications there,
From God to them are giv'n,
In a more immediate sense,
Which make the joys of heav'n.

VII.

All the pleasure which has in vain
Been sought in creature good,
And infinitely more is found
In our almighty God.

VIII.

Since creatures here are nothing more,
Than God doth make them be,
Why should we think to gain his bliss,
This side eternity.

IX.

This lower world and all its boasts,
Are but delusive toys ;
Then let us thirst for heav'n above,
And seek for nobler joys.



H Y M N XXXV.

ECCLES. 3. 21.

I.

WHAT knowledge brutes may have,
I cannot now conceive ;
That they were made for human use,
I firmly do believe.

II.

But whether mere machines
Whose life is in their blood,
And their knowledge void of reason,
Is darkly understood.

III.

Or whether the instinct,
And secret springs of life,
Be truly rational as such,
Has rais'd debate and strife.

IV.

Or whether farther yet,
They can no reason own,
But what's exterior to them,
Is here to me unknown.

V.

Sufficient 'tis to think,
Whate'er their state may be,
Their spirits to the earth must sink,
And I the judge shall see.

VI.

Brutes have no sense of God,
They neither love nor hate ;
But I am born to higher good,
And mine a nobler state.

VII.

My God has taught me more
Than he to beasts has giv'n ;
He makes me wiser than the fowls,
And trains me up for heav'n.

VIII.

Since then his heav'nly skill
Has made me better far,
I'll strive to do his sacred will,
Nor more his labors mar.



HYMN XXXVI.

WHILE idle and unemployed, I am exposed to every sin ; but business bridles my passions, and keeps out of my mind, all unlawful joys, as well as anxious fears.—Will the Lord help me to sing his praise, that I may be occupied in his service, lest the adversary of my soul should find me off my guard, and I fall an easy prey to his ensnaring wiles.—Of Jesus will I speak, his name shall ever be the burden of my song.

I.

YOUNG Jesus th' infant of beauty and love,
Now enters the world a Saviour to be ;
He quits the throne of his Father above,
From the pow'r of sin to set us all free.
Dear Jesus, it is true,
Our lost state shall renew,

And give us a title our God to enjoy,
 A manger he chuses,
 Vain pomp he refuses,
 And loves in his service our tongues to employ.

II.

Ye sages, so rev'rend, so wise, so good,
 Look and you'll certainly own it is so
 That Jesus' praise is the chief of all food ;
 Lord teach us his worth—his merits to know.
 It dispels ev'ry vapour,
 Saves the dying taper,
 And when sin, the world, and temptations prevail,
 It will open a way,
 Thro' which the sinner may,
 Since redeem'd by Jesus, each evil assail.

III.

Let high and low in his presence adore,
 And with due rev'rence his majesty bless ;
 Holy Jesus should be our song evermore,
 Duty and love our allegiance express.
 To excite us the quicker,
 And make us the stricter,
 The charms of heaven to allure us he displays :
 Whilst the terrors of hell,
 And dread agonies fell,
 He shews to deter us from vilest of ways.



HYMN XXXVII.

THE LORD'S DAY.

O GOD, who hast commanded us to consecrate a seventh part of our time to thy service ; give us grace to disengage our hearts this day from the cares and concerns of this world ; that we may admit no un-

necessary business, nor any unprofitable visit, or vain or idle conversation, to be a distraction to our minds, and a hindrance to our devotions : but let us still remember, however uneasy it may be, that our business as christians is not to seek our own wishes, but to seek and to serve thee ; and that the concern is not great, whether nature be pleased, but it is our greatest concern, that our souls should be prepared, by a wise improvement of thine earthly sabbaths, that we may enjoy a sabbath of rest, in thy glorious kingdom.

I.

THE day of God once more returns,
 To visit me with peace ;
 My heart with pure affection burns,
 Let pious joys increase.

II.

I feel the happy hour begun,
 That binds me to my Lord ;
 Ere yet I view the rising sun,
 My lips shall read thy word.

III.

On me thy sacred truths impress,
 That I may love thy name ;
 Vouchsafe to guide, to teach, to bless ;
 Such wisdom is thy claim.

IV.

To thee my ways, I now commend ;
 Grant me the happy fruits ;
 No more my precious time to spend,
 In empty vain pursuits.

E

HYMN XXXVIII.

I.

THE Lord, the judge descends,
Behold the clouds his throne ;
Gabriel in pomp attends,
And earth's foundations groan.

II.

Ere nature's awful crush,
Jesus unbars the tomb,
And nations trembling rush,
To hear their final doom.

III.

In vain the wicked plead,
No mercy here is given ;
In time they took no heed,
And now they lose a heaven.

IV.

The judge in angry tone,
Their sentence does declare ;
Depart ! I cannot own,
Nor will thy justice spare.

V.

In endless woe they sink,
Forbid the realms of peace,
Where streams of fire they drink,
Their thirst shall never cease.

VI.

Far otherwise the good,
They now admittance find,
And taste the heavenly food,
The bliss for all design'd.

VII.

In yonder world of light,
To Abram's breast they go ;
They soar beyond our sight,
And live as angels do.

VIII.

May this our wisdom be,
To shun the sinner's way,
God grant us here to see,
The gospel's saving day.



HYMN XXXIX.

ALTERED FROM THE FOREGOING.

I.

THE mighty Lord, the Judge descends,
Behold the clouds his throne,
Gabriel in solemn pomp attends,
And earth's foundations groan.

II.

Ere dying nature's awful crush,
Jesus unbars the tomb ;
And num'rous nations trembling rush,
To hear their final doom.

III.

In vain the guilty sinners plead,
No mercy here is given :
Unwise in time they took no heed,
And now they lose a heaven.

IV.

The judge in stern and angry tone,
Their sentence does declare ;
Depart, accurst ! I cannot own,
Nor will my justice spare.

V.

In sad, in endless woe they sink,
Forbid the realms of peace ;
Where livid streams of fire they drink,
Their thirst shall never cease.

VI.

Far otherwise the cautious good ;
They now admittance find :
And taste the pure celestial food ;
The food for all design'd.

VII.

In yonder shining world of light,
To Abram's breast they go ;
They soar beyond our mortal fight,
And live as angels do.

VIII.

May this our choice, our wisdom be,
To shun the sinner's way ;
God's mercy grant us here to see,
The gospel's saving day.



HYMN XL.

I.

COME let us adore,
The Lord evermore ;
And sing to his name,
No merit we claim.

II.

The praise is his due,
For strength to pursue ;
Since Jesus is he,
Who sets us all free.

III.

To him we may seek,
And blest are the meek :
He'll ne'er cast away,
Who make him their stay.

IV.

Then glory we'll cry,
To Jesus on high ;
And thus evermore,
His name will adore.



HYMN XLI.

I.

WHEN the heav'ns shall rend asunder,
Roll aud fold and pass away,
God, the Word, the Lord of wonder,
Shall proclaim the awful day.

II.

While yet the voice of love is founding,
Sinners, now repent and live ;
Streams of mercy still abounding,
God the Lord will you forgive.

III.

Islands, rocks, earth, and seas obey,
Fear shall rise and strike amaze ;
And death shall then resign its prey,
When the world is in a blaze.

IV.

While yet the voice of love is founding,
Sinners. now repent and live ;
Streams of mercy still abounding,
God the Lord will you forgive.



HYMN XLII.

I.

MY soul, why so dull, why so sad ?
Trust in the Lord, and nothing doubt ;
Seek his face and in him be glad ;
His name is ointment poured out :

It's a tower, a rock, a refuge sure,
Where good men run and are secure.

II.

If then afflictions or distress,
Thy body, goods, or name destroy,
The righteous hand do thou confess,
Thyself in quiet here enjoy.
Fret not,—with patience wait God's will,
His name is strong sufficient still.



HYMN XLIII.

THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

I.

THE air is fill'd with sound,
I hear the voice of mirth;
The heavenly hosts our ball surround,
And shout a saviour's birth.

II.

Behold in David's town,
Of royal David's line,
The Saviour Jesus may be found;
An infant all divine.

III.

Go, pious shepherd's, go,
Yon star shall lead the way:
Worship at Immanuel's feet,
And there your homage pay.

IV.

The promise which of old,
Your God to you had made;
The child by prophets long foretold,
Is in a manger laid.

HYMN XLIV.

I.

MAY we adore,
As heretofore
The christian church has ever done :
The God of love,
Who reigns above,
The great eternal Three in One.

II.

Let sacred praise
Inspire our lays,
To join the blest, angelic throng,
“ Thrice holy Lord !”
Our hearts accord,
And chant the sweet melodious song.



HYMN XLV.

SPIRITUAL DELIVERANCE.

I.

WHAT shall I render to the Lord ;
For all his benefits to me ?
According to his gracious word,
His love from dangers set me free.

II.

My lips shall never cease to show,
The grateful sense I now possess,
Of what he did on me bestow,
When he vouchsaf'd my soul to bless.



HYMN XLVI.

I.

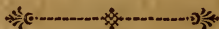
PARENT of life and light to thee,
Thou source of every good !
O raise my heart, and bend my knee,
And pant for heavenly food.

II.

Some sacred truth from thy blest word,
Do thou to me reveal ;
Impress on me thy will, O Lord,
And my forgiveness seal.

III.

Let this and every future day
Great God, still wiser prove ;
That as I mark, and learn, obey,
I may increase, in love.



HYMN XLVII.

I.

MY soul, how precious is our time !
More precious far than gold ;
The richest treasures of this world,
Or all that we behold !

II.

When once our days are gone and past,
And nothing more remains,
We quickly mount to heaven at last,
Or sink to endless pains.

III.

O happy they, who now secure
A title to that joy,
Where streams of bliss are always pure,
Where nothing can destroy.

IV.

But dreadful, then, the fate of those,
Who here despise their God ;
They shall be doom'd to ceaseless woes,
And feel his awful rod.

HYMN XLVIII.

F O R E V E N I N G .

I.

LORD, for the mercies of this day,
Our grateful homage now we pay :
Accept our evening sacrifice,
And make us happy, good, and wise.

II.

What ere amiss we all have done,
Since the last morning's rising sun ;
Do thou in mercy, Lord, forgive,
And bid our drooping spirits live.

III.

This night we ask thy blessing too,
O let sweet sleep our strength renew :
Guard us from dangers of all kinds,
And with thy love refresh our minds.

IV.

That in the morn when we awake,
We may of grateful songs partake ;
And live and sing, rejoice and pray,
'Till we shall rise in endless day.



HYMN XLIX.

I.

BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind,
A mere victim from the womb ;
Jesus we in a manger find,
Emblem of his future tomb.

II.

Prostrate where horned cattle feed,
This dear innocent is laid ;
There born to weep, to suffer, bleed,
Until nature's debt is paid.

III.

How vast the love which God inclin'd,
Thus to give his only son ;
His bowels yearn'd for lost mankind,
Who had now themselves undone.

IV.

O let us then his goodness praise,
And his bounty all admire,
And let us consecrate our days
To join the angelic choir.



HYMN L.

BLESSED JESUS ! who knowest my wants, and
those various wants supplies ; may I never grudge
to give a mite to the poor, from thy generous bounty ;
let but the friends of thee and thine, ever find a friend
in me.—O Lord, accept my heart and offering !

I.

O JESUS, my Saviour king !
Accept my prayer and offering ;
Bless this portion to the poor,
I bring from my generous store.

II.

From thy bounty I receive,
My life and power to believe,
With all my worldly treasure,
And every joy and pleasure.

III.

Shall I then grudge to bestow,
Some of thy goods while below ;
Shut my bowels to thy saints,
Nor listen to their complaints.

IV.

Nay far be it, Lord, from me,
That a faint a sufferer be,
Then give me a heart to grant,
What in my power they may want.



HYMN LI.

I.

ON yon cross Jesus dies for you,
Thither lift a pensive eye ;
These sorrows, christians, were your due,
Why so heedless pass him by ?
There among the soldiers bleeding,
While I tune the mournful lyre ;
You may mark the Saviour pleading,
' Father grant my heart's desire.

II.

' God forgive my life's destroying,
' Souls to save has fix'd me here ;
' Men redeem'd may now be joying,
' Since I bring salvation near.
' Tho' I bear their wilful madness,
' Well I might a judgment prove ;
' But my heart relents in sadness,
' And misery kindles love.'

III.

We, alas ! poor sinful creatures,
Far had spent the gracious day ;
So deform'd in make and features,
Nothing lovely could display.
But a Christ possess'd of beauty,
Perfect God in every part ;
Inclination join'd with duty,
Should subdue the vilest heart.

HYMN LII.

EJACULATION. ST. MATT. VII. 13, 14.

HOLY JESUS! what hourly dangers and snares beset my path!—how weak my resistance, and how strong my foes!—O gracious God! assist my feeble efforts to watch and pray, to escape destruction's road, and to strive to enter in at the straight gate.—Increase my faith and hopes, when dangers prevail; and may I never stray from happiness and thee.—Come holy spirit! and blow a prosperous gale, to waft my soul to heaven, my destined place; then, in full sails, I will gain the port of rest, and leave the world and sin behind.

I.

STRAIT is the gate, the Saviour cries,
Thro' which the faithful christians rise;
Narrow the way that leads from sin,
And few there are that venture in.

II.

But broad's the road that sinners go,
And wide the gate to endless woe;
Many, we see, will enter there,
And dwell forever in despair.

III.

Strive then to shun the dang'rous way,
Thro' which the guilty love to stray;
And seek a mansion to obtain,
Where peace and joy ne'er cease to reign,



HYMN LIII.

EJACULATION.

BLESSED SAVIOUR! may we stretch every nerve to press forward to an immortal crown; and with vigour run the race that is set before us.—A

cloud of witnesses hold us in full view ; may we forget the steps already trod, and urge our way thro' the trying hour. In thee, dearest Lord, our help is found, thou wilt assist us, and make and keep us pure within. —) may we think upon thy love, and praise and adore thy goodness.—Thy wisdom guides, thy power protects, and thy grace rewards the just ; while thy mercy forgives repenting sinners.

I.

YE saints of the Lord,
 Who strive to be pure ;
 His wonders record,
 And pray to endure.
 It is he that can keep
 You still in his love ;
 He'll slumber nor sleep,
 But watches above.

II.

When you from him stray,
 He seeks to retrieve ;
 And finds out a way,
 Your crimes to forgive :
 For in pard'ning your sin,
 His anger is lost ;
 Ere sorrows begin,
 He thinks of the cross.



HYMN LIV.

SACRAMENTAL HYMN.

O JESUS, dear friend of friendless sinners, to thee
 I cry ; hear, Lord, and magnify thy grace :—
 Pardon a worm, who would draw near to thee :—

F

worm by sin and self oppress.—At thy table, may I behold the wonders of thy love ; and eat and drink, in obedience to thy command.—Let thy good spirit dwell within me, and turn my sorrows into joys.—O may my heart, Holy Jesus ! be thine, forever thine ; and find thy promised rest.

I.

JESUS my God my King,
To thee I raise my voice ;
For thou wilt hear me when I sing,
And make my heart rejoice.

II.

A thousand times thou hast
My soul from death redeem'd ;
And when I fear'd a sudden blast,
On me thy goodness beam'd.

III.

For this thy love, O Lord,
My humble thanks arise ;
And I can trust thy holy word,
To bless thy sacrifice.



HYMN LV.

LUKE XIV. YET THERE IS ROOM.

I.

YE frail and dying sons of earth,
My friendly accents now attend ;
It was my spirit gave you birth,
And still forgives when you offend.

II.

No more in vanity delight,
Or spurn the gospel's joyful sound ;
Return to me with all your might,
For thus true wisdom may be found.

III.

I am the Saviour of the soul,
 In me is your redemption wrought ;
 The powers of hell I will controul,
 When you give up your every thought.

IV.

Why should you longer rove from home,
 Or chuse to walk in paths of guilt ;
 'There yet is room for you to come,
 For you my dearest blood was spilt.



HYMN LVI.

BE ZEALOUS OF GOOD WORKS.

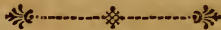
O BLESSED JESUS ! while worldly men, strive with all their might, to obtain their worldly vanities : how slow and languid are the advances which I make, even with heaven itself in my view ! Inspire my soul, great God, with holy zeal.—Religion, without zeal and love, is of little worth ;—it is but an empty sound, signifying nothing.—May I then, with fervor strive to employ my powers for thee ; and while the season of grace remains, boldly tread the heavenly way.

I.

WARMLY affected,
 'Tis good we should be ;
 Duty neglected,
 Will ruin the tree.
 It is fruit we must bear,
 If Jesus we love ;
 Let this be our care,
 With vigor to move,

II.

True pleasure to find,
Each thought must engage ;
False lusts of the mind,
No more should enrage.
But subject to the cross,
The battle is won ;
If our zeal be lost,
The soul is undone.



HYMN LVII.

EXODUS, XXXIII. 20.

I.

“ **N**O man can see my face,”
Says God the Lord, and live ;
No feature, form or trace,
Does he to mortals give.

II.

His glory he displays,
And fills the world with dread ;
But this in mystic ways,
Which shroud his awful head.

III.

A dreadful distance still,
Between us interferes ;
No charms of human skill,
Can pierce the golden spheres.

IV.

The bounds of mortal sight,
Are to the earth confin'd :
A dark a dubious light,
Is giv'n to all mankind.

HYMN LVIII.

I.

ONE is our master—even Christ,
O may we all confess ;
And live the life he here prescrib'd,
Since we his name profess.

II.

Compar'd with him, how light ! how vain !
Are all the joys below ;
Each earthly good is fraught with pain,
And all our days with woe.



HYMN LIX.

I.

OLORD, thy mercy we implore,
To save our guilty land ;
On us thy wonted goodness pour,
And lead us by thy hand.

II.

How many times we have rebell'd,
Against thy saving grace !
How oft our love from thee withheld,
Nor have we sought thy face !

III.

But now we mourn our fore distress,
O Lord, in mercy hear ;
And as we do our sins confess,
Accept the flowing tear.

IV.

Lord, from the shafts of cruel war,
Vouchsafe to set us free ;
That we in peace may dwell secure,
And learn to worship thee.

HYMN LX.

E J A C U L A T I O N .

FOUNTAIN of blifs ! art thou with us to difsipate our fears, and to fet our fpirits free ! Do thy bowels feel for thy poor creatures, and haft thou fent fome friendly messenger, to cheer their hearts, and fhew the tokens of thy myfterious love ! Then why do we mourn, or fuffer our eyes to weep, when fuch a friend is near ? Why do our sorrows rife, and why do we droop in grief, when Jefus calls, and bids us trust his grace ?—Away with defpair ; it is the voice of mercy founds, the Saviour is come.—He takes our infirmities, and fets us free.—My Lord and my God !—may this be the burden of our fong here below, in strains of higheft adoration ; and when called to quit thofe clay tabernacles, may we arife to join the angelic choirs, in tunes of nobler praife.

I.

IN Jefus' name,
 His priests proclaim,
 Good news to-day :
 From God he came,
 His love the fame,
 To teach the way,
 In which we may,
 With favour pray.
 Our faviour Chrift will we adore,
 And magnify his dying love,
 That fhed an unction from above,
 And feals our pardon evermore,

II.

In higheft praife,
 We'll fpend our days,

And joyful be :
 Angelic lays,
 Shall light the blaze,
 By which we see,
 The cursed tree,
 For you and me,
 Where holy Jesus bleeds and dies !
 Alas, for us, poor guilty race !
 We find redemption by his grace,
 When storms of vengeance rise.

III.

His precious blood,
 A purple flood,
 Which brings us near,
 To dwell with God,
 And 'scape his rod,
 From every fear,
 Shall dry each tear,
 And bless us here.
 Then after death, this Lord of peace,
 Will make us heirs of perfect light,
 To live forever in his sight,
 And drink of streams that never cease.



HYMN LXI.

THE FINAL JUDGMENT.

I.

BEHOLD ! the day of judgment's come !
 The awful day that sinner's dread ;
 Now they must hear their final doom,
 Nor longer slumber with the dead.

.II.

The judge in his triumphant car,
 Descends to meet the gazing croud ;
 And this illustrious Jacob's star,
 Will dissipate each black'ning cloud.

III.

Angelic hosts around him stand,
While Gabriel's voice like thunder rolls ;
His trump is heard thro' ev'ry land,
The tremors shake the distant poles.

IV.

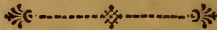
“ Sinners and saints asunder part !”
Thus runs the sov'reign's high command,
O the poor sinner's aching heart,
While saints enjoy the promis'd land.

V.

They to the seats of heav'nly love,
Joyful on seraph's wing arise ;
And sweetly join the choirs above,
In bliss that never, never dies.

VI.

But to the depths of endless woe,
Where streams of vengeance ever roll ;
The guilty numbers they must go,
From God, and lose a precious soul.



HYMN LXII.

I. THESSALONIANS, V. 22.

I.

HEAR what the great apostle saith,
To all who trust the Saviour's blood ;
If you would live the life of faith,
And daily seek aright your God.

II.

Abstain from sin nor let appear,
To hurt the Christians glorious name,
A single thought of wild career,
Lest you should sink in future shame.

III.

Wife precepts of the gospel Son,
Who always practic'd what he taught,
And griev'd to see the world undone,
Thro' wilful negligence of thought.

IV.

But all the care with which he strove,
Our sinful natures to reclaim,
A stupid world did misimprove,
And only worse and worse became.

V.

'Tis thus the ministers of God,
Who seek to save the souls of all,
Oft find their pious love withstood,
While men grow deaf to every call.



HYMN LXIII.

I.

SEE gracious God, my sad estate,
Disrob'd of every pleasing joy :
Deep thoughts and melancholy sighs,
My heavy mournful hours employ.

II.

My foes like armies in array.
Against my troubled soul appear ;
Not satisfied to cloud my day,
They still pursue the dying tear.

III.

“ Shew pity Lord, O Lord forgive,”
A wretch forsaken and forlorn ;
And bid my drooping spirits live,
No more my said estate to mourn.

IV.

Then shall my heart, with joy o'erflow,
My grateful tongue thy praise express;
Remov'd the burden of my woe,
The mighty favour I'll confess.



HYMN LXIV.

THE BIBLE.

I.

THE Bible, precious book divine !
The choicest schemes of speech displays,
What books of human wisdom shine,
With equal lustre equal rays ?

II.

Here I may read and truly learn,
What love I owe to God and man ;
And here a future state discern,
The depths of bliss and sufferings scan.

III.

O could I make this word my guide,
And seek God's righteous paths to tread,
Then should I stem life's angry tide,
No more in sinful ways misled.



HYMN LXV.

IT IS FINISHE'D.—JOHN 19.

I.

Is that my God,
All wet with blood,
Who hangs on yonder awful tree :

Whose temples pierc'd,
With souls immers'd,
Now groans in deepest agony.

II.

O yes, 'tis he,
Alas! for me,
He did the bloody cross endure!
His precious hands,
By Roman bands.
Were vilely treated like impure.

III.

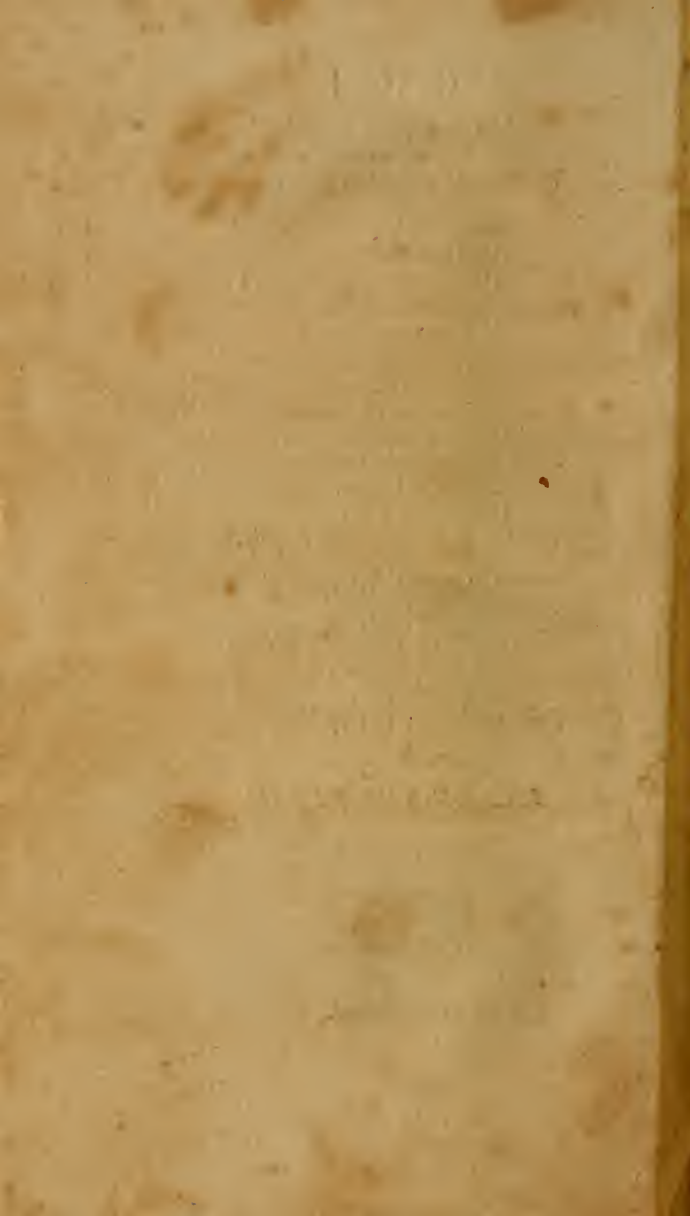
Three hours he hangs,
In dying pangs,
Aloft, suspended in the air.
The dismal fight,
Depriv'd of light.
The sun in robes of wild despair.

IV.

At length he cries,
And lifts his eyes,
Man's full redemption finish'd is:
His work is done,
The battle won,
Jesus makes the victory his.

END OF THE HYMNS.





S E R M O N.

THE PHARISEE AND PUBLIGAN*.

ST: LUKE, XVIII, 14.

I tell you, this man went down to his house justified rather than the other; for every one that exalteth himself shall be abased, and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted.

BY this parable from which my text is taken, Christ sets forth the different tempers of the Jews and Gentiles, when the gospel was preached to the world. The Jews were excessively proud and ill-natured towards the Gentiles, because they (the Jews) were Abram's seed, God's covenant people, and externally conformed to the law; by which alone they sought justification as if they had no sin to pardon, and needed no atonement by the Mediator. But the Gentiles having been idolators, and lived in ungodliness, most gladly accepted of the mercy and pardon of the gospel, through the redemption in Christ. This is that free justification of the ungodly, and without the deeds of the law, which St. Paul speaks so much of, and which our Lord in this, and many other parables foretold. And as this publican went home justified rather than the pharisee; so upon the preaching of the gospel to the world, offering justification, and eternal life to the guilty only, upon their faith and repentance, without any former

* This discourse was delivered at Christ's Church, and St. Peter's, in the city of Philadelphia, June 12, 1796.

good works or righteousness, the Gentiles acted more acceptably to God than the Jews: "For every one that exalteth himself shall be abased, and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted." I shall now make the following observations:

I. The personal righteousness of the best mere man that ever lived, considered alone, cannot justify him in God's sight, or entitle him to any reward; but the most perfect and upright man on earth, stands in need of mercy and the perfect atonement of Christ, in order to be justified before God.

II. Yet our sincere piety and good works are highly pleasing to God, and shall most certainly, through the redemption of Christ and the mercy of God, be rewarded with eternal glory.

And,

III. Our personal righteousness or gospel obedience ought to be matter of great comfort and joy to us.

I. The most perfect mere man that ever lived, by his own righteousness, without the mercy of God, and the atonement of Christ, cannot be justified before God. There are two ways of justification, the one is of debt, the other of grace; the one is by justice, the other by pardon. When a man is arraigned at the bar, if he be found not guilty, his being then acquitted, cleared, and justified is a debt which the judge owes him. Now this kind of justification before God, no man but Jesus Christ the righteous can claim; because all are sinners, and have no way to be justified, but by the act of grace in Christ's blood; neither have any a right to plead that act unless they believe and repent, and perform a sincere obedience; then the gospel which is the act of grace gives a right to justification. This method of justification by grace, through the atonement of Christ, without our sinless obedience, upon the condition of our faith and repentance; is that method which God taught man immediately after the fall, and all

along through the patriarchal, Mosaic, and christian dispensations. I shall just hint at a few things, by which you may plainly perceive this important truth. When Cain and Abel offered a sacrifice, God had respect to Abel and his sacrifice, but not to Cain. Some render the words, God looked to Abel, but not to Cain. But how did they know this! The glory of God, that supernatural pillar of light, the visible signs of God's presence, always manifested before the incarnation; this divine fire descended upon Abel, and made his face to shine as it did Moses and Christ in the mount, and it consumed his sacrifice as it did Elijah's, by which all the spectators knew that Abel was preferred to Cain. And why? Because his sacrifice discovered his faith in the Mediator, and the life to come, being a bloody sacrifice; but Cain, insisted on his own innocence and righteousness: he acknowledged no sin, and implored no pardon. Hence God exprobrates, if thou dost well shalt thou not be accepted? that is, pardoned, justified, and advanced to favour. But if thou dost not well, sin lieth at thy door. To do well was to observe the divine institution, and offer such a sacrifice as was an acknowledgment of guilt and need of mercy; which if Cain would do, his sin should be pardoned; but if he was so confident of his own innocence and sinless perfection, as not to do well and offer a sin offering, his guilt should never be removed, but lie still at his door. You see that Cain was like this Pharisee, he owned no sin, he exalted himself in the vast opinion of his own perfect righteousness, and prayed for no mercy, no forgiveness, no interest in the atonement. But Abel, like the publican, was sensible that he was a sinner, and begged for mercy and forgiveness. Thus self-exaltation was Cain's ruin.

Though Job was an eminently good man, yet he had too high an opinion of his own righteousness; he, by

the suggestions of satan, exalted himself so exceedingly, that he thought his cause more righteous than God's, and that if he might have a fair trial before an indifferent judge, he should get the victory; surprizing insolence! And never was Job delivered from his calamities, till he lowered his self-exalting thoughts, and acknowledged himself a sinner, and that he deserved punishment; and said, "I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." When Job laid aside his plea of justice and begged for mercy, then God exalted him, and raised him from the depth of misery to the height of prosperity. One would wonder how such a poor creature, as every thinking man must feel himself to be, should ever think of neglecting and despising the mercy of God, and challenging his justice, when it is so easy to perceive, that the best duty we ever did is mixt with sin; yet thus it is, that as pride and self-exalting thoughts debased the angels into devils, so have they ever vigilantly employed their craft to seduce men into the same foolish way, of being independant upon the mercy and direction of the best of beings. This was most certainly the ruin of the unbelieving Jews in the apostles time; they sought for righteousness and justification by the law of Moses, supposing that though they were sinners, yet their constant sacrifices purged away all their sin, so that they were perfectly righteous before God; and this legal righteousness the Gentiles wanted, and therefore could not be justified; whereas Christ and his apostles preached, that the justification of Jews and Gentiles stood upon the same footing, namely the mercy of God pardoning sin through the blood of Christ, only upon sinners repentance and faith. "In God's sight shall no flesh living be justified." "If thou Lord shouldest be strict to mark what is done amiss, who could stand in thy sight." By this you may see how to understand that common phrase, self-right-

ousness, and to fix the meaning. It is spiritual pride, an extravagant conceit of our own piety, imagining that we are incomparably more righteous than we are; which pride will spoil the good qualities we seem to have, and make all our righteousness as filthy rags before God. If people would always use the word self-righteous in this sense, that is, to denote a man who is proud of his own goodness, and has an extravagant opinion of his own virtue, then the phrase would be harmless enough.

But, Idly, Though spiritual pride spoils all our good qualities, yet the sincere piety and good deeds of the humble are exceedingly pleasing to God, and will be bountifully rewarded by him. It is an atheistical error to hold, that if we think we are better, or more acceptable to God, or nearer heaven, for any good quality in us, or any thing done by us, than any other man who has not those qualities, that it is the sin of pride. For thereason why this publican was justified rather than the pharisee, was because he had that good quality in him of humility and repentance, which the pharisee had not. He was a better man, and better esteemed and beloved of God: And if God esteem a humble penitent prodigal better than a proud arrogant pharisee, God judges right, and it is no pride for us, to judge of ourselves as God does. A penitent returning sinner is not proud, because he thinks himself better than when he was impenitent, or better than other impenitents are. Saint Paul was not wicked, or in the wrong to think that he himself was a better man, more pleasing to God, and nearer to the kingdom of heaven after he became a zealous Christian, than he was while a furious persecutor. All moral or religious difference among men, lies in their moral qualities and actions; and if there be no difference here, then religion is good for nothing; for it does not make the most religious man a whit

better, than the most abandoned atheist. 'Then a man had as good do ill as well, sin as forbear ; and conscience may be as easy, while we serve our lusts, as while we serve God ; for he esteems us as well for sinning as for doing our duty : And God's approbation is the all with a good man. But so monstrous is this levelling principle or doctrine, that any person of common sense can easily confute it. I will not therefore take up much of your time in a direct confutation, but leave these absurd men to amuse themselves with their strange dreams. It is the great end of a preacher of religion, to impress upon people's minds, with the greatest energy, that their present actions and qualities are of the utmost importance, for their eternity depends upon it. And if you once drink in that notion, that good actions make you no more acceptable to God than bad ones, and so all you do is indifferent in God's sight, then all will be indifferent to you ; and you will have nothing to restrain you from vice, or excite you to virtue, but worldly considerations, which will only make you worldly hypocrites : I will therefore set before you a few texts to prove this doctrine. The angel from heaven declared to Cornelius, " thy prayers and alms are come up for a memorial before God." " To do good and to communicate forget not, for with such sacrifices God is well pleased." " The prayers of the upright are God's delight." " Whatsoever a man does, that shall he also receive." " Though heaven is God's throne, and the earth his footstool, yet to this man will he look, who is of a humble and contrite spirit, and trembles at his word." Truly the whole tenor of the holy scriptures confirms this ; I shall therefore only put you in mind of Nehemiah's conduct. " Remember me, O my God, concerning this, and wipe not out my good deeds that I have done for the house of my God." " Remember me, O my God, concerning this also, and spare me ac-

cording to the greatness of thy goodness." "Think upon me, my God, for good, according to all that I have done for this people." How often does he beg of God to remember and not forget, how zealous and self-denying he had been in serving the cause of true religion! And when he tells how much more he had forgone his own interest than former governors, and begs of God to remember it for his good, did he think he was no higher in God's esteem and love than others? Or was it sinful pride in St. Paul to say that he laboured more abundantly than all the apostles? The design of all piety is the desire of God's approbation and eternal life; if therefore, I should try to persuade you, that all the pious actions you are capable of, will make you no nearer to God, nor nearer to heaven, I should undermine all your religion, and be an enemy to your souls: For your life, your eternal life, your all depends upon your running, striving, fighting, and getting the victory over your lusts, and acquiring better habits than most other men do. Believe it, my brethren, for it is no disputable point, but the plain word of God, that as you act from day to day, so God will love you, or be angry with you, and so you will fare, and be happy or miserable in the next world. Whatsoever you now sow, that must you reap; and if you now sow bountifully, in the next world you will also reap bountifully. What your hand finds to do, do it with all your might; spare no pains, but abound in the work of the Lord. For the more you conquer sin, and excel in virtue and good deeds, so much the richer will you be, so much the dearer to God, so much the more honor and joys you will have to eternity. Now, now is the time, as St. Paul says, to lay up for ourselves a good foundation, or, as it might be translated, a good fund, against the time to come.

IIIIdly, and lastly, I intend to shew in what rank or esteem we are to place our own good qualities and ac-

tions: how far we may depend on them, rejoice in them, or account ourselves the better for them, than other men; that is, such as neglect the paths of virtue. In the first place, it is sinful pride to conceit that we are eminent saints and despise others, when our righteousness is partial and inadequate to the conditions in the gospel. This pharisee enumerates his pious deeds and good properties; by which we may see that he avoided gross wickedness, paid tithes and fasted twice in the week:—All which a man might do, and yet remain very wicked, and have no charity, or love to God and man. The same would now be my case, if because I pray steadily twice a day in my family, keep the Lord's day strictly, and pay my debts punctually, I should thereupon account myself a very honest man, and despise loose people; tho' at the same time, I am very selfish and uncharitable, love the world dearly, and prefer my own temporal interest and honour to all other considerations. Before a man can rightly account himself a good man, he must sincerely practice his whole duty, and have all christian virtues. He must love God, and his fellow-creatures, and when he has respect to all God's commands, it is not a criminal pride for him to know it, and thank God that he has made him better than millions of other men are. It was not pride in St. John, when he said we know that we are of God; and the whole world lieth in wickedness. It is also a criminal pride, to think that we are so righteous as to need no forgiveness thro' the mercy of God, and the blood of Jesus Christ. All the righteousness of the most perfect man, would avail no more to his justification before God, without Christ's atonement, than if he had been the greatest sinner; because the best human righteousness cannot quadrate with the law of perfection. It is moreover a sinful error to imagine our righteousness must come in to make

up any deficiencies in Christ's righteousness; for his atonement is in itself perfect and compleat, and needs nothing to be added to it. And, lastly, it is a sinful error to think that our goodness is merely of ourselves, and performed by our own strength: for it is the fruit of the holy spirit. Christ's righteousness and ours are not to be joined to make one compleat righteousness, but ours is the way to enjoy the fruits of his. But then it is our duty to take comfort and rejoice in our own holiness, because it is the perfection of our souls, lays in us the foundation of eternal happiness, makes us like God, renders us pleasing and delightful to our maker, and a joy to the holy angels, as it is the seal of the holy spirit in our hearts, and an earnest of eternal life; as it is the condition of our salvation, and a necessary qualification for heaven, without which no man can see God. These are some of the excellencies of our personal righteousness, and who but an infidel dare say, that it is of no value, but must be renounced as dung? If God and angels rejoice at our repentance, can it be sin for us to rejoice too? or must we sullenly say, that we are really, and in the sight of God, no better after than before our repentance? All our good personal qualities, such as love, meekness, patience, purity and humility, are the fruits of the holy spirit, and accompany salvation; they are God's seal and mark which he sets upon us, shewing that we are his. Is it then pride to think that now you have Christ's mark and seal upon you, that you are a happier and more excellent people than they who have on them the mark of the devil? How shall we know who will be saved and who damn'd, or whether we are going to heaven or hell, but by our personal righteousness or unrighteousness? What else makes the difference among men? St. John was clearly of this mind; "Herein are the children of God manifest, and the

children of the devil ; whoſoever doth not righteousneſs is not of God, neither he that loveth not his brother.” “ He that doeth righteous is righteous.” But if there be no difference betwixt the moſt pious deeds in reality, and in God’s eſteem, and the moſt wicked ; then is there no difference betwixt virtue and vice, holineſs and wickedneſs ; and then finally there will be no difference between heaven and hell. For it is a certain maxim, that a juſt judge as God is, will, in judging, make no difference between men where he finds none. If all men are in reality alike, then all muſt certainly go to one and the ſame place. But here lies the difference : heaven is a ſtate of holineſs and happineſs, and the end of all religion is to fit us for that glorious ſtate ; or to teach us while we are in this world, how to acquire a heavenly temper, and to be qualified for that eternal happineſs ; to fix and ſettle in our ſouls all the heavenly virtues and divine habits, as to love and adore God, to delight in his perfections, to reſign to his bleſſed will, to walk humbly with God, to be kind, merciful, juſt, pure, and meek. Now all who in the time of this life, have faithfully learned this leſſon of wiſdom, and acquired theſe divine arts, when they die, will moſt certainly go to heaven, to live and reign in that kingdom, which Chriſt has purchaſed with his own moſt precious blood. On the other hand, all who miſpend the time of this life, and do not here in this world, learn the art to live in heaven by devotion, humility, and mortification, and ſelf government, and ſo are deſtitute of the divine nature or heavenly temper, when they die, being unprepared for heaven, they will be eternally ſhut out of it, and being of a ſenſual and diabolical diſpoſition, are forced to conſort everlaſtingly with miſerable ghoſts of their own deſcription.

Now this being the caſe, and the church being the ſchool which Chriſt has opened here on earth, in order

to train up souls for the eternal preferments, glorious honours, and blissful enjoyments of heaven, if you now diligently learn the lessons which Christ here teaches, if you daily make progress in the love of God, &c. you may certainly depend upon it, that if you prove faithful till death, he will give you the crown of life. And this is not trusting to your works as tho' they of themselves could do any thing, but it is a trusting to the bible; trusting to God's promise and oath; and whoever presumes to deny this, has no faith, for that saving faith is to believe God is a rewarder, &c. This being a plain case, you may easily see in what light you are to look upon your own righteousness, when thro' grace you mortify all lusts, and get the victory over all temptations, and find the love of God predominant in your hearts; when you find you have laid up your treasure in heaven, and stick at no pains to secure the prize of your high calling in Christ Jesus; you should then rejoice in the grace bestowed on you, and count yourselves infinitely more happy, than the most fortunate general this world ever saw. Thus did St. Paul: Our rejoicing is this, even the testimony of our consciences. You see his own sincerity, and conscientious conduct, was matter of great consolation to him. "If a man thinketh himself to be something, when he is nothing, he deceiveth himself." "But let every man prove his own work, and then shall he have rejoicing in himself alone." Tho' they who magnify themselves beyond their real worth, run into a hurtful error, yet when a man upon a thorough examination, finds his conduct right, he may then rejoice, and have great consolation in the retrospect of his past life. How did this great apostle rejoice, and triumph at the approach of death, upon the account of his past services, which he had rendered to Christ, yet was he no more perfectly righteous than

you or I?—I am ready to be offered up, and the time of my departure is at hand, I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith : Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day : and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing.



Callon
1879
E

Non ebur: neque aureum
Mea venidet in domo lacunar;
Non trabes hymethiae
Presunt columnas ultima recisas
Africa,
At fides et ingeni
Benigna vena est. pauper emque dives
Me petit: nihil supra
Deos laccesso; nec potentum amicum
Largiona flagito;
Satis beatus unicio sabinis

Horace Liber II,

Carmen xviii

My house can boast no beams,
with gold or ivory wrought,
nor marble from the extremes
of sultry africa brought
But faith and truth are here,
And learning, social, free,
Lifes shunless ill to charm,
And honor from the friends most dear,
Task no more, enough for me,
This one snug jersey farm.

R. Slim

Minutes of Session of
 South Carolina - In Oct 1821
 under act of a missionary
 organized a school of
 the late charge of the mission
 at St Augustine, Florida
 & continued till May 1823
 Perry - Hist ii 189, 209

The date of the session 1796
 & the written date 1799
 given hints for a date for
 publication

- In List of P & E clergy he is
- 1792 Recto Peterhill & Highlands Ny
 - 1795 " — Ch. Bedford Ny
 - 1799 " S Peter's Spotswood N.J.
 - 1801 " — Ch Middletown N.J.
 - 1804 " also of Xt Ch Shrewsbury N.J.
 - 1808 " "St Barthomew's" S.C.
 - 1811

 S.C.
 - 1814 Recto Ch on Edisto Is. S.C.
 - 1817 do
 - 1820 Missionary at Chatham &
parts adjacent S.C.

Journals of Conv. - 1

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