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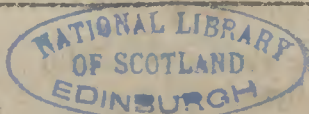
O F T H E

Rev. Mr. THOMAS MONTEITH:
Late Minister of the GOSPEL in DUNSE,
who departed this life the 22d of May,
1787.----With a Poem on his last Sermon:

Matth. xxii. 42.

What think ye of Christ? -

By D A V I D L O V E .



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Rev. THOMAS MONTEITH.

Rev. xiv. 13. *Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, from henceforth. yea. saith the Spirit; that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them.*

JUSTLY Lamented is the death,
Of that good man Thomas Monteith:
Great loss it is unto his flock,
Yet they must yield unto the stock.

He's been their Pastor fifteen years,
But now left them to mourn in tears:
Death suddenly snatch'd him away,
And left him lifeless as the clay.

Amongst his flock there hangs a gloom,
Till they get one to fill his room:
Let all their pray'rs to God ascend,
That he may a good Pastor send.

The loss is great which they sustain,
Yet it's to him the greatest gain:
But since it is the will of God,
Submit they must unto his rod.

Two pretty girls he's left behind,
 In grief; and doth small comfort find;
 Their father's gone, and motherless,
 So that they are in great distress.

To such there is a promise sure,
 Left on record, and will procure;
 Great comfort in the afflictive rod,
 I'll be your father and your God.

His doctrine was both pure and sound
 And did with gospel truths abound:
 The word he rightly did divide,
 And by it still he did abide.

He preached Jesus Christ the Lord,
 As it is in his holy word:
 Yea, Jesus and him crucify'd,
 Were most the subjects which he ey'd

The texts most suitable he chose,
 And did distinguish friends from foes,
 Yea, he set forth in every case;
 The counterfits, from babes of grace.

Sometimes he thundred Moses law,
 To make proud rebels stand in awe;
 And then he show'd the gospel grace,
 That shineth bright in Jesus face.

He open'd that quick and powerful word,
 Sharper than any two edg'd sword;
 'Tween joints and marrow doth divide,
 From which no secret we can hide.

By many arguments most fit,
 He always strove the mark to hit;
 The bow he still drew at a venture,
 That piercing arrows in might enter.

His Master's work lay near his heart,
 He spoke the truth in every part,
 Nor did he fear the face of man,
 Speaking to conscience was his plan.

An able Minister we say,
 Of the New Test'ment in his day ;
 He shunned not for to declare,
 The Lord's whole counsel every where.

A noble champion for the cause,
 Of Christ, and his most holy laws,
 Earnest contending for the faith,
 Deliver'd to the saints, till death.

He proved Christ's divinity,
 To be the same with God's most high,
 Against the Arians did exclaim :
 For their abuse of Jesus name.

On all the seasons he did treat,
 On drought, and rains, on cold, and heat ;
 A strick observer of the times,
 A sharp rebuker of bad crimes.

His Master's presence oft he had,
 Which made his countenance right glad ;
 He spoke with such an air and grace,
 That it appeared in his face.

Much did he speak of God's great love,
 Which from the Scriptures he did prove ;
 And also of the loving Lamb,
 Who to save sinners freely came.

He made appeal unto his God,
 That he was clear of all their blood ;
 And to them he did testify,
 Their blood upon their heads would lie.

Agreeable also was his walk,
Sweet conversation in his talk;
Ministerial like in all his ways,
Few him excelled in our days.

He did not rail, but mildly spoke,
For he had on his Saviour's yoke;
Was of a meek and lowly mind,
He charitable was and kind.

His character could not be blam'd,
Of his Lord's cross, was not asham'd;
For he did glory in that cross,
All things besides he counted loss.

Like holy Paul, finish'd his days
To God, and to his Saviour's praise.
Fought the good fight, and kept the faith,
Until he did resign his breath.

Henceforth a crown of righteousness
He has receiv'd, through sovereign grace,
Which God the righteous judge doth give,
To him, and all that godly live.

Thus did he live, thus did he die,
(A life of faith and sanctity;)
His actions prov'd this to be true,
That God had formed him anew.

When being made anew in Christ,
Thrice happy now he is and blest;
God and the Lamb he doth adore;
This is his work for evermore;

Through all eternity his theme,
Shall be to praise his Saviour's name:
Yea, praising with the heav'nly host,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

An exhortation to all in general, and his flock in particular, to imitate his example, and to follow his steps, from 1 Cor. xi. 1. "Be ye followers of me, even as I also am of Christ."

Follow his steps dejected flock,
As he did follow Christ his rock;
From God, nor duty, never cease,
And always live in love and peace.

Be followers of him in faith,
Keep always in that holy path;
God is will pleas'd when you're therein,
For what is not of faith is sin.

Be followers of him in hope,
You'll not fall leaning on this prop
It is an anchor firm and sure,
When heavy it will you allure.

Be followers of him in love,
This goes with saints to heav'n above,
When faith and hope will ended be,
Love lasts through all eternity.

Follow his steps most chearfully,
In meekness, and humility;
For humble souls God high will raise,
But proud and lofty doth abase.

In good works follow him also,
And mercy to the needy show;
This God requires of Adam's race,
Justice to do in every place.

Him follow perseveringly,
Strive, run, and fight, wrestle, and cry;
Watch, and be strong, from evil flee,
Then at the end you sav'd shall be.

A poem on his last sermon, which was preached a few weeks before he died, from Matth. xxii. 42.
 "What think ye of Christ?"

Beloved, what think ye of Christ?
 Who giveth to the weary rest:
 What think ye of his lowly birth?
 When he came down from heav'n to earth:

What think ye of his incarnation?
 And what he did for our salvation,
 This is the gospel-proclamation.

What think ye of his holy life?
 Free from contention, wrath, and strife;
 Without a wrinkle, spot, or stain,
 And yet a life of grief and pain.

What think ye of the broken law?
 Which he fulfill'd in every flaw:
 It magnify'd, paid justice due,
 And made it honourable too.

What think ye of his righteousness?
 To cover you from filthiness:
 Although polluted you have been,
 'Tis he alone that makes you clean.

What think ye of this great I A M?
 For to become a suff'ring Lamb:
 And all this for his enemies,
 He groans, and sweats, and bleeds, and dies.

What think ye of this sacrifice?
 That did ascend above the skies:
 'Twas a sweet savour unto God,
 When he the red-wine-press had trode.

What think ye of his intercession?
 He makes to God, for our transgression!

It pow'rful is and meritorious,
When that the person is so glorious;

What think ye of him as a Prophet?
There's many think but little of it:
Yet, suffer him to teach you by
His Spirit, which can never lie.

What think ye of him as a King?
He will to you salvation bring:
And rule and reign within your heart;
Then from you he will never part.

What think ye of him as a Judge?
O may he then be our refuge:
Happy and blest we then shall be,
Through ages of eternity.

F I N I S.