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THE  
**J U D G M E N T   D A Y :**

*A Sacred Poem.*

---

**BY R. T. GARLAND,**  
HARMONY-ROW, TAUNTON.

---

Sweet to the sight is the gay blushing rose,  
Sweet to the smell when bespangled with dew ;  
But sweeter's the balm that dispels earthly woes,  
Which balm is in Jesus, O sinner ! for you.

---

*FOURTEENTH EDITION.*

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## TO THE PUBLIC.



FROM the very rapid sale the former Editions of this little work hath obtained, the Author is induced to publish the Fourteenth; and he again assures the Public, that nothing can be more foreign to his thoughts, than an intention to offend any party that may differ from him on Religious Points; being aware, that to God alone we must all individually give account. Yet, on a subject so sacred, he would deem himself highly culpable, were he to write aught which might oppose the view, he trusts the Almighty has given him, of his most Holy Word. If this little book contain any thing that may prove useful to mankind, (plain and unadorned as it is,) the Author will derive no small pleasure from his labours; with this hope the Fourteenth Edition is respectfully offered to the attention of an enlightened Public, accompanied with most sincere thanks to those Ladies and Gentlemen, who have so liberally subscribed to it, by their

Most grateful,

Most humble, and obedient Servant,

THE AUTHOR.



THE  
**J U D G M E N T D A Y :**

**A Sacred Poem.**

---

SHALL mortal man, (the creature of an hour,)  
A moment of which hour he cannot claim;  
Assume t' himself the wisdom or the pow'r,  
T' unfold those workings of the vast Supreme,  
Which shall transpire as thunders shake the pole—  
As mountains melt, and boiling oceans roll?

This would indeed incur the frowns of heaven;  
None should on parts however rare presume:—  
To my dull muse, may needful light be giv'n!  
The still small voice e'en now this brain illumine;  
Thy aid, pure Spirit, I beseech impart,  
As I approach Thee, sanctify my heart.

Oh! Thou who needest not the praise of men,  
If I attempt thy wonders to declare,  
And aught that may offend shall pass my pen,  
Forgive a worm dependent on thy care.  
Thy word, oh Lord! shall be my constant guide,  
And anchor'd there, my bark of hope shall ride.



And now I feel on active fancy's wings,  
 At once transported to the world unknown;  
 And here my eyes behold tremendous things,  
 Those lights withdrawn, which had for ages shone;  
 From broken tombs, and yawning graves, are seen,  
 The Dead arise, a grand, a solemn scene.

How awful is yon elemental fight!  
 The Earth as drunken, on her axis reels,  
 Each fire charged cloud exhibits new-born light,  
 And as if frightened, into distance steals:  
 What dreadful crash is that? the bursting globe,  
 To ruin sinking in its flaming robe.

Another, and yet louder crash I hear,  
 Columns of burning matter mount on high;  
 Now towns and cities sink and disappear,  
 In smoking masses of destruction lie.  
 Oh! fearful conflict, nations downward fall,  
 As parts propelled from yonder blazing ball.

The vivid lightnings flash, loud thunders roll,  
 And spend their fury in the baseless void;  
 The once fair globe is like a burning scroll,  
 'Tis vanished—now 'tis finally destroyed—  
 The pause, how solemn! 'bove, beneath, around,  
 Deep silence reigns, there's not the smallest sound.

And instantly is formed a radiant zone,  
 More brilliant far than was the recent sun,  
 And resting on a cloud—a shining throne  
 Descends, with Christ, the King of Kings thereon:  
 Before his face a host of angels stand,  
 Attendant on their Sov'reign's command.

The Lord has spoken—trumpets sound aloud—  
 The messengers of God fly every where—  
 To judgment calling all; behold a crowd,  
 A countless crowd, to the white throne repair.  
 The first move forward as on beams of light,  
 The last seem clouded as by shades of night.

And those step forward with majestic grace,  
 These shrink to pigmies, such is their dismay;  
 Fearless the former take the right-hand space,  
 The latter fill the left, this awful day.  
 The misers who unfaithful stewards were,  
 Are wealthless—lost—have every thing to fear.

But who are those, that wearing crowns of gold,  
 Appear as judges at the great assize?  
 The twelve apostles, for it was foretold  
 That to this honor they were born to rise.  
 Ye bold contenders for the christian faith,  
 Ye've suffer'd much but triumph'd at your death.

And next is seen a glorious array  
 Of holy martyrs in the gospel cause;  
 Whose faces are transparent, and they say—  
 “Our bliss thou Lamb Divine, from thee we draw.”  
 Oh! what a consummation is seen here,  
 What hosts of saints and angels now appear!

The first of men above the elders stands,  
 With Abel near, th' accepted of the Lord;  
 Now Adam's soul with gratitude expands,  
 He finds his Maker faithful to his word;  
 For he was told the day he disobeyed,  
 The woman's seed should bruise the serpent's head.

The mother of mankind is present too,  
 Her pious daughters standing by her side,  
 The virgin, and those women, (not a few,)  
 Who waited on the Lord until he died:  
 An endless, countless number swell the rear,  
 Who all alike the love of Jesus share.

From Moses, down, too numerous to name,  
 Are gather'd here, before the mighty God,  
 Kings, priests, and ministers, whose constant aim  
 Was, sin to crush, souls to the church to add:  
 And there is Abraham, for on his vest,  
 Are seen the words "the man of faith is blest."

The promised child, delivered from the knife,  
 As he was on the very point to die;  
 And Jacob too, with Joseph of pure life,  
 Meet now the smiles of the bright Majesty;  
 The royal Psalmist will for ever sing,  
 Sweet songs of praise, t' Immanuel his king.

Around what doth appear a sea of glass—  
 Are found those infants, by king Herod slain,  
 One bearing in his hand a golden cross,  
 On which is written, "death to us is gain!"  
 An emblem borne of th' accursed tree,  
 On which the Saviour died at Calvary.

And close to these, in bright array, St. John—  
 Slain by the wiles of Herod's cruel queen,  
 With Stephen, who a noble triumph won,  
 Resplendent shine, for faithful they had been;  
 The hate of devils, and of men withstood,  
 Their lives and labours sealing with their blood.

But who is he that with such humble mien,  
 Doth seem to feel unworthy of his crown?  
 It is the soul to whom amidst the scene  
 Of crucifixion, mercy had been shewn;  
 Who penitent of heart, had humbly cried  
 To Christ for pardon, and was not denied.

Amongst the shining throng, upon the right,  
 Some potentates of earth are to be found;  
 E'en such as kept the Deity in sight;  
 To do His Will, consented to be crown'd.  
 The pious Hezekiah here we see,  
 Who to an idol never bent the knee.

Josiah too, whose zeal for God was great;  
 Who wisely from idolatry refrained;  
 Who brake the splendid temples: from its seat,  
 The idol hurled,—eternal life obtained;  
 This prince we likewise at the right behold,  
 His name is in the book of life enroll'd.

Beyond again, within a circle wide,  
 Some Jewish kings that after these had reign'd,  
 With sov'reigns of the gentile race beside,  
 In glory shine, their victory is gain'd:  
 Those in succession, to the end of time,  
 Uprightly sway'd the sceptre void of crime.

And farther distant from the eyes embrace,  
 (From Albiona, once distinguish'd isle),  
 Methinks some other characters I trace,  
 Beneath the sunshine of Immanuel's smile;  
 The noble Alfred, once Britannia's pride,  
 Appears to stand by pious Edward's side.

Th' unfortunate, though gentle Lady Gray,  
 In whom the graces had indeed combined,  
 To form all lovely; she in realms of day,  
 Doth rest no doubt, for virtue sway'd her mind;  
 'Twas not her own ambition sought a crown,  
 But Suffolk's pride, she did all claim disown.

Some other British monarchs yet there were,  
 Who walk'd with God, and all their lives were blest,  
 Who reign'd most happy, and whose constant care,  
 Was on the sov'reign grace of God to rest:  
 The Brunswick line as christians shone most bright,  
 May they live happy with the sons of light.

What lovely form is that which now draws near,  
 Whose airy step the gossamer might bear?  
 It moves like Charlotte, on whose mourning bier,  
 Fast fell the widows' and the orphans' tear;  
 For her, the tyrant death had not a sting,  
 And through his shades, to life she enter'd in.

Extended yet along th' ambrosial plain,  
 Are found some children of the sun and moon,  
 O'er whom, 'tis true, gross darkness held her reign,  
 The Gospel never was to them made known:  
 The Spirit pure, in his own way did save,  
 He saw the Savage kneel before the cave.

How excellent, oh Lord, are all thy ways!  
 No seraphim thy wonders can discover—  
 The saints can never chant thy equal praise,  
 Though notes ascend like swelling waves for ever:  
 Who sunk in sin and ruin'd by the fall,  
 Were sav'd in Christ, who gave his life for all.

The sable slave, who was to freedom born,  
 Yet 'neath the lash of polish'd monsters groan'd,  
 Who was from home, from wife and children torn—  
 And from the wilds he cheerfully had roam'd :  
 He never more before the whip will cry,  
 Nor shall the tear drop from his red-shot eye.

The Indian likewise, who no science knew,  
 But that of exercising well his bow,  
 E'en him, the Spirit did with love pursue,  
 On mountain top, or in the vale below ;  
 The fulness of God's grace is now display'd,  
 For kings and priests to him the saints are made.

If we retrace the miseries of time,  
 The silent grief too niggard of a tear ;  
 The fetter'd captive wasting from his prime,  
 Within the precincts of a prison drear ;  
 The persecution met of every kind,  
 Unclouded pleasure how could mortals find !

But were these all?—Oh no, they were but streams,  
 Compared with floods of wretchedness untold,  
 The sword could witness, famine, and the flames,  
 Had they but speech, what men endur'd of old :  
 But here the saints to praise the Lord engage,  
 No further warfare with the world they wage.

How inconceivable to human thought,  
 Though wing'd by wisdom, and by learning plum'd,  
 Have been the things, the great Eloï wrought,  
 For his own glory, and for sinners doom'd,  
 The angels wonder, and the saints adore,  
 The Lamb that died, yet lives for evermore.



Oh thou who wast, who art, thou great first cause,  
 The boundaries of space, where hast thou laid?  
 The eye in seeking, where could it find pause,  
 Arrested in the search by e'en its shade?  
 Thine eye omniscient, Thine, Oh Lord, alone,  
 Can tell—to us 'tis secret and unknown.

For where's the spot thy glance cannot explore!  
 The universe is open to its rays;  
 The darkest cloud it pierces, round and o'er  
 The trackless void, the luminary plays,  
 Though space were ocean, and without a bound,  
 Yet comprehensive unto God 'twere found,

And surely now the wonder-pregnant mind,  
 To thought gives birth of matters, so sublime,  
 That highest angel never yet could find  
 From wisdom's clue, an unentangled line  
 To reach the mystic climax; where conceal'd,  
 Remains what God wills not to be reveal'd.

The earth's philosophers, how did they strain  
 Their splendid talents, thinking t'analyze  
 The spirit's union with the human frame!  
 But none were ever found to be so wise—  
 The grand arcanum lay within a cloud,  
 And was to mortal vision ne'er allowed.

Ye bright intelligences can ye tell,  
 The origin of sin, from whence it sprung?  
 By which the Anarch from his glory fell,  
 With raging pride and disappointment stung.  
 Methinks from even you the fount's conceal'd,  
 Although its stream the peace of Heaven assail'd.

But though Omnipotence should draw the veil,  
 That hides his secrets e'en from seraph's ken;  
 To saints, to angels, what would that avail?  
 'Tis God we see, and could but see him then:  
 Enough is known to make Him e'er rever'd,  
 In all His works, His wonders are declar'd,

The foolish sceptic sees, but sees too late,  
 The stumbling block o'er which he blindly fell,  
 By spending all his life in mad debate,  
 Opposing the belief of heav'n and hell,  
 Unhappy soul! against all nature's voice,  
 Of infidelity he made a choice.

'Ere first the earth gave incense to the skies,  
 Of morning—mid-day—or of ev'ning song;  
 'Ere sun above the glassy waves did rise,  
 Or planets 'ere they roll'd, vibrating hung;  
 Th' Almighty shap'd (in thought) the lasting frame,  
 On which He built Himself a glorious name.

The Lord—He is eternal!—what a theme  
 Is this! beginning he hath not—nor end!—  
 His mighty power ever was the same:—  
 Oh then, all praise doth He not far transcend?  
 He is the great, the ever circling wheel,  
 Whose wondrous action universe doth fill.

How blind the infidel, who did oppose  
 Th' omnipotence of God seen in a leaf!  
 From chance how could he think those works arose,  
 Which shone so bright? what wretched disbelief!  
 The compound movement of the earth around  
 The sun, should infidelity confound.



All, all th' elect are with one spirit mov'd,  
 For ev'ry eye is fix'd on Christ alone;  
 Is fix'd on Him, by whom we stand approv'd,  
 As those He loves, for whom He did atone;  
 Nor pride, nor envy, can disturb their joy,  
 Jehovah's praise will hence their time employ.

Fresh streams of light strike on the ravish'd view,  
 Now Christ more fully hath disclos'd his face;  
 The veil, which He (till now) before him drew,  
 Is laid aside, the saints in transport gaze;  
 The golden harps are struck, and angels sing  
 Eternal praise, and glory to the king.

The highest notion man had formed of bliss,  
 'Ere his unfetter'd soul had taken flight,  
 Must have been short; yes, very short of this;  
 Short of such great—such infinite delight.  
 The music stops, a rainbow doth enclose  
 The sons of light, from their malignant foes.

The Saviour of man, with voice more sweet,  
 Than e'er before had charm'd e'en angels ears,  
 His purchas'd sons and daughters thus doth greet,  
 And ev'ry soul the salutation bears:  
 "Ye ransom'd welcome, welcome, welcome home—  
 Now is the fulness of salvation come."

"When I was hungry ye that gave me meat,  
 Nor thirst nor hunger shall ye ever feel;  
 Thrice happy souls, in me ye are complete,  
 For on your foreheads I have plac'd My seal;"  
 "Oh Lord" these say "could this have been the case,  
 Didst thou need help of us who were so base?"

“ The wretched poor who wanted to be fed,  
 Your pity met, in vain they did not pray,  
 Ye them denied not, when they asked for bread,  
 They went not empty from your doors away;  
 Your hearts were tender, and ye did believe  
 My holy word, and by that word ye live.”

“ My servants too, by whom I have been clad  
 When I was bare, are from th’ accuser clear;  
 Rejoice My friends, and be exceeding glad;  
 Your souls have ever been to me most dear.”  
 These, to the Saviour humbly make reply:  
 “ Thou clad by us! oh when thou Lord most high?”

“ ’Twas when your brethren came before the door,  
 Distress’d with wet and cold, ye thought of Me;  
 Thought of the friend of the believing poor,  
 And freely did confer your charity.  
 Since faithful o’er a little, ye henceforth,  
 Shall have your treasure in My heav’nly court.”

“ I have been sick, I’ve also been confin’d,  
 Ye did not then to sympathise disdain,  
 Oft came to see me, and were good and kind,  
 Your gentle words gave solace to My pain.”  
 The righteous answer, “ When Oh Lord did we,  
 In all our lives, once minister to thee?”

“ When from those gifts My bounty did bestow,  
 Ye gave a portion to My famish’d sheep?  
 Then was I near, My eyes went to and fro,  
 And saw My lambs, when waking or asleep:  
 Fear not, ye knew that I had pow’r to save,  
 In me ye trusted, and your lives ye have.

“ I am the first and last, and have no end,  
 I hold in my right hand the seven stars,  
 I'm your Redeemer, and unchanging friend,  
 Who triumph'd over death, and broke its bars—  
 Fear not I say, in Me ye are secure  
 E'en now, and whilst the heavens shall endure.”

“ Ere yet the world's creation I began,  
 'Ere shining planets in their orbits roll'd,  
 My love was set upon My creature man;  
 The very hairs upon his head were told;  
 Mine eye omniscient, saw his future fate,  
 That he would fall from his primeval state.”

“ I saw the force of hell would him assail,  
 But yet I knew wherein his strength must be,  
 That My rich blood could cleanse, and would avail,  
 To make atonement for, and set him free:  
 The lion would have seiz'd upon My fold,  
 And to secure them, My own life I sold.”

“ Belov'd, 'tis plainly in my word declared,  
 That in me dwells the Godhead bodily—  
 Most true it is, but yet all glory's shared,  
 Between the persons of th' eternal Three;  
 At all times, equal honour we receiv'd  
 A truth that worldly wisdom disbeliev'd.”

“ For vain philosophers despis'd that bread,  
 Sent down in mercy from the realms above,  
 These liv'd indeed in body, but now dead,  
 Their souls are lost to my redeeming love;  
 They own'd a God, but to their misery,  
 They own'd him not in triune mystery.”

“ I called unto them; but they answered not,  
 Nor would they suffer that I o'er them reign'd,  
 My miracles they willingly forgot,  
 To disbelief and error always lean'd;  
 But ye my ransom'd, join th' angelic host,  
 To praise the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

The Saviour spake—and now celestial tongues,  
 In number more than angels could recount,  
 Enrich blue ether with enchanting songs;  
 The praises of the Three, is the amount:  
 The cherubims and seraphs strike their lyres,  
 And bliss unfelt before, each soul inspires.

And I, oh wonderful redeeming love!  
 E'en I, whom satan did so oft deceive,  
 Am now deliver'd, for in vain he strove  
 Of bliss to rob me, and my soul enslave;  
 For worthless as I've been, yet all is well,  
 Secure I am, from all the powers of hell

Another solemn and portentous pause!—  
 Before the throne is plac'd a pond'rous book;  
 The book of truth that each beholder awes,  
 That has not of the love of God partook;  
 The Son of God, whose eyes are like the fire,  
 Has chang'd his smiling face, to that of ire.

A strong and mighty angel now proclaims,  
 “ Ye saints appointed judges, take your seats;  
 The twelve, it seems, He to this honor names.—  
 The doom of sinners now approximates—  
 Thick clouds are seen collecting to the left,  
 Above the heads of those of hope bereft.

In fury God now stretches forth His arm,—  
 He holds in His right hand His two-edg'd sword—  
 He speaks—behold a new created storm,  
 Its birth receives from his all potent word;  
 Tremendous thunders far and near do clash;  
 Into th' expanse, the fiercest lightnings dash.

And now the furies waiting for their prey,  
 Flit through the tempest, marking out their own,  
 The souls they had seduced; whilst dire dismay,  
 Causes the cursed to make horrid moan;  
 They call the mountains, but they are no more,  
 The sea to cover them with wailings sore.

Oh horrid shrieks? e'en places most remote,  
 Where voice, 'till now had never found a way,  
 Receive the frightful sounds; they well denote,  
 The dread of those who did not Christ obey;  
 Yes, parts where silence once held solemn sway,  
 Are now disturb'd with echoes of dismay.

The voice of God!—'tis like the ocean's roar,  
 Or chariot's rushing on the warring foe.—  
 The weak idolaters, that heretofore  
 The prophets slew, and would not Him adore,  
 He now commands to come before His throne,  
 That their abominations may be shewn.

An angel shews them by a single glance,  
 Within the open book each wicked deed;  
 They stand quite silent having no defence,  
 Nor further evidence the jury need;  
 And these are the Apostles, who give in  
 The verdict, death—the punishment of sin.

The next delinquents that approach the bar,  
 Are self-destroyers, and they all stand mute;  
 For like the last they self-convicted are,  
 And to God's fiat can make no dispute;  
 They're asked, how they could dare to rush uncall'd  
 Before their Maker?—they retreat appall'd!

Now these give place to cruel parricides,  
 Who drew from parent's hearts the crimson flood;  
 Their case, the Judge without delay decides,  
 For on their hands are seen the stains of blood;  
 What horrid aspect all of these betray!  
 The fiends that guard them, worse cannot display.

The shameless characters that were unclean,  
 Th' abhorrence of the chaste of either sex;  
 Who did from day to day themselves demean  
 In such a way as righteous men to vex;  
 These see their condemnation, and retire,  
 From him whose face is like a flame of fire.

A greater number than appeared before,  
 And blacker too, are now before the Judge;  
 In vain their folly they with tears deplore,  
 The Lamb will not their punishment abridge;  
 T' oppose the truth these rebels made their care,  
 They see their doom, and murmuring disappear.

They're gone, and now move forward the profane,  
 A swearing, drinking, sabbath breaking race;  
 With liars, and the crew that did blaspheme  
 Against the Lord: those likewise lost to grace,  
 Are doom'd to have their portion in the lake,  
 With all that would not timely warning take.



The hypocrites come next, a num'rous train,  
 Who join'd the saints and to their temples went;  
 But who like tares mix'd with the golden grain,  
 Produced no fruit, with human smiles content;  
 They sought not God, and by the Lamb they're told,  
 Their names are with the reprobates enroll'd.

They make reply, "The fiends did us obey,  
 We cast them out without reward or fee,  
 Thy worship we attended, oft did pray,  
 And with professors did in love agree;  
 And what, O Lord, could sons of earth do more?  
 But if we've fail'd, thy mercy we implore."

The Mighty Counsellor presents the page,  
 Wherein, their works and secret thoughts are writ,  
 By which they see, that their religious rage  
 Had for its motive, worldly benefit;  
 And as to boasted love for one and th' other,  
 The poor was slighted for the wealthy brother.

Again they're told, the puritanic cloak,  
 Which hid their vices from each other's view,  
 Did persecution of the church provoke  
 In th' infidel who nought of Jesus knew;  
 Thus white-rob'd truth, far deeper wounds receiv'd  
 From them, than from the world who disbeliev'd.

"Mark," said the disbeliever—"what pretence  
 These make to goodness, merely to deceive,  
 Can that be good, which hath such consequence?  
 Whilst seeing this who can indeed believe?  
 The signal's given, that they should depart;  
 Now rage and pride, seem from their eyes to dart.

The last, are those, who to the world seem'd fair  
 And on some fav'rite tenet fix'd their hope;  
 Supported always by some preacher rare;  
 John Calvin, Luther, Wesley, or the Pope.—  
 This might have done, if haply they had seen,  
 That faith and works, should have united been.

The Saviour tells them, they are wanting found,  
 That faith avail'd not, where soft pity fail'd;  
 Nor did those works avail, by faith not crown'd,  
 Thus neither, meek-ey'd charity had hail'd:  
 The one, on faith depending, works despis'd;  
 The other, worldly praise alone had priz'd.

The great accuser fearing that e'en now,  
 A spark of mercy should be shewn to these,  
 Presents himself with an audacious brow,  
 Exulting as the trembling host he sees;  
 " I claim the whole of them," he says, " I'll prove  
 That 'twas my service they did always love."

Th' accusing spirit flies!—a single look  
 From Jesus Christ, has frightened him away—  
 No proof of his is wanting, in the book  
 Is written all he could against them lay;  
 'Tis therefore shewn them, and without redress,  
 They are excluded from eternal bliss.

Amaz'd, distress'd, they ask, " have we no friend?—  
 Where now the ministers we idolized?  
 If they misled us, will they not defend,  
 The doctrine they had always so much priz'd?  
 Shall we be doom'd to sink to endless night,  
 For holding what the preachers said was right?"



“ When I was naked,” saith the Lord, “ no clothes  
Ye offer’d Me; when thirsty, nought to drink;  
Nay, did ye not the door against Me close,  
With keenest mis’ry suff’ring Me to sink?  
In prison, sick, when pity was My due,  
Ye shew’d Me none, and none I’ll shew to you.”

They say, “ we found it written in Thy word,  
That Thou dost gather where Thou hast not straw’d—  
Alas! we find it true, if we’ve incurr’d  
Thine anger thus!—we saw Thee not oh Lord!  
Since this is so, oh! how could we discharge  
Those duties, upon which thou dost enlarge?”

“ Ye saw Me oft, and oft ye turn’d away,  
For this ye did whene’er the pious poor  
With tearful eyes, did for assistance pray,  
And were refused, though ye had wealth in store:  
’Tis thus your want of love has clos’d the door  
Of heav’n, and not the party name ye bore.”

“ There is no mark by which My sheep I own,  
But christian;—yet I have amongst my fold,  
Of ev’ry sect a number, that had flown  
To me for safety; these secure I hold:  
Depart ye wicked, and your doom is meet,  
To regions, where with pain you’ll gnash your teeth.”

Oh horrid sight, the fiery pit’s disclos’d!—  
Its smoke, its flame, its locusts issue forth!  
Oh wretched outcasts! ye are now opposed  
By all the furies of hell’s frightful court!—  
What dreadful howlings!—devils seize their prey!  
A scene like this, no mortal could portray!

They fly before the foe! but fly in vain!—  
 The fiends, like blood-hounds seldom at a fault,  
 Miss not the scent!—hark! now, oh! now again,  
 Most fearful screaming rends th' ethereal vault!—  
 Oh pain unspeakable! to call it woe,  
 Depicts but ill the sinners' overthrow.

They oft were told that sin would lead to this!—  
 They plunge into the gulph of fell despair!  
 Methinks I hear the flames of tophet hiss!—  
 And must they everlasting torments bear?  
 A never ceasing flame to be their bed;  
 The rage of fiends descending on each head.

Oh! yet, e'en yet, is heard their dismal cry,  
 As by the devils they are downward borne;  
 We hear them still, and also can descry  
 How by th' avenging enemy they're torn!  
 What frightful clap is that? th' infernal gate  
 Clos'd on the victims of th' Almighty's hate.

A fatal issue to a life misspent!  
 What strange anomaly, that e'er the mind  
 Of man had been at any time so bent  
 On sin, as to his danger to be blind!  
 Yet such was I; oh Jesus 'tis to thee  
 Is due the praise, that I from death am free.

The clouds are gone—with hell's pestiferous air,  
 And peace, and joy, and heav'nly calm remain;  
 Again, again strike up th' angelic choir!  
 In one melodious, full, transcendant strain—  
 "The triune God, the everlasting Lord  
 Is now, and will be evermore ador'd."

“ Belov’d, saith Christ, “ your victory is gain’d,  
Th’ accuser of the brethren is cast down;  
Your earthly foes are also with him chain’d:  
Now each of you shall wear an heav’nly crown.  
My ransom’d sons and daughters, we’ll ascend  
To th’ heav’n of heav’ns, a world without an end.”

Oh gracious words my soul fresh rapture feels!  
Delight encreases as I upward mount!  
’Tis sprinkling blood that my salvation seals,  
All my own works would turn to no account.  
’Tis finish’d—death and hell no more can fright,  
I rise! I rise! to infinite delight.

ON

**PROVIDENCE.**

Man contrasted with the Ant.

OH! that my muse were even now inspir'd,  
With brighter genius to direct my pen,  
On subjects, in themselves sublime, the works  
And dispensations of the Deity.  
Most bountiful He is to thankless man,  
Who like the swine beneath an acorn tree,  
(Which feed on falling fruit, but ne'er enquire  
From whence it comes,) the gifts of heav'n receives,  
Forgetful of the source from whence they spring;  
Nor doth he praise bestow.  
And how can we with apathy behold  
The smiling season of rich fruit and flowers?  
What ingrate feelings t'ward that God, who is  
The fount of mercies endless.  
In summer, how delightful and serene  
Is nature's face, whilst now the waving corn  
Invites the sickle, whilst the spreading vine  
Presents its smiling clusters, and the plum,  
And ruddy cherry too, in lux'ry hang;  
Pomona likewise, with a lib'ral hand,  
Displays her infant blossoms; Flora now  
Decks all around with variegated charms;



The earth enliven'd by sol's genial beams,  
 Produces gifts spontaneous, and the care  
 Of him who tills the soil, is now repaid.  
 The grateful scent of odorif'rous sweets,  
 Borne on the pinions of the gentle breeze,  
 Delights the sense; the tenants of the air  
 Sing through the grove their little songs of praise;  
 Enchanting notes! which are well understood  
 By Him who gave them life, as offerings  
 Of gratitude instinctive!

Now fancy leads me to the crystal fount,  
 By green moss mantled, lying half conceal'd  
 By the umbrageous foliage of the trees.  
 Here on a rustic bench methinks I sit,  
 And view the rippling stream, as passing on  
 Slowly and devious through the distant meads,  
 Which now are clad in livery of green;  
 Where th' harmless oxen, and the fleecy tribe,  
 With gentle lambs, together feed in peace;  
 And undisturb'd tranquillity.

Oh! what a time, and place, for meditation!  
 Uninterrupted silence reigns around,  
 Save by the feather'd race: Now nature's page,  
 Before me lies, in rich profusion deck'd;  
 Here, its enchanting beauties I may scan,  
 And contemplate the works of providence.—  
 Here too, detach'd from all the haunts of men;—  
 Detach'd from worldly objects, (vain at best,)  
 A thinking mind may drink in purest bliss:  
 And fill'd with admiration, wing its thoughts  
 Towards the heav'n of heavens.—Oh how sweet,  
 T' anticipate those joys that must await

The faithful few,—the servants of the Lord.  
 And are there those who bear the human form,  
 Who to creation's beauties can be blind?  
 'Tis certain, such are greatly in arrear  
 To common sense, and reason seems bestow'd  
 On them in vain.  
 Oh thou, who passest each succeeding night  
 In foul debauch, thus breaking nature's chain  
 By gross intemp'rance, during sunshine hours  
 In th' arms of sleep fast lock'd, (for it is then  
 Thy languid frame takes its disturb'd repose,)  
 How doth the ant reproach thy mad career!  
 Oh sad delusion! nights of giddy joys  
 Are follow'd by vexation and remorse.  
 Thy health's impair'd, and thou art but a slave,  
 And to the worst of masters, e'en thy vice:  
 We must repeat, the ant reproaches thee,—  
 Condemns thy folly.  
 That insect, didst thou ne'er behold at work,  
 Discharging duties to the common weal?  
 How very willingly, her feeble powers,  
 T' accomplish these, she actively employs!  
 Nor do her slender limbs fatigue betray;  
 For well she knows, her labour's not in vain;—  
 That diligence secures her 'gainst those wants,  
 The sure concomitants of indolence.  
 The little ants, their winter's store provide,  
 Whilst yet 'tis harvest; and within their cells,  
 The curious eye may see how well indeed  
 They are prepar'd to meet th' approach of cold;  
 When nature's face with frost is crusted o'er,  
 Or when the tempest rends the knotty oak.

In little crannies undisturb'd they lie,  
 Nor dread the rainy day, nor the loud storm,  
 Industry hath supplied their ev'ry need,  
 And dangerless they sleep.

In eloquence of action (not of speech  
 For words, a gift bestow'd on man alone,  
 Belong not unto them) to man they say,  
 Behold and learn of us to 'scape from want;  
 Thou should'st not with dame indolence shake hands,  
 Nor waste thy time upon the bed of sloth,  
 Fly, fly those enemies which have allur'd  
 Too many to destruction.

With pure unmingled pleasure, oft I've seen  
 Those little insects join'd in friendship's ties,  
 (For insects seem to think, and friendship feel,)  
 Convey the body of a fly or worm  
 To their abode; whilst yet a great way off,  
 And after crossing many heaps of earth,  
 To them appearing high and lofty hills;  
 And passing through innumerable lanes,  
 Wherein their labour, had been oft disturb'd,  
 By slender fibres of the wither'd grass,  
 Lying athwart the way they had to go;  
 They are at length descried, as drawing near  
 Their home, by some of their community,  
 Who yield their friendly aid, and straight conduct  
 The acquisition to the common store.  
 Now man, who is of animals the chief,  
 With splendid talents gifted as he is;  
 He too, who boasts of sciences and arts,  
 And thinks himself to be immaculate:  
 Can he, (the parts of each when duly weigh'd,)



Maintain the post of honor 'gainst the ant?  
 Does he, an intellectual being, act  
 With equal foresight, to his future gain?  
 'Tis feared he fails to oft; the bubble fame,  
 The pleasures and the riches of the world,  
 Do (like those streams that in one point unite,  
 And force their way, each bulwark breaking down,)  
 Destroy fair virtue's barriers; and waste,  
 Her tender blossoms leave, before the foe;  
 And thus is man to moral beauty lost,—  
 Lost in the shades of folly.  
 'Tis true, that he the heavens can explore,  
 The distance measure 'twixt the shining stars;  
 That o'er the trackless ocean he can find  
 His way, by means of chart and mid-day sun;  
 'Tis true, that his conceptions soar so high,  
 That like a God he seems; yet after all,  
 If he forget those gifts come from above,  
 If virtue he despise, and heav'nly grace,  
 The duties of religion doth contemn,  
 What will such knowledge profit at the last,  
 When soul and body are to disunite?  
 Will it give peace to the distracted mind,  
 By retrospect of ~~mind~~ <sup>time</sup> so badly spent?  
 'Tis vain to think so; or on aught to build  
 But on the Righteousness of Christ alone:  
 And he that hath not rested there his hope,  
 'Twere better for him not to have been born;  
 Or dying, into nothingness have fall'n,  
 The judgment to escape.  
 Throughout all nature, God establish'd laws  
 To regulate the works of His own hands;



Obedient to them, do we not behold  
 The sun and moon perform their daily round?  
 Obedient to them, heaven's vault we see  
 With endless hosts of shining brilliants deck'd;  
 Those are the stars; the planets too, revolve  
 Around their orbits, and each night set forth,  
 In mute, but solemn pomp, their Maker's praise.  
 In all creation, there is none but man,  
 The course forsakes, plann'd out by the Supreme;  
 'Tis he that deviates, an ingrate he,  
 Allied with Satan, warring 'gainst the Lord:  
 A dreadful catalogue of crying sins,  
 On record stand, against the sons of men:  
 A worshipping of idols, wood and stone;  
 The blood of innocence, unjustly shed;  
 Uncleaness, drunkenness, and suicide;  
 The pride of life, and avarice of gain;  
 Forgetfulness of God, and of His laws,  
 With other crimes too numerous to name.  
 By nature, then, how wretched is our state,  
 Sunk deep in sin; for this the Saviour died,  
 That we in him might live.  
 'Tis certain, all things the Almighty made,—  
 Were to some end created; nought comes forth,  
 That doth not as it were address us thus,  
 "In Me thou may'st perceive omnipotence,  
 A hand divine."  
 Let us emerge then from our low estate,  
 And act more worthy of our high descent;  
 For we are sons of God, and heirs with Christ.  
 The soul in Jesus is indeed secure;  
 For He's eternal, and hath power to save;

Messiah reigns, and we must trust in Him,  
 And in his Word believe.  
 And now eternity in mystics clad,  
 Impresses on the mind most solemn thought,  
 The robe which Deity around it throws,  
 Impervious to ev'ry soul remains.  
 Of these on earth, or those above the stars,  
 None yet possess'd that telescopic eye,  
 By which to take a glance beyond the cloud,  
 Where God thinks fit to shroud himself from view;  
 Beginning He had not, all things declare;  
 For were it so, a source must then be found  
 From which He sprung, and whither would this lead?  
 T' imaginations endless.  
 And could we come the nearer what was sought?  
 No, surely not! and if we this allow,  
 'Tis plain eternity belongs to Him,  
 The great Jehovah, whom the saints adore:  
 The Father, Son, and Spirit, three in one;  
 To whom be endless and unbounded praise.—  
 Oh, pause my soul, consider what thou art!  
 A part of God, for thou art uncreate!  
 A tenant of the earth but for a time;  
 'Tis not thy resting place, and thou must soar  
 To heav'n at length, or sink to endless woe;  
 For this the word declares; be on thy guard,  
 Thy voyage may seem fair, but hid beneath  
 The waters of the sea, though smooth to sight,  
 The treach'rous breakers often times are found,  
 And fatal to the unwary seamen prove.  
 E'en so, life's voyager may spread his sails,  
 And steer with joy before a pleasant gale;

Delighted he proceeds upon his course,  
 Of danger fearless, for the wind blows fair;  
 And yet foul breezes from that frightful shore,  
 To man unknown; unseen by mortal eye;—  
 Where pestilential vapours constant rise,  
 Where storm and tempest never cease to rage,  
 May get to windward of the bark so frail,  
 Which bears the precious never dying soul;  
 And should this be, the pilot then in vain  
 (Beclouded reason) strives her course to guide;  
 She makes lee-way—and down the stream she goes,  
 The stream of dissipation;—till at length,  
 She strikes the rock lay hid in shoals of sense:  
 The bark is shatter'd, and the freight is lost.—  
 Thus death's dark pit receives the destin'd prey;  
 But yet oblivion is to her denied;  
 Eternity of pain she must endure;  
 A victim to despair.—  
 Oh Thou, who hadst thy garments richly stain'd  
 With purple streams, of ransom'd souls the price,  
 In traversing the ocean of this world;  
 We do beseech Thine aid,—our Pilot be,  
 In safety then we're certain to arrive,  
 Where danger cannot reach.  
 Oh! save us Lord, from that insatiate foe,  
 The roaring lion, which doth ever roam  
 In search of prey, but seeks no other food  
 Than souls of men, and doth too oft succeed.  
 No longer let us wear the slavish chain  
 Impos'd on us by satan; but to Thee,  
 Be all our homage paid; for thou art He  
 Who died for us, yet triumph'd over death,



And livest now on high.  
 And, oh that men were wise, and sought for grace,  
 To guide their footsteps in the path of truth!  
 The temple seek, where meek-ey'd virtue dwells,  
 And walk with God in holiness of life!  
 Then would our lives be happy, and our end,  
 Become an entrance to eternal bliss;  
 Where dwells the Lamb Divine.—  
 Alas! when pleasure stretches forth his hand,  
 And doth invite us to partake his joys;  
 Too readily we join the senseless throng,  
 Nor dream of danger, till our virtue's lost.  
 That gift of heaven (wealth) too oft bestow'd,  
 On the unworthy, frequently becomes  
 A pillar to the edifice of vice;  
 A golden key, that opes the entrance door  
 To dissipation's temple; and how lost  
 To morals and religion, is the man,  
 Who rashly enters and makes revel there!  
 The god, before whose gaudy shrine he bows,  
 At his destruction smiles.  
 Yet 'tis not all, whose happy fate it is,  
 On lady fortune's golden wings to soar,  
 That ingrates prove; for there are some indeed,  
 Who quit their splendid halls at stated times,  
 To seek the hamlets of the wretched poor,  
 With purse-strings drawn, the needful aid to give,  
 Those things t' obtain, which nature doth require.  
 Too feeble is the muse to speak your praise,  
 Ye nobles of creation; but go on,  
 A heav'nly crown to gain.  
 Oh! did the miser know the bliss enjoy'd,

By those affording salves to mis'ry's wounds;  
 To purchase such delight, he would afford  
 A portion of his wealth, a blessing then  
 Would sure attend him, and he, day by day,  
 Would haply steer unto that peaceful shore,  
 On which the weary find eternal rest,  
 And reap the harvest of their former cares.  
 This would be wisdom in him, yet 'tis seen,  
 That many spend their money and their time,  
 In folly's vortex, nor regard the wants  
 Of their afflicted brethren.  
 Unworthy this, of him who hath control  
 O'er all that doth exist on this fair globe;  
 The savage beasts of prey, that nightly roam  
 The desert, howling, yield unto his sway;  
 Yes, e'en the lion, monarch of the plain,  
 Unless by hunger press'd, will not presume  
 To risk a conflict, but will take to flight,  
 When godlike Man appears; but how is this?  
 Because the latter hath superior strength?  
 Not so, for where is found the single arm  
 By art unaided, such a foe can stand?  
 The reason is most clear, creation's lord,  
 The human face, an object made of fear,  
 To ev'ry creature living, wild or tame;  
 It was decreed that man should o'er them reign;  
 And to the despot they obedience pay.  
 If the Almighty thus befriend mankind,  
 Investing them with dignity and pow'r,  
 The brute creation to subdue and rule;  
 Providing for their wants, and what is more,  
 Their fragile frames (endanger'd ev'ry hour)

From ill defend'g; surely they are bound,  
 His goodness to admit, and to adore  
 His sov'reign grace. Yet 'tis a fatal truth,  
 That God we disobey, and by our deeds,  
 Too plainly disavow, that He hath claim  
 To gratitude or love. The spaniel knows  
 His master's voice; the ox has got the crib;  
 But Christ is not acknowledged by His own,  
 Or his commands to us would give delight;  
 And we in all things should obedient prove,  
 And peace on earth would dwell.  
 Philosophy may boast its vain research,  
 Its fancy's flight, and muddy water draw  
 From streams impure; the fleeting time may waste,  
 In building cisterns which no water hold;  
 In other words, the record may deny,  
 Which God the Father gave of his dear Son:  
 But the refreshing well of life be mine,  
 Whose sacred drop, although my sins be deep  
 As crimson dyed, will make them white as snow:  
 Of this I'd drink, and with it cleanse my soul.  
 If any ask where this pure well is found,  
 The Scripture saith, it flows from Jesu's side,  
 And flows from thence alone.









