ABS.1.79.131

851.08

NATIONAL LIBRARY

Burtt
Welbourn.

SELECT

CHRISTIAN AUTHORS,

WITH

INTRODUCTORY ESSAYS.

Engraved by John Bull

COWPER.

PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM COLLINS GLASGOW

THE

CHRISTIAN POET;

OR,

SELECTIONS IN VERSE,

ON

SACRED SUBJECTS.

BY

JAMES MONTGOMERY,

AUTHOR OF "THE WORLD BEFORE THE FLOOD," "SONGS OF ZION," "THE CHRISTIAN PSALMIST," &c.

WITH

AN INTRODUCTORY ESSAY.

"If I were a nightingale, I would sing like a nightingale; but, since I am a man, I will sing the praises of God." *Saying of a Heathen.*

GLASGOW:

PRINTED FOR WILLIAM COLLINS;

WILLIAM WHYTE & CO. AND WILLIAM OLIPHANT, EDINBURGH;

R. M. TIMS, AND WM. CURRY, JUN. & CO. DUBLIN;

AND G. B. WHITTAKER, LONDON.

1827.

NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND
B
25 DEC 1978

Printed by W. Collins & Co.
Glasgow.

INTRODUCTORY ESSAY.

"THESE abilities are the inspired gift of God, rarely bestowed; and are of power to inbreed and cherish in a great people the seeds of virtue and public civility; to allay the perturbations of the mind, and set the affections in right tune; to celebrate in glorious and lofty hymns the throne and equipage of God's almightiness, and what he works, and what he suffers to be wrought with high providence in his church; to sing victorious agonies of martyrs and saints, the deeds and triumphs of just and pious nations, doing valiantly through faith against the enemies of Christ; to deplore the general relapses of kingdoms and states from justice and God's true worship. Lastly, whatsoever in religion is holy and sublime, in virtue amiable or grave, whatsoever hath passion or admiration in all the changes of that which is called fortune from without, or the wily subtleties and refluxes of man's thoughts from within; all these things, with a solid and treatable smoothness, to paint out and describe:—Teaching over the whole book of sanctity and virtue, through all the instances of example, with such delight to those especially of soft

and delicious temper, who will not so much as look upon truth herself, unless they see her elegantly dressed,—that, whereas the paths of honesty and good life appear now rugged and difficult, though they be indeed easy and pleasant, they will *then* appear to all men easy and pleasant, though they were rugged and difficult indeed."—MILTON, *on Church Government*, *Book* II.

The art, of which this is a true description, must be the highest of all arts, and require the greatest powers to excel in it. That art is Poetry, and the special subjects on which it is here exhibited as being most happily employed are almost all sacred. The writer of this splendid panegyric of the art, in which he himself equalled the most gifted of its adepts, was Milton, who, in his subsequent works, exemplified all the varieties of poetical illustration here enumerated, and justified his lofty estimate of the capabilities of verse, hallowed to divine themes, by the success with which he celebrated such, in *Paradise Lost*, *Paradise Regained*, and *Samson Agonistes*. Yet we are continually told, that religious subjects are incapable of poetic treatment. Nothing can be more contrary to common sense; nothing is more unanswerably contradicted by matter of fact. There are only *four* long poems in the English language, that are often reprinted, and consequently better known and more read than any other similar compositions of equal bulk. *Three* of these are decidedly religious in their whole or their prevailing character,—*Paradise Lost*, the *Night Thoughts* and *The Task:* and of the fourth, *The Seasons*, it may be said, that one of its greatest

charms is the pure and elevated spirit of devotion which occasionally breathes out amidst the reveries of fancy and the descriptions of nature, as though the poet had sudden and transporting glimpses of the Creator himself through the perspective of his works; while the crowning Hymn of the whole is one of the most magnificent specimens of verse in any language, and only inferior to the inspired original in the Book of Psalms, of which it is for the most part a paraphrase. As much may be said of Pope's Messiah, which leaves all his original productions immeasurably behind it, in elevation of thought, affluence of imagery, beauty of diction, and fervency of spirit. Indeed this poem is only depreciated in the eyes of ordinary and prejudiced readers by that which constitutes its glory and supreme worth—that every sentiment and figure in it is taken directly from the prophecies of Isaiah; compared with which it is indeed but as the moon reflecting light borrowed from the sun; yet, considered in itself, it cannot be denied, that had Pope been the entire author of the poem just as it stands, (or with no other prototype than Virgil's Pollio before him) and drawn the whole from the treasures of his own imagination, he would have been the first poet in rank, to whom this country has given birth; for in the works of no other will be found so many and such transcendant excellences as are comprised in this small piece. It follows, that poetry of the highest order may be composed on sacred themes; and the fact, that three out of the only four long poems in English literature, which can be called popular, are at the same time religious—this fact ought forever to silence the

cuckoo note, which is echoed from one fool's mouth to another's (for many of the wise in this respect are fools,) that religion and poetry are incompatible; no man, in his right mind, who knows what both words mean, will ever admit the absurdity for a moment. It is true, that there is a great deal of religious verse, which, as poetry, is worthless; but it is equally true, that there is a great deal of genuine poetry associated with pure and undefiled religion. With men of the world, however, to whom religion is an abomination, all poetry associated with it *loses caste*, and becomes degraded beyond redemption by that which most exalts it in the esteem of those who really know what they judge.

But the prejudice alluded to is not confined to sceptics and profligates; many well meaning people, who never took the trouble to inquire any thing about the matter, in perfect simplicity believe this slander against the two most excellent gifts which God has conferred on intelligent and immortal man, upon the authority of Dr. Johnson. Let us see what that authority is. In his life of Waller occurs the following passage. "It has been the frequent lamentation of good men, that verse has been too little applied to the purposes of worship, and many attempts have been made to animate devotion by pious poetry; that they have very seldom attained their end is sufficiently known, and it may not be improper to inquire why they have miscarried.

"Let no pious ear be offended if I advance, in opposition to many authorities, that poetical devotion cannot often please. The doctrines of religion may indeed be defended in a didactic poem; and he who

has the happy power of arguing in verse will not lose it because his subject is sacred. A poet may describe the beauty and the grandeur of nature, the flowers of the spring and the harvests of autumn, the vicissitudes of the tide and the revolutions of the sky, and praise his Maker in lines which no reader shall lay aside. The subject of the disputation is not piety, but the motives to piety; that of the description is not God, but the works of God. Contemplative piety, or the intercourse between God and the human soul, cannot be poetical. Man, admitted to implore the mercy of his Creator, and plead the merits of his Redeemer, is already in a higher state than poetry can confer.

"The essence of poetry is invention; such invention as, by producing something unexpected, surprises and delights. The topics of devotion are few, and being few are universally known; but few as they are, they can be made no more; they can receive no grace from novelty of sentiment, and very little from novelty of expression. Poetry pleases by exhibiting an idea more grateful in the mind than things themselves afford. This effect proceeds from the display of those parts of nature which attract, and the concealment of those that repel the imagination; but religion must be shown as it is; suppression and addition equally corrupt it; and such as it is, it is known already. From poetry the reader justly expects, and from good poetry always obtains, the enlargement of his comprehension and the elevation of his fancy; but this is rarely to be hoped by Christians from metrical devotion. Whatever is great, desirable or tremendous, is comprised in

the name of the supreme Being. Omnipotence cannot be exalted; Infinity cannot be amplified; Perfection cannot be improved.

"The employments of pious meditation are *faith*, *thanksgiving*, *repentance*, and *supplication*. Faith, invariably uniform, cannot be invested by fancy with decorations. Thanksgiving, though the most joyful of all holy effusions, yet addressed to a Being without passions, is confined to a few modes, and is to be felt rather than expressed. Repentance, trembling in the presence of the Judge, is not at leisure for cadences and epithets. Supplication to man may diffuse itself through many topics of persuasion; but supplication to God can only cry for mercy.

"Of sentiments purely religious, it will be found that the most simple expression is the most sublime. Poetry loses its lustre and its power, because it is applied to the decoration of something more excellent than itself. All that pious verse can do is to help the memory, and delight the ear, and for these purposes it may be very useful; but it supplies nothing to the mind. The ideas of Christian Theology are too simple for eloquence, too sacred for fiction, and too majestic for ornament; to recommend them by tropes and figures, is to magnify by a concave mirror the sidereal hemisphere."

The more steadily we examine this dazzling passage, the more indistinct and obscure it becomes, and in the end it will be found to throw light upon a single point only of the subject,—a point on which there was no darkness before. It will be seen that *didactic*, *descriptive* and *narrative* poetry of a sacred

character, cannot be included in the proscription of "pious verse," which the critic seems to have meditated when he began to deliver his judgment, for, in the very outset, he is compelled to make exceptions in favour of the "happy power of arguing in verse," and to allow that just descriptions of the glory and goodness of God in creation may be poetical. The distinction which he makes between *subjects* of piety, and *motives* to piety, amounts to nothing, for *motives* to piety must be of the *nature* of piety, otherwise they would never incite to it:—the precepts and sanctions of the gospel might as well be denied to be any part of the gospel. Of *narrative* poetry of this kind he makes no mention, except it be implicated with the statement, that "the ideas of Christian Theology are too sacred for *fiction;*"—a sentiment more just than the admirers of Milton and Klopstock are willing to admit, without almost plenary indulgence in favour of those great but not infallible authorities.

The sum of Dr. Johnson's arguments amounts to this, that "contemplative piety, or the intercourse between God and the human soul, cannot be poetical;" and in the sense in which he employs the words *poetry* and *poetical*, this may be readily admitted; but that sense is imperfect, for it is limited to the style, rather than comprehending the spirit, of poetry, a distinction quite as allowable as his own, between piety and motives to piety. He says, "the essence of poetry is invention;" his own romance of Rasselas is a poem, on this vague principle. Poetry must be *verse*, and all the ingenuity of man cannot supply a better definition. Every thing else that may be

claimed as essential to *good* poetry, is *not peculiar to it*, but may be associated, occasionally at least, with prose. Prose, on the other hand, cannot be changed into verse, without ceasing to be prose. It is true, according to common parlance, that poetry may be prosaic, that is, it may have the ordinary qualities of prose, though it be in metre; and prose may be poetical, that is, it may be invested with all the ordinary qualities of poetry, except metre. There is reason, as well as usage, in the conventional simplicity which distinguishes prose, and the conventional ornament which is allowed to verse; but gorgeous ornament is no more essential to verse, than naked simplicity is essential to prose. This, however, is a subject which cannot be discussed here; the assertion of the fact (and it cannot be contradicted) is sufficient to prove, that there must be, in the compass of human language, a style suitable for "contemplative piety" in verse as well as in prose; consequently, there may be devotional poetry, capable of animating the soul in its intercourse with God, and suitable for expressing its feelings, its fears, its hopes, and its desires. Of course, this species of poetry will not parade invention, for the purpose of "producing something unexpected, which surprises and delights;" it will not be "invested by fancy with decorations;" it will not attempt to exalt omnipotence, amplify infinity, or improve perfection; but, to "sentiments purely religious," it *will* give "the most simple expression," which will also be "the most sublime," and certainly not the less poetical, on that account. Its topics will be "few, and, being few," will be "universally known,"—an inestimable

advantage, in this kind of verse, because, if properly worded, (and more is not required) they will be instantly understood, and impressively felt, according to the predisposition of the reader's mind, in all their force and tenderness of meaning. If nothing can be poetry which is not elevated above pure prose, by "decorations of fancy, tropes, figures, and epithets," many of the finest passages, in the finest poems which the world has ever seen, must be outlawed, and branded with the ignominy of being prose. The severest critics allow tragedy to be the highest style of poetry; yet the noblest, the most impassioned, the most dramatic scenes are frequently distinguishable from prose only by the cadence of the verse, which, in this species of composition, is permitted to be so loose, that the diction, even when excellent, is sometimes scarcely distinguishable even by that. An example from Shakespeare will elucidate the paradox. *King Lear*, driven to madness by the ingratitude and cruelty of his two elder daughters, is found by Cordelia, his youngest, asleep on a bed, in a tent, in the French camp, after having passed the night in the open air, exposed to the fury of the elements during a dreadful thunder-storm. A Physician and attendants are watching over the sufferer; to whom Cordelia, accompanied by the Earl of Kent, enters. After some brief inquiries and answers, the Physician asks:

> "So please your majesty,
> That we may wake the king? He hath slept long.
> *Cord.* Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed
> I' the sway of your own will. Is he array'd?
> *Gent.* Aye, Madam; in the heaviness of his sleep
> We put fresh garments on him.

Phys. Be by, good Madam, when we do awake him;
I doubt not of his temperance.
Cord. Very well.
Phys. Please you draw near. Louder, the music there!
Cord. O my dear Father! Restoration hang
Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made!
Kent. Kind and dear Princess!
Cord. Had you not been their father, these white flakes
Had challenged pity of them. Was this a face
To be exposed against the warring winds?
To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder?
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross lightning? * * * *
* * * * * Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire. And was't then fair, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? alack! alack!
'Tis wonder that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all.—He wakes; speak to him.
Phys. Madam, do you; 'tis fittest.
Cord. How does my royal Lord? How fares your majesty?
Lear. You do me wrong to take me out of the grave:—
Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire.
Cord. Sir, do you know me?
Lear. You are a spirit, I know; when did you die?
Cord. Still, still, far wide!
Phys. He's scarce awake; let him alone awhile.
Lear. Where have I been? Where am I? Fair day-light!
I am mightily abused.—I should even die with pity
To see another thus.—I know not what to say.
I will not swear, these are my hands:—let's see,
I feel this pin prick.—Would I were assured
Of my condition!
Cord. O look upon me, Sir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me:—
Nay, Sir, you must not kneel.

Lear. Pray do not mock me:
I am a very foolish, fond old man,
Fourscore and upward; and, to deal plainly,
I fear, I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks, I should know you, and know this man;
Yet I am doubtful; for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is; and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments; nor knew I not
Where I did lodge last night:—Do not laugh at me,
For as I am a man, I think this Lady
To he my child Cordelia.
Cord. And so I am, I am!

It cannot be questioned, that the whole of this scene is poetry of the highest proof, and yet, except in the passage referring to the storm (in which the wonderful lines describing the lightning might have been struck out by the flash itself,) there is scarcely a phrase which could not have been employed in the plainest prose record of this identical conversation. Let the experiment be tried. Break up the rhythm, and mark the issue:—the same sentiments will remain, in nearly the same words, yet the latter, being differently collocated, and wanting the exquisite and inimitable cadence of such verse, as, perhaps, Shakespeare alone could write, the charm will be broken, and the pathos of the scene exceedingly subdued, though no mutilation could destroy it. Now, to construct devotional poetry, nothing more is necessary (at the same time nothing is more difficult) than to reduce the language and sentiments belonging to its few topics into verse, as unconstrained, and as finished, as the foregoing model of what is most perfect in art, yet most consonant to nature; for, *there*, the verse is so natural, that it seems not to be verse at all, till curiously examined.

It is begging the question to say, that "man, admitted to implore the mercy of his Creator, and plead the merits of his Redeemer, is already in a higher state than poetry can confer." *He is;* but what of that? he must follow the counsel of the prophet: "Take with you *words*, and turn unto the Lord: *say unto Him*, Take away all iniquity, and receive us graciously, so will we render the calves of our lips. Ashur shall not save us; we will not ride upon horses; neither will we say any more to the work of our hands, Ye are our gods; for in Thee the fatherless findeth mercy." (Hosea, xiv. 2, 3.) Here is a prayer, dictated by the Spirit of God Himself, which is verse in the original, and ought to be rendered into verse, when it would appear to be poetry, not of the simplest, and severest, but of the loftiest and most embellished style:—"the calves of our lips;"—"Ashur shall not save us;"—"we will not ride upon horses;"—"neither will we say any more to the work of our hands, Ye are our gods." Are not these "tropes and figures;" and does poetry *here* "lose its lustre and its power, because it is applied to the decoration of something better than itself?"

Our Critic says, "the employments of pious meditation are *faith*, *thanksgiving*, *repentance*, and *supplication*."—He who denies that there can be a strain of poetry, suited to the expression of each of these, in the most perfect manner, without either extravagance or impiety, must be prepared to deny, that there is poetry in those very passages of the Psalms, in which, according to the judgment of all ages since they were written, there may be found the greatest sublimity, power and pathos. Take a single example of each.

Faith,—" The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever."—Psalm xxiii.

Thanksgiving,—" O sing unto the Lord a new song; for he hath done marvellous things: his right hand, and his holy arm, hath gotten him the victory. —Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all the earth: make a loud noise, and rejoice, and sing praise. Sing unto the Lord with the harp; with the harp, and the voice of a psalm. With trumpets, and sound of coronet, make a joyful noise before the Lord, the King. Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein. Let the floods clap their hands: let the hills be joyful together."—Psalm xcviii.

Repentance,—" Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving-kindness; according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions. Wash me throughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin. For I acknowledge my transgressions; and my sin is ever before me.— Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean; wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow. Make me to

hear joy and gladness; that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.—Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy Holy Spirit from me. Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me with thy free Spirit.—The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise."—Psalm li.

Supplication,—"Deliver me in thy righteousness, and cause me to escape: incline thine ear unto me, and save me. Be thou my strong habitation, whereunto I may continually resort: thou hast given commandment to save me; for thou art my rock and my fortress.—For thou art my hope, O Lord God: thou art my trust from my youth.—Cast me not off in the time of old age; forsake me not when my strength faileth.—O God, be not far from me: O my God, make haste for my help.—Now also, when I am old and gray-headed, O God, forsake me not, until I have showed thy strength unto this generation, and thy power to every one that is to come." —Psalm lxxi.

It may be added, that these are *embellished* in the highest degree; the blue and purple and scarlet, and the fine-twined linen of the curtains of the ark; the holy garments, the mitre and breast-plate, set with jewels, of the High Priest; the clothing of wrought gold, and raiment of needle-work of the King's daughter, all-glorious within;—were not more precious in materials, ornamental in design, and beautiful in texture, than these exercises of "pious meditation;" these expressions of "Faith, Thanksgiving, Repentance and Supplication," which need only to be turned into metre as felicitous as the specimen afore

quoted, to be acknowledged by every intelligent reader, as poetry of the most perfect kind.

It is, after all, only in the simplest, humblest, closest acts of personal communion with the Father of Spirits, that Dr. Johnson (when all his own allowances and exceptions are made,) has deemed poetry incompatible with piety; and his objection even here is one, which will be unhesitatingly admitted by those who most sincerely and strenuously contend against his dogma;—for when his meaning is followed to its only tangible point, it merely rejects splendid diction, subtle arguments, fantastic trappings and extravagant figures from devotional exercises; and that these *should* be excluded from them, in prose as well as in verse, all men in their right senses agree: but so long as verse is capable of expressing the sentiments of *Faith*, *Thanksgiving*, *Repentance*, and *Supplication*, in pure language and harmonious numbers, with the liberty of employing scriptural illustrations, there must be, and there is, a style of poetry suited for "contemplative piety," and proper to be used in "the intercourse between God and the human soul."

It has already been shown, that all the eloquent dictation above-quoted, affects neither argumentative, descriptive nor narrative poetry on sacred themes, as exemplified in the great works of Milton, Young and Cowper. That man has neither ear, nor heart, nor imagination to know true poetry, or to enjoy its sweetest and sublimest influences, who can doubt the poetical supremacy (if the phrase may be allowed,) of such passages as the Song of the Angels in the third, and the morning Hymn of our first

Parents in the Fifth Book of Paradise Lost; the first part of the Ninth Book of the Night Thoughts; and the anticipation of millennial blessedness in the Sixth Book of the Task; yet these are on sacred subjects, and these are religious poetry. The same may be fearlessly affirmed concerning many other portions of the same poems, which, notwithstanding their religious bias, are ranked by unbelievers themselves, among the noblest efforts of intellect and imagination combined, which modern times can produce, and which have been rarely equalled in the most illustrious ages of antiquity.

It is, however, acknowledged without reserve, that rich as our native tongue is found in every other species of poetry, it is deficient in this. The reasons have been more particularly insisted upon, in the preface to the *Christian Psalmist*, and it is unnecessary to expatiate on them here; the sum of the whole is simply this,—and let who will be offended, the fact cannot be disproved,—that our good poets have seldom been good Christians, and our good Christians have seldom been good poets. Those of the latter class who have attempted to write verse have not succeeded from want of skill in the art, even when they were otherwise richly endowed with intellectual qualifications; such were Bishop Jeremy Taylor and Richard Baxter, of whose performances (though they may be considered as failures,) some specimens worthy of their great talents will be found in this volume. Among the former class, Waller and Prior may be mentioned. It was on occasion of reviewing Waller's *Divine Poems*, written in his old age, after having spent his

youth and manhood in sheer vanity, or in that vexation of spirit which haunts ambition, whether prosperous or disappointed,—that Dr. Johnson uttered the oracular denunciation of "pious poetry," already noticed. But Waller was at best a feeble writer, though none of his contemporaries commanded more admiration; and to honour him with such a magnificent execution for his petty offences in this way, was indeed "to break a butterfly upon a wheel."—Prior was a sprightly author, of the same class with Waller,—a little more facetious, a little less affected, but quite as artificial,—and his *Solomon* was the very kind of elaborate and verbose composition, which he himself would probably have admired as little as any body, had it been written by another man. In Chalmers' farrago of "English Poets," there are several long poems on sacred or scriptural subjects, particularly by Blackmore, Boyce, Harte, Broome, W. Thompson, Henry Brooke, Christopher Smart, &c. &c. Though it may be granted, that every one of these has considerable merit, and might well repay the patient perusal of a reader, who would honestly take the pains to do justice to them,—yet, to have filled the pages of such a volume as the present, with extracts from these, or any other of the larger labours of mediocrity, would have been no recommendation of the work to the public, but a positive hinderance to that extensive circulation and proportionate usefulness, which may fairly be anticipated in favour of a selection of smaller, livelier, and more diversified articles, in almost every species of verse, that can be adapted to the conveyance of religious sentiments. It is in vain to reprint what nobody

will read. From no disrespect, therefore, to the memory of the authors above-named have their compositions been wholly passed over, or sparingly gleaned, in the present case; but from the perfect conviction, that a volume of sacred Poetry might be made up of materials, not only calculated to be more popular, but intrinsically more valuable, both as regarded its poetry and its piety.

Such a volume has been compiled; and the Editor cannot fear to present it to the public, as a literary treasure, for the excellence of the greater portion of its contents, not less than as a literary curiosity for the rarity of at least one half of the pieces contained in it, and which are almost as little known to the reading as to the religious public. As he has neither personal interest nor vanity to gratify by the assertion, he will unhesitatingly add, that it would be difficult, among the countless miscellanies in verse, with which the press has been teeming for two centuries past, to name one, which, in the same compass, comprehends more of genuine and even exalted poetry, than will be traced in the following pages by every competent judge, though comparatively few quotations are offered from our more illustrious writers, and the selections are confined to specimens of what Dr. Johnson denominates "pious poetry;" a phrase of itself sufficient to disgust "men of taste." By the latter, so far as they are men of the world only, the book may be contemned, because in plain truth they do not understand the subject-matter of it; but by "men of taste," so far as they are men of piety, its admirable and diversified merits will be duly appreciated, and the critic's dogma, that "poetical de-

votion cannot often please," will be confuted by their personal experience of true devotional pleasure, not in reading only, but in self-application of the devout sentiments expressed in many of these compositions, in their own exercises of "contemplative piety," and the intercourse between God and their own souls.

If a knowledge of religion, as the chief concern of beings created for glory, honour, and immortality, were only as common as a taste for *genuine poetry*, (which, after all, is sufficiently rare) it would be found that there is already much more *genuine devotional poetry* in our language than is generally imagined, and it requires no extraordinary sagacity to say, that there would soon be much more. Our great authors, unhappily, have too often wanted the inspiration of piety, and religious poetry has been held in contempt by many learned, and wise, and elegant minds, because religion itself was either perfectly indifferent, troublesomely intrusive, or absolutely hateful to them. An undevout poet, pretending to write devotional verse, is like Anna Seward turning into rhyme the prose translations of Horace, furnished to her by a scholar; and fondly thinking that she had power to give English life to an original thus twice dead to herself. Religious poetry, however, in one very peculiar way, is a test of poetic talent. A middling poet, without piety, sinks below his own mediocrity whenever he attempts it; whereas a writer of comparatively inferior skill, when rapt and elevated by the love of God in his heart, becomes exalted and inspired in proportion. Many of the finest strains of poesy truly divine, contained in this volume, were the productions of

persons, who, on every other theme, were but humble versifiers. So neglectful of religion, have many of our chief Poets been, that it cannot be discovered from their writings whether they were of any religion at all;—except that it may be fairly presumed they were professing *Christians*, because they made no profession whatever; for had they been *Jews*, *Turks*, or *Pagans*, they would have shown some tokens of reverence for their faith, if not openly gloried in it, and made its records and legends the themes of their most animated compositions. *What* God is intended in the last line of the "Elegy written in a Country Church-yard?"

> "The bosom of his father and his God!"

Search every fragment of the writings of the celebrated author, and it will be difficult to answer this question, simple as it is, from them; from the Elegy itself it would be impossible, except that the God of the "*youth* to fortune and to fame unknown" is meant; and that this may have been the true God, must be inferred from his worshipper having been buried "in a country Church-yard." There is indeed a couplet like the following, in the body of the poem:

> "And many a *holy text* around she strews
> To teach the rustic moralist to die:"—

but, throughout the whole there is not a single allusion to "an hereafter," except what may be inferred, by courtesy, from the concluding line already mentioned. After the couplet above quoted, the Poet leaves his "rustic moralist to die," and very pathetically refers to the natural unwillingness of the

humblest individual to be forgotten, and the "longing, lingering, look," which even the miserable cast behind, on leaving "the warm precincts of the cheerful day;" but hope, nor fear, doubt, nor faith, concerning a *future* state, seems ever to have touched the poet's apprehensions, exquisitely affected as he must have been with all that interests "mortal man," in the composition of these unrivalled stanzas; unrivalled truly they are, though there is not an idea in them, beyond the Church-yard, in which they are said to have been written. No doubt this deficiency may be vindicated by phlegmatic sceptics and puling sentimentalists, who will cordially agree to reprobate what, in their esteem, would have been contrary to good manners; but is it right, is it consistent, in a "Christian Poet," to be thus "ashamed of the gospel of Christ," by which "life and immortality were brought to light," on occasions, when it ought to be his glory to acknowledge it, at the peril of his reputation? These remarks are not made, to throw obloquy on the name of an author, who has justly acquired a greater reputation than almost any other, by literary remains, so few and small as his are; they have been introduced here to show with what meditated precaution piety is shunned by Christian Poets, who, like Gray, seem to be absolutely possessed by the mythology, not only of the Greeks and Romans, but even of the Goths and Vandals.

The ingredients of the present Volume, are certainly of a very different character from the foregoing master-piece of moralizing; yet, brilliant as were the talents of the writer of the "Elegy," there are many

passages among these, by inferior hands, on the very subject which he has so studiously evaded, that would not have been unworthy of his own pen, and which unequivocally demonstrate the possibility of combining poetry and piety, "to celebrate in glorious and lofty hymns—what in religion is most holy and sublime;" and, consequently, most repulsive to the formalist, not less than to the scorner. These compositions are selected from the writings of a great number of persons, living at different periods, many of whom were not authors by profession, but men of rank or eminence in their age, whose deeds and sufferings have been recorded in the history of their country, and who are, to this day, as nobles, statesmen, warriors, philosophers, or patriots, enrolled among "British Worthies." Exact chronological succession, from various circumstances, could not be preserved in all the particular arrangements, but it has been so generally observed, that the progress of our native language, and the varying style of our national poetry, may be clearly marked by the attentive reader. One irregularity requires explanation; no uniform system of orthography has been adopted. The articles were collected from a multitude of publications, old and new; and the mode of spelling, as found in each copy, was followed in the transcript. Had the Editor been able to recur, in every instance, to the original works of the various authors, he would certainly have preferred to accommodate the reprints to the primitive texts; because, whatever advantage, in point of more easy perusal, may be gained by modernizing the obsolete, and even anomalous, orthography of past centuries,—there is a natural re-

pugnance in the mind sincerely attached to our ancient literature, against any desecration of its relics that can be avoided. Indeed there are reasons, connected with the finest associations of good feeling and pure taste, which forbid such disfigurement of what is not only excellent in itself, but rendered venerable by circumstances which connect *it*, and thereby connect *ourselves* with beings, and times, and usages gone by forever. But the original works of many of the writers here assembled, are of extreme rarity, and specimens only could be obtained where they happened to be scattered through miscellanies; in almost every one of which a different plan (or rather no plan at all) in regard to antique spelling was observed. The reader, after a little practice, will experience no serious hindrance in the most uncouth of the following pages, and he will occasionally find the benefit of exploded forms of spelling, in discovering to him certain delicate shades of meaning in words, which would betray no such hidden beauty in the shapes through which he is wont to recognize them. Besides this, the cadence, the emphasis and the beauty of the verse, not unfrequently depend on the different tone, in which the reader, at first sight, would pronounce syllables in their old fashioned redundance of letters. An entirely modernized system of spelling, would have shorn away much of the characteristic gravity of our vernacular tongue in the old time. On this topic, however, there will be conflicting sentiments: the Editor, without pertinacious attachment to his own, can only say, that he has adopted the plan, which circumstances and not choice imposed upon him.

No apology can be necessary for the adoption in such a work, of some ancient poems, which, to the unpractised reader, may appear so rough in style and harsh in metre, on a first perusal, that he may be disheartened from even attempting to read others of a similarly forbidding aspect. He may safely take the Editor's assurance, that not one of these stumbling-blocks have been introduced as mere subjects of curiosity. Every piece has some peculiar merit or interest of its own, and will repay the little effort of attention which may be required to understand it. Who would think his time misemployed in conning over eleven dull lines by Anne Collins, (page 221), for the sake of meeting in the twelfth an original and brilliant emanation of fancy? Can the very humble stanzas, which Anne Askewe made and sung in Newgate, while waiting for her crown of martyrdom, be read without emotions more deep and affecting, than far more powerful poetry would awaken on a subject of fictitious woe? Can any of the Prison Poems, in this volume,—Sir Thomas More's, Sir Walter Raleigh's, Sir Thomas Overbury's, Sir Francis Wortley's, George Wither's, John Bunyan's,—can any of these be read with ordinary sympathy, such as the verses themselves, if written under other circumstances, would have excited? Surely not; the situation of the unfortunate beings, who thus confessed on the rack of personal and mental torture, or in the immediate prospect of eternity, give intense and overwhelming interest to lines, which have no extraordinary poetic fervour to recommend them. With what strange curiosity do we look even on animals driven to the slaughter, which we should

have disregarded had we seen them grazing in the field! Who can turn away his eyes from a criminal led to execution, yet who can fix them on his amazed and bewildered countenance? The "common place" of the gallows, his "last dying speech and confession," though consisting of a few hurried, broken words, which almost every felon repeats, and hardly understands their meaning himself while he utters them, may produce feelings which all the breath of eloquence, from lips not about to be shut forever, would fail to awaken. But a good man struggling with adversity, which even the heathen deemed a spectacle worthy of the Gods to contemplate with admiration, becomes an oracle in his agony; and to know how he looked, and spoke, and felt, for the last time, does literally elevate and purify the soul by terror,—terror in which just so much compassion is mingled as to identify him with ourselves in sensibility to suffering, while we are identified with him in exaltation of mind above the infirmity of pain and the fear of death. No eccentricity or perversity of taste, manifested in literary effusions under such circumstances, can destroy the force of nature, or render her voice unintelligible in them, though speaking a strange language, provided it be the language of the times, and not the affected style of the individual, assumed to express sentiments equally affected. For instance;—though the following stanzas are full of quaint conceits, and as mechanically artificial in their structure as a piece of inlaid cabinet-work, yet that must be a hard heart which is not softened by a perusal, after the touching pre-

amble of Sir Henry Wotton, among whose papers they were found:—

"*By Chidick Tychborn, being young, and then in the Tower, the night before his execution.*"

"My prime of youth is but a frost of cares,
My feast of joy is but a dish of pain,
My crop of corn is but a field of tares,
And all my good is but vain hope of gain,
The day is past, and yet I saw no sun;
And now I live, and now my life is done!

"The spring is past, and yet it hath not sprung,
The fruit is dead, and yet the leaves are green,
My youth is gone, and yet I am but young,
I saw the world, and yet I was not seen,
My thread is cut, and yet it is not spun;
And now I live, and now my life is done.

"I sought my death, and found it in my room,
I look'd for life, amd saw it was a shade,
I trod the earth, and knew it was my tomb,
And now I die, and now I am but made,
The glass is full, and now my glass is run;
And now I live, and now my life is done."

If the cold critic will not allow the burthen—the last line, repeated in each stanza,—to redeem the errors of the whole, let him return to the preamble, and mark the two simple words "*being young*," followed by "the night before his execution," and if he be yet unmoved, nothing surely would move him except being placed in the same condemnation as the unfortunate youth, who thus employed some of his last moments. These indeed had been better spent in solemnly preparing for the future, than ingeniously bewailing the past; for it must be confessed that

these are not the sentiments of a "Christian Poet." They have been introduced here for the purpose of showing, how much of the pleasure which we derive from poetry depends upon contingent circumstances, which confer on the writer or the subject, a peculiar, local, personal, or temporary, interest and importance.

Such interest and importance belong to all the subjects of the present Volume, for all the writers are dead. These thoughts, then, of the departed, expressed in their own words, and brought to our ears in the very sounds with which they uttered them, and affecting our hearts even more than they affected their own, by the consideration that they are no longer living voices, but voices from beyond the tomb, from invisible beings, somewhere in existence at this moment,—these thoughts, thus awfully associated, will prove noble, strengthening, and instructive exercises of mind, for us to read and to understand; for the application required to comprehend them duly, will heighten the enjoyment of the poetry *when* it is thus understood; the obscurity and difficulty, not arising from the defects of the composition, but from the unacquaintedness of the reader with the models in vogue, when the author wrote. These specimens of "pious verse" will not be idle amusements for a few spare-minutes,—yet for the delight of spare-minutes they are peculiarly adapted. They will not glide over a vacant mind, as sing-song verse is wont to do, like quicksilver over a smooth table, in glittering, minute and unconnected globules, hastily vanishing away, or when detained, not to be moulded into any fixed shape. They will rather supply tasks and themes for meditation; tasks, such

as the eagle sets her young when she is teaching them to fly; themes, such as are vouchsafed to inspired poets, in their happiest moods. Nor can the inexpert reader be aware till he has tried, how much the old language improves upon familiarity; and how the productions of the old poets, like dried spices, give out their sweetness the more, the more they are handled. The fine gold may have become dim, and the fashion of the plate may be antiquated, but the material is fine gold still, and the workmanship as perfect as it came from the tool of the artist; nor is it barbarous, except to eyes that cannot see it as it was intended to be seen, in connection with the whole state of human society and human intellect at the time. Changes have taken place, within the last century, in the style of religious poetry, which formerly was too much assimilated to the character of Solomon's Song,—a portion of Scripture often paraphrased, and, it may be added, always unhappily. In judging of our poets of the middle age, from Elizabeth to James the second, we are bound to make the same allowances which we do naturally, in reading the works of our divines of the same period, who, with many extravagances, have left monuments of genius and piety in prose, unexcelled by later theologians, in powerful argument, splendid eloquence, and learned illustration. With such a preparation of mind, the reader, sitting down to this Volume, will find every page improve to his taste, in proportion as his taste improves, to relish what is most rare and exquisite in our language,—the union of poetry with piety, in the works of men distinguished, in their generation, for eminence in the one

or the other of these, and frequently for pre-eminence in both. It is, however, greatly to be lamented, that the heterogeneous compositions of the most popular of the Authors, even in the present muster-roll, (with few exceptions) cannot be indiscriminately recommended. Few, indeed, of the poets of our Christian country, previous to the era of Cowper, have left such transcripts of their wayward minds, as would be deemed altogether unexceptionable, even by men of the world, who had no particular reverence for vital Christianity, in the present day. So far, at least, has the indirect influence of our holy religion purified popular literature, within the last forty years; few books, which are not notoriously profligate, now contain such indelicacies as contaminate the pages of some of our most celebrated moralists in rhyme, of former ages. The fact is cursorily mentioned, lest the inexperienced reader should imagine, that every writer, from whose remains a page or two has been adopted here, was a "Christian Poet." With the personal characters of those Writers, the Editor had nothing to do in this case. His object was to present to the public a Volume of miscellanies in verse, which, when candidly estimated, might be fairly called "Christian Poetry;" for though every piece (much more every line) may not be directly devotional, he thinks, that there is not one which might not have been written by a Christian Poet, or which may not, in some degree, tend to edify or delight a Christian reader. Of course, the Editor cannot be presumed to approve of every sentiment or phrase in such a multitude of extracts from the works of writers, themselves so much at

variance on minor points of Christian doctrine. What is here given, is given, not as the word of God, but as the word of man, and consequently no more infallible in sentiment than it can be expected to be faultless in phrase. They who read for profit will find profit in reading; others, if they be so inclined, may discover errors and imperfections enough to gratify their taste, though not to compensate them for the loss of time, which had been better spent in seeking better things.

The notices respecting Authors are brief; and no more is said of any than seemed necessary to enable the reader to appreciate the quotations. Of the greatest names, it would have been irrelevant to speak, either in praise or disparagement; the object of the Editor not being criticism. It was not deemed expedient to include extracts from the works of any living writer; though these pages might have been greatly enriched thereby. The present volume has been several years in contemplation. It was projected in the summer of 1823, when the "*Christian Psalmist*," to which it was intended as a companion, was undertaken. This date, and the whole contents of the Book, will show that no rivalry of meritorious publications, in some respects similar, which have anticipated it from the press, was intended.

J. M.

SHEFFIELD, *May*, 1827.

CONTENTS.

	Page
GEOFFREY CHAUCER,	37
The Poure Persone,	37
Good Counsail by Chaucer,	39
JOHN GOWER,	39
The Origin of Idolatry,	39
Salvation by Christ alone,	40
ANONYMOUS,	42
A Ditty of the uncertainty of Life, and the approach of Death,	42
ANONYMOUS,	43
Taking leave,	43
WILLIAM BILLYNG,	44
Introduction,	44
The Wound in Cbrist's side,	45
Erth uppon Erth,	45
JOHN SKELTON,	46
A Prayer to the Father of Heauen,	46
SIR THOMAS MORE,	47
A ruful lamentacion of tbe deth of quene Elizabeth,	47
Lines written while he was a prisoner in the Tower,	48
ROBERT HENRYSOUN,	49
Thank God for all,	49
ANONYMOUS,	50
Motto,	50
The Bible,	51
ANNE ASKEWE,	51
The Balade which Anne Askewe made and sung when she was in Newgate,	51

Page

JOHN HALL, ... 53
A Ditty on the wicked state and enormities of most people in these present miserable days, . . 53

HENRY HOWARD, Earl of Surrey, ... 54
Quam bonus Israel, Deus, ... 54

SIR THOMAS WYAT, ... 57
Of Dissembling Wordes, ... 57

ANONYMOUS, ... 58
Comparison of Life and Death, ... 58
The Pore Estate to be holden for Best, ... 59

GEORGE PEELE, ... 60
Nathan's Parable, ... 60
David instructing Solomon, a child, ... 60

ANONYMOUS, ... 61
A happy end excedeth all plesures and riches of the world, 61

NICHOLAS GRIMOALD, ... 62
Descripcion of Vertue, ... 62

GEORGE GASCOIGNE, ... 62
Good Morrow, ... 62
Good Night, ... 65

ROBERT SOUTHWELL, ... 67
Love's servile Lot, ... 67
Scorn not the Least, ... 68
A Vale of Tears, ... 69
Godliness with Contentment is great gain, ... 71
The Image of Death, ... 72

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY, ... 73
Farewell to splendid Follies, ... 73

LORD VAUX, ... 74
On the instabilitie of Youth, ... 74

WILLIAM HUNIS, ... 75
A Prayer, ... 75
Gray Hairs, ... 75

HUMPHREY GIFFORD, ... 76
A Dream, ... 76

THOMAS TUSSER, ... 78
Advice for every Season, ... 78

Page

FRANCIS KINWELMERSHE, ... 79
All things are vaine, ... 79

ANONYMOUS, ... 80
Death a due Debt, ... 80

ANONYMOUS, ... 81
A Christmas Carol, ... 81

ARCHBISHOP PARKER, ... 83
Psalm XCII. 83

ANONYMOUS, ... 83
Virtue immoveable, ... 83

GEFFREY WHITNEY, ... 84
D. O. M. 84
Truth delivered from the Dungeon, ... 85
Humility becometh Christian Preachers, ... 85
The Lame and the Blynde, ... 86
The Shroud, ... 86
God and Mammon, ... 87
The Pilgrim, ... 88

EDMUND SPENSER, ... 89
The Ruines of Time, ... 89
On Heavenly Love, ... 93
On Heavenly Beautie, ... 97

ALEXANDER MONTGOMERY, ... 103
The Deity, ... 103
Paraphrase of Psalm CXX. 104

T. HUDSON, ... 106
On the Death of Sir Richard Maitland, 1586, . . 106

KING JAMES I. 107
Sonnet, ... 107

MICHAEL DRAYTON, ... 108
The Passage of the Red Sea, ... 108
The Law given on Sinai, ... 110

SIR WALTER RALEIGH, ... 111
My Pilgrimage, ... 111
Lines said to have been written by him on the night before his execution, ... 112

ANONYMOUS, ... 112
The Happy Life, ... 112

Page

SIR JOHN DAVIES, ... 113
The Soul, ... 113
The dignity of human Nature, ... 115

JOHN DONNE, ... 116
Prayer in Temptation, ... 116
Thought on the Day of Judgment, ... 117
A Hymn to Christ, ... 117

JOSEPH HALL, ... 118
Antheme, ... 118
For Christmas Day, ... 119

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, ... 119
The Duty of mutual Forgiveness, ... 119
Mercy, ... 120
Cardinal Wolsey's Farewell to all his Greatness, . 120
Cardinal Wolsey's Speech to Cromwell, ... 121

WILLIAM ALEXANDER, ... 122
Invocation, at the beginning of Doomes-day, . . 122
God visible in his Works, ... 123

BEN JONSON, ... 124
On the Nativitie of my Saviour, ... 124
The good Life, long Life, ... 125
Eupheme's Mind, ... 125

RICHARD CORBET, ... 127
An Elegie on Dr. Ravis, Bishop of London, . . 127

THOMAS CAREW, ... 128
To my worthy friend Master George Sandys, . . 128
Epitaph on the Lady S. 129

WILLIAM DRUMMOND, ... 130
Life hastening away, ... 130
John the Baptist, ... 131
To the Nightingale, ... 131
True Felicity, ... 132
The Ascension of Christ, ... 135

JOSHUA SYLVESTER, ... 137
The peopling of Europe after the Flood, ... 137

GEORGE CHAPMAN, ... 141
Virtue the only safe Pilot, ... 141
Guilt, ... 141

Page

GEORGE CHAPMAN,—(continued,) 142
The dangerous prosperity of the wicked, ... 142
A King's blessing on his Infant Son, ... 142
Kingly Justice, ... 143

SIR THOMAS OVERBURY, ... 144
Epitaph, ... 144

JAMES SHIRLEY, ... 145
Death the conqueror of all, ... 145

THOMAS RANDOLPH, ... 146
On the Passion of Christ, ... 146
Precepts, ... 146
On the death of a Nightingale, ... 147

HENRY KING, Bishop of Chichester, ... 148
My midnight Meditation, ... 148
The Exequy, ... 148
On two Children dying of one disease, and buried in one grave, ... 150

SIR JOHN BEAUMONT, ... 151
Of my deare Sonne, Gervase Beaumont, ... 151
In Desolation, ... 152

GILES FLETCHER, ... 154
Justice, ... 154
Mercy, ... 155
Christ tempted in the Wilderness, ... 156
Redemption by Christ, ... 158
Christ's Triumph after Death, ... 160

PHINEAS FLETCHER, ... 163
The Triumph of the Church, ... 163
The Dying Husband's farewell, ... 167

WILLIAM HABINGTON, ... 168
On George Talbot, ... 168
Night teacheth knowledge, ... 169
No peace for the wicked, ... 170
God exalts the humble, ... 171
Retrospection, ... 172

WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT, ... 173
Confession, ... 173

Page

RICHARD CRASHAW, ... 174
Upon the Sepulchre of our Lord, ... 174
The Widow's Mites, ... 175
Two went up to the Temple to pray, ... 175
The blind cured by the word of our Saviour, . . 175
I am ready not onely to be bound but to dye, . . 175
The Martyrs, ... 176
Meditation on the day of Judgment, ... 176

SIR EDWARD SHERBURNE, ... 178
To the Eternal Wisdom, ... 178
On the Innocents slain by Herod, ... 178
The Fountain, ... 179

ALEXANDER BROME, ... 179
On the loss of a Garrison, ... 179

ROBERT HERRICK, ... 181
The Daffodils, ... 181
Prayer for Absolution, ... 181
To God, ... 182
For comfort in Death, ... 182
Honours are hindrances, ... 183
To my Saviour, ... 183

HENRY MORE, ... 184
Invocation of the Divine Spirit, ... 184
False and True Religion, ... 184
Sensual and Spiritual Life, ... 185
The Soule in and out of the body, ... 185

SIR THOMAS BROWN, ... 186
A Colloquy with God, ... 186

GEORGE WITHER, ... 188
The comforts of the Muse, ... 188
The Marygold, ... 191
Hope in Death, ... 192
Seed-time and Harvest, ... 192
Divers Providences, ... 193

THOMAS STORER, ... 194
Theology, ... 194

SIR FRANCIS WORTLEY, ... 196
Thoughts on Liberty, ... 196

HENRY PEACHAM, ... 197
The Stricken Deer, ... 197

Page

THOMAS SCOTT, ... 197
A Righteous King, ... 197

THOMAS JORDAN, ... 198
On Lot's Wife looking back to Sodom, ... 198
On a Good Man, ... 199
On the incomparable treasure of the Holy Scriptures, . 200

FRANCIS QUARLES, ... 201
Glorying in the Cross, ... 201
Fleeing from Wrath, ... 202
The sinner no where safe, ... 203
Vain Boasting, ... 204
Man's Stewardship, ... 204
Confidence in God, ... 205
Conquer thyself, ... 206
Dependence on God, ... 208
Nothing perfect on Earth, ... 208
Destruction, ... 209
The mockery of Enemies, ... 209
Jerusalem in Ruins, ... 209
Hopeless Suffering, ... 210
Mercy tempering Justice, ... 210
Hope in God, ... 211
God estranged, ... 211
Famine, ... 211
No Escape from Destruction, ... 212
Elegy on Dr. Ailmer, ... 212
Man born to Trouble, ... 213

ROBERT DEVEREUX, ... 214
A quiet Life, ... 214

NICHOLAS BRETON, ... 215
What I would be, ... 215

THOMAS LODGE, ... 216
Retirement, ... 216

FRANCIS DAVISON, ... 217
On the Death of a rare Infant, ... 217
God my refuge, ... 217
The Lord my Shepherd, ... 218

LORD HARRINGTON, ... 219
To his Mother and Sisters, ... 219
To Religion, ... 219
To Death, ... 220

Page

ARTHUR WARWICK, ... 220
" This mortal shall put on immortality," . . . 220

ANNE COLLINS, ... 221
Happiness not to be found in the creature, . . . 221

THOMAS HARVEY, ... 221
The Desire of the Heart, ... 221
The Heart enlarged, ... 222

BARTON HOLYDAY, ... 223
Distichs, ... 223
On Saints, ... 224

FAITHFUL TEATE, ... 224
Hope, ... 224

HENRY DELAUNE, ... 225
The removal of the Righteous a warning to the Wicked, 225

ANONYMOUS, ... 226
On Bishop Ridley, ... 226
On Bishop Jewell, ... 226

JOHN FLAVEL, ... 227
Happiness for all, ... 227
God's Husbandry, ... 227
" A field which the Lord hath blessed," . . . 228
The foolish Love of the World, ... 229
A guilty Conscience, ... 229

SIR HENRY WOTTON, ... 230
Farewell to the Vanities of the World, . . . 230
A Hymn to my God, in a night of my late sicknesse, 232
The Character of a Happy Life, ... 232
The Crosse of Christ, ... 233

FULKE GREVILLE, ... 234
The Corruptions of the Church, ... 234

THOMAS HEYWOOD, ... 235
Searching after God, ... 235

GEORGE HERBERT, ... 237
Public Worship, ... 237
Self-Examination, ... 238
The Temper, ... 238
Vanity, ... 239

Page

GEORGE HERBERT,—(continued,) 239
Virtue, ... 239
Life, ... 240
The Quip, ... 240
Peace, ... 241
The Pilgrimage, ... 242
The Flower, ... 243

GEORGE SANDYS, ... 244
Psalm XXVII, ... 244
Psalm XXXV, ... 245
Psalm XLV, ... 247
Psalm XCII, ... 248
Adoration, ... 249
To my Redeemer, ... 252

ANONYMOUS, ... 253
The Penitential Tear, ... 253

IZAAK WALTON, ... 253
The Angler's Song, ... 253

FRANCIS NETHERSOLE, ... 255
Saints have their Conversation in Heaven, ... 255

ABRAHAM COWLEY, ... 256
Reason and Religion, ... 256
The Extasy, ... 257
The Delights of a Garden, ... 260

JOHN MILTON, ... 262
The Son of God offering himself to become the Saviour of Man, ... 262
Adam and Eve's Morning Hymn, ... 267
God's Omnipresence, ... 269
The Sum of Wisdom, ... 271
On Mrs. Catharine Thomson, ... 272
On the Massacre of Protestants in Piedmont, . 272
On the Author's Blindness, ... 273

ANDREW MARVELL, ... 274
The Emigrants, ... 274
Eyes and Tears, ... 275

HENRY VAUGHAN, ... 276
The Rainbow, ... 276
Heaven in Prospect, ... 277

Page

MRS. KATHERINE PHILIPS, ... 278
Against Pleasure, ... 278
A Prayer, ... 279
The Soul, ... 280
Orinda upon little Hector Philips, ... 281
Little Hector Philips in answer to Orinda, . . . 282

RICHARD FLECKNOE, ... 282
A Penitential Address, ... 282

JEREMY TAYLOR, ... 283
On Christ's coming to Jerusalem, ... 283
A Meditation on Death, ... 283
On Heaven, ... 284
Immanuel, ... 285
The Day of Pentecost, ... 285
A Prayer for Charity, ... 286

JOHN NORRIS, ... 287
Transient Delights, ... 287
Angel-visits, ... 287
The Infidel, ... 287
The Meditation, ... 288
Posthumous Fame, ... 289
Resignation, ... 290

GEORGE HICKES, ... 291
Sorrowing yet Rejoicing, ... 291
Answer to Christ's Call, ... 292
The Plant of Renown, ... 292
"All thy Works bless Thee," 293

R. FLETCHER, ... 294
God in Christ reconciled, ... 294

RICHARD BAXTER, ... 295
God renewing Man in his own Image, ... 295
Mourning over Hard-heartedness, ... 296
What shall I render unto the Lord? 297
Fear growing into Love, ... 298
True and False Preachers, ... 299
Forsaking all for Christ, ... 300
Faith amidst Trials, ... 303
Resignation, ... 305
The Believer's reply to Death's threatenings, . . . 305
The Exit, ... 306
The Valediction, ... 308

Page

JOHN BUNYAN, ... 309
Prison Meditations, ... 309
On the Peep of Day, ... 311
On the Swallow, ... 311

ANONYMOUS, ... 312
A Song of Praise for the Morning, ... 312
A Song of Praise for the Evening, ... 313
A Song of Praise for a Gospel-ministry, ... 314
Joy in the Holy Ghost, ... 315
Deliverance from danger of Death, ... 316
Lamenting the loss of first Love, ... 317
A Cry before the Sacrament, ... 317
The Scriptures, ... 319

SIR ROBERT HOWARD, ... 321
Death Familiar, ... 321

JOSEPH BEAUMONT, ... 322
John the Baptist in the Wilderness, ... 322
Christ Baptized by John, ... 326
Christ stilling the Tempest, ... 328

THOMAS KEN, ... 329
Christ's virtual presence on Earth, ... 329
Indifference to the Word of God, ... 329
A Good Priest, ... 330
Edmund and Hilda, ... 330
Hilda at Home, ... 330
God is Love, ... 331
A Sinner converted, ... 332
Sweet Remembrances, ... 333

ANONYMOUS, ... 334
A Sacramental Hymn, ... 334
A Breathing after Rest, ... 335

EDMUND WALLER, ... 337
Youth and Age, ... 337
Divine Love, ... 337

EARL OF ROSCOMMON, ... 338
The Day of Judgment, ... 338

JOHN POMFRET, ... 340
The Benefits of Affliction, ... 340

Page

JOHN DRYDEN, ... 341
Divine Revelation, ... 341
The Resurrection of Poets at the Last day, . . . 343

THOMAS PARNELL, ... 343
A Night-Piece, on Death, ... 343

JOSEPH ADDISON, ... 346
Paraphrase of Psalm XXIII. 346

ALEXANDER POPE, ... 347
Messiah, ... 347
The Dying Christian to his Soul, ... 350

JAMES THOMSON, ... 350
Midnight Devotion, ... 350
The Goodness of Providence, ... 351
On Æolus' Harp, ... 352

ISAAC WATTS, ... 353
Happy Frailty, ... 353
False Greatness, ... 355
True Riches, ... 355

MRS. ROWE, ... 358
Adoration, ... 358

WILLIAM COLLINS, ... 359
On Milton, ... 359

EDWARD YOUNG, ... 360
Address to the Deity, ... 360
Time, ... 362
Employment of Time, ... 362
Dying Friends, ... 363
Retirement, ... 364
Redemption, ... 364
Worldly Pursuits, ... 365
Piety, ... 366
The Good Man, ... 366
The World a Grave, ... 368

RALPH ERSKINE, ... 369
Faith and Frames compared, ... 369

SAMUEL WESLEY, Sen. 371
The Transfiguration of Christ, ... 371

JAMES CAWTHORN, ... 374
On Two Daughters, twins, who died in two days, . 374

Page

ROBERT BLAIR, ... 375
Friendship, ... 375
Death Unwelcome, ... 376
Dreadful familiarity with Death, ... 377

JOHN BYROM, ... 378
St. Philip Neri and the Youth, ... 378
Enthusiasm, ... 379

THOMAS CHATTERTON, ... 385
The Resignation, ... 385

WILLIAM HAMILTON, ... 386
On a Dial, ... 386
On an Obelisk, ... 386
A Soliloquy, ... 386

CHRISTOPHER SMART, ... 388
David, ... 388

SAMUEL JOHNSON, ... 389
On the death of Mr. Robert Levet, ... 389
The Ant, ... 391
Close of the Vanity of human wishes, ... 391

SAMUEL WESLEY, Jun. 392
Epitaph on an Infant, ... 392
The Resurrection, ... 392

CHARLES WESLEY, ... 393
The English Martyrs, ... 393

JOHN GAMBOLD, ... 394
The Mystery of Life, ... 394
On Listening to the vibrations of a Clock, . . . 396
Epitaph on Himself, ... 396

OLIVER GOLDSMITH, ... 397
The Country Clergyman, ... 397

GEOFFREY EKINS, ... 398
On the Birth of his first Child, 1766, ... 398

J. HART, ... 399
Gethsemane, ... 399

MOSES BROWNE, ... 402
To the River Lea, ... 402
Consecrated Suffering, ... 403
The surrender of the Heart, ... 403

Page

JAMES BEATTIE, ... 404
The Hermit, ... 404

WILLIAM COWPER, ... 406
The Poet, ... 406
The Cant of Infidelity, ... 407
Conviction and Pardon, ... 410
The Christian Freeman, ... 411

BEILBY PORTEUS, ... 413
Natural and Violent Death, ... 413

ELIZABETH CARTER, ... 415
A Night-Piece, ... 415

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD, ... 416
Address to the Deity, ... 416

ROBERT BURNS, ... 419
Religion in a Cottage, ... 419
Lines left at a reverend Friend's house, ... 421

JAMES GRAHAME, ... 422
A Sabbath Walk, ... 422
The Resurrection, ... 424
The Covenanters, ... 425

HENRY KIRKE WHITE, ... 427
Music—(a fragment), ... 427
The end of Time—(a fragment), ... 427
Farewell to the Lyre, ... 428

MRS. HENRY TIGHE, ... 429
On receiving a Branch of Mezereon, ... 429

HERBERT KNOWLES, ... 431
It is good to be here, ... 431

THOMAS HENDERSON WIGHTMAN, ... 433
A Christmas Hymn, ... 433

LORD BYRON, ... 434
The Destruction of the Assyrians, ... 434
"We wept when we remembered Zion," . . . 435

JANE TAYLOR, ... 436
The World in the Heart, ... 436

REGINALD HEBER, ... 439
The Followers of Christ, ... 439

THE

CHRISTIAN POET.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

BORN 1328. DIED 1400.

Principal Works:—*Canterbury Tales, Troilus and Creseide, Nine Legends, Chaucer's Dream, the Romaunt of the Rose, &c.*

The Poure Persone.

[From the Prologue to the Canterbury Tales.]

This character has been modernized and expanded by Dryden, in his description of a "Good Parson," but with all its merit of added ornament and improved versification, the paraphrase is far inferior in force and tenderness to the rude original.

A GOOD man ther was of religioun,
That was a poure Persone of a toun:
But riche he was of holy thought and werk.
He was also a lerned man, a clerk,
That Cristes gospel trewely wolde preche.
His parishens devoutly wolde he teche.
Benigne he was, and wonder diligent,
And in adversite ful patient:
And swiche he was ypreved often sithes.
Ful loth were him to cursen for his tithes,

But rather wolde he yeven out of doute,
Unto his poure parishens aboute,
Of his offring, and eke of his substance.
He coude in litel thing have suffisance.
Wide was his parish, and houses fer asonder,
But he ne left nought for no rain ne thonder,
In sikenesse and in mischief to visite
The ferrest in his parish; moche and lite,
Upon his fete, and in his hand a staf.
This noble ensample to his shepe he yaf,
That first he wrought, and afterward he taught.
Out of the gospel he the wordes caught,
And this figure he added yet therto,
That if gold ruste, what shuld iren do?
For if a preest be foule, on whom we trust,
No wonder is a lewed man to rust.
  He sette not his benefice to hire,
And lefte his shepe acombred in the mire,
And ran unto London, unto Seint Poules,
To seken him a chanterie for soules,
Or with a brotherhede to be withold:
But dwelt at home, and kepte wel his fold,
So that the wolf ne made it not miscarie.
He was a shepherd, and no mercenarie.
And though he holy were, and vertuous,
He was to sinful men not dispitous,
Ne of his speche dangerous ne digne,
But in his teaching discrete and benigne.
To drawen folk to Heven, with fairenesse,
By good ensample, was his besinesse:
But if were any persone obstinat,
What so he were of highe, or low estat,
Him wolde he snibben sharply for the nones.
A better preest I trowe that no wher non is.
He waited after no pompe ne reverence,
Ne maked him no spiced conscience,
But Cristes lore, and his apostles twelve,
He taught, but first he folwed it himselve.

Good Counsail by Chaucer.

These stanzas are said to have been composed by the Author on his death-bed, in bitter remorse on account of the licentiousness of many of his former writings.

FLY fro the prease, and dwell with soothfastnesse,
Suffise vnto thy good though it be small,
For horde hath hate, and climbing tikelnesse,
Prease hath enuy, and wele is blent ouer all,
Sauour no more than thee behoue shall,
Rede well thy selfe that other folke canst rede,
And trouth thee shall deliuer, it is no drede.

Paine thee not ech crooked to redresse
In trust of her that tourneth as a ball,
Great rest standeth in little businesse,
Beware also to spurn againe a nall,
Striue not as doth a crocke with a wall,
Deme thy selfe that demest others dede,
And trouth thee shall deliuer, it is no drede.

That thee is sent receiue in buxomnesse,
The wrastling of this world asketh a fall,
Here is no home, here is but wildernesse,
Forth pilgrime, forth beast out of thy stall,
Looke vp on high, and thanke God of all,
Weiue thy lusts, and let thy ghost thee lede,
And trouth thee shall deliuer, it is no drede.

JOHN GOWER.

BORN 1320. DIED 1402.

Principal Work:—*Confessio Amantis:* also other large poems never printed.

The Origin of Idolatry.

[From *Confessio Amantis*, Book v.]

AFTER the flood, fro whiche Noe
Was saufe, the worlde in his degree

Was made as who seith newe ageyn
Of floure, of fruit, of gras, of greyn,
Of beast, of byrd, and of mankind,
Whiche euer hath be to God vnkind.
For not withstondinge all the fare,
Of that this worlde was made so bare,
And afterward it was restored,
Amonge the men was nothyng mored
Toward God of good liuynge:
But all was torned to likynge
After the flesshe, so that foryete
Was he, whiche yafe hem life and mete,
Of heuen and erth creatour.
And thus cam forth the great errour,
That thei the high God ne knewe,
But maden other goddes newe,
As thou hast herde me saide tofore.
There was no man that tyme bore,
That he ne had after his choyce
A god, to wom he yafe his voyce
Wherof the misbeleue cam
In to the tyme of Abraham:
But he fonde out the right weie,
Howe onely men shulde obeie
The high God, whiche weldeth all,
And euer hath done, and euer shall,
In heuen, in erth, and eke in helle,
There is no tonge his might maie telle.
This Patriarche to his linage
Forbad, that thei to none ymage
Encline shulde in no wise:
But her offrende and sacrifice,
With all the hole hertes loue,
Unto the mighty God aboue
Thei shulden yeue, and to no mo.

Salvation by Christ alone.

The high almighty maiestee,
Of rightousnes, and of pitee,
The synne, whiche that Adam wrought,
Whan he sigh tyme ayene he bought,

And send his Sonne fro the heuen,
Whiche mans sowle hath set in euen,
And hath his grace reconciled,
Fro whiche the man was first exiled,
And in hym selfe so sore fall,
Upon the poynt whiche is befall,
That he ne might him selfe arise.
  Gregorie saith in his aprise,
It helpeth nought a man be bore,
If Gods Sonne were vnbore.
For than through the first synne,
Whiche Adam whylom brought vs inne,
There shulden all men be lost:
But Christ restoreth thilke lost,
And bought it with his flesshe and blood.
And if we thynken, howe it stood
Of thilke raunson, whiche he paide,
As saynt Gregorie it wrote and saide,
All was behouely to the man;
For that, wherof his wo began,
Was after cause of all his welth,
Whan he, whiche is the well of helthe,
The high creatour of life,
Upon the nede of suche a strife,
So wold he for his creature
Take on him selfe the forfeiture,
And suffer for the mans sake.
  Thus maie no reason well forsake,
That thilke sinne originall
Ne was the cause in speciall
Of mans worship at last
Whiche shall withouten end last.
For by that cause the godhede
Assembled was with the manhede,
In the virgine, where he nome
Our flesshe, and very man become
Of bodely fraternitee,
Wherof the man in his degree
Stant more worth, as I haue tolde
Than he stode erst by many folde,
Through baptisme of the newe lawe,

Of whiche Christe lorde is and felawe,
Through vertue of his might,
Whiche in Mary was alight
To binde mans soule agayne.
And this beleue is so certayne,
So full of grace and of vertue,
That what man clepeth to Iesu,
In clene life, forth with good dede,
He maie not failen of heuen mede;
So that it stont vpon beleue,
That euery man maie well acheue,
Whiche taken hath the right feith;
For elles, as the gospell seith,
Saluacion there maie be none.

ANONYMOUS.

A Ditty of the uncertainty of Life, and the approach of Death.

[Mr. Ellis, in his Specimens of Ancient English Poetry, presumes this to have been written about the year 1250.]

WINTER wakeneth all my care,
Now these leavès waxeth bare:
Oft I sigh and mournè sare,
When it cometh in my thought
Of this world's joy, how it go'th all to nought.

Now it is, and now it n'is,
All so* it ne'er, ne were, I wis;
That so many men saith, sooth it is,
All goeth† but Goddis will,
All we shall die, though us like ill.

All that grain ne groweth green;
Now it followeth all-by dene:‡
Iesu, help that it be seen,
And shield us from hell,
For I n'ot§ whither I shall, ne how long here dwell.

---

* As if it never had been.
† Passeth away.
‡ Fadeth quickly.
§ Ne wot—know not.

ANONYMOUS.

Taking leave.

Written about 1450. This production seems to be Scottish.

Now bairnes buird,* bold and blithe,
To blessen you here now am I bound:
I thank you all a thousand sithe,†
And pray God save you whole and sound:
Where'er you go, on grass or ground,
He you govern withouten grieve,‡
For friendship that I here have found,
Again my will I take my leave.

Again my will, although I wend,
I may not allway dwellen here;
For every thing shall have an end,
And friendis are not aye y-fere:§
Be we never so lief and dear,
Out of this world all shall we meve,‖
And when we busk unto our bier,
Again our will we take our leave.

And wend we shall; I wot not when,
Nor whither-ward that we shall fare:
But endless bliss or aye to brenn,¶
To every man is garked yare:**
For this I rede†† each man beware;
And let our work our wordis preve,‡‡
So that no sin our soul forfare,§§
When that our life hath taken his leave.

When that our life his leave hath laucht,‖‖
Our bodie lieth bounden by the wowe,¶¶
Our riches all from us be reft,
In clothis cold our corse is throw:***
Where are our friends? Who wol thee know?
Let see who wol thy soul relieve:

---

* Gentlemen. † Times. ‡ Grief. § Always together.
‖ Move. ¶ Burn. ** Prepared ready. †† Advise.
‡‡ Prove. §§ Forfeit. ‖‖ Left. ¶¶ Woe, (not intelligible).
*** Thrown.

I rede thee, man, ere thou lie low,
Be ready aye to take thy leave.

Be ready aye whate'er befall,
All suddenly lest thou be kiht,*
Thou wost ne'er† when thy Lord wol call,
Look that thy lamp be brenning bright:
For 'lieve‡ me well *but*§ thou have light,
Right foul thy Lord will thee repreve,‖
And fleme¶ thee far out of his sight,
For all-too-late thou took thy leave.

Now God, that was in Bethlem bore,**
He give us grace to serve Him so,
That we may come his face to-fore,††
Out of this world when we shall go;
And for to' amend what we mis-do,
‡‡ In clay ere that we cling and cleave;
And make us even with friend and foe,
And in good time to take our leave.

WILLIAM BILLYNG.

The age of this Author is unknown. A few Copies of his Poem, "*The five Wounds of Christ*," were lately printed by R. & W. Dean, Manchester, from a manuscript on parchment, of great antiquity, in the possession of William Bateman, Esq. accompanied by rude but exceedingly curious cuts, representing, with a suitable hieroglyphic, each of our Saviour's wounds, as described in the corresponding verses. The following extracts are not wholly unpoetical.

Introduction.

COMETH nere, ye folkes tempted in dreyness
With the drye dust of thys erthly galle,
Resorte anone, wyth alle your vysages,
To the V stremes, flowen over alle

---

* Caught. † Knowest not. ‡ Believe. § Unless.
‖ Reprove. ¶ Banish. ** Born. †† Before.
‡‡ Ere we are laid fast in clay.

With precious payment for us in generalle;
Make no delaye, who lyst cum nere and drynke,
And fylle alle your hertys up unto the brynke.

The Wound in Christ's side.

HAYLE, Welle and Condyte of everlastyng lyffe,
Thorow launced so ferre wythyn my Lorde's syde;
The flodys out-trayling most aromatyf;
Hayle, precious hert, wounded so large and wyde;
Hayle, trusty trew-love, our joy to provide;
Hayle, porte of glorie, with paynes alle embrued,
On alle y-sprynklyde lyke purple dew enhuede.

My gracious Lorde, I cry with humble hert,
Let it not slyde out of thy remembrans,
That for my loue thou sufferde alle that smert,
With ardent loue and compassyfe greuance,
Which to me, in every perturbance,
Is chyef refuge, when thereon I may thynke;
Now, Iesu, graunt that I therof may drynke.

My Soveryn Iesu, most comfortable,
Receyve to the my poore peticion;
And whereas I of synne am most culpable,
Comforte me, Iesu, with thy remyssion,
By the lovyng mercye and intercession
Of thys blody streme; thereof take no dysdane;
Now, Iesu, graunte it for thy greuous payne.

Erth uppon Erth.

[From the same Manuscript as the foregoing; with a drawing of a naked body, apparently new risen from a grave, having a mattock on the right hand, and a spade at the feet.]

ERTH oute of erth is wondyrlye wrought,
For erth hath gotten of erth a nobul thyng of noght;
Erth uppon erth hath set alle hys thoght,
How erth uppon erth may be hygh broght.

Erth uppon erth yet wolde be a kynge,
But how erth shall to erth thynketh he nothyng;

But when erth hyddeth erth hys dute hom bryng,
Then shall erth fro erth have a peteus partyng.

Erth wynneth uppon erth both castellys and towris,
Than sayth erth unto erth—" *this is alle owres;*"
But whan erth uppon erth hath bylded all hys bowrys,
Than shall erth for erth suffer sharpe showres.

Erth byldyth uppon erth as molde uppon molde,
And erth goth uppon erth glyttering alle golde,
Like as erth unto erth never goe sholde,
And justly than shalle erth go to erth rather than he wolde.

Memento hoc, quod cinis es, et in cinere reverteris;
Fac bene dum vivis, post morte vivere si vis;
Whan lyffe is most lovyd, and deth most hated,
Than deth drawyth hys drawght, and maketh man ful naked.

JOHN SKELTON.

DIED 1529.

Principal Works:—*The Crowne of Lawrell, the Bouge of Courte,* and many satirical pieces.

A Prayer to the Father of Heauen.

O RADIANT luminary of light interminable!
Celestiall father, potenciall God of might
Of heauen and earth. O Lorde incomperable!
Of al perfections the essenciall most perfighte;
O Maker of mankind, that formed day and night
Whose power imperial, comprehendeth euery place!
Mine hart, my mind, my thought, my hole delite
Is after this lyfe, to se thy glorious face.

Whose magnificence is incomprehensible,
Al arguments of reason, which far doth excede;
Whose deite doutles, is indiuisible,
From whom al goodnes, and vertue doth procede

Of thy support, al creatures have nede
Assist me, good Lord, and graunt me of thy grace
To liue to thy pleasure, in word thought and dede,
And after this lyfe, to see thy glorious face.

SIR THOMAS MORE.

BORN 1480. BEHEADED 1535.

Principal Works:—*Utopia, Letter to Erasmus, and Miscellaneous Controversy.*

A ruful lamentacion of the deth of quene Elisabeth mother to king Henry the eight, wife to king Henry the seuenth, and eldest daughter to king Edward the fourth, which quene Elisabeth dyed in childbed in February in the yere of our Lord 1503, *and in the* 18 *yere of the raigne of king Henry the seuenth.*

O YE that put your trust and confidence,
In worldly ioy and frayle prosperite,
That so lyue here as ye should neuer hence,
Remember death and loke here vppon me.
Ensaumple I thynke there may no better be.
Your selfe wotte well that in this realme was I,
Your quene but late, and lo now here I lye.

Was I not borne of olde worthy linage?
Was not my mother queene, my father kyng?
Was I not a kinges fere in marriage?
Had I not plenty of euery pleasaunt thing?
Mercifull God, this is a straunge reckenyng:
Rychesse, honour, welth, and auncestry,
Hath me forsaken, and lo now here I lye.

If worship myght haue kept me, I had not gone;
If wyt myght haue me saued, I neded not fere;
If money myght haue holpe, I lacked none;
But, O good God, what vayleth all this gere,
When deth is come, thy mighty messangere,

Obey we must, there is no remedy,
Me hath he sommoned, and lo now here I lye.

Yet was I late promised otherwyse,
This yere to liue in welth and delice.
Lo whereto commeth thy blandishyng promyse,
O false astrolagy and deuynatrice,
Of Goddes secretes makyng thy selfe so wyse;
How true is for this yere thy prophecy
The yere yet lasteth, and lo nowe here I lye.

O bryttill welth, as full of bitternesse,
Thy single pleasure doubled is with payne.
Account my sorow first and my distresse,
In sondry wyse, and recken there agayne,
The ioy that I haue had, and I dare sayne,
For all my honour, endured yet haue I,
More wo then welth, and lo now here I lye.

Where are our castels, now; where are our towers?
Goodly Rychmonde sone, art thou gone from me?
At Westminster that costly worke of yours,
Myne owne dere lorde now shall I neuer see;
Almighty God vouchesafe to graunt that ye,
For you and your children well may edefy;
My palyce bylded is, and lo now here I lye.

Lines written while he was a prisoner in the Tower.

Ey! flatering Fortune, loke thou never so faire,
Or never so plesantly begin to smile,
As though thou wouldst my ruine all repayre,
During my life thou shalt not me begile;
Trust shall I God, to entre in a while
Hys haven or heaven sure and uniforme;
Ever aftir thy calme, loke I for a storme.

ROBERT HENRYSOUN.

A Scottish Poet, who flourished 1450 to 1500.

Thank God for all.

ALONE, as I went up and down,
In abbey was fair to see,
Thinking what consolation
Was in adversity;
On case * I cast on side mine ee,
And saw this written on a wall,
" Of what estate, Man, that thou be,
Obey, and thank thy God for all."

Thy kingdom, and thy great empire,
Thy royalty, nor rich array,
Shall nought endure at thy desire,
But, as the wind, will wend away:
Thy gold and all thy goodis gay,
When Fortune list will fra thee fall:
Sen thou sic samples sees each day,
Obey, and thank thy God for all.

Though thou be blind or have an halt,
Or in thy face deformed ill,
So it come not by thy default,
No man shall thee reprief † by skill:
Blame not thy Lord, so is his will;
Spurn not thy foot against the wall;
But, with meek heart and prayer still,
Obey, and thank thy God for all.

God, of his justice, man correct,
And of his mercy, pity have;
He is a Judge, to none suspect,
To punish sinful man or save;
Though thou be Lord atour the laif,‡
And afterwards made bound and thrall,

---

* By chance. † Reprove. ‡ Above the rest.

A poor beggar with scrip and staff,
Obey, and thank thy God for all.

This changing and great variance
Of earthly states up and down,
Is not but * casualty and chance
As some men say without reasoun;
But by the great provision
Of God above, that rule thee shall;
Therefore thou ever make thee boun
To' obey, and thank thy God for all.

In wealth be meek, heich† not thyself;
Be glad in wilful poverty;
Thy power and thy worldis pelf
Is nought but very vanity:
Remember Him that died on tree,
For thy sake tasted bitter gall,
Who heis low hearts and loweis high;‡
Obey, and thank thy God for all.

ANONYMOUS.

[From *Hore beate Marie Virginis, ad usum insignis Eccl. Sarum, totaliter ad longum.* Printed for Wynkin de Worde, 1522:—being an Almanack for 23 years from that date.]

Motto.

God be in my heed,—and in myn understanding;
God be in myn eyen,—and in my lokynge;
God be in my mouth,—and in my speakynge;
God be in my herte,—and in my thynkynge;
God be in myn ende,—and my departynge.

---

* Mere. † Exalt. ‡ Exalts the low and humbles the high.

The Bible.

[From "*a compendyous Olde Treatise, shewyinge how we ought to have the Scripture in Englyshe.*" (No date, probably about 1550.) *Imprynted by me Rychard Banckes.*"—The Treatise here named is said to have been written "about the yere of oure lorde, one thousand fower hundred," and a copy preserved in "the Church Ouer agaynst London stone at this howre."]

The Excusacyon of the Treatise.

THOUGHE I am olde, clothed in barbarous wede,
Nothynge garnyshyd with gay eloquensy,
Yet I tell the truthe, if ye lyste to take hede,
Agaynste their froward furious fantasy,
Which reken it for a great heresy,
And unto laye-people grieuous outrage
To haue Godes worde in their native langage.
Enemyes I shall haue—many a shorne crowne,
With forkid cappes, gay croosis of gold;
Which, to mantayne their ambicious renowne,
Are glad laye-people in ignorance to holde;
Yet to shewe the veryte one may be bolde,
All thoughe it be a prouerbe dayly spoken,
—"Who that tellyth the truthe his hed shal be broken."

ANNE ASKEWE.

BORN 1520. BURNT in Smithfield 1546.

The Balade which Anne Askewe made and sung when she was in Newgate.

[From "The Examinacyon of Anne Askewe, lately martyred in Smythfielde by the wicked Sinagogue of Antychrist, with the elucydacyon of Johan Bale. Printed at *Marpurg in Hessen*, 1546."]

LYKE as the armed Knyghte,
Appointed to the fielde,
With this world wyl I fyght,
And fayth shal be my shylde.

Fayth is that weapon stronge,
Which wyl not fayle at nede;
My foes therefore amonge,
Therewyth wyl I procede.

As it is had in strengthe,
And forces of Christes waye,
It wyl prevaile at lengthe,
Though all the Devyls saye *naye*.

Faythe of the Fathers olde
Obtained ryght witnèss,
Which makes me verye bolde
To fear no worldes distress.

I now rejoice in harte,
And hope bydes me do so;
For Christ wyl take my part,
And ease me of my wo.

Thou sayst, Lord, whoso knocke,
To them wylt Thou attende;
Undo, therefore, the locke,
And thy stronge power sende.

More enemies now I haue
Than heeres upon my head;
Let them not me deprave,
But fyght Thou in my steade.

On Thee my care I cast,
For all their cruell spyght;
I set not by their hast,
For Thou art my delyght.

I am not she that lyst
My anker to let fall
For every dryslyinge myst;
My shippe's substancyal.

Not oft I use to wryght
In prose, nor yet in ryme;
Yet wyl I shewe one syght,
That I sawe in my tyme.

I sawe a royall throne,
Where Iustyce shulde have sytte;
But in her steade was One
Of moody cruell wytte.

Absorpt was ryghtwysness,
As by the ragynge floude;
Sathan, in his excess
Sucte up the guiltlesse bloude.

Then thought I,—Iesus, Lorde,
When Thou shalt judge us all,
Harde is it to recorde
On these men what wyll fall.

Yet, Lorde, I Thee desyre,
For that they doe to me,
Let them not taste the hyre
Of their iniquytie.

JOHN HALL.

BORN ABOUT 1520.

Wrote the *Court of Virtue*, versified *Solomon's Proverbs, &c.*

A Ditty on the wicked state and enormities of most people in these present miserable days.

BLAME not my lute, though it do sound
The rebuke of your wicked sin;
But rather seek, as ye are bound,
To know what case that ye are in:
And though this song do sin confute,
And sharply wickedness rebuke,
Blame not my lute.

If my lute blame the covetize,
The gluttons and the drunkards vile,
The proud disdaine of worldly wise,
And how falsehood doth truth exile:

Though vice and sin be now in place,
Instead of virtue and of grace,
  Blame not my lute.

Though wrong in justice-place be set,
Committing great iniquity;
Though hypocrites be counted great,
That still maintain idolatry;
Though some set more by things of nought
Than by the Lord that all hath bought,
  Blame not my lute.

Blame not my lute, I you desire,
But blame the cause that we thus play;
For burning heat blame not the fire,
But him that bloweth the coal alway;
Blame ye the cause, blame ye not us,
That we mens faults have touched thus:
  Blame not my lute.

HENRY HOWARD, Earl of Surrey.

Born 1518. Beheaded 1546.

Principal Works:—*Sonnets on Geraldine, Version of Ecclesiastes, Translation of the 2d Boke of Virgile's Æneis*, &c.

Quam bonus Israel, Deus.—Psalm LXXIII.

Thoughe, Lord, to Israell
  Thy graces plenteous be,
I meane to such, with pure intent,
  As fix their trust in The;
  Yet whiles the faith did faynt
  That shold have been my guyde,
Lyke them that walk in slipper pathes,
  My feet began to slyde:

  Whiles I did grudge at those
  That glorey in their golde,

Whose lothsom pryde rejoyseth welth
  In quiet as they wolde.
  To se by course of yeres
  What nature doth appere,
The palayces of princely fourme
  Succede from heire to heire;

  From all such travailes free
  As longe to Adams sede,
Neither withdrawne from wicked works
  By daunger nor by dread.
  Whereof thire skornfull pryde,
  And gloried with their eyes;
As garments clothe the naked man,
  Thus are they clad in vyce:

  Thus, as they wishe, succeeds
  The mischief that they meane,
Whose glutten chekes slouth feads so fatt,
  As scant their eyes be sene.
  Unto whose crewel power
  Most men for dred ar fayne
To bend and bow with loftye looks,
  Whiles they vawnt in their rayne;

  And in their bloody hands
  Whose creweltye that frame
The wailfull works that skourge the poore,
  Without regard of blame.
  To tempt the living God
  They think it no offence,
And perce the symple with their tungs
  That can make no defence.

  Such proofes bifore the just,
  To cause the harts to waver,
Be sett, lyke cupps myngled with gall,
  Of bitter tast and saver:
  Then saye thy foes in skorne,
  That tast no other foode,
But sucke the fleshe of thy elect
  And bath them in their bloode,

Shold we beleve the Lorde
Doth know and suffer this?
Foled be he with fables vayne,
That so abused is.
In terrour of the just,
Thus raignes iniquitye,
Armed with power, laden with gold,
And dred for crueltye,

Then vayne the warr might seme,
That I by faythe mayntayne
Against the fleshe, whose false affects
My pure hart wold distayne.
For I am scourged still
That no offence have doon,
By wrathes children, and from my byrth
My chastening begoon.

When I behelde their pryde,
And slackness of thy hand,
I gan bewaile the wofull state
Wherin thy chosen stand;
And as I sought wherof
Thy sufferaunce, Lord, shold groo,
I found no witt could perce so far,
Thy holy domes to knoo;

And that no mysteryes
Nor dought could be distrust,
Till I com to the holly place,
The mansion of the just;
Where I shall se what end
Thy justice shall prepare,
For such as buyld on worldly welth,
And dye their colours faire,

Oh! how their ground is false,
And all their buylding vayne;
And they shall fall, their power shall faile
That did their pryde mayntayne,
As charged harts with care,
That dreme some pleasaunt tourne,

After their sleape fynd their abuse,
  And to their plaint retourne:

  So shall their glorye faade;
  Thy sword of vengeaunce shall
Unto their dronken eyes in blood
  Disclose their errours all.
  In other succour, then,
  O Lord, why should I trust;
But only thyn, whom I have found
  In thy behight so just?

  And suche for drede or gayne
  As shall thy name refuse,
Shall perishe with their golden godds
  That did their harts seduce;
  Where I, that in thy worde
  Have set my trust and joye,
The high reward that longs thereto
  Shall quietlye enjoye:

  And my unworthye lypps,
  Inspired with thy grace,
Shall thus forespeke thy secret works,
  In sight of Adams race.

SIR THOMAS WYAT.

BORN 1503. DIED 1541.

Miscellaneous Poems.

Of Dissembling Wordes.

THROUGHOUT the world if it were sought,
Faire words ynough a man shall finde;
They be good chepe, they cost right nought,
Their substance is but only winde:
  But well to say, and so to mene,
  That swete accord is seldom sene.

ANONYMOUS.

Comparison of Life and Death.

THE life is long, that lothsomly doth last,
The dolefull dayes draw slowly to their date;
The present panges and painfull plagues forepast
Yelde griefe aye grene to stablish this estate;
So that I feele, in this great storme and strife,
The death is swete that endeth such a life.

Yet by the stroke of this strange ouerthrowe,
At which conflict in thraldome I was thrust,
The Lord be praised, I am well taught to know
From whence man came, and eke whereto he must;
And by the way, vpon how feble force,
His terme doth stand, till death doth end his course.

The pleasant yeres that seme so swift that runne,
The mery dayes to end so fast that flete,
The ioyfull nightes of which day daweth so soone,
The happy howers which mo do miss then mete,
Do all consume as snowe against the sunne,
And death makes end of all that life begonne.

Since death shall dure, till all the world be wast,
What meaneth man to dred death then so sore?
As man might make that life should alway last,
Without regarde the Lord hath led before
The daunce of death, which all must runne on row,
Though how, or when, the Lord alone doth know.

If man would minde what burthens life doth bring
What greuous crimes to God he doth commit;
What plages, what panges, what perilles, therby springe
With no sure hower in all his daies to sit:
He would sure think as with great cause I do,
The day of death wer better of the two.

Death is a port wherby we pass to ioy,
Life is a lake, that drowneth all in payn,

Death is so dere it ceaseth all annoy,
Life is so leude that all it yeldes is vayn:
And as by life to bondage man is brought,
Even so likewise by death was fredom wrought.

Wherefore, with Paul, let all men wish and pray
To be dissolvde of this foule fleshly masse;
Or at the least be armde against the day,
That they be found good souldiers prest to passe
From life to death, from death to life again,
To such a life, as euer shall remain.

The Pore Estate to be holden for Best.

EXPERIENCE now doth show what God us taught before,
Desired pompe is vaine, and seldome doth it last:
Who climbes to raigne with kinges, may rue his fate full sore;
Alass the wofull end that comes with care full fast;
Reiect him doth renoune, his pompe full low is cast,
Deceiued is the byrd by swetenesse of the call,
Expell that pleasant taste, wherin is bitter gall.

Such as with oten cakes in poor estate abides,
Of care haue they no cure, the crab with myrth they rost;
More ease fele they then those, that from their height down slides,
Excesse doth brede their wo, they saile in Scillas cost,
Remayning in the stormes tyll shyp and all be lost.
Serue God, therefore, thou pore, for lo, thou liuest in rest;
Eschue the golden hall, thy thatched house is best.

GEORGE PEELE.

BORN ABOUT 1555.

Author of many *Dramatic Works*, and some *Pastorals*, &c.

Nathan's Parable.

THERE were two men, both dwellers in one town,
The one was mighty, and exceeding rich
In oxen, sheep, and cattle of the field;
The other poor, having nor ox, nor calf,
Nor other cattle save one little Lamb,
Which he had brought and nourish'd by the hand;
And it grew up and fed with him and his,
And ate and drank as he and his were wont,
And in his bosom slept, and was to live
As his own daughter, or his dearest child.
There came a stranger to the wealthy man;
And he refused and spared to take his own,
Or of his store to dress or make him meat,
But took the poor man's sheep, the poor man's store,
And dress'd it for the stranger in his house.

David instructing Solomon, a child.

Solomon. IT would content me, Father, first to learn
How the Eternal framed the firmament;
Which bodies lead their influence by fire,
And which are fill'd with Winter's hoary use;
What sign is rainy, and what star is fair;
Why by the rules of true proportion
The year is still divided into months,
The months to days, the days to certain hours;
What fruitful race shall fill the future world;
Or for what time shall this round building stand;
What magistrates, what kings shall keep in awe
Men's minds with bridle of the eternal law.
David. Wade not too far, my boy, in waves too deep:
The feeble eyes of our aspiring thoughts

Behold things present, and record them past,
But things to come exceed our human reach,
And are not painted yet in angels' eyes:
For these submit thy sense, and say,—"Thou Power!
That now art framing of the future world,
Knowest all to come,—not by the course of heaven,
By frail conjecture of inferior signs,
By monstrous floods, by flights and flocks of birds,
By bowels of a sacrificed beast,
Or by the figures of some hidden art,
But by a true and natural presage,
Laying the ground and perfect architect
Of all our actions now before thine eyes,
From Adam to the end of Adam's seed.
O Heaven, protecting weakness with thy strength,
So look on me, that I may view thy face,
And see these secrets written in thy brow.
O sun! come dart thy rays upon my moon,
That now mine eyes, eclipsed to the earth,
May brightly be refined and shine to heaven;
Transform me from this flesh, that I may live
Before my death regenerate with Thee.
O thou great God! ravish mine earthly sprite,
That for a time a more than human skill
May find the organons of all my sense;
That when I think, thy thoughts may be my guide,
And when I speak I may be made by choice
The perfect echo of thy heavenly voice."—
Thus say, my son, and thou shalt have them all.

ANONYMOUS.

A happy end excedeth all plesures and riches of the world.

The shining season here to some,
The glory in the worldes sight,
Renowmed fame through fortune wonne,
The glittering golde the eyes delight,

The sensual life that semes so swete,
The heart with ioyfull dayes replete,
  The thing whereto ech wight is thral,
  The happy ende excedeth all.

NICHOLAS GRIMOALD.

WROTE between 1530—1550.

Translator of *Cicero's Offices*, *Terence's Comedies*, and various other classical works. Author of the *Death of Cicero*, and some smaller poetical pieces.

Descripcion of Vertue.

WHAT one art thou, thus in torne weed yclad?
Vertue, in price whom auncient sages had.
Why porely 'ray'd? for fading goodes past care.
Why double faced? I marke ech fortunes fare.
This bridle what? Mindes rages to restraine.
Tooles why beare you? I love to take great payne.
Why winges? I teach aboue the starres to flye.
Why tread you death? I onely cannot dye.

GEORGE GASCOIGNE.

DIED 1577.

Principal Works:—*Flowers, Herbs, Weeds, Fruits of Warre*, &c.

Good Morrow.

YOU that haue spent the silent night,
In sleepe and quiet rest,
And ioye to see the cheerefull lyght
That ryseth in the East:

Now cleare your voyce, now chere your hart,
Come helpe me nowe to sing:
Eche willing wight come beare a part,
To prayse the heauenly King.

And you whome care in prison keepes,
Or sickenes doth suppresse,
Or secret sorowe breakes your sleepes,
Or dolours doe distresse:
Yet beare a parte in dolefull wise,
Yea thinke it good accorde,
And exceptable sacrifice,
Eche sprite to prayse the Lorde.

The dreadfull night with darkesomnesse,
Had ouer spread the light,
And sluggish sleepe with drowsynesse,
Had ouer prest our might:
A glasse wherin you may beholde,
Eche storme that stopes our breath,
Our bed the graue, our clothes lyke molde,
And sleepe like dreadfull death.

Yet as this deadly night did laste,
But for a little space,
And heauenly daye, nowe night is past,
Doth shewe his pleasaunt face:
So must we hope to see Gods face,
At last in heauen on hie,
When we haue changed this mortall place,
For Immortalitie.

And of such happes and heauenly ioyes,
As then we hope to holde,
All earthly sightes and worldly toyes,
Are tokens to beholde.
The daye is like the daye of doome,
The sunne, the Sonne of man,
The skyes the heauens, the earth the tombe
Wherein we rest till than.

The Rainbowe bending in the skye,
Bedeckte with sundrye hewes,

Is like the seate of God on hye,
And seemes to tell these newes:
That as thereby he promised,
To drowne the world no more,
So by the bloud which Christ hath shed,
He will our helth restore.

The mistie cloudes that fall somtime,
And ouercast the skyes,
Are like to troubles of our time,
Which do but dymme our eyes:
But as suche dewes are dryed vp quite,
When Phœbus shewes his face,
So are such fansies put to flighte,
Where God doth guide by grace.

The caryon Crowe, that lothsome beast,
Which cryes agaynst the rayne,
Both for hir hewe and for the rest,
The Deuill resembleth playne:
And as with gonnes we kill the crowe,
For spoyling our releefe,
The Deuill so must we ouerthrowe
With gonshote of beleefe.

The little byrdes which sing so swete,
Are like the angelles voyce,
Which render God his prayses meete,
And teache vs to reioyce:
And as they more esteeme that myrth,
Than dread the nights anoy,
So must we deeme our days on earth,
But hell to heauenly ioye.

Unto which Ioyes for to attayne
God graunt vs all his grace,
And sende vs after worldly payne,
In heauen to haue a place.
Where wee maye still enioye that light,
Which neuer shall decaye:
Lorde, for thy mercy lend vs might,
To see that ioyfull daye.

Good Night.

When thou hast spent the lingring day
  In pleasure and delight,
Or after toyle and wearie waye,
  Dost seeke to rest at nighte:
Unto thy paynes or pleasures past,
  Adde this one labour yet,
Ere sleepe close vp thyne eye to fast,
  Do not thy God forget,

But searche within thy secret thought,
  What deeds did thee befal:
And if thou find amisse in ought,
  To God for mercy call.
Yea though thou find nothing amisse,
  Which thou canst cal to mind,
Yet euer more remember this,
  There is the more behind:

And thinke how well so euer it be,
  That thou hast spent the daye,
It came of God, and not of thee,
  So to direct thy waye.
Thus if thou trie thy dayly deedes,
  And pleasure in this payne,
Thy life shall clense thy corne from weeds,
  And thine shal be the gaine:

But if thy sinfull sluggishe eye,
  Will venter for to winke,
Before thy wading will may trye,
  How far thy soule maye sinke,
Beware and wake, for else thy bed,
  Which soft and smoth is made,
May heape more harm vpon thy head,
  Than blowes of enmies blade.

Thus if this paine procure thine ease,
  In bed as thou doest lye,
Perhaps it shall not God displease,
  To sing thus soberly;

I see that sleepe is lent me here,
  To ease my wearye bones,
As death at laste shall eke appeere,
  To ease my greeuous grones.

The stretching armes, the yauning breath,
  Which I to bedward vse,
Are patternes of the pangs of death,
  When life will me refuse:
And of my bed eche sundrye part
  In shaddowes doth resemble,
The sundry shapes of deth, whose dart
  Shal make my flesh to tremble.

My bed it selfe is like the graue,
  My sheetes the winding sheete,
My clothes the mould which I must haue,
  To couer me most meete:
The waking cock that early crowes
  To weare the night awaye,
Puts in my minde the trumpe that blowes
  Before the latter day.

And as I ryse vp lustily,
  When sluggish sleepe is past,
So hope I to rise ioyfully,
  To iudgement at the last.
Thus wyll I wake, thus wyll I sleepe,
  Thus wyl I hope to ryse,
Thus wyll I neither waile nor weepe,
  But sing in godly wyse.

My bones shall in this bed remaine,
  My soule in God shall trust,
By whome I hope to ryse againe
  From death and earthly dust.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

BORN 1560. EXECUTED 1595.

A few small pieces, the relics of numerous compositions in verse by this Author, have been preserved, which are peculiarly pleasing. He was charged, as a Priest and a Jesuit, with conspiring against Queen Elizabeth's Government, yet nothing was proved against him, but what he fearlessly avowed,—that he had come into England to preach the Catholic Religion. It would be hard to convince any enlightened reader that the Author of such poems as the following was a traitor. He fell a martyr, if not to his faith, to the persecuting spirit of the age in which he lived.

Love's servile Lot.

LOVE, mistresse is of many minds,
  Yet few know whom they serve,
They reckon least how little Love
  Their service doth deserve.

The will she robbeth from the wit,
  The sense from reason's lore,
She is delightfull in the rine,
  Corrupted in the core.

She shroudeth vice in vertue's vaile,
  Pretending good in ill,
She offereth joy, affordeth griefe,
  A kisse where she doth kill.

A honey-shower raines from her lips,
  Sweet lights shine in her face,
She hath the blush of virgine kind,
  The mind of vipers race.

May never was the Month of Love,
  For May is full of flowers;
But rather Aprill, wet by kind,
  For Love is full of showers.

With soothing words, inthralled soules
  She chaines in servile bands;

Her eye in silence has a speach
  Which eye best understands.

Like Winter rose and Summer ise
  Her joyes are still untimely;
Before her Hope, behind Remorse:
  Faire first, in fine unseemely.

Moodes, passions, fancies, jealous fits,
  Attend upon her traine:
She yeeldeth rest without repose,
  And Heaven in hellish paine.

Her house is Sloth, her doore Deceite,
  And slipperie Hope her staires;
Unbashfull Boldness bids her guests,
  And every Vice repaires.

Her dyet is of such delights
  As please till they be past;
But then the poyson kills the hart,
  That did entise the taste.

Her sleepe in Sinne doth end in Wrath,
  Remorse rings her awake;
Death cals her up, Shame drives her out,
  Despaires her up-shot make.

Plow not the seas, sowe not the sands,
  Leave off your idle paine;
Seeke other mistresse for your mindes,
  Love's service is in vaine.

Scorn not the Least.

WHERE wards are weak, and foes encountring strong,
Where mightier do assault then doe defend,
The feebler part puts up enforced wrong,
And silent sees that speach could not amend;
Yet higher powers must thinke, though they repine,
When sunne is set, the little starres will shine.

While pike do range, the silly tench doth flie,
And crouch in privie creekes, with smaller fish:
Yet pikes are caught when little fish goe by,
These fleete aflote, while those doe fill the dish;
There is a time even for the wormes to creepe,
And sucke the dew while all their foes doe sleepe.

The marline cannot ever soare on high,
Nor greedie grey-hound still pursue the chace,
The tender larke will finde a time to flie,
And fearfull hare to runne a quiet race.
He that high growth on cedars did bestow,
Gave also lowly mushrumps leave to growe.

In Haman's pompe poor Mordocheus wept;
Yet God did turne his fate upon his foe:
The Lazar pinde, while Dives feast was kept,
Yet he to Heaven, to Hell did Dives goe.
We trample grasse, and prize the flowers of May,
Yet grasse is greene, when flowers doe fade away.

A Vale of Tears.

A VALE there is, enwrapt in dismal shades,
Which thick with mournful pine shrouds from the sun,
Where hanging cliffs yield short and narrow glades,
And snowy floods with broken streams do run.

Where ears of other sounds can have no choice
But various blustering of the stubborn wind,
In trees, in caves, in straits, with diverse noise,
Which now doth hiss, now howl, now roar by kind.

And in the horror of this fearful quire,
Consists the music of this doleful place;
All pleasant birds their tunes from thence retire,
Where none but heavy groans have any space.

Resort there is of none but pilgrim-wights,
That pass with trembling foot and panting heart,
With terror, cast in cold and shuddering frights,
And all the place for terror framed by art.

Yet Nature's work it is, by art untouch'd;
So strait indeed, so vast unto the eye,
With such disorder'd order strangely couch'd,
And so, with pleasing horror, low and high,—

That who it views must needs remain aghast
Much at the work, more at the Maker's might;
And muse how Nature such a plot could cast,
Where nothing seemed wrong, yet nothing right.

A place for mated minds, an only bower,
Where every thing doth suit a pensive mood;
Earth is forlorn, the cloudy sky doth lower;
The wind weeps here, here sighs, here cries aloud.

The struggling flood between the marble groans,
Then roaring beats upon its craggy sides;
A little off, amid the pebble-stones,
With bubbling streams, a purling noise, it glides.

The pines thick-set, high-grown, and ever green,
Still clothe the place with shade and mourning veil;
Here gaping cliffs, there moss-grown plain is seen;
Here Hope doth spring, and there again doth quail.

All pangs and heavy passions here may find
A thousand motives suiting to their griefs;
To feed the sorrows of their troubled mind,
And chace away Dame Pleasure's vain reliefs.

To plaining thoughts this vale a rest may be,
To which from worldly toils they may retire,
Where sorrow springs from water, stone and tree,
Where every thing with mourners doth conspire.

Sit here, my Soul, mourn streams of tears afloat,
Here all thy sinful foils, alone, recount;
Of solemn tunes make thou the dolefull'st note,
That to thy ditty's dolour may amount.

When echo doth repeat thy painful cries,
Think that the very stones thy sins bewray,
And now accuse thee with their sad replies,
As heaven and earth shall, in the latter day.

Let former faults be fuel of the fire,
For grief in limbeck of thy soul to 'still;
Thy pensive thoughts, and dumps of thy desire,
And vapour tears up to thine eyes at will.

Let tears be tunes, and pains to plaints be prest,
And let this be the burthen of thy song;
" Come, deep remorse, possess my sinful breast;
Delights, adieu; I harbour'd you too long."

Godliness with Contentment is great gain.

My conscience is my crown,
Contented thoughts my rest;
My heart is happy in itself,
My bliss is in my breast.

Enough, I reckon wealth;
That mean, the surest lot,
That lies too high for base contempt,
Too low for envy's shot.

My wishes are but few,
All easy to fulfill;
I make the limits of my power
The bounds unto my will.

I feel no care for gold,
Well-doing is my wealth;
My mind to me an empire is,
While grace affordeth health.

Spare diet is my fare,
My clothes more fit than fine;
I know I feed and clothe a foe,
That, pamper'd, would repine.

No change of Fortune's calm
Can cast my comforts down:
When Fortune smiles—I smile to think
How quickly she will frown.

And when, in angry mood,
She proved an angry foe,
Small gain I found to let her come,
Less loss, to let her go.

The Image of Death.

These stanzas were published among Southwell's Poems, in 1595, the year of his death, but they have been also ascribed to SIMON WASTELL, Author of Microbiblion, 1629.

BEFORE my face the picture hangs,
That daily should put me in mind,
Of those cold qualms and bitter pangs,
That shortly I am like to find:
But yet, alas! full little I
Do think hereon that I must die.

I often look upon the face,
Most ugly, grisly, bare and thin;
I often view the hollow place,
Where eyes and nose had sometime been;
I see the bones across, that lie,
Yet little think that I must die.

I read the label underneath,
That telleth me whereto I must;
I see the sentence eke, that saith,
"Remember, man, that thou art dust:"
But yet, alas! how seldom I
Do think indeed, that I must die.

Continually, at my bed's head,
An hearse doth hang, which doth me tell,
That I, ere morning, may be dead,
Though now I feel myself full well:
But yet, alas! for all this, I
Have little mind that I must die.

The gown which I do use to wear,
The knife wherewith I cut my meat,
And eke that old and ancient chair,
Which is my only usual seat;

All these do tell me I must die,
And yet my life amend not I.

My ancestors are turn'd to clay,
And many of my mates are gone,
My youngers daily drop away;
And can I think to 'scape alone?
No, no, I know that all must die,
And yet my life amend not I.

If none can 'scape Death's dreadful dart,
If rich and poor his beck obey,
If strong, if wise, if all do smart,
Then I to 'scape shall have no way:
O grant me grace, my God, that I
My life may mend, sith I must die.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

BORN 1554. SLAIN at the battle of Zutphen, 1586.

Principal Works:—*Pembroke's Arcadia, A Defence of Poesie, Sonnets*, &c.

Farewell to splendid Follies.

LEAVE me, O Love! which reachest but to dust;
And thou, my mind, aspire to higher things,
Grow rich in that which never taketh rust;
Whatever fades but fading pleasure brings.
  Draw in thy beams, and humble all thy might
To that sweet yoke where lasting freedomes be;
Which breakes the clouds, and opens forth the light,
That doth both shine and give us sight to see.
  Oh! take fast hold, let that light be thy guide
In this small course which birth drawes out of death;
And thinke how ill becometh him to slide,
Who seeketh heaven, and comes of heavenly breath.
  Then, farewell, world, thine uttermost I see;
Eternal Love! maintaine thy life in me.

LORD VAUX.

DIED 1522.

On the instabilitie of Youth.

[From the Paradise of Dayntie Devises, 1576.]

WHEN I look back, and in myself behold
The wandering ways that youth could not descry,
And mark the fearful course that youth did hold,
And mete in mind each step youth stray'd awry;
My knees I bow, and from my heart I call,
O Lord, forget these sins and follies all.

For now I see how void youth is of skill,
I also see his prime-time and his end;
I do confess my faults and all my ill,
And sorrow sore for that I did offend;
And with a mind repentant of all crimes,
Pardon I ask for youth ten thousand times.

Thou, that didst grant the wise king his request,
Thou, that in whale the prophet didst preserve,
Thou, that forgavest the woundings of thy breast,
Thou, that didst save the thief in state to starve;
Thou only God, the giver of all grace,
Wipe out of mind the path of youth's vain race.

Thou, that by power to life didst raise the dead,
Thou, that of grace, restoredst the blind to sight,
Thou, that for love thy life and love outbled,
Thou, that of favour madest the lame go right,
Thou, that canst heal and help in all essays,
Forgive the guilt that grew in youth's vaine ways.

And now, since I, with faith and doubtless mind,
Do fly to Thee, by prayer to' appease thine ire;
And since, that Thee I only seek to find,
And hope by faith to' attain my just desire;
Lord, mind no more youth's error and unskill;
Enable age to do thy holy will.

WILLIAM HUNIS.

Translated various Psalms and other portions of Scripture into verse;—wrote also some original poems of a devotional character, under the title of "*A Handfull of Honeysuckles*," 1585.

O Iesu, oft it grieveth me,
And troubleth sore my mind,
That I so weak and frail am found,
To wander with the blind.

O Iesu dear, Thou lasting light,
Whose brightness doth excell,
The clearness of thy beams send down
Within my heart to dwell.

O Iesu, quicken Thou my soul,
That it may cleave to Thee,
And for thy painful passion sake,
Have mercy now on me.

Gray Hairs.

These heares of age are messengers,
Which bidde me fast, repent and pray;
They be of death the harbingers,
That dooth prepare and dresse the way.
Wherefore I joy that you may see,
Upon my head such heares to be.

They be the lines that lead the length,
How farre my race is for to runne:
They say my youth is fled with strength,
And how olde age is weake begunne.
The which I feele, and you may see,
Upon my head such lines to be.

They be the stringes of sober sound,
Whose musicke is harmonicall:
Their tunes declare a time from ground
I came, and how thereto I shall.
Wherefore I joy that you may see,
Upon my head such stringes to be.

God graunt to those that white heares have,
No worse them take then I have ment:
That after they be layde in grave,
Their soules may joy their lives well spent.
God graunt likewise that you may see,
Upon your head such heares to be.

HUMPHREY GIFFORD.

A Dream.

[From a Posie of Gilliflowers. London, 1580.]

LAID in my quiet bed to rest,
When sleep had all my senses drown'd,
Such dreams arose within my breast,
As did with fear my mind confound.

Methought I wander'd in a wood,
Which was as dark as pit of hell;
In midst of which such waters stood,
That where to pass I could not tell.

The Lion, Tyger, Wolf and Bear,
There thundered forth such hideous cries,
As made huge echoes in the air,
And seem'd almost to pierce the skies.

Long vex'd with care I there abode,
And to get forth I wanted power,
At every footstep that I trod,
I fear'd some beast would me devour.

Abiding thus, perplex'd with pain,
This case within myself I scann'd,
That human help was all in vain,
Unless the Lord with us do stand.

Then falling flat upon my face,
In humble sort to God I pray'd,

That, in this dark and doleful place,
He would vouchsafe to be mine aid.

Arising then, a wight with wings,
Of ancient years, methinks I see;
A burning torch in hand he brings,
And thus began to speak to me.

"That God, whose aid thou didst implore,
Hath sent me hither for thy sake;
Pluck up thy sprites, lament no more,
With me thou must thy journey take."

Against a huge and lofty hill,
With swiftest pace, methinks we go,
When such a sound mine ears did fill,
As moved my heart to bleed for woe.

Methought I heard a woeful wight,
In doleful sort pour forth great plaints,
Whose cries did so my mind affright,
That even with fear each member faints.

"Fie," quoth my guide, "what means this change?
Pass on apace, with courage bold;
Hereby doth stand a prison strange,
Where wondrous things thou mayst behold."

Then came we to a fort of brass,
Where, peering through strong iron grates,
We saw a woman sit, alas!
Which ruefully bewail'd her fates.

Her face was far more white than snow,
And on her head a crown she ware,
Beset with stones, that glister'd so
A thousand torches had been there.

Her song was—"Woe! and well-away!
What torments here do I sustain!"
—A new mishap did her dismay,
Which more and more increased her pain.

An ugly creature, all in black,
Ran to her seat and flung her down,

Who rent her garments from her back,
And spoil'd her of her precious crown.

This crown he placed upon his head,
And leaving her in doleful case,
With swiftest pace away he fled,
And darkness came in all the place.

Then quoth my Guide, " Note well my talk,
And thou shalt hear this dream declared:
The wood, in which thou first didst walk,
Unto the world may be compared.

" The roaring beasts plainly express
The sundry snares in which we fall:
This Gaol is named Deep-Distress,
In which Dame Virtue lies in thrall.

" She is the wight, which here within
So dolefully doth howl and cry;
The foe is called Deadly-Sin,
That proffer'd her this villainy.

" My name is Time, whom God hath sent
To warn thee of thy Soul's decay;
In Time therefore thy sins repent,
Lest Time from thee be ta'en away."

As soon as he these words had said,
With swiftest pace away he flies;
And I thereat was so afraid,
That drowsy sleep forsook mine eyes.

THOMAS TUSSER.

Born 1523. Died 1580.

Author of " *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry.*"

Advice for every Season.

In health, to be stirring shall profit thee best;
In sickness, hate trouble; seek quiet and rest;

Remember thy soul; let no fancy prevail;
Make ready to God-ward; let faith never quail;
The sooner thyself thou submittest to God,
The sooner He ceaseth to scourge with his rod.

FRANCIS KINWELMERSHE.

[One of the Writers in the Paradise of Dayntie Devises, 1576.]

All things are vaine.

ALTHOUGH the purple morning brages
  In brightness of the sunne,
As though he had of chased night
  A glorious conquest wonne:
The time by day, gives place againe
  To force of drowsy night,
And every creature is constrain'd
  To change his lusty plight.
Of pleasure all that here we taste;
We feele the contrary at laste.

In spring, though pleasant Zephirus
  Hath frutefull earth inspired,
And Nature hath each bush, each branch,
  With blossomes brave attired:
Yet fruites and flowers, as buds and blomes
  Ful quickly withered be,
When stormie Winter comes to kill
  The Sommers jollitie.
By time are got, by time are lost,
All thinges wherein we pleasure most.

Although the Seas so calmely glide,
  As daungers none appeare,
And dout of stormes, in skie is none,
  King Phœbus shines so cleare:
Yet when the boistrous windes breake out,
  And raging waves do swel,

The seely barke now heaves to heaven,
  Now sinkes againe to hel,
Thus change in every thing we see,
And nothing constant seemes to be.

Who floweth most in worldly wealth
  Of wealth is most unsure,
And he that cheefely tastes of joy,
  Doth sometime woe endure:
Who vaunteth most of numbred freendes,
  Foregoe them all he must,
The fairest flesh and liveliest bloud,
  Is turn'd at length to dust.
Experience gives a certain ground,
That certain here, is nothing found.

Then trust to that which aye remaines,
  The blisse of heavens above,
Which Time, nor Fate, nor Wind, nor Storme,
  Is able to remove,
Trust to that sure celestiall rocke,
  That rests in glorious throne,
That hath bene, is, and must be stil,
  Our anker-hold alone.
The world is but a vanitie,
In heaven seeke we our suretie.

ANONYMOUS.

[From the Paradise of Dayntie Devises.]

Death a due Debt.

To die, Dame Nature did man frame;
Death is a thing most perfect sure,
We ought not Nature's works to blame,
She made no thing still to endure:
That law she made when we were born,
That thence we should return again;

To render right we must not scorn;
Death is due debt; it is no pain.

Death hath in all the earth a right;
His power is great, it stretcheth far;
No Lord, no Prince can 'scape his might;
No creature can his duty bar:
The wise, the great, the strong, the high,
The chaste, the meek, the free of heart,
The rich, the poor,—who can deny?—
Have yielded all unto his dart.

If thou have led thy life aright,
Death is the end of misery;
If thou in God hast thy delight,
Thou diest to live eternally:
This thought makes man to God a friend,
This thought doth banish pride and sin,
This thought doth bring man in the end,
When he of Death the field shall win.

ANONYMOUS.

A Christmas Carol.

[From Byrd's Collection, 1587.]—The original has a burthen o *Lullaby* attached to it, with some other superfluities here omitted. If read with due allowance, it cannot be denied, that this lay of "the old age," has a charm of wild and touching simpleness about it, and "dallies with the innocence of love," in a manner which no art could imitate in modern phrase. The very theme is one which a living poet durst not approach.

My sweet little Babie, what meanest Thou to cry?
Be still, my blessed Babe, though cause Thou hast to mourne,
Whose blood most innocent the cruell king hath sworne;
And lo! alas! behold! what slaughter he doth make,
Shedding the blood of infants all, sweet Saviour, for thy sake:

A King is born, they say, which King this king would kill:
Oh! woe, and woefull heavy day when wretches have their will!

Three kings, this King of kings to see, are come from farre,
To each unknowen, with offerings great, by guiding of a starre;
As Shepherds heard the song, which angels bright did sing,
Giving all glory unto God for coming of this king,
Which must be made away,—king Herod would Him kill;
Oh! woe, and woefull heavy day when wretches have their will!

Loe! my little Babe, be still, lament no more;
From furie Thou shalt step aside, helpe have we still in store;
We heavenly warning have, some other soyle to seeke;
From death must fly the Lord of life, as lamb both milde and meeke;
Thus must my Babe obey the king that would him kill:
Oh! woe, and woefull heavy day when wretches have their will!

But Thou shalt live and reigne, as David hath forsay'd,
And prophets prophecied: * * * *
* * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * *
Whom caytives none can 'traye,* whom tyrants none can kill:
Oh! joy, and joyfull, happy day, when wretches want their will!

---

* Betray.

ARCHBISHOP PARKER.

BORN 1504. DIED 1575.

[From the version of Psalms which bears his name.]

Psalm XCII.

A JOYFULL thing to man it is,
  The Lord to celebrate;
To thy good name, O God so hye,
  Due laudes to modulate.

To preach and shew thy gentleness,
  At early mornyng lyght;
Thy truth of word to testifie,
  All whole by length of nyght.

Upon the psalm, the decachord,
  Upon the pleasant lute,
On sounding, good, sweete instruments,
  With shaumes, with harpe and flute.

For Thou hast joy'd my fearfull hart,
  O Lord, thy workes to see,
(And I with praise will full rejoice,)
  The handy-workes of Thee.

ANONYMOUS.

Virtue immoveable.

[From the Paradise of Dayntie Devises, 1576.]

THE sturdy rock, for all his strength,
By raging seas, is rent in twaine;
The marble stone is pearst at length,
With littel drops of drizzling raine:

The ox doth yield unto the yoke,
The steele obeyeth the hammer-stroke.

The stately stagge, that seemes so stout,
By yalping hounds at bay is set;
The swiftest bird, that flies about,
Is caught at length in fowler's net:
The greatest fish, in deepest brooke,
Is soon deceived by subtill hooke.

Yea man himselfe, unto whose will
All thinges are bounden to obey,
For all his wit and worthie skill,
Doth fade at length and fall away:
There nothing is but Time doth waste;
The heavens, the earthe consume at last.

But Virtue sits, triumphing still
Upon the throne of glorious fame;
Though spiteful death man's body kill,
Yet hurts he not his vertuous name:
By life or death what so betides,
The state of virtue never slides.

GEFFREY WHITNEY.

He published, in Holland, "*Emblemes and other Devises, gathered, Englished, and moralized, and diverse newly Devised.*" The Dedication to Robert, Earle of Leycester, is dated 1585. This curious volume is now become very rare: a perfect Copy is seldom indeed to be found, many of the prints are admirably executed and highly characteristic of the subjects. The following lines introduce the "*Emblemes.*"

D. O. M.

SINCE man is fraile, and all his thoughtes are sinne,
And of him selfe he can no good inuent,
Then euerie one, before they oughte beginne,
Should call on God, from whome all grace is sent:
So, I beseeche, that he the same will sende,
That, to his praise I maie beginne, and ende.

Truth delivered from the Dungeon.

Motto. *Veritas temporis Filia.*

THREE furies fell, which turne the world to ruthe,
Both Enuie, Strife, and Slaunder, heare appeare,
In dungeon darke they longe inclosed Truthe,
But Time at lengthe, did loose his daughter deare,
And setts alofte, that sacred ladie brighte,
Whoe things longe hidd, reueales, and bringes to lighte.

Thoughe Strife make fier, thoughe Enuie eate hir harte,
The innocent though Slaunder rente, and spoile:
Yet Time will comme, and take this ladie's parte,
And breake her bandes, and bring her foes to foile.
Dispaire not then, thoughe Truthe be hidden ofte,
Bycause at lengthe, shee shall bee sett alofte.

Humility becometh Christian Preachers.

Motto. *Non tibi, sed Religioni.*

THE pastors good, that doe gladd tidinges preache,
The godlie sorte, with reuerence do imbrace:
Though they be men, yet since Godds worde they teache,
Wee honor them, and giue them higheste place,
Imbassadors of princes of the earthe,
Haue royall Seates, thoughe base they are by birthe.

Yet, if throwghe pride they doe themselues forgett,
And make accompte that honor, to be theires:
And doe not marke within whose place they sett,
Let them behowlde the asse, that ISIS beares,
Whoe thowghte the men to honor him, did kneele,
And staied therfore, till he the staffe did feele.

For, as he pass'd with ISIS throughe the streete,
And bare on backe, his holie rites about,
The' Ægyptians downe fell prostrate at his feete,
Whereat, the Asse, grewe arrogante and stowte,

Then saide the guide: oh foole! not vnto thee,
Theise people bowe, but vnto that they see?

The Lame and the Blynde.

Motto. *Mutuum auxilium.*

THE blynde did beare the lame vppon his backe,
The burthen did directe the bearor's waies:
With mutuall helpe, they seru'd eche other's lacke,
And euery one, their frendly league did praise:
The lame lente eies, the blynde did lend his feete,
And so they safe, did passe both feelde and streete.

Some lande aboundes, yet hathe the same her wante,
Some yeeldes her lacke, and wantes the other's store:
No man so ritche, but is in some thinge scante,
The greate estate must not dispise the pore:
Hee workes, and toyles, and makes his showlders beare,
The ritche agayne, giues foode, and clothes, to weare.

So without poore, the ritche are like the lame:
And without ritche, the poore are like the blynde:
Let ritche lend eies, the poore his legges wil frame,
Thus shoulde yt bee. For so the Lorde assign'd,
Whoe at the first, for mutuall frendship sake,
Not all gaue one, but did this difference make.

Whereby, with trade, and intercourse, in space,
And borrowinge heare, and lendinge there agayne:
Such loue, such truthe, such kyndnes, shoulde take place,
That frendshipp with societie should raigne:
The prouerbe saieth, one man is deemed none,
And life is deathe, where men doo liue alone.

The Shroud.

THE Princes greate, and Monarches of the earthe,
Whoe, while they liu'de, the worlde might not suffice:
Yet can they claime, by greatnesse of their birthe,
To beare from hence, when nature life denies,

Noe more then they, who for releife did pyne,
Which is but this, a shrouding sheete of twyne.

Thoughe fewe there bee, while they doe flourishe heere,
That doe regarde the place whereto they muste:
Yet, thoughe theire pride like Lucifer's appeere,
They shalbee sure at lengthe to turne to duste:
The Prince, the Poore, the Prisoner, and the slaue,
They all at lengthe are summon'de to their graue.

But, hee that printes this deepelie in his minde,
Althoughe he set in mightie CÆSAR's chaire,
Within this life, shall contentation finde,
When carelesse men, ofte die in great dispaire:
Then, let them blusshe that woulde be Christians thought,
And faile hereof, sith Turkes the same haue taught.

As SALADINE, that was the Souldaine greate
Of Babilon, when deathe did him arreste,
His subiectes charg'd, when he shoulde leaue his seate,
And life resigne, to tyme, and nature's heste:
They should prepare, his shyrte vppon a speare,
And all about forthwith the same shoulde beare.

Throughe ASCHALON, the place where he deceaste,
With trumpet sounde, and Heralte to declare,
Theise wordes alowde: *The Kinge of all the Easte,*
Great SALADINE, *behoulde is stripped bare:*
Of kingdomes large, and lyes in house of claie,
And this is all, he bare with him awaie.

God and Mammon.

Motto. *Nemo potest duobus dominis seruire.*

The Emblem represents a man carrying the world on his back and at the same time dragging after him the two stone tables of the law, which are fastened with cords to one of his feet.

HERE, man who first should heauenlie thinges attaine,
And then, to world his sences should incline:
First, vndergoes the worlde with might and maine,
And then at foote doth drawe the lawes deuine.

Thus GOD hee beares, and Mammon in his minde:
But Mammon first, and GOD doth come behinde.

Oh worldlinges fonde, that ioyne these two so ill,
The league is nought, throwe doune the world with speede:
Take vp the lawe, according to his will;
First seeke for heauen, and then for worldly neede.
But those that first their worldie wishe doe serue,
Their gaine is losse, and seeke their soules to sterue.

The Pilgrim.

Motto. *Superest quod supra est.*

The Emblem represents a Pilgrim leaving the world (a geographical globe) behind, and travelling towards the symbol of the divine name, in glory, at the opposite extremity of the scene. This print so much resembles the old one in Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, where Christian leaves the City of Destruction, and sets out for the Wicket-Gate which is in view, that one might be tempted almost to imagine, that this very emblem and the accompanying verses first suggested the idea of that extraordinary allegory.

ADEWE deceiptfull worlde, thy pleasures I detest:
Nowe, others with thy showes delude; my hope in heauen doth rest.

Inlarged as followeth.

EVEN as a flower, or like vnto the grasse,
Which now dothe stande, and straight with sithe dothe fall;
So is our state: now here, now hence wee passe:
For Time attendes with shredding sithe for all.
And Deathe at lengthe, both oulde, and yonge, doth strike:
And into dust dothe turne vs all alike.

Yet, if wee marke how swifte our race dothe ronne,
And waighe the cause, why wee created bee:
Then shall wee know, when that this life is donne,
Wee shall bee sure our countrie right to see.

For, here wee are but straungers, that must flitte:
The nearer home, the nearer to the pitte.

O happie they, that pondering this arighte,
Before that here their pilgrimage bee past,
Resigne this worlde: and marche with all their mighte
Within that pathe, that leades where ioyes shall last.
And whilst they maye, there, treasure vp their store,
Where, without rust, it lastes for euermore.

This worlde must chaunge: That worlde, shall still indure.
Here, pleasures fade: There, shall they endlesse bee:
Here, man doth sinne: And there, hee shalbee pure:
Here, deathe hee tastes: And there, shall neuer die.
Here, hathe hee griefe: And there shall ioyes possesse,
As none hath seene, nor anie harte can gesse.

EDMUND SPENSER.

BORN 1553. DIED 1598.

Principal Works:—The *Faerie Queene, the Shepheard's Calender, Miscellanies.* Spenser is so rich, and even redundant, in illustration, on every theme which he celebrates, that it has been found necessary to give extracts only from the pieces which bear the titles following.

The Ruines of Time.

I SAW an image, all of massie gold,
Placed on high upon an altare faire,
That all, which did the same from farre beholde,
Might worship it, and fall on lowest staire.
Not that great idoll might with this compaire,
To which the' Assyrian tyrant would have made
The holie brethren falslie to have praid.
But the' altare, on the which this image staid,
Was (O great pitie!) built of brittle clay,
That shortly the foundation decaid,

With showres of Heaven and tempests worne away;
Then downe it fell, and low in ashes lay,
Scorned of everie one, which by it went;
That I, it seeing, dearelie did lament.

Next unto this a statelie towre appeared,
Built all of richest stone that might bee found,
And nigh unto the Heavens in height upreared,
But placed on a plot of sandie ground:
Not that great towre, which is so much renownd
For tongues confusion in Holie Writ,
King Ninus worke, might be compar'd to it.
But, O vaine labours of terrestriall wit,
That buildes so stronglie on so frayle a soyle,
As with each storme does fall away, and flit,
And gives the fruit of all your travailes toyle,
To be the pray of Tyme, and Fortune's spoyle!
I saw this towre fall sodainelie to dust,
That nigh with griefe thereof my heart was brust.

Then did I see a pleasant paradize,
Full of sweete flowres and daintiest delights,
Such as on Earth man could not more devize,
With pleasures choyce to feed his cheerefull sprights:
Not, that, which Merlin by his magicke slights
Made for the gentle squire, to entertaine
His fayre Belphœbe, could this gardine staine.
But, O short pleasure bought with lasting paine!
Why will hereafter anie flesh delight
In earthlie bliss, and ioy in pleasures vaine,
Since that I sawe this gardine wasted quite,
That where it was scarce seemed anie sight?
That I, which once that beautie did beholde,
Could not from teares my melting eyes with-holde.

Soone after this a giaunt came in place,
Of wondrous powre, and of exceeding stature,
That none durst vewe the horror of his face,
Yet was he milde of spach, and meeke of nature:
Not he, which in despight of his Creatour
With railing tearmes defied the Iewish hoast,
Might with this mightie one in hugenes boast;

For from the one he could to the' other coast
Stretch his strong thighes, and the' ocean overstride,
And reach his hand into his enemies hoast.
But see the end of pompe and fleshlie pride!
One of his feete unwares from him did slide,
That downe hee fell into the deepe abisse,
Where drownd with him is all his earthlie blisse.

Then did I see a bridge, made all of golde,
Over the sea from one to other side,
Withouten prop or pillour it to' upholde,
But like the coloured rainbowe arched wide:
Not that great arche, which Traian edifide,
To be a wonder to all age ensuing,
Was matchable to this in equall vewing.
But (ah!) what bootes it to see earthlie thing
In glorie, or in greatnes to excell,
Sith time doth greatest things to ruine bring?
This goodlie bridge, one foote not fastned well,
Gan faile, and all the rest downe shortlie fell,
Ne of so brave a building ought remained,
That griefe thereof my spirite greatly pained.

¶ Much was I troubled in my heavie spright,
At sight of these sad spectacles forepast,
That all my senses were bereaved quight,
And I in minde remained sore agast,
Distraught twixt feare and pitie; when at last
I heard a voyce, which loudly to me called,
That with the suddein shrill I was appalled.
" Behold" (said it) " and by ensample see,
That all is vanitie and griefe of minde,
Ne other comfort in this world can be,
But hope of Heaven, and heart to God inclinde;
For all the rest must needs be left behinde:"
With that it bad me, to the other side
To cast mine eye, where other sights I spide.

Upon that famous river's further shore,
There stood a snowie swan of heavenly hiew,
And gentle kinde, as ever fowle afore;
A fairer one in all the goodlie crew

Of white Strimonian brood might no man view:
There he most sweetly sung the prophecie
Of his owne death in dolefull elegie.
At last, when all his mourning melodie
He ended had, that both the shores resounded,
Feeling the fit that him forewarnd to die,
With loftie flight above the Earth he bounded,
And out of sight to highest Heaven mounted,
Where now he is become an heavenly signe;
There now the ioy is his, here sorrow mine.

Whilest thus I looked, loe! adowne the lee,
I saw an harpe stroong all with silver twyne,
And made of golde and costlie yvorie,
Swimming, that whilome seemed to have been
The harpe, on which Dan Orpheus was seene
Wylde beasts and forrests after him to lead,
But was the' harpe of Philisides now dead.
At length out of the river it was reard
And borne above the cloudes to be divin'd,
Whilst all the way most heavenly noyse was heard
Of the strings, stirred with the warbling wind,
That wrought both ioy and sorrow in my mind:
So now in Heaven a signe it doth appeare,
The Harpe well knowne beside the Northern Beare.

Soone after this I saw on the' other side,
A curious coffer made of Heben wood,
That in it did most precious treasure hide,
Exceeding all this baser worldës good:
Yet through the overflowing of the flood
It almost drowned was, and done to nought,
That sight thereof much griev'd my pensive thought
At length, when most in perill it was brought,
Two angels, downe descending with swift flight,
Out of the swelling streame it lightly caught,
And twixt their blessed armes it carried quight
Above the reach of anie living sight:
So now it is transform'd into that starre,
In which all heavenly treasures locked are.

On Heavenly Love.

In this and the following Hymn on Heavenly Beauty may be found the germ of "Paradise Lost," including (as the seed does the plant in miniature) the epitome of Milton's "*great argument.*"

LOVE, lift me up upon thy golden wings
From this base world unto thy Heaven's hight,
Where I may see those admirable things
Which there thou workest by thy soveraine might,
Farre above feeble reach of earthly sight,
That I thereof an heavenly hymne may sing
Unto the God of Love, high Heaven's king.

BEFORE THIS WORLD'S GREAT FRAME, in which all things
Are now containd, found any being-place,
Ere flitting Time could wag his eyas wings
About that mightie bound which doth embrace
The rolling spheres, and parts there houres by space,
That high Eternall Powre, which now doth move
In all these things, moved in it selfe by love.

It loved it selfe, because it selfe was faire;
(For fair is loved;) and of it self begot
Like to it selfe his eldest sonne and heire,
Eternall, pure, and voide of sinfull blot,
The firstling of his ioy, in whom no iot
Of love's dislike or pride was to be found,
Whom he therefore with equal honour crownd.

With him he raigned, before all time prescribed,
In endlesse glorie and immortall might,
Together with that Third from them derived,
Most wise, most holy, most almightie Spright!
Whose kingdomes throne no thoughts of earthly wight
Can comprehend, much lesse my trembling verse
With equall words can hope it to reherse.

Yet being pregnant still with powrefull grace,
And full of fruitfull Love, that loves to get
Things like himselfe, and to enlarge his race,

His second brood, though not of powre so great,
Yet full of beautie, next he did beget,
An infinite increase of angels bright,
All glistring glorious in their Maker's light.

To them the Heaven's illimitable hight,
(Not this round Heaven, which we from hence behold,
Adornd with thousand lamps of burning light,
And with ten thousand gemmes of shyning gold,)
He gave as their inheritance to hold,
That they might serve him in eternall bliss,
And be partakers of those ioyes of his.

There they in their trinall triplicities
About him wait, and on his will depend,
Either with nimble wings to cut the skies,
When he them on his messages doth send,
Or on his owne dread presence to attend,
Where they behold the glorie of his light,
And caroll hymnes of love both day and night.

Both day and night is unto them all one;
For he his beames doth unto them extend,
That darknesse there appeareth never none;
Ne hath their day, ne hath their blisse, an end,
But there their termelesse time in pleasure spend;
Ne ever should their happinesse decay,
Had not they dared their Lord to disobay.

But pride, impatient of long resting peace,
Did puffe them up with greedy bold ambition,
That they gan cast their state how to increase
Above the fortune of their first condition,
And sit in God's own seat without commission:
The brightest angel, even the child of light,
Drew millions more against their God to fight.

The' Almighty, seeing their so bold assay,
Kindled the flame of his consuming yre,
And with his onely breath them blew away
From Heaven's hight, to which they did aspyre,
To deepest Hell, and lake of damned fyre,
Where they in darknesse and dread horror dwell,
Hating the happie light from which they fell.

But that Eternall Fount of love and grace,
Still flowing forth his goodnesse unto all,
Now seeing left a waste and emptie place
In his wyde pallace, through those angels' fall,
Cast to supply the same, and to enstall
A new unknowen colony therein,
Whose root from earths base groundworke should begin.

Therefore of clay, base, vile, and next to nought,
Yet form'd by wondrous skill, and by his might,
According to an heavenly patterne wrought,
Which he had fashiond in his wise foresight,
He man did make, and breathed a living spright
Into his face, most beautifull and fayre,
Endewd with wisedome's riches, heavenly, rare.

Such he him made, that he resemble might
Himselfe, as mortall thing immortall could;
Him to be lord of every living wight
He made by love out of his owne like mould,
In whom he might his mightie selfe behould;
For love doth love the thing beloved to see,
That like it selfe in lovely shape may bee.

But man, forgetfull of his Maker's grace,
No lesse than angels, whom he did ensew,
Fell from the hope of promist heavenly place,
Into the mouth of Death, to sinners dew,
And all his off-spring into thraldome threw,
Where they for ever should in bonds remaine,
Of never-dead yet ever-dying paine.

Till that great Lord of Love, which him at first
Made of meere love, and after liked well,
Seeing him lie like creature long accurst
In that deep horror of despeyred Hell,
Him, wretch, in doole would let no longer dwell,
But cast out of that bondage to redeeme,
And pay the price, all were his debt extreeme.

Out of the bosome of eternall blisse,
In which he reigned with his glorious syre,
He downe descended, like a most demisse
And abiect thrall, in fleshe's fraile attyre,

That he for him might pay sinne's deadly hyre,
And him restore unto that happie state
In which he stood before his haplesse fate.

In flesh at first the guilt committed was,
Therefore in flesh it must be satisfyde;
Nor spirit, nor angel, though they man surpass,
Could make amends to God for man's misguyde,
But onely man himselfe, who selfe did slyde:
So, taking flesh of sacred virgin's wombe,
For man's deare sake he did a man become.

And that most blessed bodie, which was borne
Without all blemish or reprochfull blame,
He freely gave to be both rent and torne
Of cruell hands, who with despightfull shame
Revyling him, that them most vile became,
At length him nayled on a gallow-tree,
And slew the iust by most uniust decree.

O blessed Well of Love! O Floure of Grace!
O glorious Morning-Starre! O Lampe of Light!
Most lively image of thy Father's face,
Eternal King of Glorie, Lord of Might,
Meeke Lambe of God, before all worlds behight,
How can we thee requite for all this good?
Or what can prize that thy most precious blood?

Yet nought thou ask'st in lieu of all this love,
But love of us, for guerdon of thy paine:
Ay me! what can us lesse than that behove?
Had he required life for us againe,
Had it beene wrong to ask his owne with gaine?
He gave us life, he it restored lost;
Then life were least, that us so little cost.

But he our life hath left unto us free,
Free that was thrall, and blessed that was band;
Ne ought demaunds but that we loving bee,
As he himselfe hath loved us afore-hand,
And bound therto with an eternall band,
Him first to love that was so dearely bought,
And next our brethren, to his image wrought.

With all thy hart, with all thy soule and mind,
Thou must him love, and his beheasts embrace;
All other loves, with which the world doth blind
Weake fancies, and stirre up affections base,
Thou must renounce and utterly displace,
And give thy selfe unto him full and free,
That full and freely gave himselfe to thee.

Then shalt thou feele thy spirit so possest,
And ravisht with devouring great desire
Of his dear selfe, that shall thy feeble brest
Inflame with love, and set thee all on fire
With burning zeale, through every part entire,
That in no earthly thing thou shalt delight,
But in his sweet and amiable sight.

Thenceforth all world's desire will in thee dye,
And all Earthe's glorie, on which men do gaze,
Seeme durt and drosse in thy pure-sighted eye,
Compared to that celestiall beautie's blaze,
Whose glorious beames all fleshly sense doth daze
With admiration of their passing light,
Blinding the eyes, and lumining the spright.

Then shall thy ravisht soul inspired bee
With heavenly thoughts, farre above humane skill,
And thy bright radiant eyes shall plainely see
The' idee of his pure glorie present still
Before thy face, that all thy spirits shall fill
With sweete enragement of celestiall love,
Kindled through sight of those faire things above.

On Heavenly Beautie.

Rapt with the rage of mine own ravisht thought,
Through contemplation of those goodly sights,
And glorious images in Heaven wrought,
Whose wondrous beauty, breathing sweet delights,
Do kindle love in high conceipted sprights;
I faine to tell the things that I behold,
But feele my wits to faile, and tongue to fold.

Vouchsafe then, O thou most Almightie Spright!
From whom all guifts of wit and knowledge flow,
To shed into my breast some sparkling light
Of thine eternall truth, that I may show
Some little beames to mortall eyes below
Of that immortall Beautie, there with thee,
Which in my weake distraughted mynd I see;—

That with the glorie of so goodly sight
The hearts of men, which fondly here admyre
Faire seeming shewes, and feed on vaine delight,
Transported with celestiall desyre
Of those faire formes, may lift themselves up hyer,
And learne to love, with zealous humble dewty,
The' Eternall Fountaine of that heavenly beauty.

Beginning then below, with the' easie vew
Of this base world, subiect to fleshly eye,
From thence to mount aloft, by order dew,
To contemplation of the' immortall sky;
Of the soare faulcon so I learne to flye,
That flags a while her fluttering wings beneath,
Till she her selfe for stronger flight can breath.

Then looke, who list thy gazefull eyes to feed
With sight of that is faire, looke on the frame
Of this wyde universe, and therein reed
The endlesse kinds of creatures, which by name
Thou canst not count, much less their natures' aime;
All which are made with wondrous wise respect,
And all with admirable beautie deckt.

First, the' Earth, on adamantine pillers founded
Amid the sea, engirt with brasen bands;
Then the' aire still flitting, but yet firmely bounded
On everie side, with pyles of flaming brands,
Never consumed, nor quencht with mortall hands;
And, last, that mightie shining cristall wall,
Wherewith he hath encompassed this all.

Looke thou no further, but affixe thine eye
On that bright shynie round still moving masse,
The house of blessed God, which men call skye,

All sowd with glistring stars more thicke then grasse,
Whereof each other doth in brightnesse passe,
But those two most, which, ruling night and day,
As king and queene, the Heavens' empire sway;

And tell me then, what hast thou ever seene
That to their beautie may compared bee,
Or can the sight that is most sharpe and keene
Endure their captain's flaming head to see?
How much lesse those, much higher in degree,
And so much fairer, and much more then these,
As these are fairer then the land and seas?

For farre above these Heavens, which here we see,
Be others farre exceeding these in light,
Not bounded, not corrupt, as these same bee,
But infinite in largenesse and in hight,
Unmoving, uncorrupt, and spotlesse bright,
That need no sunne to' illuminate their spheres,
But their owne native light farre passing theirs.

Faire is the Heaven where happy soules have place
In full enioyment of felicitie,
Whence they doe still behold the glorious face
Of the Divine Eternall Maiestie;
More faire is that, where those idees on hie
Enraunged be, which Plato so admyred,
And pure intelligences from God inspyred.

Yet fairer is that Heaven, in which do raine
The soveraigne powres and mightie potentates,
Which in their high protections doe containe
All mortall princes and imperiall states;
And fayrer yet, whereas the royall seates
And heavenly dominations are set,
From whom all earthly governance is fet.

Yet farre more faire be those bright cherubins,
Which all with golden wings are overdight,
And those eternall burning seraphins,
Which from their faces dart out fierie light;
Yet fairer than they both, and much more bright,

Be the' angels and archangels, which attend
On God's owne person, without rest or end.

Cease then, my tongue! and lend unto my mynd
Leave to bethinke how great that beautie is,
Whose utmost parts so beautifull I fynd;
How much more those essentiall parts of his,
His truth, his love, his wisedome, and his bliss,
His grace, his doome, his mercy, and his might,
By which he lends us of himselfe a sight!

Those unto all he daily doth display,
And shew himselfe in the' image of his grace,
As in a looking-glasse, through which he may
Be seene of all his creatures vile and base,
That are unable else to see his face,
His glorious face, which glistereth else so bright,
That the' angels selves can not endure his sight.

But we, fraile wights! whose sight cannot sustaine
The Sun's bright beames when he on us doth shyne,
But that their points rebutted backe againe
Are duld, how can we see with feeble eyne
The glorie of that Maiestie divine,
In sight of whom both Sun and Moone are darke,
Compared to his least resplendent sparke?

The meanes, therefore, which unto us is lent
Him to behold, is on his workes to looke,
Which he hath made in beauty excellent,
And in the same, as in a brasen booke,
To read enregistred in every nooke
His goodnesse, which his beautie doth declare;
For all that's good is beautifull and faire.

Thence gathering plumes of perfect speculation,
To impe the wings of thy high flying mynd,
Mount up aloft through heavenly contemplation,
From this darke world, whose damps the soule do blynd,
And, lyke the native brood of eagles kynd,
On that bright Sunne of Glorie fixe thine eyes,
Clear'd from grosse mists of fraile infirmities.

Humbled with feare and awfull reverence,
Before the footestoole of his Maiestie
Throw thy selfe downe, with trembling innocence,
Ne dare looke up with corruptible eye
On the dred face of that Great Deity,
For feare, lest if he chaunce to look on thee,
Thou turne to nought, and quite confounded be.

But lowly fall before his mercie seate,
Close covered with the Lambe's integrity
From the iust wrath of his avengefull threate
That sits upon the righteous throne on hy;
His throne is built upon eternity,
More firme and durable than steele or brasse,
Or the hard diamond, which them both doth passe.

His scepter is the rod of Righteousnesse,
With which he bruseth all his foes to dust,
And the great dragon strongly doth represse,
Under the rigour of his iudgment iust;
His seate is Truth, to which the faithfull trust,
From whence proceed her beames so pure and bright,
That all about him sheddeth glorious light:

Light, farre exceeding that bright blazing sparke
Which darted is from Titan's flaming head,
That with his beames enlumineth the darke
And dampish air, wherby all things are red;
Whose nature yet so much is marvelled
Of mortall wits, that it doth much amaze
The greatest wisards which thereon do gaze.

But that immortall light, which there doth shine,
Is many thousand times more bright, more cleare,
More excellent, more glorious, more divine,
Through which to God all mortall actions here,
And even the thoughts of men, do plaine appeare;
For from the' Eternall Truth it doth proceed,
Through heavenly vertue which her beames doe breed.

With the great glorie of that wondrous light
His throne is all encompassed around,

And hid in his owne brightnesse from the sight
Of all that looke thereon with eyes unsound;
And underneath his feet are to be found
Thunder, and lightning, and tempestuous fyre,
The instruments of his avenging yre.

There in his bosome Sapience doth sit,
The soveraine dearling of the Deity,
Clad like a queene in royall robes, most fit
For so great powre and peerelesse maiesty,
And all with gemmes and iewels gorgeously
Adornd, that brighter than the starres appeare,
And make her native brightness seem more cleare.

Both Heaven and Earth obey unto her will,
And all the creatures which they both containe;
For of her fulnesse which the world doth fill
They all partake, and do in state remaine
As their great Maker did at first ordaine,
Through observation of her high beheast,
By which they first were made, and still increast.

The fairnesse of her face no tongue can tell;
For she the daughters of all wemen's race,
And angels eke, in beautie doth excell,
Sparkled on her from God's owne glorious face,
And more increast by her owne goodly grace,
That it doth farre exceed all human thought,
Ne can on Earth compared be to ought.

Let angels, which her goodly face behold
And see at will, her soveraigne praises sing,
And those most sacred mysteries unfold
Of that faire love of mightie Heaven's King;
Enough is me to' admyre so heavenly thing,
And, being thus with her huge love possest,
In the' only wonder of her selfe to rest.

But whoso may, thrise happie man him hold,
Of all on Earth whom God so much doth grace,
And lets his owne beloved to behold;
For in the view of her celestiall face
All ioy, all blisse, all happinesse, have place;

Ne ought on Earth can want unto the wight
Who of her selfe can win the wishfull sight.

Ah, then, my hungry soul! which long hast fed
On idle fancies of thy foolish thought,
And, with false beautie's flattring bait misled,
Hast after vaine deceiptfull shadowes sought,
Which all are fled, and now have left thee nought
But late repentance through thy follies prief;
Ah! ceasse to gaze on matter of thy grief:—

And looke at last up to that Soveraine Light,
From whose pure beams all perfect beauty springs,
That kindleth love in every godly spright,
Even the love of God; which loathing brings
Of this vile world and these gay-seeming things;
With whose sweet pleasures being so possest,
Thy straying thoughts henceforth for ever rest.

ALEXANDER MONTGOMERY.

A Scottish Poet of the sixteenth century, very popular in his day. His principal performance is "*The Cherrie and the Slae*," an allegory of wearisome length, and very unequal merit. There are in it, however, some passages of extraordinary beauty. His smaller pieces are, on the whole, more sprightly and pleasing to modern ears.

The Deity.

SVPREME Essence, beginning vnbegun,
  Ay Trinall ane,—ane vndevydit three,
  Eternall Worde, that victorie hes wun
  Ouir Death, ouir Hell, triumphand on the Trie,
Foirknawledge, Wisdome, and All-seand Ee,
  Iehovah, Alpha and Omega, All,
  Lyke vnto none, nor none lyk vnto thee,
  Vnmuifit, quha muifis the rounds about the Ball,
Conteiner vnconteind; is, was, and sall,—

Be sempiternall, mercifull, and just.
Creator vncreated, now I call.
Teich me thy trueth, since into thee I trust,
Increase, confirme, and kendill from aboue
My fauth, my hope, but, by the leave, my loue.

High Architectur, vondrous-vautit-rounds;
Huge-host of Hevin, in restles-rolling spheers;
Firme-fixt polis, whilk all the axtrie beirs;
Concordant-discords, suete harmonious sounds;
Boud-Zodiak, circle-belting-Phœbus bounds;
Celestiall signis, of moneths making zeers;
Bright Titan, to the Topiks that reteirs,
Quhais fyrie flammis all chaos-face confounds;
Just balanced ball, amidst the hevins that hings;
All creaturs that Natur creat can,
To serve the vse of most vnthankfull man;—
Admire zour Maker, only King of Kings.
Prais him, O man! his mervels that remarks,
Quhais mercyis far exceids his wondrous warks.

Iniquitie on eirth is so increst,
All flesh bot feu with falset is defyld,
Givin ou'r of God, with gredynes beguyld;
So that the puir, but pitie, ar opprest.
God in his justice dou na mair digest
Syk sinfull suyn with symonie defyld,
But must revenge, thair vyces ar so vyld,
And pour doun plagues of famin, suord, and pest.
Aryse, O Lord, delyuer from the lave
Thy faithfull flock, befor that it infect;
Thou sees hou Satan sharps for to dissave,
If it were able, euen thyn auin Elect.
Sen Conscience, Love, and Cheritie all laiks,
Lord, short the season, for the Chosen's saiks.

Paraphrase of Psalm CXXI.

When I behold these montanes cold, can I be bold
To take my journey through this wildernesse,—

Wherein doth stand, on eyther hand, a bloodie band,
  To cut me off, with cruell craftinesse?
Heere, subtle Sathan's slight doth me assaill:
Ther, his proud worldly might thinks to preuaill.
In euerie place, with pleasant face,
  The snares of sinne besets me round about;
With poysone sweete to slay the spirite,
  Conspyred all, to take my life, no doubt.

But God is hee, will succour mee, and let me see
  His sauing health ay readie at command:
Euen IEHOVA, that creat al, both great and smal,
  In heauen and aire, and in the sea and land.
Freat not, my fearefull heart, my breast within;
This God will take thy part, thy course to rin.
He will thee guyde; thou shalt not slyde;
  Thy feet shall steadfast stand in the right way:
He will thee keepe; he will not sleepe,
  Nor suffer foes to catch thee as a pray.

The Lord doth keepe Israel his sheepe, and will not sleepe.
  Beneath his shadow, thou shalt saiflie ly.
Right sure and firme, with his right arme, saue the from harme
  He shall; and all thy fearefull foes defy.
The day, hote sunnes offence shall not thee greeue;
Nor cold moones influence, by night, thee moue.
God, of his grace, from his high place,
  Shall saue thee from all ill: in euerie way
Thou goes about, both in and out,
  He shall thee blesse and prosper, now and ay.

T. HUDSON.

On the Death of Sir Richard Maitland, 1586.

These lines, which are nevertheless powerfully written, present a curious specimen of *alliteration* and *rhyme combined;* the former being as frequently employed here as in ancient pieces of the kind (such as *Piers Plowman's Vision*) without the latter.

THE sliding time so slilie slips away,
It reaves* from us remembrance of our state,
And while we doe the oar of tyme delay,
We tyne† the tide, and so lament our fate:
Then, to eschew such dangerous debate,
Propone for Patron, manlie *Maitland* knycht;
Learne by *his* life to live in sembil rate,‡
With love to God, religion, law and rycht:
For, as he was of virtue lucent lycht,
Of ancient blood and nobil spirit and name,
Beloved of God and every gracious wycht,§
So died He auld, deserving worthy fame:
A rare example set for us, to see
What we have been, now are, and aucht to be.

---

* Bereaves. † Lose. ‡ In the same manner.
§ These Scottish endings need only be changed into *ight, knight, right,* &c. and the words will be at once intelligible.

KING JAMES I.

BORN 1566. DIED 1625.

Author of many extravagant treatises in prose: as, *Dæmonology*, or, *a Discourse on Witchcraft; a Counter Blast against Tobacco; Basilicon Doron*; *Advice to his Son*, &c. The following Sonnet, prefixed to a French translation (by Du Bartas,) of James's Poem on "*the Battle of Lepanto*," is no unfavourable specimen of His Majesty's talent for rhyme.

Sonnet.

THE azure vaulte, the crystall circles bright,
The gleaming fyerie torches powder'd there;
The changing round, the shining beamie light,
The sad and branded fyres, the monsters faire;
The prodigies appearing in the aire,
The rending thunder and the blustering winds;
The foules, in hue, and shape, and nature rare,
The prettie notes the wing'd musician finds;
In earth, the savourie flowres, the metall'd mines,
The wholesum herbs, the hautie, pleasant trees;
The silver streames, the beasts of sundrie kinds,
The bounded waves and fishes of the seas;
All these, for teaching Man, the Lord did frame,
To do his will, whose glory shines in thame.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

BORN 1563. DIED 1631.

Principal Works:—*Poly-Olbion, The Barrons' Warres, England's Heroical Epistles, Legends,* and numerous minor poems. The following extracts are from one of his least known pieces—"*The Birth and Miracles of Moses.*" The allusion to the destruction of the Spanish Armada, (then a recent event) in the first quotation, is peculiarly happy.

The Passage of the Red Sea.

THOSE which at home scorn'd Pharaoh and his force,
And whose departure he did humbly pray,
He now pursues with his Egyptian horse
And warlike foot to spoil them on the way.
Where his choice people strongly to protect,
The only God of empire and of might,
Before his host his standard doth erect,
A glorious pillar in a field of light,
Which he by day in sable doth unfold,
To dare the Sun his ardour to forbear,
By night converts it into flaming gold,
Away the coldness of the same to fear.
Not by Philistia he his force will lead,
Though the far nearer and the happier way,
His men of war a glorious march shall tread
On the vast bowels of the bloody sea.
And sends the winds as couriers forth before,
To make them way from Pharaoh's power to fly,
And to convey them to a safer shore;
Such is his might that can make oceans dry.
Which by the stroke of that commanding wand,
Shoulder'd the rough seas forcibly together,
Raised as ramparts by that glorious hand,
('Twixt which they march) that did conduct them thither.
The surly waves their ruler's will obey'd,
By him made up in this confused mass,
Like as an ambush secretly were laid,
To set on Pharaoh as his power should pass.

Which soon with wombs insatiably wide,
Loos'd from their late bounds, by the' Almighty's power,
Come raging in, enclosing every side,
And the Egyptians instantly devour.
The sling, the stiff bow, and the sharpen'd lance,
Floating confusedly on the waters rude,
They, which these weapons lately did advance,
Perish in sight of them that they pursued.
Clashing of armours, and the rumorous sound
Of the stern billows in contention stood,
Which to the shores do every way rebound,
As doth affright the monsters of the flood.
Death is discern'd triumphantly in arms
On the rough seas his slaughtery to keep,
And his cold self in breath of mortals warms,
Upon the dimpled bosom of the deep,
There might you see a checquer'd ensign swim
About the body of the envy'd dead,
Serve for a hearse or coverture to him,
Ere while did waft it proudly 'bout his head:
The warlike chariot turn'd upon the back
With the dead horses in their traces ty'd,
Drags their fat carcase through the foamy brack,
That drew it late undauntedly in pride.
There floats the barb'd steed with his rider drown'd,
Whose foot in his caparison is cast,
Who late with sharp spurs did his courser wound,
Himself now ridden with his strangled beast.
The waters conquer (without help of hand)
For them to take for which they never toil,
And like a quarry cast them on the land,
As those they slew they left to them to spoil.
In eighty-eight* at Dover who had been,
To view that navy, (like a mighty wood),
Whose sails swept Heaven, might eas'ly there have seen,
How puissant Pharaoh perish'd in the flood.
What for a conquest strictly they did keep,
Into the channel presently was pour'd;
Castilian riches scatter'd on the deep,

* 1588.

That Spain's long hopes had suddenly devour'd.
The' afflicted English ranged along the strand,
To wait what would this threatening power betide,
Now when the Lord with a victorious hand
In his high justice scourged the' Iberian pride.

The Law given on Sinai.

Now when to Sinai they approached near,
God calls up Moses to the mount above,
And all the rest commandeth to forbear,
Nor from the bounds assign'd them to remove.
For who those limits loosely did exceed,
Which were by Moses mark'd them out beneath,
The Lord had irrevocably decreed
With darts or stones should surely die the death.
Whereas the people, in a wondrous fright,
(With hearts transfixed even with frozen blood)
Beheld their leader openly in sight
Pass to the Lord, where he in glory stood.
Thunder and lightning led him down the air,
Trumpets celestial sounding as he came,
Which struck the people with astounding fear,
Himself invested in a splendorous flame.
Sinai before him fearfully doth shake,
Cover'd all over in a smouldering smoke,
As ready the foundation to forsake,
On the dread presence of the Lord to look.
Erect your spirits, and lend attentive ear
To mark at Sinai what to you is said,
Weak Moses now you shall not simply hear,
The son of Amram and of Iacobed;
But He that Adam did imparadise,
And lent him comfort in his proper blood,
And saved Noah, that did the ark devise,
When the old world else perish'd in the flood,
To righteous Abraham Canaan frankly lent,
And brought forth Isaac so extremely late,
Jacob so fair and many children sent,
And raised chaste Joseph to so high estate;

He whose just hand plagued Egypt for your sake,
That Pharaoh's power so scornfully did mock,
Way for his people through the sea did make,
Gave food from Heaven, and water from the rock.
Whilst Moses now in this cloud-cover'd hill
Full forty days his pure abode did make,
Whilst that great God, in his almighty will,
With him of all his ordinances spake.
The decalogue from which religion took
The being; sin and righteousness began
The different knowledge; and the certain book
Of testimony betwixt God and man.
The ceremonial as judicious laws,
From his high wisdom that received their ground,
Not to be alter'd in the smallest clause,
But as their Maker wondrously profound.
The composition of that sacred fane,
Which as a symbol curiously did shew,
What all his six days' workmanship contain,
Whose perfect model his own finger drew.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Born 1552. Beheaded 1617.

My Pilgrimage.

Give me my scallop-shell of quiet,
My staffe of faith to walk upon,
My scrip of ioye, (immortal diet!)
My bottle of salvation,
My gowne of glory, hope's true gage;
—And thus I take my pilgrimage.

Blood must be my body's balmer,
While my soule, like peaceful palmer,
Travelleth tow'rds the land of heaven;
Other balm will not be given.

Over the silver mountains,
Where spring the nectar-fountains,
There will I kiss
The bowle of bliss,
And drink mine everlasting fill,
Upon every milken hill;
My soule will be a-dry before,
But after that will thirst no more.

Lines said to have been written by him on the night before his execution.

Even such is time, that takes on trust
Our youth, our ioys and all we have,
And pays us but with age and dust,
Who, in the dark and silent grave,
(When we have wander'd all owr waies,)
Shuts up the story of our dayes;
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God shall raise me up, I trust.

ANONYMOUS.

[From Wilby's Madrigals, 1609.]

Happy, Oh! happy he, who, not affecting
The endless toils attending worldly cares,
With mind reposed, all discontent rejecting,
In silent pace his way to heaven prepares;
Deeming his life a scene, the world a stage,
Whereon man acts his weary pilgrimage.

SIR JOHN DAVIES.

BORN 1570. DIED 1626.

Principal Works:—*The Soul of Man and the immortality thereof*, *Hymns of Astrea*, &c. The stanzas ensuing are the commencement of the first-named poem.

The Soul.

THE lights of Heaven (which are the world's fair eyes)
  Look down into the world, the world to see;
And as they turn, or wander in the skies,
  Survey all things, that on this centre be.

And yet the lights which in my tower do shine,
  Mine eyes, which view all objects, nigh and far,
Look not into this little world of mine,
  Nor see my face, wherein they fixed are.

Since Nature fails us in no needful thing,
  Why want I means my inward self to see?
Which sight the knowledge of myself might bring,
  Which to true wisdom is the first degree.

That power, which gave me eyes the world to view,
  To view myself, infused an inward light,
Whereby my soul, as by a mirror true,
  Of her own form may take a perfect sight.

But as the sharpest eye discerneth nought,
  Except the sun-beams in the air do shine:
So the best soul, with her reflecting thought,
  Sees not herself without some light divine.

O Light, which mak'st the light, which makes the day!
  Which set'st the eye without, and mind within;
'Lighten my spirit with one clear heavenly ray,
  Which now to view itself doth first begin.

For her true form how can my spark discern,
  Which, dim by nature, art did never clear?
When the great wits, of whom all skill we learn,
  Are ignorant both what she is, and where.

One thinks the soul is air; another, fire;
  Another blood, diffused about the heart;
Another saith, the elements conspire,
  And to her essence each doth give a part.

Musicians think our souls are harmonies,
  Physicians hold that they complexions be;
Epicures make them swarms of atomies,
  Which do by chance into our bodies flee.

Some think one general soul fills every brain,
  As the bright Sun sheds light in every star;
And others think the name of soul is vain,
  And that we only well-mix'd bodies are.

In judgment of her substance thus they vary,
  And thus they vary in judgment of her seat;
For some her chair up to the brain do carry,
  Some thrust it down into the stomach's heat.

Some place it in the root of life, the heart;
  Some in the river, fountain of the veins,
Some say, she's all in all, in every part:
  Some say, she's not contain'd, but all contains.

Thus these great clerks their little wisdom show,
  While with their doctrines they at hazard play;
Tossing their light opinions to and fro,
  To mock the lewd, as learn'd in this as they.

For no crazed brain could ever yet propound,
  Touching the soul, so vain and fond a thought;
But some among these masters have been found,
  Which in their schools the self-same thing have taught.

God only wise, to punish pride of wit,
  Among men's wits have this confusion wrought,
As the proud tower whose points the clouds did hit,
  By tongues' confusion was to ruin brought.

But, Thou, which didst man's soul of nothing make,
  And when to nothing it was fallen again,
" To make it new, the form of man didst take;
  And God with God, becam'st a man with men."

Thou that hast fashioned twice this soul of ours,
  So that she is by double title thine,
Thou only know'st her nature and her powers;
  Her subtle form thou only canst define.

To judge herself, she must herself transcend,
  As greater circles comprehend the less:
But she wants power, her own powers to extend,
  As fetter'd men cannot their strength express.

But thou, bright morning Star, thou rising Sun,
  Which in these later times hast brought to light
Those mysteries, that, since the world begun,
  Lay hid in darkness, and eternal night.

Thou (like the Sun) dost with an equal ray
  Into the palace and the cottage shine,
And show'st the soul, both to the clerk and lay,
  By the clear lamp of oracle divine.

This lamp, through all the regions of my brain,
  Where my soul sits, doth spread such beams of grace,
As now, methinks, I do distinguish plain
  Each subtle line of her immortal face.

The soul a substance and a spirit is,
  Which God himself doth in the body make,
Which makes the man, for every man from this
  The nature of a man and name doth take.

And though this spirit be to the' body knit,
  As an apt means her powers to exercise,
Which are life, motion, sense, and will, and wit,
  Yet she survives, although the body dies.

The dignity of human Nature.

Oh! what is man, great Maker of mankind!
  That thou to him so great respect dost bear!
That thou adorn'st him with so bright a mind,
  Mak'st him a king, and e'en an angel's peer!

Oh! what a lively life, what heavenly power,
  What spreading virtue, what a sparkling fire,
How great, how plentiful, how rich a dower
  Dost thou within this dying flesh inspire!

Thou leav'st thy print in other works of thine;
  But thy whole image thou in man hast writ:
There cannot be a creature more divine,
  Except (like thee) it should be infinite!

But it exceeds man's thought, to think how high
  God hath raised man, since God a man became:
The angels do admire this mystery,
  And are astonish'd when they view the same.

Nor hath he given these blessings for a day,
  Nor made them on the body's life depend:
The soul, though made in time, survives for ay;
  And though it hath beginning, sees no end.

JOHN DONNE.

Author of many heterogeneous compositions in verse, so harsh as to be scarcely readable, and so obscure as to be scarcely intelligible, yet abounding with shrewd remarks, elaborate wit, and caustic sarcasm.

Prayer in Temptation.

Thou hast made me, and shall thy work decay?
Repair me now, for now mine end doth haste;
I run to death, and death meets me as fast,
And all my pleasures are like yesterday.
I dare not move my dim eyes any way;
Despair behind, and death before doth cast
Such terrour, and my feeble flesh doth waste
By sin in it, which it t'wards Hell doth weigh.
Only thou art above, and when t'wards thee
By thy leave I can look, I rise again;

But our old subtle foe so tempteth me,
That not one hour myself I can sustain;
Thy grace may wing me to prevent his art,
And thou like adamant draw mine iron heart.

Thought on the Day of Judgment.

At the round Earth's imagined corners blow
Your trumpets, angels, and arise, arise
From death, you numberless infinities
Of souls, and to your scattered bodies go,
All, whom the' flood did, and fire shall overthrow;
All, whom war, death, age, ague's tyrannies,
Despair, law, chance hath slain; and you, whose eyes
Shall behold God, and never taste death's woe.
But let them sleep, Lord, and me mourn a space;
For, if above all these my sins abound,
'T is late to ask abundance of thy grace,
When we are there. Here on this holy ground
Teach me how to repent; for that 's as good,
As if thou had'st seal'd my pardon with thy blood.

A Hymn to Christ, at the Author's last going into Germany.

In what torn ship soever I embark,
That ship shall be my emblem of thy ark;
What sea soever swallow me, that flood
Shall be to me an emblem of thy blood.
Though thou with clouds of anger do disguise
Thy face, yet through that mask I know those eyes,
  Which, though they turn away sometimes,
    They never will despise.

I sacrifice this island unto thee,
And all, whom I love here, and who love me;
When I have put this flood 'twixt them and me,
Put thou thy blood betwixt my sins and thee;

As the tree's sap doth seek the root below
In winter, in my winter now I go,
  Where none but thee, the' eternal root
    Of true love, I may know.

JOSEPH HALL, Bishop of Norwich.

Born 1574. Died 1647.

Author of various learned and pious Works in prose; also of *Virgidemiarum, or a series of Satires*, and other small essays, in verse.

Antheme.

Lord, what am I? A worm, dust, vapour, nothing!
  What is my life? A dream, a daily dying!
What is my flesh? My soul's uneasie clothing!
  What is my time? A minute ever flying:
    My time, my flesh, my life, and I;
    What are we, Lord, but vanity?

Where am I, Lord? downe in a vale of death:
  What is my trade? sin, my dear God offending;
My sport sin too, my stay a puffe of breath:
  What end of sin? Hell's horrour never ending:
    My way, my trade, sport, stay, and place
    Help to make up my dolefull case.

Lord, what art thou? pure life, power, beauty, bliss:
  Where dwell'st thou? up above in perfect light:
What is thy time? eternity it is:
  What state? attendance of each glorious sprite:
    Thyself, thy place, thy dayes, thy state
    Pass all the thoughts of powers create.

How shall I reach thee, Lord? Oh, soar above,
  Ambitious soul: but which way should I flie?
Thou, Lord, art way and end: what wings have I?
  Aspiring thoughts, of faith, of hope, of love:
    Oh, let these wings, that way alone
    Present me to thy blissfull throne.

For Christmas Day.

IMMORTALL babe, who this dear day
Didst change thine Heaven for our clay,
And didst with flesh thy godhead vail,
Eternal Son of God, all-hail.

Shine, happy star; ye angels sing
Glory on high to Heaven's King:
Run, shepherds, leave your nightly watch,
See Heaven come down to Bethleem's cratch.

Worship, ye sages of the east,
The King of gods in meanness drest:
O blessed maid, smile and adore
The God thy womb and armes have bore.

Star, angels, shepherds, and wise sages;
Thou virgin glory of all ages,
Restored frame of Heaven and Earth,
Joy in your dear Redeemer's birth.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

BORN 1564. DIED 1616.

It is remarkable that the few passages in the Works of this great Dramatist, which can be termed *religious*, are all favourites, (judging by the frequency of quotation) and of the highest poetical beauty. Would that he had written oftener, or always, in this vein!

The Duty of mutual Forgiveness.

——— ALAS! alas!
Why, all the souls that are, were forfeit once,
And He that might the vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If He, which is the top of judgment, should

But judge you as you are? Oh! think on that:
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.

Mercy.

THE quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth, as a gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
His sceptre shews the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above the sceptred sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings;
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then shew likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this—
That in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.

Cardinal Wolsey's Farewell to all his Greatness.

——— NAY, then, farewell!
I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness;
And, from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting. I shall fall,
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.
Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: To day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening, nips his root,

And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys, that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now hath left me,
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye!
I feel my heart new open'd. O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and our ruin,
More pangs and fears than war or woman have;
And, when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

Cardinal Wolsey's Speech to Cromwell.

CROMWELL, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of, say, I taught thee;
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, tho' thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aim'st at, be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell!
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king;
And, pr'ythee, lead me in:——

There, take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny: 'tis the king's: My robe,
And my integrity to Heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies!

WILLIAM ALEXANDER, Earl of Stirling.

Born 1580. Died 1640.

Principal Works:—*Doomes-Day*, *Aurora*, &c.

Invocation, at the beginning of Doomes-day.

Thou, of whose power (not reach'd by reason's height)
The sea a drop, we the' earth a mote may call:
And for whose trophees, stately to the sight,
The azure arke was rear'd (although too small)
And from the lampe of whose most glorious light
The Sun (a sparke) weake, for weake eyes did fall,
Breath thou a heavenly fury in my brest:
I sing the sabbath of eternall rest.

Though every where discern'd, no where confin'd,
O thou, whose feet the clouds (as dust) afford,
Whose voyce the thunder, and whose breath the winde,
Whose foot-stoole the' Earth, seate Heaven, works of thy word,
Guards, hosts of angels moving by thy minde,
Whose weapons, famine, tempest, pest, and sword;
My cloudy knowledge by thy wisdome cleare,
And by my weakenesse make thy power appeare.

Loe, ravish'd, Lord, with pleasure of thy love,
I feele my soule enflamed with sacred fires,
Thy judgements, and thy mercies, whil'st I move,
To celebrate, my Muse with zeale aspires;

Lord, by thy helpe this enterprise approve,
That successe so may second my desires,
Make Sathan's race to tremble at my lines,
And thine rejoyce while as thy glory shines.

God visible in his Works.

THE stately Heavens which glory doth array,
Are mirrours of God's admirable might;
There, whence forth spreads the night, forth springs the day,
He fix'd the fountaines of this temporall light,
Where stately stars enstall'd, some stand, some stray,
All sparks of his great power (though small yet bright,)
By what none utter can, no, not conceive,
All of his greatnesse, shadowes may perceive.

What glorious lights through christall lanternes glance,
(As alwaies burning with their Maker's love)
Spheares keepe one musicke, they one measure dance,
Like influence below, like course above,
And all by order led, not drawne by chance,
With majestie (as still in triumph) move.
And (liberall of their store) seeme shouting thus;
" Looke up, all soules, and gaze on God through us."

This pond'rous masse (though oft deform'd) still faire,
Great in our sight, yet then a starre more small,
Is ballanc'd (as a mote) amid'st the ayre;
None knowes what way, yet to no side doth fall,
And yearely springs, growes ripe, fades, falles, rich, bare,
Men's mother first, still mistresse, yet their thrall.
It centers Heavens, Heavens compasse it, both be
Bookes where God's power the ignorant may see.

What ebbes, flowes, swels, and sinks, who firme doth keep?
Whil'st flouds from the' earth burst in abundance out,
As she her brood did wash, or for them weepe:
Who, (having life) what dead things prove, dare doubt;

Who first did found the dungeons of the deepe?
But one in all, ore all, above, about:
The flouds for our delight, first calme were set,
But storme and roare, since men did God forget.

Who parts the swelling spouts that sift the raine?
Who reines the winds, the waters doth empale?
Who frownes in stormes, then smiles in calmes againe,
And doth dispense the treasures of the haile?
Whose bow doth bended in the clouds remaine?
Whose darts (dread thunder-bolts) make men look pale?
Even thus these things to show his power aspire,
As shadowes doe the Sunne, as smoke doth fire.

God visibly invisible who raignes,
Soule of all soules, whose light each light directs,
All first did freely make, and still maintaines,
The greatest rules, the meanest not neglects;
Fore-knowes the end of all that he ordaines,
His will each cause, each cause breeds fit effects,
Who did make all, all thus could onely leade,
None could make all, but who was never made.

BEN JONSON.

Born 1574. Died 1637.

Principal Works:—*Tragedies, Comedies, Masques,* &c.

On the Nativitie of my Saviour.

I sing the birth was born to night,
The Author both of life and light;
The angels so did sound it,
And like the ravish'd sheep'erds said,
Who saw the light, and were afraid,
Yet search'd, and true they found it.

The Sonne of God, the' Eternall King,
That did us all salvation bring,
And freed the soule from danger;

Hee whom the whole world could not take,
The Word, which Heaven and Earth did make,
Was now laid in a manger.

What comfort by him doe wee winne?
Who made himselfe the price of sinne,
To make us heires of glory?
To see this babe all innocence;
A martyr borne in our defence;
Can man forget this storie?

The good Life, long Life.

It is not growing like a tree
In bulke, doth make man better be;
Or standing long an oake, three hundred yeare,
To fall a logge, at last, dry, bald, and seare:
A lillie of a day,
Is fairer farre, in May,
Although it fall, and die that night;
It was the plant and flowre of light.
In small proportions we just beauties see:
And in short measures life may perfect be.

Eupheme's Mind.

Painter, you're come, but may be gone,
Now I have better thought thereon,
This work I can performe alone,
And give you reasons more then one.

Not, that your art I doe refuse:
But here I may no colours use;
Beside, your hand will never hit,
To draw a thing that cannot sit.

You could make shift to paint an eye,
An eagle towring in the skye,
The Sunne, a sea, or soundlesse pit;
But these are like a mind, not it.

No, to expresse a mind to sense,
Would aske a Heaven's intelligence;
Since nothing can report that flame,
But what's of kinne to whence it came.

A mind so pure, so perfect, fine,
As 'tis not radient, but divine:
And so disdaining any tryer;
'Tis got where it can try the fire.

There high exalted in the spheare,
As it another nature were,
It moveth all and makes a flight
As circular as infinite.

Whose notions when it will expresse
In speech, it is with that excesse
Of grace and musique to the eare,
As what it spoke it planted there.

The voyce so sweet, the words so faire,
As some soft chime had stroak'd the ayre;
And though the sound were parted thence,
Still left an eccho in the sense.

But, that a mind so rapt, so high,
So swift, so pure, should yet apply
It selfe to us, and come so nigh
Earth's grossnesse; there's the how, and why.

Is it because it sees us dull,
And stuck in clay here, it would pull
Us forth by some celestiall flight
Up to her owne sublimed hight?

Or hath she here, upon the ground,
Some paradise, or palace found
In all the bounds of beautie fit
For here to' inhabit? There is it.

Thrice happy house, that hast receipt
For this so loftie forme, so streight,
So polisht, perfect, round, and even,
As it slid moulded off from Heaven.

Not swelling like the ocean proud,
But stooping gently, as a cloud,
As smooth as oyle pour'd forth, and calme
As showers, and sweet as drops of balme.

Smooth, soft, and sweet, in all a floud
Where it may run to any good;
And where it stayes, it there becomes
A nest of odorous spice, and gummes.

In action, winged as the wind,
In rest, like spirits left behind
Upon a banke, or field of flowers,
Begotten by that wind and showers.

In thee, faire mansion, let it rest,
Yet know, with what thou art possest,
Thou entertaining in thy brest
But such a mind, mak'st God thy guest.

RICHARD CORBET, Bishop of Norwich.

Born 1582. Died 1635.

Author of *Miscellaneous Poems.*

An Elegie on Dr. Ravis, Bishop of London.

When I past Paul's, and travell'd in that walke
Where all our Britaine-sinners sweare and talk;*
And then beheld the body of my lord
Trodd under foote by vice that he abhorr'd;
It wounded me, the landlord of all times
Should let long lives and leases to their crimes,
And to his springing honour did afford
Scarce soe much time as to the prophet's gourd.
Yet since swift flights of vertue have apt ends,
Like breath of angels, which a blessing sends,

* St. Paul's Cathedral was in Corbet's time the resort of the idle and profligate of all classes.

And vanisheth withall, whilst fouler deeds
Expect a tedious harvest for bad seeds;
I blame not fame and nature if they gave,
Where they could give no more, their last, a grave.
And wisely doe thy grieved friends forbeare
Bubbles and alabaster boyes to reare
On thy religious dust: for men did know
Thy life, which such illusions cannot show:
For thou hast trod among those happy ones
Who trust not in their superscriptions,
Their hired epitaphs, and perjured stone,
Which oft belyes the soule when she is gon;
And durst committ thy body, as it lyes,
To tongues of living men, nay unborne eyes.
What profits thee a sheet of lead? What good
If on thy corse a marble quarry stood?
Let those that feare their rising purchase vaults,
And reare them statues to excuse their faults;
As if, like birds that peck at painted grapes,
Their judge knew not their persons from their shapes.
Whilst thou assured, through thy easy dust
Shalt rise at first; they would not though they must.

THOMAS CAREW.

Born 1589. Died 1639.

Author of *miscellaneous poems*, of which the best that can be said is, that all the painful art employed in their composition, was not enough to overpower the beauty and simplicity of nature, which are frequently conspicuous in them.

To my worthy friend, Master George Sandys, on his translation of the Psalms.

I press not to the choir, nor dare I greet
The holy place with my unhallowed feet;
My unwasht Muse pollutes not things divine,
Nor mingles her profaner notes with thine:

Here, humbly waiting at the porch, she stays,
And with glad ears sucks in thy sacred lays.
So, devout penitents of old were wont,
Some without door, and some beneath the font,
To stand and hear the church's liturgies,
Yet not assist the solemn exercise:
Sufficeth her, that she a lay-place gain,
To trim thy vestments, or but bear thy train:
Though nor in tune, nor wing, she reach thy lark,
Her lyric feet may dance before the ark.
Who knows, but that her wandering eyes that run,
Now hunting glow-worms, may adore the Sun:
A pure flame may, shot by Almighty power
Into her breast, the earthly flame devour:
My eyes in penitential dew may steep
That brine, which they for sensual love did weep.
Perhaps my restless soul, tired with pursuit
Of mortal beauty, seeking without fruit
Contentment there, which hath not, when enjoy'd,
Quench'd all her thirst, nor satisfy'd, though cloy'd;
Weary of her vain search below, above
In the first fair may find the' immortal love.
Prompted by thy example then, no more
In moulds of clay will I my God adore;
But tear those idols from my heart, and write
What his blest Spirit, not fond love, shall indite;
Then I no more shall court the verdant bay,
But the dry leafless trunk on Golgotha;
And rather strive to gain from thence one thorn,
Than all the flourishing wreaths by laureats worn.

Epitaph on the Lady S. wife of Sir W. S.

Carew was one of the most elegant of the fantastical writers of his day. Nothing can be more cold, elaborate, and unaffecting, than the burthen of the following piece; yet it must be acknowledged that the conclusion is happy. The whole, as a specimen of what once pleased a generation of readers as well as writers, at once pedantic and juvenile, is a curiosity worth preserving.

THE harmony of colours, features, grace,
Resulting airs (the magic of a face)

Of musical sweet tunes, all which combined
To crown one sovereign beauty, lie confined
To this dark vault: she was a cabinet
Where all the choicest stones of price were set;
Whose native colours and pure lustre lent
Her eye, cheek, lip, a dazzling ornament;
Whose rare and hidden virtues did express
Her inward beauties and mind's fairer dress;
The constant diamond, the wise chrysolite,
The devout sapphire, emerald apt to write
Records of memory, cheerful agate, grave
And serious onyx, topaz that doth save
The brain's calm temper, witty amethyst;
This precious quarry, or what else the list
On Aaron's ephod planted had, she wore:
One only pearl was wanting to her store;
Which in her Saviour's book she found exprest;
To purchase that, she sold Death all the rest.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

Born 1585. Died 1649.

Of Hawthornden, in Scotland. His poems are not affected to be written in the dialect of his native country; on that country, however, they reflect more honour than those of any contemporary bard.

Life hastening away.

Look as the flower, which lingeringly doth fade,
The morning's darling late, the summer's queen,
Spoil'd of that juice which kept it fresh and green,
As high as it did raise, bows low the head:
Just so the pleasures of my life being dead,
Or in their contraries but only seen,
With swifter speed declines than erst it spread,
And, blasted, scarce now shows what it hath been.
Therefore, as doth the pilgrim, whom the night
Hastes darkly to imprison on his way,

Think on thy home, my soul, and think aright
Of what's yet left thee of life's wasting day:
Thy sun posts westward, passed is thy morn,
And twice it is not given thee to be born.

John the Baptist.

The last and greatest herald of Heaven's king,
Girt with rough skins, hies to the deserts wild,
Among that savage brood the woods forth bring,
Which he more harmless found than man, and mild.
His food was locusts, and what there doth spring,
With honey, that from virgin hives distill'd;
Parch'd body, hollow eyes, some uncouth thing
Made him appear, long since from Earth exil'd.
There burst he forth. "All ye whose hopes rely
On God, with me amidst these deserts mourn,
Repent, repent, and from old errours turn."
Who listen'd to his voice, obey'd his cry?
Only the echoes, which he made relent,
Rung from their flinty caves, "Repent, repent."

To the Nightingale.

Sweet bird, that sing'st away the early hours
Of winters past, or coming, void of care,
Well pleased with delights which present are,
Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smelling flowers:
To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leavy bowers
Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,
And what dear gifts on thee he did not spare,
A stain to human sense in sin that lowers.
What soul can be so sick, which by thy songs
(Attired in sweetness) sweetly is not driven
Quite to forget Earth's turmoils, spites, and wrongs,
And lift a reverend eye and thought to Heaven?
Sweet, artless songster, thou my mind dost raise
To airs of spheres, yes, and to angels' lays.

True Felicity.

AMIDST the azure clear
Of Jordan's sacred streams,
Jordan, of Lebanon the offspring dear,
When zephyrs flowers unclose,
And Sun shines with new beams,
With grave and stately grace a nymph arose.

Upon her head she wear
Of amaranths a crown;
Her left hand palms, her right a torch did bear;
Unveil'd skin's whiteness lay,
Gold hairs in curls hung down,
Eyes sparkled joy, more bright than star of day.

The flood a throne her rear'd
Of waves, most like that Heaven
Where beaming stars in glory turn enspher'd:
The air stood calm and clear,
No sigh by winds was given,
Birds left to sing, herds feed, her voice to hear.

"World-wandering sorry wights,
Whom nothing can content
Within these varying lists of days and nights,
Whose life, ere known amiss,
In glittering griefs is spent,
Come learn," said she, "what is your choicest bliss:

"From toil and pressing cares
How ye may respite find,
A sanctuary from soul-thralling snares;
A port to harbour sure,
In spite of waves and wind,
Which shall when time's swift glass is run, endure.

"Not happy is that life
Which you as happy hold,
No, but a sea of fears, a field of strife,
Charged on a throne to sit
With diadems of gold,
Preserved by force, and still observed by wit.

" Huge treasures to enjoy,
Of all her gems spoil Inde,
All Seres' silk in garments to employ,
Deliciously to feed,
The phœnix' plumes to find
To rest upon, or deck your purple bed:

" Frail beauty to abuse,
And, wanton Sybarites,
On past or present touch of sense to muse;
Never to hear of noise
But what the ear delights,
Sweet music's charms, or charming flatterer's voice.

" Nor can it bliss you bring,
Hid nature's depths to know,
Why matter changeth, whence each form doth spring.
Nor that your fame should range,
And after-worlds it blow
From Tanais to Nile, from Nile to Gange.

" All these have not the power
To free the mind from fears,
Nor hideous horrour can allay one hour,
When Death in stealth doth glance,
In sickness lurks or years,
And wakes the soul from out her mortal trance.

" No, but blest life is this,
With chaste and pure desire
To turn unto the load-star of all bliss,
On God the mind to rest,
Burnt up with sacred fire,
Possessing Him to be by Him possest:

" When to the balmy east
Sun doth his light impart,
Or when he diveth in the lowly west,
And ravisheth the day,
With spotless hand and heart,
Him cheerfully to praise, and to Him pray:

" To heed each action so
As ever in his sight,
More fearing doing ill than passive woe;
Not to seem other thing
Than what ye are aright;
Never to do what may repentance bring:

" Not to be blown with pride,
Nor moved at glory's breath,
Which shadow-like on wings of time doth glide;
So malice to disarm,
And conquer hasty wrath,
As to do good to those that work your harm:

" To hatch no base desires,
Or gold or land to gain,
Well pleased with that which virtue fair acquires;
To have the wit and will
Consorting in one strain,
Than what is good to have no higher skill:

" Never on neighbour's goods,
With cockatrice's eye
To look, nor make another's heaven your hell;
Nor to be beauty's thrall;
All fruitless love to fly,
Yet loving still a love transcendent all;

" A love, which, while it burns
The soul with fairest beams,
To' that increated Sun the soul it turns,
And makes such beauty prove,
That, if sense saw her gleams,
All lookers-on would pine and die for love.

" Who such a life doth live
You happy even may call,
Ere ruthless Death a wished end him give;
And after then, when given,
More happy by his fall,
For humanes, Earth, enjoying angels, Heaven.

"Swift is your mortal race,
And glassy is the field;
Vast are desires not limited by grace:
Life a weak taper is;
Then while it light doth yield,
Leave flying joys, embrace this lasting bliss."

This when the nymph had said,
She dived within the flood,
Whose face with smiling curls long after staid;
Then sighs did zephyrs press,
Birds sang from every wood,
And echoes rang, "This was true happiness."

The Ascension of Christ.

"BRIGHT portals of the sky,
Emboss'd with sparkling stars;
Doors of eternity,
With diamantine bars,
Your arras rich uphold;
Loose all your bolts and springs,
Ope wide your leaves of gold;
That in your roofs may come the King of kings.

"Scarf'd in a rosy cloud,
He doth ascend the air;
Straight doth the Moon him shroud
With her resplendent hair:
The next encrystall'd light
Submits to him its beams;
And he doth trace the height
Of that fair lamp which flames of beauty streams.

"He towers those golden bounds
He did to Sun bequeath;
The higher wandering rounds
Are found his feet beneath:
The milky-way comes near,
Heaven's axle seems to bend,
Above each turning sphere
That, robed in glory, Heaven's King may ascend.

"O Well-spring of this all!
Thy Father's image vive;
Word, that from nought did call
What is, doth reason, live!
The soul's eternal food,
Earth's joy, delight of Heaven,
All truth, love, beauty, good,
To Thee, to Thee, be praises ever given.

"What was dismarshall'd late
In this thy noble frame,
And lost the prime estate,
Hath re-obtain'd the same,
Is now most perfect seen;
Streams, which diverted were
(And, troubled, stray'd, unclean)
From their first source, by thee home turned are.

"By thee, that blemish old
Of Eden's leprous prince,
Which on his race took hold,
And him exiled from thence,
Now put away is far;
With sword, in ireful guise,
No cherub more shall bar
Poor man the entrance into Paradise.

"Now each ethereal gate
To him hath open'd been;
And Glory's King in state
His palace enters in:
Now come is this High Priest
In the most holy place,
Not without blood addrest,
With glory Heaven, the Earth to crown with grace.

"Stars, which all eyes were late,
And did with wonder burn,
His name to celebrate,
In flaming tongues them turn;
Their orby crystals move
More active than before,

And entheate from above,
Their sovereign prince laud, glorify, adore.

" The choirs of happy souls,
Waked with that music sweet,
Whose descant care controuls,
Their Lord in triumph meet;
The spotless spirits of light
His trophies do extol,
And, arch'd in squadrons bright,
Greet their great Victor in his capitol.

" O glory of the Heaven!
O sole delight of Earth!
To Thee all power be given,
God's uncreated birth;
Of mankind lover true,
Endurer of his wrong,
Who dost the world renew,
Still be thou our salvation, and our song."
From top of Olivet such notes did rise,
When man's Redeemer did transcend the skies.

JOSHUA SYLVESTER.

BORN 1563. DIED 1618.

Translated " *Du Bartas his Divine Weekes and Workes;*" and wrote sundry small poems, of little value. An entertaining Essay has been published by Mr. Dunster, to show Milton's early obligations to Sylvester's Du Bartas. It is difficult from this heavy, yet richly-freighted volume, to make any extracts of moderate length, without including, with the precious ore, much of the inseparable dross attaching to it. The following is an average specimen of the style of the whole.

The peopling of Europe after the Flood.

SOM word's allusion is no certain ground
Whereon a lasting monument to found:

Sith fairest rivers, mountains strangely steep,
And largest Seas, never so vast and deep
(Though self-eternall, resting still the same)
Through sundry chances often change their name:
Sith it befalls not alwayes, that his seed
Who builds a town, doth in the same succeed:
And (to conclude) sith under heaven, no race
Perpetually possesseth any place:
But, as all tenants at the High Lord's will,
We hold a field, a forrest, or a hill:
And (as when winde the angry ocean moves)
Wave hunteth wave, and billow billow shoves;
So do all nations iustle each the other,
And so one people doth pursue another;
And scarce the second hath a first un-housed,
Before a third him thence again have rowsed.
  The sacrilegious greedy appetite
Of gold and scepters glistering glorious bright,
The thirst of vengeance, and that puffing breath
Of elvish honour, built on blood and death,
On desolation, rapes, and robberies,
Flames, ruins, wracks, and brutish butcheries,
Un-bound all countries, making war-like nations
Through every clymat seek new habitations.
  I speak not heer of those Arabian rovers,
Numidian shepheards, or Tartarian drovers,
Who, shifting pastures for their store of cattle,
Do heer and there their hayrie tents imbattle:
Like the black swarms of swallows swiftly-light,
Which twice a-yeer cross with their nimble flight
The pine-plough'd sea, and (pleased with purest ayr)
Seek every season for a fresh repair:
But other Nations fierce, who far and nigh
With their own bloods-price purchast victory;
Who, better knowing how to win then wield;
Conquer, then keep; to batter, then to build;
And bravely choosing rather war then peace,
Have over-spread the world by land and seas.
  For, as Hymettus and Mount Hybla were
Not over-spread and covered in one year

With busie Bees; but yearly twice or thrice
Each Hyve supplying new-com Colonies
(Heaven's tender nurcelings) to those fragrant mountains,
At length their rocks dissolved in hony fountains:
Or rather, as two fruitfull elms that spred
Amidst a cloase with brooks environed,
Ingender other elms about their roots;
Those, other still; and still, new-springing shoots
So over-growe the ground, that in fewe yeers
The sometimes-mead a great thick grove appears:
Even so the' ambitious Babel-building rout,
Disperst, at first go seat themselves about
Mesopotamia: after (by degrees)
Their happy spawn, in sundry colonies
Crossing from sea to sea, from land to land,
All the green-mantled nether globe hath mann'd:
So that, except the' Almighty (glorious Iudge
Of quick and dead) this world's ill dayes abbridge,
Ther shall no soyl so wilde and savage be,
But shall be shadowed by great Adam's Tree.
  Therefore, those Countries neerest Tigris' spring,
In those first ages were most flourishing,
Most spoken-of, first warriours, first that guide,
And give the law to all the earth beside.
  Babylon (living under the' awfull grace
Of Royall Greatnes) swayed the' imperiall mace,
Before the Greeks had any town at all,
Or warbling lute had built the Dircean wall:
Yer Gauls had houses, Latins burgages,
Our Britains tents, or Germans cottages.
  The Hebrews had with angels' conversation,
Held the' Idol-altars in abhomination,
Knew the Unknowen, with eyes of faith they saw
The' invisible Messias, in the law:
The Chaldees, audit of the stars had made,
Had measured Heaven, conceived how the' Earth's thick shade
Eclipst the silver brows of Cynthia bright,
And her brown shadow quencht her brother's light.

The Memphian priests were deep philosophers,
And curious gazers on the sacred stars,
Searchers of Nature, and great mathematicks;
Yer any letter, knew the ancient'st Attiks.
Proud Ægypt glistred all with golden plate,
Yer the lame Lemnian (under Ætna grate)
Had hammer'd yron; or the Vultur-rented
Prometheus, 'mong the Greeks, had fire invented.
Gauls were not yet; or, were they (at the least)
They were but wilde; their habit, plumes; their feast,
But mast and acorns, for the which they gap't
Under the Trees when any winde had hapt:
When the bold Tyrians (greedy after gain)
Durst rowe about the salt-blew Africk main;
Traffikt abroad, in scarlet robes were drest,
And pomp and pleasure Euphrates possest.
For, as a stone, that midst a Pond ye fling,
About his fall first forms a little ring,
Wherein, new circles one in other growing
(Through the smooth waters gentle-gentle flowing)
Still one the other more and more compell
From the pond's centre, where the stone first fell;
Till at the last the largest of the rounds
From side to side 'gainst every bank rebounds:
So, from the' earth's centre (which I heer suppose
About the place where God did tongues transpose)
Man (day by day his wit repolishing)
Makes all the arts through all the earth to spring,
As he doth spread, and shed in divers shoals
His fruitfull offspring under both the poles.

GEORGE CHAPMAN.

BORN 1527. DIED 1604.

Principal Works:—*Translation of Homer, Tragedies*, &c. In the following extracts from the latter, there is a stern but noble strength of sentiment, with diction corresponding. Had Chapman translated Homer into nervous blank verse like this, he would have left little for either Pope or Cowper to do after him.

Virtue the only safe Pilot.

MAN is a torch borne in the wind; a dream
But of a shadow, summ'd with all his substance;
And as great seamen, using all their wealth
And skills in Neptune's deep invisible paths,
In tall ships richly built and ribb'd with brass,
To put a girdle round about the world,
When they have done it (coming near their haven)
Are fain to give a warning-piece, and call
A poor stayed fisherman, that never pass'd
His country's sight, to waft and guide them in:
So, when we wander farthest through the waves
Of glassy glory, and the gulphs of state,
Topt with all titles, spreading all our reaches,
As if each private arm would sphere the earth,
We must to VIRTUE for her guide resort,
Or we shall shipwreck in our safest port.

Guilt.

——— SIN is a coward, and insults
But on our weakness, in his truest valour;
And so our ignorance tames us, that we let
His shadows frighten us;—like empty clouds,
In which our faulty apprehensions forge
The forms of dragons, lions, elephants,
When they hold no proportion.———

——— Before I was secure 'gainst death and hell;
But now am subject to the heartless fear
Of every shadow and of every breath,
And would change firmness with an aspen-leaf;
So confident a spotless conscience is;
So weak a guilty: oh! the dangerous siege
Sin lays about us! and the tyranny
He exercises, when he hath expugn'd!
Like to the horror of a winter's thunder,
Mix'd with a gushing storm, that suffer nothing
To stir abroad on earth, but their own rages,
Is sin;—when it hath gather'd head above us,
No roof, no shelter can secure us so,
But he will drown our cheeks in fear or woe.

The dangerous prosperity of the wicked.

As you may see a mighty promontory,
More digg'd and under-eaten than can warrant
A safe supportance to his hanging brows;
All passengers avoid him, shun all ground,
That lies within his shadow, and bear still
A flying eye upon him:—so, great men,
Corrupted in their grounds, and building out
To swelling fronts for their foundations,
When most they should be propt are most forsaken,
And men will rather thrust into the storms
Of better-grounded states, than take a shelter
Beneath their ruinous and fearful weight:
Yet they so ever see their faulty basis,
That they remain securer in conceit;
And that security doth worse presage
Their near destruction than their eaten grounds.

A King's blessing on his Infant Son.

[Henry IV. of France, speaks in reference to the civil wars which he had quelled.]

Have thy old Father's angel for thy guide;
Redoubled be his spirit in thy breast;

Who, when this state ran, like a turbulent sea,
In civil hates and bloody enmity,
Their wraths and envies, like so many winds,
Settled and burst:—and, like the halcyon's birth,
Be thine to bring a calm upon the shore,
In which the eyes of war may ever sleep,
As overmatcht with former massacres,
When guilty, mad noblesse fed on noblesse;
All the sweet plenty of the realm exhausted:
When the nak'd merchant was pursued for spoil,
When the poor peasants frighted neediest thieves
With their bare leanness, nothing left of them
But meagre carcases sustain'd with air,
Wandering like ghosts affrighted from their graves:
When, with the often and incessant sounds,
The very beasts knew the alarum bell,
And hearing it, ran bellowing to their homes:
—From which unchristian broils and homicides,
Let the religious sword of justice free
Thee and thy kingdoms, govern'd after me.

Kingly Justice.

[Henry IV. again, meditating on the delinquency of his favourite, who had conspired against his life.]

O Thou! that govern'st the keen sword of kings,
Direct mine arm in this important stroke,
Or hold it, being advanced. The weight of blood,
Even of the basest subject, doth exact
Deep consultation in the highest king:
For, in one subject, death's unjust affrights,
Passions and pains (though he be ne'er so poor,)
Ask more remorse than the voluptuous spleens
Of all kings in the world deserve respect.
He should be born gray-headed, that will bear
The sword of empire; judgment of the life,
Free state and reputation of a man,
If he be just and worthy, dwells so dark,
That it denies access to sun and moon;

The soul's eye, sharpen'd with that sacred Light,
Of whom the sun itself is but a beam,
Must only give that judgment. Oh! how much
Err those kings, then, that play with life and death,
And nothing put into their serious states,
But humour and their lusts! For which alone
Men long for kingdoms, whose huge counterpoise
In cares and dangers, could a fool comprise,
He would not be a king, but would be wise.

SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.

BORN 1581. DIED 1613.

Author of *A Wife*, and other small pieces in prose and verse. He was poisoned when a prisoner in the Tower, on some slight pretence, by order of Robert, Earl of Somerset, at the instigation of Lady Frances Howard, whom he had married, soon after she had been divorced from her former husband, the Earl of Essex;—a match from which Sir Thomas Overbury had conscientiously endeavoured to dissuade the former nobleman. The following epitaph for himself, written nearly in the article of death, under these circumstances, becomes very affecting.

Now, measured out my days, 'tis here I rest;
That is my body, but my soul, his guest,
Is hence ascended whither neither time,
Nor faith nor hope, but only love can climb;
Where being now enlighten'd she doth know
The truth of all things which are talk'd below;
Only this dust shall here in pawn remain,
That when the world dissolves she'll come again.

JAMES SHIRLEY.

BORN 1594. DIED 1666.

Author of many *Dramatic works.*

Death the conqueror of all.

THE glories of our ~~mortal state~~ blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against Fate;
Death lays his icy hand on kings;
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at length must yield;
They tame but one another still:
Early or late
They stoop to Fate,
And must give up their mumuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon Death's purple altar now,
See where the victor-victim bleeds:
All heads must come
To the cold tomb;
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom ~~from the~~ in their dust.

THOMAS RANDOLPH.

Born 1605. Died 1634.

Principal works:—The *Muses' Looking Glass*, *Amyntas*, and miscellanies.

On the Passion of Christ.

What rends the temple's vail, where is day gone?
How can a generall darknesse cloud the sun?
Astrologers in vaine their skill doe try;
Nature must needs be sicke, when God can dye.

Precepts.

First worship God;—he that forgets to pray
Bids not himself good-morrow, nor good-day:
Let thy first labour be to purge thy sin,
And serve Him first, whence all things did begin.

Honour thy parents to prolong thine end;
With them, though for a truth, doe not contend;
Whoever makes his father's heart to bleed
Shall have a child that will avenge the deed.

Think that is just; 'tis not enough to doe,
Unlesse thy very thoughts are upright too.

Defend the truth; for that, who will not dye,
A coward is, and gives himselfe the lye.

Honour the king, as sonnes their parents doe,
For he's thy father, and thy country's too.

Swear not; an oath is like a dangerous dart
Which, shot, rebounds to strike the shooter's heart.

FLY drunkennesse, whose vile incontinence
Takes both away thy reason and thy sence,
Till, with Circæan cups, thy mind possest
Leaves to be man, and wholly turnes to beast:
Think, while thou swallowest the capacious bowle,
Thou let'st in seas, to wrecke and drowne the soule;
That hell is open, to remembrance call,
And thinke how subject drunkards are to fall.

To doubtfull matters doe not headlong run,
What's well left off were better not begun.

FIRST thinke, and if thy thoughts approve thy will,
Then speake, and, after, that thou speak'st fulfill.

So live with men, as if God's curious eye
Did every where into thine actions prye;
For never yet was sinne so void of sence,
So fully faced with brazen impudence,
As that it durst, before men's eyes, commit
Their brutal lusts, lest they should witnesse it;
How dare they then offend, when God shall see,
That must alone both judge and jury bee.

STRIVE to live well; tread in the upright wayes,
And rather count thine actions than thy dayes,
Then thou hast lived enough among us here,
For every daye well-spent I count a yeare;
Live well; and then, how soon soe'er thou dye,
Thou art of age to claim eternity.

On the death of a Nightingale.

GOE, solitary wood, and henceforth bee
Acquainted with no other harmonie
Than the pye's chattering, and the shreeking note
Of bodeing owles, and fatal raven's throate;
Thy sweetest chaunter's dead, that warbled forth
Layes, that might tempests calme, and still the north,
And call down angels from their glorious sphere
To heare her songs, and learne new anthemes here.

HENRY KING, Bishop of Chichester.

Born 1591. Died 1669.

Author of *Miscellaneous Poems*, and a *Version of the Psalms.*

My midnight Meditation.

Ill-busied Man! why should'st thou take such care
To lengthen out thy life's short kalendar?
When every spectacle thou look'st upon
Presents and acts thy execution.
  Each drooping season and each flower doth cry,
  " Fool! as I fade and wither, thou must dy."

The beating of thy pulse (when thou art well)
Is just the tolling of thy passing bell:
Night is thy hearse, whose sable canopie
Covers alike deceased day and thee.
  And all those weeping dewes which nightly fall,
  Are but the tears shed for thy funerall.

The Exequy.

[On the Death of a beloved Wife.]

Accept, thou shrine of my dead Saint
Insteed of dirges this complaint;
And for sweet flowres to crown thy hearse,
Receive a strew of weeping verse
From thy grieved friend, whom thou might'st see
Quite melted into tears for thee.
  Dear loss! since thy untimely fate,
My task hath been to meditate
On thee, on thee: thou art the book,
The library whereon I look
Though almost blind, for thee (loved clay)
I languish out, not live the day,
Using no other exercise
But what I practise with mine eyes:

By which wet glasses I find out
How lazily Time creeps about
To one that mourns: this, onely this
My exercise and business is:
So I compute the weary houres
With sighs dissolved into show'res.
  I could allow thee for a time
To darken me and my sad clime,
Were it a month, a year, or ten,
I would thy exile live till then;
And all that space my mirth adjourn,
So thou would'st promise to return;
And putting off thy ashy shrowd
At length disperse this sorrow's cloud.
  But, woe is me! the longest date
Too narrow is to calculate
These empty hopes: never shall I
Be so much blest as to descry
A glimpse of thee, till that day come
Which shall the earth to cinders doome,
And a fierce feaver must calcine
The body of this world like thine,
(My little world!) that fit of fire
Once off, our bodies shall aspire
To our soules bliss: then we shall rise,
And view ourselves with cleerer eyes
In that calm region, where no night
Can hide us from each other's sight.
  Mean time, thou hast her, Earth: much good
May my harm do thee, since it stood
With Heaven's will I might not call
Her longer mine, I give thee all
My short-lived right and interest
In her, whom living I loved best.
  Sleep on, my Love, in thy cold bed
Never to be disquieted!
My last good night! thou wilt not wake
Till I thy fate shall overtake:
Till age, or grief, or sickness must
Marry my body to that dust

It so much loves; and fill the room
My heart keeps empty in thy tomb.
Stay for me there; I will not faile
To meet thee in that hollow vale.
And think not much of my delay,
I am already on the way,
And follow thee with all the speed
Desire can make, or sorrows breed.
Each minute is a short degree,
And every houre a step towards thee.
At night when I betake to rest,
Next morn I rise neerer my west
Of life, almost by eight houres saile,
Then when sleep breath'd his drowsie gale.
  Thus from the Sun my bottom stears
And my dayes compass downward bears:
Nor labour I to stemme the tide
Through which to thee I swiftly glide.
  'Tis true, with shame and grief I yield,
Thou like the vann first took'st the field,
And gotten hast the victory
In thus adventuring to dy
Before me, whose more years might crave
A just precedence in the grave.
But heark! my pulse like a soft drum
Beats my approach, tells thee I come;
And slow howere my marches be,
I shall at last sit down by thee.
  The thought of this bids me go on,
And wait my dissolution
With hope and comfort; Dear (forgive
The crime) I am content to live
Divided, with but half a heart,
Till we shall meet and never part.

On two Children dying of one disease, and buried in one grave.

Brought forth in sorrow, and bred up in care,
Two tender Children here entombed are:

One place, one sire, one womb their being gave,
They had one mortal sickness, and one grave,
And though they cannot number many years
In their account, yet with their parents tears
This comfort mingles; though their dayes were few
They scarcely sinne, but never sorrow knew:
So that they well might boast, they carry'd hence
What riper ages lose, their innocence.
  You pretty losses, that revive the fate
Which in your mother death did antedate,
O let my high-swoln grief distill on you
The saddest drops of a parentall dew:
You ask no other dower then what my eyes
Lay out on your untimely exequies:
When once I have discharged that mournfull skore,
Heaven hath decreed you ne're shall cost me more,
Since you release and quit my borrow'd trust,
By taking this inheritance of dust.

SIR JOHN BEAUMONT.

BORN 1582. DIED 1628.

Author of *Bosworth-field*, and other Poems.

Of my deare Sonne, Gervase Beaumont.

CAN I, who have for others oft compiled
The songs of death, forget my sweetest child,
Which, like a flower crusht, with a blast is dead,
And ere full time hangs downe his smiling head,
Expecting with cleare hope to live anew,
Among the angels fed with heavenly dew?
We have this signe of joy, that many dayes,
While on the earth his struggling spirit stayes,
The name of Iesus in his mouth containes
His onely food, his sleepe, his ease from paines.

O may that sound be rooted in my mind,
Of which in him such strong effect I find.
Deare Lord, receive my sonne, whose winning love
To me was like a friendship, farre above
The course of nature, or his tender age,
Whose lookes could all my bitter griefes asswage;
Let his pure soule, ordain'd seven yeeres to be
In that fraile body, which was part of me,
Remaine my pledge in Heaven, as sent to shew,
How to this port at every step I goe.

In Desolation.

O THOU, who sweetly bend'st my stubborne will,
Who send'st thy stripes to teach, and not to kill:
Thy chearefull face from me no longer hide,
Withdraw these clouds, the scourges of my pride;
I sinke to Hell, if I be lower throwne:
I see what man is, being left alone.
My substance, which from nothing did begin,
Is worse then nothing by the waight of sin:
I see my selfe in such a wretched state,
As neither thoughts conceive, or words relate.
How great a distance parts us! for in thee
Is endlesse good, and boundlesse ill in mee.
All creatures prove me abiect, but how low,
Thou onely know'st, and teachest me to know.
To paint this basenesse, nature is too base;
This darknesse yeelds not but to beames of grace.
Where shall I then this piercing splendour find?
Or found, how shall it guide me, being blind?
Grace is a taste of blisse, a glorious gift,
Which can the soule to heavenly comforts lift.
It will not shine to me, whose mind is drown'd
In sorrowes, and with worldly troubles bound.
It will not daigne within that house to dwell,
Where drinesse raignes, and proud distractions swell.
Perhaps it sought me in those lightsome dayes
Of my first fervour, when few winds did raise

The waves, and ere they could full strength obtaine,
Some whispering gale straight charmed them downe
again:
When all seem'd calm, and yet the Virgin's child,
On my devotions in his manger smil'd;
While then I simply walkt, nor heed could take
Of complacence, that slye deceitfull snake;
When yet I had not dangerously refused
So many calls to vertue, nor abused
The spring of life, which I so oft enioy'd,
Nor made so many good intentions voyd,
Deserving thus that grace should quite depart,
And dreadfull hardnesse should possesse my heart:
Yet in that state this onely good I found,
That fewer spots did then my conscience wound,
Though who can censure, whether in those times,
The want of feeling seem'd the want of crimes?
If solid vertues dwell not but in paine,
I will not wish that golden age againe,
Because it flow'd with sensible delights
Of heavenly things: God hath created nights
As well as dayes, to decke the varied globe;
Grace comes as oft clad in the dusky robe
Of desolation, as in white attire,
Which better fits the bright celestiall quire.
Some in foule seasons perish through despaire,
But more thro' boldnesse when the daies are faire.
This then must be the med'cine for my woes,
To yeeld to what my Saviour shall dispose:
To glory in my basenesse, to reioyce
In mine afflictions, to obey his voyce,
As well when threatnings my defects reprove,
As when I cherisht am with words of love,
To say to him, in every time and place,
" Withdraw thy comforts, so thou leave thy grace."

GILES FLETCHER.

BORN 1588. DIED 1623.

Author of *Christ's Victory and Triumph, in four Cantos;* one of the most interesting religious poems in our language, and worthy to be better known than it is, as the annexed specimens will show.

Justice and mercy are represented pleading before the Almighty, in presence of all the host of heaven, the former for the punishment, the latter for the salvation of sinners. The picture of each is thus drawn.

Justice.

BUT Justice had no sooner Mercy seen
Smoothing the wrinkles of her father's brow,
But up she starts, and throws herself between;
As when a vapour from a moory slough,
Meeting with fresh Eoüs, that but now
  Open'd the world which all in darkness lay,
  Doth Heaven's bright face of his rays disarray,
And sads the smiling orient of the springing day.

She was a virgin of austere regard:
Not as the world esteems her, deaf and blind;
But as the eagle, that hath oft compared
Her eye with Heaven's, so, and more brightly shined
Her lamping sight: for she the same could wind
  Into the solid heart, and with her ears,
  The silence of the thought loud speaking hears,
And in one hand a pair of even scales she wears.

No riot of affection revel kept
Within her breast, but a still apathy
Possessed all her soul, which softly slept,
Securely, without tempest; no sad cry
Awakes her pity, but wrong'd poverty,
  Sending his eyes to Heaven swimming in tears,
  With hideous clamours ever struck her ears,
Whetting the blazing sword that in her hand she bears.

Upon two stony tables, spread before her,
She lean'd her bosom, more than stony hard,
There slept the' impartial judge, and strict restorer
Of wrong, or right, with pain, or with reward,
There hung the score of all our debts, the card
Where good, and bad, and life, and death, were painted:
Was never heart of mortal so untainted,
But when that scroll was read, with thousand terrours fainted.

Witness the thunder that mount Sinai heard,
When all the hill with fiery clouds did flame,
And wandering Israel, with the sight afear'd,
Blinded with seeing, durst not touch the same,
But like a wood of shaking leaves became.
On this dread Justice, she, the living law,
Bowing herself with a majestic awe,
All Heaven, to hear her speech, did into silence draw.

[Here follows the speech of Justice, which is too long for insertion, and will not admit of abridgment. The effect of her arguments is thus stated.]

She ended, and the heavenly hierarchies,
Burning in zeal, thickly imbranded were;
Like to an army that alarum cries,
And every one shakes his ydreaded spear,
And the Almighty's self, as he would tear
The Earth, and her firm basis quite in sunder,
Flamed all in just revenge, and mighty thunder:
Heaven stole itself from Earth by clouds that moisten'd under.

Mercy.

As when the cheerful Sun, elamping wide,
Glads all the world with his uprising ray,
And woos the widow'd Earth afresh to pride,
And paints her bosom with the flowery May,
His silent sister steals him quite away,

Wrapt in a sable cloud, from mortal eyes,
The hasty stars at noon begin to rise,
And headlong to his early roost the sparrow flies:

But soon as he again dishadowed is,
Restoring the blind world his blemish'd sight,
As though another day were newly his,
The coz'ned birds busily take their flight,
And wonder at the shortness of the night:
So Mercy once again herself displays
Out from her sister's cloud, and open lays
Those sunshine looks, whose beams would dim a thousand days.

[Like that of Justice, the speech of Mercy is too long for quotation. The argument is thus happily decided in her favour.]

With that the mighty thunder dropt away
From God's unwary arm, now milder grown,
And melted into tears; as if to pray
For pardon, and for pity, it had known,
That should have been for sacred vengeance thrown:
There too the armies angelic devow'd
Their former rage, and all to Mercy bow'd,
Their broken weapons at her feet they gladly strow'd

"Bring, bring, ye Graces, all your silver flaskets,
Painted with every choicest flower that grows,
That I may soon unflower your fragrant baskets,
To strow the fields with odours where he goes,
Let whatsoe'er he treads on be a rose."
So down she let her eyelids fall, to shine
Upon the rivers of bright Palestine,
Whose woods drop honey, and her rivers skip with wine.

Christ tempted in the Wilderness.

[The following passage has more than once been pointed out as having probably suggested the corresponding scene in Milton's Paradise regained.]

At length an aged sire far off he saw
Come slowly footing, every step he guest

One of his feet he from the grave did draw.
Three legs he had, the wooden was the best,
And all the way he went, he ever blest
  With benedicities, and prayers store,
  But the bad ground was blessed ne'er the more,
And all his head with snow of age was waxen hoar.

A good old hermit he might seem to be,
That for devotion had the world forsaken,
And now was travelling some saint to see,
Since to his beads he had himself betaken,
Where all his former sins he might awaken,
  And them might wash away with dropping brine,
  And alms, and fasts, and church's discipline;
And dead, might rest his bones under the holy shrine.

But when he nearer came, he lowted low
With prone obeisance, and with curtsey kind,
That at his feet his head he seem'd to throw:
What needs him now another saint to find?
Affections are the sails, and faith the wind,
  That to this Saint a thousand souls convey
  Each hour: O happy pilgrims, thither stray!
What caren they for beasts, or for the weary way?

Soon the old palmer his devotions sung,
Like pleasing anthems modelled in time;
For well that aged sire could tip his tongue
With golden foil of eloquence, and lime,
And lick his rugged speech with phrases prime.
  "Ay me," quoth he, "how many years have been,
  Since these old eyes the Sun of Heaven have seen!
Certes the Son of Heaven they now behold, I ween.

"Ah! mote my humble cell so blessed be
As Heaven to welcome in his lowly roof,
And be the temple for thy deity!
Lo, how my cottage worships thee aloof,
That under ground hath hid his head, in proof
  It doth adore thee with the ceiling low,
  Here honey, milk, and chesnuts, wild do grow,
The boughs a bed of leaves upon thee shall bestow.

"But oh!" he said, and therewith sigh'd full deep,
"The Heavens, alas! too envious are grown,
Because our fields thy presence from them keep;
For stones do grow where corn was lately sown:"
(So stooping down, he gather'd up a stone)
"But thou with corn canst make this stone to ear.
What needen we the angry Heavens to fear?
Let them envy us still, so we enjoy Thee here."

Redemption by Christ.

When I remember Christ our burden bears,
I look for glory, but find misery;
I look for joy, but find a sea of tears;
I look that we should live, and find Him die;
I look for angels' songs, and hear Him cry:
Thus what I look, I cannot find so well;
Or rather, what I find I cannot tell,
These banks so narrow are, those streams so highly swell.

Christ suffers, and in this his tears begin,
Suffers for us, and our joy springs in this;
Suffers to death, here is his manhood seen;
Suffers to rise, and here his Godhead is,
For man, that could not by himself have ris',
Out of the grave doth by the Godhead rise,
And God, that could not die, in manhood dies,
That we in both might live by that sweet sacrifice.

What better friendship, than to cover shame?
What greater love, than for a friend to die?
Yet this is better to asself the blame,
And this is greater for an enemy:
But more than this, to die not suddenly,
Not with some common death, or easy pain,
But slowly, and with torments to be slain:
O depth without a depth, far better seen than say'n.

And yet the Son is humbled for the slave,
And yet the slave is proud before the Son:

Yet the Creator for his creature gave
Himself, and yet the creature hastes to run
From his Creator, and self-good doth shun:
  And yet the Prince, and God himself doth cry
  To man, his traitour, pardon not to fly;
Yet man is God, and traitour doth his Prince defy.

A tree was first the instrument of strife,
Where Eve to sin her soul did prostitute;
A tree is now the instrument of life,
Though all that trunk, and this fair body suit:
Ah cursed tree, and yet O blessed fruit!
  That death to Him, this life to us doth give:
  Strange is the cure, when things past cure revive,
And the Physician dies, to make his patient live.

Sweet Eden was the arbour of delight,
Yet in his honey flowers our poison blew;
Sad Gethseman the bower of baleful night,
Where Christ a health of poison for us drew,
Yet all our honey in that poison grew:
  So we from sweetest flowers could suck our bane,
  And Christ from bitter venom could again
Extract life out of death, and pleasure out of pain.

A man was first the author of our fall,
A man is now the author of our rise:
A garden was the place we perish'd all,
A garden is the place He pays our price:
And the old serpent with a new device,
  Hath found a way himselfe for to beguile:
  So he that all men tangled in his wile,
Is now by one man caught, beguiled with his own guile.

The dewy night had with her frosty shade
Immantled all the world, and the stiff ground
Sparkled in ice, only the Lord, that made
All for himself, himself dissolved found,
Sweat without heat, and bled without a wound:
  Of Heaven, and Earth, and God, and man forlore,
  Thrice begging help of those, whose sins He bore,
And thrice denied of those, not to deny had swore.

Christ's Triumph after Death.

But now the second morning from her bower
Began to glister in her beams, and now
The roses of the day began to flower
In the' eastern garden; for Heaven's smiling brow
Half insolent for joy begun to show;
  The early Sun came lively dancing out,
  And the brag lambs ran wantoning about,
That Heaven and Earth might seem in triumph both
    to shout.

The' engladden'd spring, forgetful now to weep,
Began to' enblazon from her leavy bed:
The waking swallow broke her half year's sleep,
And every bush lay deeply purpured
With violets, the wood's late wintry head
  Wide flaming primroses set all on fire,
  And his bald trees put on their green attire,
Among whose infant leaves the joyous birds conspire.

And now the taller sons (whom Titan warms)
Of unshorn mountains, blown with easy winds,
Dandled the morning's childhood in their arms,
And, if they chanced to slip the prouder pines,
The under corylets did catch the shines,
  To gild their leaves; saw never happy year
  Such joyful triumph and triumphant cheer,
As though the aged world anew created were.

Say, Earth, why hast thou got thee new attire,
And stick'st thy habit full of daisies red?
Seems that thou dost to some high thought aspire,
And some new-found-out bridegroom mean'st to wed:
Tell me, ye trees, so fresh apparelled,
  So never let the spiteful canker waste you,
  So never let the Heavens with lightning blast you,
Why go you now so trimly drest, or whither haste you?

Answer me, Jordan, why thy crooked tide
So often wanders from his nearest way,
As though some other way thy stream would slide,
And fain salute the place where something lay.

And you sweet birds, that, shaded from the ray,
  Sit caroling, and piping grief away,
  The while the lambs to hear you dance and play,
Tell me, sweet birds, what is it you so fain would say?

And thou fair spouse of Earth, that every year
Gett'st such a numerous issue of thy bride,
How chance thou hotter shin'st, and draw'st more near?
Sure thou somewhere some worthy sight hast spy'd,
That in one place for joy thou can'st not hide;
  And you, dead swallows, that so lively now
  Through the fleet air your winged passage row,
How could new life into your frozen ashes flow?

Ye primroses, and purple violets,
Tell me, why blaze ye from your leavy bed,
And woo men's hands to rent you from your sets,
As though you would somewhere be carried,
With fresh perfumes, and velvets garnished?
  But ah! I need not ask, 'tis surely so,
  You all would to your Saviour's triumphs go.
There would ye all await, and humble homage do.

There should the Earth herself with garlands new
And lovely flowers embellished adore:
Such roses never in her garland grew,
Such lilies never in her breast she wore,
Like beauty never yet did shine before:
  There should the Sun another Sun behold,
  From whence himself borrows his locks of gold,
That kindle Heaven and Earth with beauties manifold.

There might the violet, and primrose sweet,
Beams of more lively, and more lovely grace,
Arising from their beds of incense, meet;
There should the swallow see new life embrace
Dead ashes, and the grave unseal his face,
  To let the living from his bowels creep,
  Unable longer his own dead to keep:
There Heaven and Earth should see their Lord awake
    from sleep.

Their Lord, before by others judged to die,
Now judge of all himself; before forsaken

Of all the world, that from his aid did fly,
Now by the saints into their armies taken;
Before for an unworthy man mistaken,
  Now worthy to be God confess'd; before
  With blasphemies by all the basest tore,
Now worshipped by angels, that Him low adore.

So fairest Phosphor, the bright morning star,
But newly wash'd in the green element,
Before the drowsey night is half aware,
Shooting his flaming locks with dew besprent,
Springs lively up into the orient,
  And the bright drove, fleeced all in gold, he chaces
  To drink, that on the Olympic mountain grazes,
The while the minor planets forfeit all their faces.

Hark how the floods clap their applauding hands,
The pleasant valleys singing for delight,
And wanton mountains dance about the lands,
The while the fields, struck with the heavenly light,
Set all their flowers a smiling at the sight;
  The trees laugh with their blossoms, and the sound
  Of the triumphant shout of praise, that crown'd
The flaming Lamb, breaking through Heaven hath
    passage found.

Out leap the antique patriarchs all in haste,
To see the powers of Hell in triumph led,
And with small stars a garland interchast
Of olive-leaves they bore to crown his head,
That was before with thorns degloried:
  After them flew the prophets, brightly stol'd
  In shining lawn, and wimpled manifold,
Striking their ivory harps, strung all in cords of gold.

To which the saints victorious carols sung,
Ten thousand saints at once, that with the sound
The hollow vaults of Heaven for triumph rung:
The cherubims their clamours did confound
With all the rest, and clapt their wings around:
  Down from their thrones the dominations flow
  And at his feet their crowns and scepters throw,
And all the princely souls fell on their faces low.

Nor can the martyrs' wounds them stay behind,
But out they rush among the heavenly crowd,
Seeking their Heaven out of their Heaven to find,
Sounding their silver trumpets out so loud,
That the shrill noise broke through the starry cloud,
And all the virgin souls, in pure array,
Came dancing forth and making joyous play;
So Him they led along into the courts of day.

PHINEAS FLETCHER.

BORN 1582. DIED 1650.

Brother of Giles Fletcher. Principal Works:—*The Purple Island*, (a fantastical Allegory describing the body and soul of man, but containing many rich and picturesque passages) *Piscatory Eclogues*, &c.

The Triumph of the Church.

Towards the close of the *Purple Island*, the *Virtues*, and best *Affections* of the Heart, conducted by their Prince, *Intellect*, engage in a war with the *Vices*, led on by the "*Great Red Dragon*" of the Apocalypse. The battle is against the former, when *Eclecta* (the church) prays for heavenly aid. Thereupon a mighty Angel blows a trumpet, "frighting the guilty earth with thundering knell," and afterwards proclaims aloud, "Babel, proud Babel's fallen." Then follows the conflict.

THE broken Heavens dispart with fearful noise,
And from the breach outshoots a sudden light:
Straight shrilling trumpets with loud sounding voice
Give echoing summons to new bloody fight;
Well knew the Dragon that all-quelling blast,
And soon perceived that day must be his last;
Which strook his frighten'd heart, and all his troops aghast.

Yet full of malice, and of stubborn pride,
Though oft had strove, and had been foil'd as oft,
Boldly his death and certain fate defy'd:
And mounted on his flaggy sails aloft,

With boundless spite he longed to try again
A second loss, and new death;—glad and fain
To shew his pois'nous hate, though ever shew'd in vain.

So up he arose upon his stretched sails
Fearless expecting his approaching death;
So up he arose, that the air starts and fails,
And over-pressed, sinks his load beneath:
So up he arose, as does a thunder-cloud,
Which all the Earth with shadows black doth shroud:
So up he arose, and through the weary air he row'd.

Now his Almighty Foe far off he spies;
Whose sun-like arms dazed the eclipsed day,
Confounding with their beams less glittering skies,
Firing the air with more than heavenly ray;
Like thousand suns in one;—such is their light,
A subject only for immortal sprite;
Which never can be seen, but by immortal sight.

His threatening eyes shine like that dreadful flame,
With which the Thunderer arms his angry hand:
Himself had fairly wrote his wondrous name,
Which neither Earth nor Heaven could understand;
A hundred crowns, like towers, beset around
His conquering head: well may they there abound,
When all his limbs, and troops, with gold are richly crown'd.

His armour all was dy'd in purple blood:
(In purple blood of thousand rebel kings)
In vain their stubborn powers His arm withstood;
Their proud necks chain'd, He now in triumph brings,
And breaks their spears, and cracks their traitor swords:
Upon whose arms and thigh in golden words
Was fairly writ, "The King of kings, and Lord of lords."

His snow-white steed was born of heavenly kind,
Begot by Boreas on the Thracian hills;
More strong and speedy than his parent wind:
And (which his foes with fear and horrour fills)

Out from his mouth a two-edged sword he darts:
Whose sharpest steel the bone and marrow parts,
And with his keenest point unbreast the naked hearts.

The Dragon wounded with his flaming brand
They take, and in strong bonds and fetters tie:
Short was the fight, nor could he long withstand
Him, whose appearance is his victory.
So now he's bound in adamantine chain:
He storms, he roars, he yells for high disdain:
His net is broke, the fowl go free, the fowler ta'en.

Soon at this sight the knights* revive again,
As fresh as when the flowers from winter tomb
(When now the Sun brings back his nearer wain)
Peep out again from their fresh mother's womb:
The primrose lighted new, her flame displays,
And frights the neighbour hedge with fiery rays;
And all the world renew their mirth and sportive plays.

The prince,† who saw his long imprisonment
Now end in never ending liberty:
To meet the Victor from his castle went,
And falling down, clasping his royal knee,
Pours out deserved thanks in grateful praise:
But him the heavenly Saviour soon doth raise,
And bids him spend in joy his never-ending days.

The fair Eclecta,‡ that with widow'd brow
Her absent Lord § long mourn'd in sad array,
Now silken cloth'd ‖ like frozen snow,
Whose silver spanglets sparkle 'gainst the day:
This shining robe her Lord himself had wrought,
While he her love with hundred presents sought,
And it with many a wound, and many a torment bought!

And thus array'd, her heavenly beauties shin'd
(Drawing their beams from his most glorious face)
Like to a precious jasper,¶ pure, refin'd,
Which with a crystal mixt, much mends his grace:

---

* The Virtues and Affections. † The Intellect.
‡ The Church. § Christ. ‖ Rev. xix. 8. ¶ Rev. xxi. 11.

The golden stars a garland fair did frame
To crown her locks; the Sun lay hid for shame,
And yielded all his beams to her more glorious flame.

Ah! who that flame can tell? Ah! who can see?
Enough is me with silence to admire;
While bolder joy, and humble majesty
In either cheek had kindled graceful fire:
Long silent stood she, while her former fears
And griefs ran all away in sliding tears;
That like a watry sun her gladsome face appears.

At length when joys had left her closer heart,
To seat themselves upon her thankful tongue:
First in her eyes they sudden flashes dart,
Then forth in the' music of her voice they throng:
"My hope, my love, my joy, my life, my bliss,
(Whom to enjoy is Heaven, but Hell to miss)
What are the world's false joys, what Heaven's true joys to this?"

Upon his lightning brow Love proudly sitting
Flames out in power, shines out in majesty;
There all his lofty spoils and trophies fitting;
Displays the marks of highest Deity!
There full of strength in lordly arms he stands,
And every heart, and every soul commands:
No heart, no soul, his strength and lordly force withstands.

Upon her forehead thousand cheerful Graces,
Seated on thrones of spotless ivory;
There gentle love his armed hand unbraces;
His bow unbent disclaims all tyranny;
There by his play a thousand souls beguiles,
Persuading more by simple modest smiles,
Than ever he could force by arms, or crafty wiles.

Upon her cheek doth Beauty's self implant
The freshest garden of her choicest flowers;
On which, if Envy might but glance ascant,
Her eyes would swell, and burst, and melt in showers:
Thrice fairer both than ever fairest ey'd;
Heaven never such a bridegroom yet descry'd;
Nor ever Earth so fair, so undefiled a bride.

Full of his Father shines his glorious face,
As far the Sun surpassing in his light,
As doth the Sun the Earth, with flaming blaze:
Sweet influence streams from his quickening sight
His beams from nought did all this all display;
And when to less than nought they fell away,
He soon restored again by his new orient ray.

The Dying Husband's farewell.

"My dearest consort, my more loved heart,
I leave thee now; with thee all earthly joying:
Heaven knows, with thee alone I sadly part:
All other earthly sweets have had their cloying;
Yet never full of thy sweet loves' enjoying,
Thy constant loves, next Heaven, I did refer them:
Had not much grace prevail'd, 'fore Heav'n I should prefer them.

"I leave them, now the trumpet calls away;
In vain thine eyes beg for some time's reprieving;
Yet in my children here immortal stay:
In one I die, in many ones am living:
In them, and for them, stay thy too much grieving:
Look but on them, in them thou still wilt see
Marry'd with thee again thy twice-two Antony.

"And when with little hands they stroke thy face,
As in thy lap they sit (ah, careless!) playing,
And stammering ask a kiss, give them a brace;
The last from me: and then a little staying,
And in their face some part of me surveying,
In them give me a third, and with a tear
Show thy dear love to him, who loved thee ever dear.

"And now our falling house leans all on thee;
This little nation to thy care commend them:
In thee it lies that hence they want not me;
Themselves yet cannot, thou the more defend them;
And when green age permits, to goodness bend them:
A mother were you once, now both you are:
Then with this double style double your love and care.

"Turn their unwary steps into the way:
What first the vessel drinks, it long retaineth;
No bars will hold, when they have used to stray:
And when for me one asks, and weeping plaineth,
Point thou to Heaven, and say, 'He there remaineth:'
And if they live in grace, grow, and persever,
There shall they live with me: else shall they see me never.

"My God, oh! in thy fear here let me live!
Thy wards they are, take them to thy protection;
Thou gavest them first, now back to Thee I give;
Direct them Thou, and help her weak direction;
That re-united by thy strong election,
Thou now in them, they then may live in Thee;
And seeing here thy will, may there thy glory see.

"Farewel, farewel! I feel my long long rest,
And iron sleep my leaden heart oppressing:
Night after day, sleep after labour's best;
Port after storms, joy after long distressing:
So weep thy loss, as knowing 'tis my blessing:
Both as a widow and a Christian grieve:
Still live I in thy thoughts, but as in Heaven I live."

WILLIAM HABINGTON.

BORN 1605. DIED 1645.

Author of *Castara*, a volume of poems, some celebrating human and some divine love.

On George Talbot.

THERE is no peace in sinne. Æternall warr
Doth rage 'mong vices. But all vertues are
Friends 'mong themselves, and choisest accents be
Harsh ecchos of their heavenly harmonie.
While thou didst live we did that union finde
In the so faire republick of thy mind,

Where discord never swel'd. And as we dare
Affirme those goodly structures, temples are
Where well-tun'd quires strike zeale into the eare:
The musique of thy soule made us say, there
God had his altars; every breath a spice,
And each religious act a sacrifice.
But death hath that demolisht. All our eye
Of thee now sees doth like a cittie lye
Rased by the cannon.

Night teacheth knowledge.

When I survay the bright
Cœlestiall spheare:
So rich with jewels hung, that night
Doth like an Ethiop bride appeare:

My soule her wings doth spread,
And heaven-ward flies,
The Almighty's mysteries to read
In the large volumes of the skies.

For the bright firmament
Shootes forth no flame
So silent, but is eloquent
In speaking the Creator's name.

No unregarded star
Contracts its light
Into so small a character,
Removed far from our humane sight:

But if we stedfast looke
We shall discerne
In it, as in some holy booke,
How man may heavenly knowledge learne.

It tells the conqueror,
That farre-stretcht powre,
Which his proud dangers traffique for,
Is but the triumph of an houre.

That from the farthest North,
Some nation may
Yet undiscovered issue forth,
And ore his new got conquest sway.

Some nation yet shut in
With hils of ice
May be let out to scourge his sinne,
Till they shall equall him in vice.

And then they likewise shall
Their ruine have;
For as your selves your empires fall,
And every kingdome hath a grave.

Thus those cœlestiall fires,
Though seeming mute,
The fallacie of our desires
And all the pride of life confute.

For they have watcht since first
The world had birth:
And found sinne in it selfe accurst,
And nothing permanent on Earth.

No peace for the wicked.

But you, bold sinners! still pursue
Your valiant wickednesse, and brave
The' Almighty iustice: He'll subdue
And make you cowards in the grave.

Then when He as your iudge appeares,
In vaine you'll tremble and lament,
And hope to soften Him with teares,
To no advantage penitent.

The neigh'ring mountaines which you shall
Wooe to oppresse you with their weight:
Disdainefull will deny to fall;
By a sad death to ease your fate.

In vaine some midnight storme at sea
To swallow you, you will desire:

In vaine upon the wheele, you'll pray,
Broken with torments to expire.

Death, at the sight of which you start,
In a mad fury then you'll court:
Yet hate the' expressions of your heart,
Which onely shall be sigh'd for sport.

No sorrow then shall enter in
With pitty the great judge's eares.
This moment's ours. Once dead, his sin
Man cannot expiate with teares.

God exalts the humble.

How cheerefully the' unpartiall Sunne
Gilds with his beames
The narrow streames
O' the' brooke, which silently doth runne
Without a name!
And yet disdaines to lend his flames
To the wide channell of the Thames!

The largest mountaines barren lye
And lightning feare,
Though they appeare
To bid defiance to the skie;
Which in one houre
We' have seene the opening earth devoure,
When in their height they proudest were.

The humble man heaves up his head,
Like some rich vale
Whose fruites nere faile,
With flowres, with corne, and vines ore-spread;
Nor doth complaine
Oreflowed by an ill-season'd raine,
Or batter'd by a storme of haile.

Like a tall barke with treasure fraught,
He the seas cleere
Doth quiet steere:

But when they are to' a tempest wrought;
More gallantly
He spreads his saile, and doth more high
By swelling of the waves, appeare.

For the Almighty joyes to force
The glorious tide
Of humane pride
To the' lowest ebbe; that ore his course
(Which rudely bore
Downe what opposed it heretofore)
His feeblest enemie may stride.

But from his ill-thatcht roofe, He brings
The cottager
And doth preferre
Him to the' adored state of kings:
He bids that hand
Which labour hath made rough and tan'd
The all commanding scepter beare.

Let then the mighty cease to boast
Their boundless sway:
Since in their sea
Few sayle, but by some storme are lost.
Let them themselves
Beware for they are their owne shelves:
Man still himselfe hath cast away.

Retrospection.

TIME! where didst thou those yeares inter,
Which I have seene decease?
My soule's at war, and truth bids her
Finde out their hidden sepulcher,
To give her troubles peace.

Pregnant with flowers, doth not the spring
Like a late bride appeare?
Whose fether'd musicke onely bring
Caresses, and no requiem sing
On the departed yeare?

The earth, like some rich wanton heire,
  Whose parents coffin'd lye,
Forgets it once lookt pale and bare,
And doth for vanities prepare,
  As the spring nere should dye.

The present houre, flatter'd by all,
  Reflects not on the last;
But I, like a sad factor shall
To' account my life each moment call,
  And onely weepe the past.

My memory trackes each severall way,
  Since reason did begin
Over my actions her first sway;
And teacheth me, that each new day
  Did onely vary sin.

Poore banckrout conscience! where are those
  Rich houres but farmed to thee?
How carelessely I some did lose,
And other to my lust dispose,
  As no rent day should be?

I have infected with impure
  Disorders my past yeares;
But I'll to penitence inure
Those that succeed. There is no cure
  Nor antidote but teares.

WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT.

BORN 1611. DIED 1643.

Author of many ingenious Poems, celebrated in their time.

Confession.

I DO confess, O God, my wandering fires
Are kindled not from zeal, but loose desires;

My ready tears, shed from instructed eyes,
Have not been pious griefs, but subtleties;
And only sorry that sins miss, I owe
To thwarted wishes all the sighs I blow:
My fires thus merit fire; my tears the fall
Of showers provoke; my sighs for blasts do call.
O then descend in fire; but let it be
Such as snatch'd up the prophet; such as we
Read of in Moses' bush, a fire of joy,
Sent to enlighten, rather than destroy.
O then descend in showers: but let them be
Showers only and not tempests; such as we
Feel from the morning's eye-lids; such as feed,
Not choak the sprouting of the tender seed.
O then descend in blasts: but let them be
Blasts only, and not whirlwinds; such as we
Take in for health's sake, soft and easie breaths,
Taught to conveigh refreshments, and not deaths.
So shall the fury of my fires asswage,
And that turn fervour which was brutish rage;
So shall my tears be then untaught to feign,
And the diseased waters heal'd again;
So shall my sighs not be as clouds to' invest
My sins with night, but winds to purge my brest.

RICHARD CRASHAW.

DIED 1650.

Principal works:—*Steps to the Temple, Divine Epigrams, The Delights of the Muses*, &c.

Upon the Sepulchre of our Lord.

HERE, where our Lord once laid his head,
Now the grave lies buried.

The Widow's Mites.

Two mites, two drops, (yet all her house and land)
Falls from a steady heart, though trembling hand:
The other's wanton wealth foams high and brave,
The other cast away, she only gave.

Two went up to the Temple to pray.

Two went to pray? O rather say,
One went to brag, the' other to pray:

One stands up close and treads on high,
Where the' other dares not lend his eye.

One nearer to God's altar trod,
The other to the altar's God.

The blind cured by the word of our Saviour.

Thou speak'st the word (thy word's a law)
Thou speak'st, and straight the blind man saw.

To speak and make the blind man see,
" Was never man Lord spake like thee."

To speak thus, was to speak (say I)
Not to his ear, but to his eye.

I am ready not onely to be bound but to dye.

Come Death, come bands, nor do you shrink, my ears,
At those hard words man's cowardice calls fears,
Save those of fear, no other bands fear I;
Nor other death than this; the fear to die.

The Martyrs.

[From the Hymn to the Name of Jesus.]

O THAT it were as it was wont to be!
When thy old friends of fire, all full of Thee,
Fought against frowns with smiles; gave glorious chase
To persecutions; and against the face
Of death and fiercest dangers, durst with brave
And sober pace march on to meet a grave.
On their bold breasts about the world they bore Thee,
And to the teeth of hell stood up to teach Thee;
In centre of their inmost souls they wore Thee,
Where racks and torments strived in vain to reach Thee.
Each wound of theirs was thy new morning;
And reinthron'd Thee in thy rosy nest,
With blush of thine own blood thy day adorning:
It was the wit of love o'erflow'd the bounds
Of wrath, and made the way through all these wounds.
Welcome, dear, all-adored Name!
For sure there is no knee
That knows not thee.
Or if there be such sons of shame,
Alas! what will they do
When stubborn rocks shall bow,
And hills hang down their heaven-saluting heads
To seek for humble beds
Of dust, where in the bashful shades of night
Next to their own low nothing they may lie,
And couch before the dazzling light of thy dread majesty?
They that by love's mild dictate now
Will not adore Thee,
Shall then with just confusion, bow
And break before Thee.

Meditation on the day of Judgment.

O THAT fire! before whose face
Heaven and Earth shall find no place:

O those eyes! whose angry light
Must be the day of that dread night.

O that trump! whose blast shall run
An even round with the' circling Sun,
And urge the murmuring graves to bring
Pale mankind forth to meet his King.

Horrour of Nature, Hell and Death!
When a deep groan from beneath
Shall cry, "We come, we come," and all
The caves of night answer one call.

O that book! whose leaves so bright
Will set the world in severe light.
O that Judge! whose hand, whose eye
None can indure; yet none can fly.

Ah, then, poor soul, what wilt thou say?
And to what patron choose to pray?
When stars themselves shall stagger, and
The most firm foot no more then stand.

Mercy, my Judge, mercy, I cry,
With blushing cheek and bleeding eye;
If sin can weep, love can forgive;
O say the word, my soul shall live.

Those mercies which thy Mary found,
Or who thy cross confess'd and crown'd,
Hope tells my heart, the same loves be
Still alive, and still for me.

Though both my prayers and tears combine,
Both worthless are; for they are mine.
But Thou thy bounteous self still be;
And show Thou art, by saving me.

SIR EDWARD SHERBURNE.

BORN 1618. DIED 1702.

Translations and *Miscellanies.*

To the Eternal Wisdom.

O THOU Eternal Mind! whose wisdom sees,
And rules our changes by unchanged decrees,
As with delight on thy grave works we look,
Say, art Thou too with our light follies took?
For when thy bounteous hand, in liberal showers
Each way diffused, thy various blessings pours;
We catch at them with strife as vain to sight,
As children, when for nuts they scrambling fight.
This snatching at a sceptre, breaks it; he,
That broken does ere he can grasp it, see.
The poor world seeming like a ball, that lights
Betwixt the hands of powerful opposites:
Which, while they cantonise in their bold pride,
They but an immaterial point divide.
O whilst for wealthy spoils these fight, let me,
Though poor, enjoy a happy peace with Thee!

On the Innocents slain by Herod.

Go, blessed innocents! and freely pour
Your souls forth in a purple shower.
And, for that little earth each shall lay down,
Purchase a heavenly crown.

Nor of original pollution fear
The stains should to your bloods adhere;
For yours now shed, ere long shall in a flood
Be wash'd of better blood.

The Fountain.

STRANGER, whoe'er thou art, that stoop'st to taste
These sweeter streams, let me arrest thy haste;
Nor of their fall
The murmurs (though the lyre
Less sweet be) stand to' admire:
But as you shall
See from this marble tun
The liquid christal run,
And mark withal
How fixt the one abides,
How fast the other glides;
Instructed thus, the difference learn to see
'Twixt mortal life and immortality.

ALEXANDER BROME.

BORN 1620. DIED 1666.

This loyal Author's poems were principally political satires, written during the civil wars.

On the loss of a Garrison.

ANOTHER city lost! Alas, poor king!
Still future griefs from former griefs do spring.
The world's a seat of change: kingdoms and kings,
Though glorious, are but sublunary things:
Crosses and blessings kiss; there's none that be
So happy, but they meet with misery.
He that ere while sat center'd to his throne,
And all did homage unto him alone;
Who did the sceptre of his power display
From pole to pole, while all this rule obey,
From stair to stair now tumbles, tumbles down,
And scarce one pillar doth support his crown.

Town after town, field after field,
This turns, and that perfidiously doth yield:
He's banded on the traitorous thought of those
That, Janus like, look to him and his foes.
In vain are bulwarks, and the strongest hold,
If the besiegers' bullets are of gold.
My soul, be not dejected: would'st thou be
From present trouble or from danger free?
Trust not in rampires, nor the strength of walls,
The town that stands to day, to morrow falls;
Trust not in soldiers, though they seem so stout,
Where sin's within, vain is defence without;
Trust not in wealth, for in this lawless time,
Where prey is penalty, there wealth is crime;
Trust not in strength or courage, we all see
The weak'st of times do gain the victory;
Trust not in honour; honour's but a blast,
Quickly begun, and but a while doth last.
They that to day to thee "Hosanna" cry,
To morrow change their note for "Crucify."
Trust not in friends, for friends will soon deceive thee;
They are in nothing sure, but sure to leave thee.
Trust not in wit: who run from place to place,
Changing religion, as chance does her face,
In spite of cunning, and their strength of brain,
They're often catch'd, and all their plots are vain.
Trust not in counsel: potentates, or kings,
All are but frail and transitory things.
Since neither soldiers, castles, wealth, or wit,
Can keep off harm from thee, or thee from it;
Since neither strength nor honour, friends nor lords,
Nor princes, peace or happiness affords,
  Trust thou in God, ply Him with prayers still,
  Be sure of help; for He both can, and will.

ROBERT HERRICK.

BORN 1591. DIED 16**.

Author of *The Hesperides*, a volume of light and occasionally elegant Poems.

The Daffodils.

FAIR Daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet the early rising sun
Hath not attain'd his noon:
Stay, stay,
Until the hastening day
Hath run
But to the even-song;
And having pray'd together, we
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you;
We have as short a spring,
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you, or any thing:
We die,
As your hours do; and dry
Away,
Like to the summer-rain,
Or as the pearls of morning-dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

Prayer for Absolution.

[Written apparently in penitence on account of his licentious Poems.]

FOR those my unbaptized rhymes,
Writ in my wild unhallow'd times;
For every sentence, clause and word,
That's not inlaid with Thee, my Lord;
Forgive me, God, and blot each line
Out of my book, that is not thine.

But if, 'mongst all, Thou find'st here *one*
Worthy thy benediction;
That one, of all the rest, shall be
The glory of my work and me.

To God.

Do with me, God, as Thou didst deal with John,
Who writ that heavenly Revelation;
Let me, like him, first cracks of thunder heare,
Then let the harp's inchantments strike mine eare;
Here give me thornes; there, in thy kingdom, set
Upon my head the golden coronet;
There give me day; but here my dreadful night;
My sack-cloth here; but there my stole of white.

For comfort in Death.

In the hour of my distresse,
When temptations me oppresse,
And when I my sins confesse;
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When I lie within my bed,
Sick in heart and sick in head,
And with doubts disquieted;
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drown'd in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep;
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the passing-bell doth toll,
And the Furies, in a shoal,
Come to fright my parting soul,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When, God knowes, I'm tost about,
Either with despair or doubt,
Yet before the glasse be out,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the Tempter me pursu'th
With the sins of all my youth,
And half-damns me with untruth,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the judgement is reveal'd,
And that open'd which was seal'd,
When to Thee I have appeal'd,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

Honours are hindrances.

GIVE me honours;—what are these
But the pleasing hindrances?
Stiles, and stops, and stays, that come
In the way 'twixt me and home;
Clear the walk,—and then shall I
To my heaven lesse run than flie!

To my Saviour.

NIGHT hath no wings to him that cannot sleep,
And time seems then, not for to flie, but creep;
Just so it is with me, who, listening, pray
The winds to blow the tedious night away!
That I might see the cheerful peeping day.
Sick is my heart; O Saviour, do Thou please
To make my bed soft in my sicknesses;
Lighten my candle, so that I beneath
Sleep not for ever in the vaults of death.
Let me thy voice betimes i' th' morning heare;
Call, and I'll come; say Thou, the when and where;
Draw me but first, and after Thee I'll run,
And make no stop until my race be done.

HENRY MORE.

BORN 1614. DIED 1687.

Author of the *Songe of the Soule*, a Platonic Poem.

Invocation of the Divine Spirit.

O THOU eternal Spright! cleave ope the skie,
And take thy flight into my feeble breast,
Enlarge my thoughts, enlight my dimmer eye,
That wisely, of that burthen (closely prest
In my straight mind,) I may be dispossest:
My Muse must sing of things of mickle weight;
The Soule's eternitie is my great guest:
Do Thou me guide, Thou art the Soule's sure light;
Grant that I never err, but ever wend aright.

False and True Religion.

CAN warres, and jarres, and fierce contention,
Swoln hatred, and consuming envie spring
From *Piety?*—No, 'tis *Opinion*,
That makes the riven heaven with trumpets ring,
And thundering engin murderous balls out-sling,
And send men's groning ghosts to lower shade
Of horrid hell.—This the wide world doth bring
To devastation, makes mankind to fade:
Such direful things doth false Religion persuade.

But true Religion, sprung from God above,
Is like her fountain, full of charity;
Embracing all things with a tender love,
Full of good-will and meek expectancy,
Full of true justice and sure verity,
In heart and voice; free, large, even infinite,
Not wedged in strait particularity,
But grasping all in her vast active spright;
Bright Lamp of God, that men would joy in thy pure light!

Sensual and Spiritual Life.

FEAR, anger, hope, fierce vengeance, rabid hate,
Tumultuous joy, envie and discontent,
Self-love, vain-glory, strife and fell debate,
Unsatiate covetize, desire impotent,
Low-sinking grief, pleasure, lust violent,
Fond emulation,—all these dim the mind,
That, with foul filth the inward eye yblent,
The light that is so near it cannot find:
So shines the Sunne unseen on a tree's rugged rind.

But the clear soule, by virtue purified,
Collecting her own strength, from the foul steem
Of earthly life, is often dignified
With that pure pleasure that from God doth stream;
Often's enlightened by the radiant beam,
That issues forth from his Divinity;
Then feelingly immortall she doth deem
Herself, conjoyn'd by so near unity
With God, and nothing doubts of her eternitie.

Nor death, nor sleep, nor any dismall shade
Of low, contracting life, she then doth fear;
No troubled thoughts her settled mind invade,
The immortall root of life she seeth clear,
Wisheth she ever were engrafted here:
No cloud, no darknesse, no deficiency
In this high, heavenly life doth e'er appear;
Redundant fulnesse, and free liberty,
Sweet-flowing knowledge, never-wearying energy:—

Broad, open sight, eternall wakefulnesse,
Withouten labour, or consuming pain:—
The Soule all these, in God, must needs possesse,
When there deep-rooted life she doth obtain.

———.

The Soule in and out of the body.

LIKE as a light, fast lockt in lanthorn dark,
Wherewith by night our wary steps we guide

In slabby streets, and dirty channels mark;
Some weaker rays through the black top do glide,
And flusher streams perhaps from horny side:
But when we've past the perill of the way,
Arrived at home, and laid that case aside,
The naked light, how clearly doth it ray,
And spread its joyfull beams as bright as summer's day!

Even so the Soule, in this contracted state,
Confined to these strait instruments of sense,
More dull and narrowly doth operate;
At *this* hole hears, the sight must ray from *thence*,
Here tastes, *there* smells:—but, when she's gone from hence,
Like naked lamp, *she is one shining sphere*,
And round about hath perfect cognizance,
Whate'er in her horizon doth appear:
She is one Orb of sense, all eye, all airy ear.

SIR THOMAS BROWN.

BORN 1605. DIED 1682.

A celebrated Physician, Author of some of the most extraordinary Works of the age in which he lived; such as *Religio Medici*, a Treatise on *Vulgar Errors*, &c. In the former, we find the following lines, curious in themselves, but more so as apparently containing the germinal ideas of Bishop Ken's Evening Hymn. They are thus introduced in the Author's quaint but impressive manner. Speaking of Sleep, he says:—"It is that death by which we may be said to dye daily; a death which Adam dyed before his mortality; a death whereby we live a middle and moderating point between life and death: in fine, so like death, I dare not trust it without my prayers, and an half-adieu unto the world, and take my farewell in

A Colloquy with God."

THE night is come. Like to the day,
Depart not, Thou, great God, away;
Let not my sins, black as the night,
Eclipse the lustre of thy light:

Keep still in my horizon, for to me
The sun makes not the day, but Thee.
  Thou, whose Nature cannot sleep
On my temples sentry keep;
Guard me 'gainst those watchful foes,
Whose eyes are open while mine close:
Let no dreams my head infest
But such as Jacob's temples blest.
While I do rest, my soul advance;
Make my sleep a holy trance,
That I may, my rest being wrought,
Awake into some holy thought,
And with as active vigour run
My course as doth the nimble Sun.
  Sleep is a death; O make me try,
By sleeping what it is to dye,
And as gently lay my head
On my grave, as now my bed.
Howe'er I rest, great God, let me
Awake again at last with Thee;
And thus assured, behold I lie
Securely, or to wake, or dye.
These are my drowsie days; in vain
I do now wake to sleep again;
O come, sweet hour, when I shall never
Sleep again, but wake for ever!

GEORGE WITHER.

BORN 1588. DIED 1667.

Principal Works:—*Abuses Stript and Whipt, Britain's Remembrancer, The Shepherd's Hunting, Emblems,* and numberless other pieces, never collected. The names of Wither and Quarles are associated in a kind of proverbial ignominy, undeserved by either, in the unqualified manner in which it has been dealt to them by those, who knew little or nothing of them but their names. Quarles will be noticed hereafter. Though Wither is the inferior of the two, there are scattered throughout his multifarious and very unequal productions, many passages of great beauty and excellence. He was avowedly a "*Christian Poet,*" though he frequently lost his Christian meekness in the heat of polemics, but his zeal carried with it every evidence of honesty, and he was a sufferer, almost to martyrdom, both for his loyalty and his orthodoxy, in the troublous times in which he lived. That he was a *Poet,* can never be questioned by any reader, who has taste and sensibility enough to understand and enjoy the exquisitely affecting confession of his obligations to the Muse, contained in the first of the following quotations. That he was a *Christian,* will be as little questioned by those who are most extensively acquainted with the character of his religious compositions, of which specimens are also given in the sequel.

Though set forth in the character of one poetical Shepherd addressing another of the same tuneful class, it is evident that the Author (who wrote it *in prison)* in this pathetic interlude, refers to his own misfortunes and consolations. The Shepherd has been extolling his friend's genius, and encouraging him to persevere in the track of glory, in spite of envy and detraction, till he shall "rest in fame at last." Had the Muse always favoured him, as she did on *this* occasion, when he was eulogizing *her,* the name of Wither would have ranked among the most illustrious of her devotees. The poem then proceeds thus.

The comforts of the Muse.

LET nought, therefore, thee affright,
But make forward in thy flight;
For, if I could match thy rhyme,
To the very stars I'd climb;
There begin again, and fly
Till I reach'd eternity.

But alas! my muse is slow;
For thy place she flags too low;
Yea, the more's her hapless fate,
Her short wings were clipt of late,
And poor I, her fortune rueing,
Am myself put up a-mewing;
But if I my cage can rid,
I'll fly where I never did:
And though for her sake I'm crost,
Though my best hopes I have lost,
And know she would make my trouble
Ten times more than ten times double,
I should love and keep her too,
Spite of all the world could do.
  For, though banish'd from my flocks,
And confined within these rocks,
Here I waste away the light,
And consume the sullen night,
She doth for my comfort stay,
And keeps many cares away.
Though I miss the flowery fields,
With those sweets the spring-tide yields;
Though I may not see those groves,
Where the Shepherds chant their loves,
And the lasses more excell
Than the sweet-voiced Philomel:
Though, of all those pleasures past,
Nothing now remains at last,
But remembrance, poor relief,
That more makes than mends my grief:
She's my mind's companion still,
Maugre Envy's evil will.
She doth tell me where to borrow
Comfort in the midst of sorrow;
Makes the desolatest place
To her presence be a grace;
And the blackest discontents
To be pleasing ornaments.
  In my days of former bliss,
Her divine skill taught me this,

That from every thing I saw
I could some invention draw;
And raise pleasure to the height
Through the meanest object's sight;
By the murmur of a spring,
Or the least bough's rustlëing;
By a daisy, whose leaves, spread,
Shut when Titan goes to bed;
Or a shady bush, or tree,
She could more infuse in me,
Than all nature's beauties can
In some other wiser man.
By her help I also now
Make this churlish place allow
Some things that may sweeten gladness,
In the very gall of sadness.
The dull loneness, the black shade,
That these hanging vaults have made;
The strange music of the waves,
Beating on these hollow caves;
This dark den which rocks emboss,
Overgrown with eldest moss;
The rude portals, that give light
More to terror than delight;
This my chamber of neglect
Wall'd about with disrespect:
—From all these, and this dull air,
A fit object for despair,
She hath taught me, by her might,
To draw comfort and delight.
Therefore, Thou best earthly bliss!
I will cherish Thee for this:
Poesy! thou sweet'st content,
That e'er heaven to mortals lent;
Though they as a trifle leave Thee,
Whose dull thoughts cannot conceive Thee,
Though Thou be to them a scorn,
Who to nought but earth are born,
Let my life no longer be
Than I am in love with Thee.

Though our wise ones call Thee madness,
Let me never taste of gladness,
If I love not thy madd'st fits
More than all their greatest wits.
And though some, too-seeming holy,
Do account thy raptures folly,
Thou dost teach me to condemn
What makes knaves and fools of them.

The Marygold.

When with a serious musing I behold
The grateful and obsequious marygold,
How duly, every morning, she displays
Her open breast, when Titan spreads his rays;
How she observes him in his daily walk,
Still bending tow'rds him her small slender stalk;
How, when he down declines, she droops and mourns,
Bedew'd, as 'twere with tears, till he returns;
And how she vails her flowers when he is gone,
As if she scorned to be looked on
By an inferior eye; or did contemn
To wait upon a meaner light than him:
—When this I meditate, methinks the flowers
Have spirits far more generous than ours,
And give us fair examples, to despise
The servile fawnings and idolatries,
Wherewith we court these earthly things below,
Which merit not the service we bestow.
But, O my God! though grovelling I appear
Upon the ground, and have a rooting here,
Which hales me downward, yet in my desire
To that which is above me I aspire;
And all my best affections I profess
To Him that is the Sun of Righteousness.
Oh! keep the morning of his incarnation,
The burning noontide of his bitter passion,
The night of his descending, and the height
Of his ascension,—ever in my sight;
That, imitating Him in what I may,
I never follow an inferior way.

Hope in Death.

[The Emblem represents a scull, out of which wheat ears are springing at the apertures.]

I WILL not blame those grieved hearts, that shed
Becoming tears for their departed friends;
Nor those who sigh out passions for the dead;
Since on good nature this disease attends:
When sorrow is conceived it must have vent,
In sighs or moisture, or the heart will break;
And much they aggravate our discontent,
Who, out of season, reason seem to speak;
Yet since our folly may require we should
Remembrances admit to keep us from
Excess in grief, this emblem, understood,
Will yield such hope as may our tears o'ercome.
  The Wheat, although it lies a while in earth,
And seemeth lost, consumes not quite away;
But from that womb receives another birth,
And with additions riseth from the clay.
Much more shall Man revive, whose worth is more;
For Death, who from our dross will us refine,
Unto that other life becomes the door,
Where we in immortality shall shine.
When once our glass is run, we presently
Give up our souls to Death;—so Death must give
Our bodies back again, that we, thereby,
The light of life eternal may receive;
The venom'd sting of Death is took away;
And now the grave, that was a place of fear,
Is made a bed of rest, wherein we may
Lie down in hope, and 'bide in safety there.
  When we are born, to death-ward straight we run;
And by our death our life is new begun.

Seed-time and Harvest.

WHEN in the sweet and pleasant month of May,
We see both leaves and blossoms on the tree,

And view the meadows in their best array,
We hopeful are a joyful spring to see;
Yet oft, before the following night be past,
It chanceth, that a vapour or a frost
Doth all those forward bloomings wholly waste,
And then their sweetness and their beauty's lost.
  Such is the state of every mortal wight:
In youth our glories and our lusts we shew;
We fill ourselves with every vain delight,
And will least think of that which may ensue.
But let us learn to *heed* as well as *know*,
That Spring doth pass, that Summer steals away,
And that the flower which makes the fairest show,
Ere many weeks may wither and decay.
  And from this emblem, every labouring swain
(In whatsoever course of life he be)
Take heart and hope, amidst his daily pain,
That of his travails he good fruits shall see.
The plow'd and harrow'd field, which, to thine eye,
Seems like to be the grave, in which the seeds
Shall, without hope of rising, buried lie,
Becomes the fruitful womb where plenty breeds.
There will be corn where nought but mire appears;
The little seed will form a greenish blade;
The blade will rise to stems with fruitful ears,
Those ears will ripen, and be yellow made.
  So, if in honest hopes thou persevere,
A joyful harvest will at last appear.

Divers Providences.

When all the year our fields are fresh and green,
And while sweet showers and sunshine, every day,
As oft as need requireth, come between
The heavens and earth,—they heedless pass away.
The fulness and continuance of a blessing
Doth make us to be senseless of the good;
And, if sometimes it fly not our possessing,
The sweetness of it is not understood.

Had we no winter, summer would be thought
Not half so pleasing; and if tempests were not,
Such comforts by a calm could not be brought;
For things, save by their opposites, appear not.
Both health and wealth are tasteless unto some,
And so is ease, and every other pleasure,
Till poor, or sick, or grieved, they become;
And then they relish these in ampler measure.
God, therefore, full as kind as He is wise,
So tempereth all the favours He will do us,
That we his bounties may the better prize,
And make his chastisements less bitter to us.
One while a scorching indignation burns
The flowers and blossoms of our hopes away,
Which into scarcity our plenty turns,
And changeth unmown grass to parched hay.
Anon, his fruitful showers and pleasing dews,
Commixt with cheerful rays, He sendeth down,
And then the barren earth her crops renews,
Which with rich harvests hills and vallies crown:
For, as to relish joys, He sorrows sends,
So comfort on temptation still attends.

THOMAS STORER.

[From England's Parnassus, 1600.]

Theology.

In chariot, framed of celestial mould,
And simple pureness of the purest sky,
A more than heavenly Nymph I did behold,
Who, glancing on me with her gracious eye,
So gave me leave her beauty to espy;
For sure no sense such sight can comprehend,
Except her beams their fair resplendance lend.

Her beauty with eternity began,
And only unto God was ever seen;
When Eden was possess'd with sinful man,
She came to him, and gladly would have been
The long-succeeding world's eternal queen;
But Man rejected her;—Oh! heinous deed!
And from the garden banish'd was that seed.

Since when, at sundrie times, in divers ways,
Atheism and blinded Ignorance conspire,
How to obscure those holy burning rays,
And quench that zeal of heart in flaming fire,
Which makes our souls to heavenly things aspire:
But all in vain; for, maugre all their might,
She never lost one sparkle of her light.

Pearls may be foil'd, and gold be changed to dross,
The sun obscured, the moon be turn'd to blood;
The world may sorrow for Astræa's loss,
The heavens be darken'd like a dusky wood,
Waste deserts lie where watry fountains stood;
But fair Theology (for so she hight)
Shall never lose one sparkle of her light.

Such one she was, as in his Hebrew song,
The wisest king for fairest creature proves;
Embracing her, the cedar-trees among,
Comparing her to roses and to doves,
Preferring her before all other loves:
Such one she was, and every whit as fair;
Besides these two was never such a pair.

SIR FRANCIS WORTLEY.

[From his "*Characters and Elegies:*" 1646.]

Thoughts on Liberty.

[Written when the Author was a prisoner in the Tower.]

WHAT's Liberty, it should be so desired?
'Tis only, when denied to men, admired.
We're more displeased with the least negative
Than pleased with all that God to man can give:
We're scarcely pleased with God's first blessings, health,
And liberty, unless God gives us wealth;
But once imprison'd in our beds, and then
We wish the use of these good things again.
* * * * * Be it more or less,
A thankful state is man's true happiness.
Imprisonment, admit it ne'er so close,
Is to a wise man but his soule's repose;
And the lesse room he hath, his soule's more free
Than when she had her wanton liberty.
Weak eyes cannot endure the glaring light
Of the bright sun, nor things which are too white;
These do disperse the *radii* of the eyes;
We better can endure the cloudy skies:
Were I immured so I could see no sun,
My soule his winged horses could out-run;
I could with heaven a correspondence keep,
As Jonas did, close prisoner in the deep:
Men in the deepest pits see best by far
The sun's eclipses; and find every star,
When sight's contracted, and is most intent:
—So is man's soule, in close imprisonment.

HENRY PEACHAM.

[From his "*Heroical Devises*," 1612.]

The Stricken Deer.

THE silly Hind, among the thickets green,
While nought mistrusting, did at safety go,
Her mortal wound received, with arrow keen,
Sent singing from a shepherd's secret bow;
And, deadly pierced, can in no place abide,
But runs about with arrow in her side.
So, oft we see the man, whom conscience bad
Doth inwardly with deadly torture wound,
From place to place to range, with fury mad,
And seek his ease by shifting of his ground;
The mean neglecting which would heal the sin,
That hourly rankles more and more within.

THOMAS SCOTT.

[From *Phylomythie*, 1625.]

A Righteous King.

WHO, guarded round about with Parthian bows,
Or Spanish pikes, or hedged and dibb'd with rows
Of sturdy Janizaries, or the shot
Of hardy Switzer, or the valiant Scot;
And, after these, with walls of steele and brass,
Hemm'd in so close, that scarce the air can pass,
Betwixt the cliffs,—is not so free from doubt,
As is that king whom love doth guard about;
Whom subjects' love doth guard, because that he
Guards them from all oppression, and makes free

His noble favours to desert and worth,
Spreading his valiant virtues frankly forth,
That both his own may find, and neighbours know
What glorious fruit doth from religion grow;
How sweet an odour justice sends to heaven,
How rare example is to princes given,
By virtuous deeds to stop the mouths of those,
Who, unreform'd, are reformation's foes.

THOMAS JORDAN.

The following pieces are from Miscellaneous Poems published in 1645. The first is exceedingly striking. The inscription on *the pillar of salt*, is a bold and happy idea, though rudely executed.

On Lot's Wife looking back to Sodom.

Could not the Angel's charge, weak woman, turn
Thy longing eyes from seeing Sodom burn?
What consolations couldst thou think to see
In punishments that were as due to thee?
For 'tis, without dispute, thy only sin
Had made Thee one, had not thy husband been:
His righteousness preserved thee, who went on,
Without desire to see confusion
Rain on the wretched citizens; but joy'd
That God decreed thou shouldst not be destroy'd,
Nor thy two daughters, who did likewise flie
The flaming plague, without casting an eye
Toward the burning towers.—What urged thee, then,
Since they went on, so to look back again?
But God, whose mercy would not let his ire
Punish thy crime, as it did theirs, in fire,
With his divine compassion did consent
At once to give thee death and monument;
Where I perceive, engraven on thy stone,
Are lines that tend to exhortation;

Which, that by thy offence I may take heed,
I shall with sacred application read.

THE INSCRIPTION.

In this pillar I do lie
Buried where no mortal eye
Ever could my bones descry.

When I saw great Sodom burn,
To this pillar I did turn,
Where my body is my urn.

You to whom my corpse I show,
Take true warning from my woe,
—Look not back, when God cries "*Go.*"

They that toward virtue hie,
If but back they cast an eye,
Twice as far do from it flie.

Counsel then I give to those,
Who the path to bliss have chose,
Turn not back, ye cannot lose.

That way let your whole hearts lie;
If ye let them backward flie,
They'll quickly grow as hard as I.

On a Good Man.

You, that did love with filial fear
The soul that shines in yonder sphere,
Whose shadow is enshrined here,
—Put on your sackcloth and appear.

You, that are valiant, great and wise,
Attend his sacred obsequies,
For on this holy herse there lies
A theme for tears in unborn eyes.

Although he was not understood,
Yet from his spirit and his blood,
Did flow a fair and fertile flood
Of all that men call great and good.

Religion was his daily guest;
Within the treasure of his breast
Was more than language e'er express'd;
—Angels can only tell the rest.

On the incomparable treasure of the Holy Scriptures.

[Motto to Barker's folio edition of the Bible, 1616.]

HERE is the Spring where waters flowe
To quench our heate of sinne;
Here is the tree where truth doth grow,
To leade our lives therein.

Here is the Judge that stints the strife,
Where men's devises faile;
Here is the bread that feedes the life,
That death cannot assaile.

The tidings of salvation deare
Come to our eares from hence;
The fortresse of our faith is here,
And shield of our defence.

Then be not like the Hogge, that hath
A pearle at his desire,
And takes more pleasure at the trough,
And wallowing in the myre.

Reade not this book, in any case,
But with a single eye;
Reade not, but first desire God's grace
To understand thereby.

Pray still in faith, with this respect,
To fructify therein;
That knowledge may bring this effect
To mortify thy sinne.

Then happie thou in all thy life,
What so to thee befalles;
Yea double happy shalt thou be,
When God by death thee calls.

FRANCIS QUARLES.

BORN 1592. DIED 1644.

Principal Works:—" *The Scripture Histories of Samson, Job, Esther and Jonah,—the School of the Heart, Emblems, Sion's Elegies*, &c. &c.

There is not in English Literature a name more wronged than that of Quarles,—wronged, too, by those who ought best to have discerned, and most generously acknowledged his merits in contradistinction to his defects. " *Quarles* and *Wither*," for more than a century, were the " *Bavius* and *Mævius*," of every poet and poetaster who imagined himself a *Horace*. It must be confessed, that our Author as well as Wither (of whom we have already spoken,) has injured his own fair fame more than the slanders of his brethren, and the neglect of posterity could do,—by the quantity of crude, indigestible matter with which he has encumbered his finer conceptions, as well as the base phraseology with which he has defiled the pure and felicitous diction, that frequently clothes his loveliest thoughts in the seemliest words, apparently without any effort of his own. In fact his faults are so laboured, that they seem to have been committed on purpose, while his beauties are so spontaneous, that they alone, amidst his anomalous compositions, seem to be natural to him. From his multiform works, a rich volume of poetry might be compiled by an Editor of good taste. The annexed specimens, with proper allowance for occasionally vulgar idioms and uncouth ideas, will justify this favourable estimate of his powers.

Glorying in the Cross.

[From Divine Emblems.]

CAN nothing settle my uncertain breast,
And fix my rambling love?
Can my affections find out nothing best,
But still and still remove?
Has earth no mercy? Will no ark of rest
Receive my restless dove?
Is there no good, than which there's nothing higher,
To bless my full desire
With joys that never change; with joys that ne'er expire?

I wanted wealth; and, at my dear request,
Earth lent a quick supply;
I wanted mirth, to charm my sullen breast;
And who more brisk than I?
I wanted fame, to glorify the rest;
My fame flew eagle-high;
My joy not fully ripe, but all decay'd,
Wealth vanish'd like a shade;
My mirth began to flag, my fame began to fade.

My trust is in the cross; there lies my rest:
My fast, my sole delight:
Let cold-mouth'd Boreas, or the hot-mouth'd East,
Blow till they burst with spite;
Let earth and hell conspire their worst, their best,
And join their twisted might;
Let showers of thunderbolts dart down and wound me,
And troops of fiends surround me,
All this may well confront; all this shall ne'er confound me.

Fleeing from Wrath.

[From Divine Emblems.]

Ah! whither shall I fly? what path untrod
Shall I seek out to 'scape the flaming rod
Of my offended, of my angry God?

Where shall I sojourn? what kind sea will hide
My head from thunder? where shall I abide,
Until his flames be quench'd or laid aside?

What, if my feet should take their hasty flight,
And seek protection in the shades of night?
Alas! no shades can blind the God of light.

What, if my soul should take the wings of day,
And find some desert? If she springs away,
The wings of vengeance clip as fast as they.

What, if some solid rock should entertain
My frighted soul? can solid rocks restrain
The stroke of Justice, and not cleave in twain?

Nor sea, nor shade, nor shield, nor rock, nor cave,
Nor silent deserts, nor the sullen grave,
What flame-ey'd fury means to smite, can save.

'Tis vain to flee, till gentle mercy show
Her better eye; the farther off we go,
The swing of Justice deals the mightier blow.

The' ingenuous child, corrected, doth not fly
His angry mother's hand, but clings more nigh,
And quenches with his tears her flaming eye.

Great God! there is no safety here below;
Thou art my fortress, Thou that seem'st my foe,
'Tis Thou, that strik'st the stroke, must guard the blow.

The sinner no where safe.

[From a Feast for Worms.]

Good God! how poor a thing is wretched man?
So frail, that let him strive the best he can,
With every little blast he's overdone;
If mighty cedars of great Lebanon
Cannot the danger of the axe withstand,
Lord! how shall we, that are but bushes, stand?
How fond, corrupt, how senseless is mankind?
How feigning deaf is he? how willful blind?
He stops his ears, and sins; he shuts his eyes,
And, blindfold, in the lap of danger flyes:
He sins, despairs; and then to calm his strife
He chuseth death, to baulk the God of life.
  Poor wretched sinner! travel where thou wilt,
Thy travel shall be burthen'd with thy guilt:
Climb tops of hills, that prospects may delight thee,
There will thy sins like wolves and bears affright thee:
Fly to the valleys, that those frights may shun thee,
And there, like mountains, they will fall upon thee:
Or to the raging seas, with Jonah, go;
There will thy sins like stormy Neptune flow.
Poor shiftless man, what shall become of thee?
Where-e'er thou fly'st, thy griping sin will flee.

Vain Boasting.

[From Eleven Pious Meditations.]

CAN he be fair, that withers at a blast?
Or he be strong, that airy breath can cast;
Can he be wise, that knows not how to live?
Or he be rich, that nothing hath to give?
Can he be young, that's feeble, weak and wan?
—So fair, strong, wise, so rich, so young is man.
So fair is man, that death, a parting blast,
Blasts his fair flower, and makes him earth at last;
So strong is man, that with a gasping breath
He totters, and bequeaths his strength to death;
So wise is man, that if with death he strive,
His wisdom cannot teach him how to live;
So rich is man, that, all his debts being paid,
His wealth's the winding-sheet wherein he's laid;
So young is man, that, broke with care and sorrow,
He's old enough to day, to die to morrow:
Why bragg'st thou then, thou worm of five-foot long?
Thou'rt neither fair, nor strong, nor wise, nor rich, nor
young.

Man's Stewardship.

[From the History of Queen Esther.]

As in the winged common-wealth of bees,
(Whose careful summer-providence fore-sees
The' approaching fruitless winter, which denies
The crown of labour) some with laden thighs
Take charge to bear their waxy burthens home;
Others receive the welcome load; and some
Dispose the wax, others the plot contrive;
Some build the curious comb, some guard the hive
Like armed centinels; others distrain
The purer honey from the wax; some train,
And discipline the young, while others drive
The sluggish drones from their deserved hive:

Thus in the common-wealth, untaught by art,
Each winged burgher acts his busie part:
So man, whose first creation did intend,
And chiefly pointed at no other end,
Than, as a faithful steward, to receive
The fine and quit-rent of the lives we live,
—Must suit his dear endeavour to his might:
Each one must lift to make the burthen light,
Proving the power that his gifts afford
To raise the best advantage for his Lord,
Whose substitute he is, and for whose sake
We live and breathe, each his account must make,
Or more or less; and he whose power lacks
The means to gather honey, must bring wax;
Five talents double five; two render four,
Where's little, little's craved; where's much, there's more.

Confidence in God.

[From the History of Queen Esther.]

Among the noble Greeks it was no shame
To lose a sword; it but deserved the name
Of war's disastrous fortune; but to yield
The right and safe possession of the shield,
Was foul reproach, and manless cowardize,
Far worse than death to him that scorn'd to prize
His life before his honour; honour's won
Most in a just defence, defence is gone,
The shield once lost. The wounded Theban cry'd,
How fares my shield? which safe, he smiled, and dy'd:
True honour bides at home, and takes delight
In keeping, not in gaining of a right;
Scorns usurpation, nor seeks she blood,
And thirsts to make her name not great, as good:
God gives a right to man; to man, defence
To guard it given; but when a false pretence
Shall ground her title on a greater might,
What doth he else but war with heaven, and fight
With Providence? God sets the princely crown
On heads of kings; Who then may take it down?

No juster quarrel, or more noble fight,
Than to maintain, where God hath given a right;
There's no despair of conquest in that war,
Where God's the Leader; Policy's no bar
To his designs; no power can withstand
His high exploits; within whose mighty hand
Are all the corners of the earth; the hills
His fensive bulwarks are, which when He wills,
His lesser breath can bandy up and down,
And crush the world, and with a wink, can drown
The spacious universe in suds of clay;
Where heaven is leader, heaven must win the day:
God reaps his honour hence; that combat's safe,
Where He's a combatant, and ventures half:
Right's not impair'd with weakness, but prevails
In spight of strength, when strength and power fails:
Frail is the trust reposed on troops of horse;
Truth in a handful finds a greater force.
  Lord, mail my heart with faith, and be my shield,
  And if a world confront me, I'll not yield.

[From Job Militant.]

Conquer thyself.

The proudest pitch of that victorious spirit,
Was but to win the world, whereby to' inherit
The airy purchase of a transitory,
And glozing title of an age's glory;
Wouldst thou by conquest win more fame than he?
Subdue thy-self, thy-self's a world to thee:
Earth's but a ball that heaven hath quilted o'er
With wealth and honour, banded on the floor
Of fickle fortune's false and slippery court,
Sent for a toy, to make us children sport,
Man's satiate spirits with fresh delights supplying,
To still the fondlings of the world from crying;
And he, whose merit amounts to such a joy,
Gains but the honour of a mighty toy.
But wouldst thou conquer, have thy conquest crown'd
By hands of seraphims, triumph'd with the sound

Of heaven's loud trumpet, warbled by the shrill
Celestial quire, recorded with a quill,
Pluckt from the pinion of an angel's wing,
Confirm'd with joy, by heaven's eternal king;
Conquer thy-self, thy rebel thoughts repel,
And chase those false affections that rebel.
Hath heaven despoil'd what his full hand hath given thee?
Nipt thy succeeding blossoms? or bereaven thee
Of thy dear latest hope, thy bosom friend?
Doth sad despair deny these griefs an end?
Despair's a whispering rebel, that within thee
Bribes all thy field, and sets thy-self again thee:
Make keen thy faith, and with thy force let flee,
If thou not conquer him, he'll conquer thee:
Advance thy shield of patience to thy head,
And when grief strikes, 'twill strike the striker dead.
In adverse fortunes be thou strong and stout,
And bravely win thy-self, heaven holds not out
His bow, for ever bent. The disposition
Of noblest spirits doth, by opposition,
Exasperate the more: a gloomy night
Whets on the morning to return more bright,
A blade, well try'd, deserves a treble price,
And virtue's purest, most opposed by vice;
Brave minds oppprest, should, in despight of fate,
Look greatest, like the sun, in lowest state:
But ah! shall God thus strive with flesh and blood;
Receives He glory from, or reaps He good
In mortal's ruine, that He leaves man so
To be o'erwhelm'd by his unequal foe?
May not a potter, that from out the ground
Hath framed a vessel, search if it be sound?
Or, if by furbishing he take more pain
To make it fairer, shall the pot complain?
Mortal, thou art but clay: then shall not He
That framed thee for his service, season thee?
Man, close thy lips, be thou no undertaker
Of God's designs, dispute not with thy Maker.
Lord, 'tis against thy nature to do ill,
Then give me power to bear, and work thy will;

Thou know'st what's best, make Thou thine own conclusion,
Be glorify'd, although in my confusion.

Dependence on God.

Even as the needle, that directs the hour,
Touch'd with the loadstone, by the secret power
Of hidden nature, points upon the Pole;
Even so the wavering powers of my soul,
Touch'd by the vertue of thy Spirit, flee
From what is earth, and point alone to Thee.
When I have faith to hold Thee by the hand,
I walk securely, and methinks I stand
More firm than Atlas; but when I forsake
The safe protection of thine arm, I quake
Like wind-shaked reeds, and have no strength at all,
But like a vine, the prop cut down, I fall.

Nothing perfect on Earth.

Even as the soil (which April's gentle showers
Have fill'd with sweetness, and enricht with flowers)
Rears up her sucking plants, still shooting forth
The tender blossoms of her timely birth,
But if deny'd the beams of chearly May,
They hang their wither'd heads, and fade away:
So man, assisted by the' Almighty's hand,
His faith doth flourish and securely stand,
But left a while, forsook, as in a shade,
It languishes, and nipt with sin, doth fade.
No gold is pure from dross, though oft refined;
The strongest cedar's shaken with the wind;
The fairest rose hath no prerogative
Against the fretting canker-worm: the hive
No honey yields unblended with the wax:
The finest linnen hath both soil and bracks:
The best of men have sins; none lives secure,
In nature nothing's perfect, nothing pure.

[From Sion's Elegies, Paraphrases of the Lamentations of Jeremiah.]

Destruction.

TURN where I list, new cause of woe presents
My poor distracted soul with new laments;
Where shall I turn? shall I implore my friends?
Ah, summer-friendship, with the summer ends;
In vain to them my groans, in vain my tears,
For harvest-friends can find no winter-ears.
Or shall I call my sacred priests for aid?
Alas! my pined priests are all betray'd
To death, and famine; in the streets they cried
For bread, and whilst they sought for bread, they died.
Vengeance could never strike so hard a blow,
As when she sends an unlamented woe.

The mockery of Enemies.

PEOPLE that travel through thy wasted land,
Gaze on thy ruines, and amazed stand,
They shake their spleenful heads, disdain, deride
The sudden downfal of so fair a pride,
They clap their joyful hands, and fill their tongues
With hisses, ballads, and with lyrick songs:
Her torments give their empty lips new matter,
And with their scornful fingers point they at her:
"Is this" (say they) "that place, whose wonted fame
Made troubled earth to tremble at her name?
Is this that state? Are these those goodly stations?
Is this that mistress, and that Queen of Nations?

Jerusalem in Ruins.

WOUNDED, and wasted by the' eternal hand
Of heaven, I grovel on the ground; my land
Is turn'd a Golgotha; before mine eye,
Unsepulcher'd, my murther'd people lie:
My dead lie rudely scatter'd on the stones;
My causies all are paved with dead men's bones;

The fierce destroyer doth alike forbear
The maiden's trembling, and the matron's tear;
The' imperial sword spares neither fool nor wise,
The old man's pleading, nor the infant's cries.
Vengeance is deaf and blind, and she respects
Not young, nor old, nor wise, nor fool, nor sex.

Hopeless Suffering.

YEARS, heavy laden with their months, retire;
Months, gone their dates of number'd days, expire;
The days full houred, to their period tend;
And hours, chaced with light-foot minutes, end;
Yet my undated evils, will no time diminish,
Tho' years and months, tho' days and hours finish:
Fears flock about me, as invited guests
Before the portals at proclaimed feasts;
Where heaven hath breathed, that man, that state must fall;
Heaven wants no thunderbolts to strike withal:
I am the subject of that angry breath,
My sons are slain, and I am mark'd for death.

Mercy tempering Justice.

HAD not the milder hand of mercy broke
The furious violence of that fatal stroke
Offended Justice struck, we had been quite
Lost in the shadows of eternal night:
Thy mercy, Lord, is like the morning Sun,
Whose beams undo what sable night hath done;
Or like a stream, the current of whose course,
Restrain'd a while, runs with a swifter force;
Oh, let me glow beneath those sacred beams,
And after bathe me in these silver streams;
To Thee alone my sorrows shall appeal;
Hath earth a wound, too hard for heaven to heal?

Hope in God.

In Thee, dear Lord, my pensive soul respires,
Thou art the fulness of my choice desires;
Thou art that sacred spring, whose waters burst
In streams to him, that seeks with holy thirst;
Thrice happy man, thrice happy thirst to bring
The fainting soul to so, so sweet a spring;
Thrice happy he, whose well-resolved brest
Expects no other aid, no other rest;
Thrice happy he, whose downy age had been
Reclaim'd by scourges from the prime of sin,
And early season'd with the taste of truth,
Remembers his Creator in his youth.

God estranged.

Thou great Creator, whose diviner breath
Preserves thy creature, joy'st not in his death,
Look down from thy eternal throne, that art
The only Rock of a despairing heart;
Look down from heaven, O Thou! whose tender ear
Once heard the trickling of one single tear;
How art Thou now estranged from his cry,
That sends forth rivers from his fruitful eye!
How often hast Thou, with a gentle arm,
Raised me from death, and bid me fear no harm!
What strange disaster caused this sudden change?
How wert Thou once so near, and now so strange?

Famine.

Impetuous Famine, sister to the sword,
Left hand of death, child of the' infernal lord,
Thou torturer of mankind, that with one stroke,
Subject'st the world to thy imperious yoke:
What pleasure tak'st thou in the tedious breath
Of pined mortals, or their lingring death?

The sword, thy generous brother's not so cruel,
He kills but once, fights in a noble duel,
But thou, malicious Fury, dost extend
Thy spleen to all, whose death can find no end;
Alas! my hapless weal can want no woe,
That feels the rage of sword, and famine too.

No Escape from Destruction.

So the quick-scented beagles in a view,
O'er hill and dale the fleeting chase pursue,
As swift-foot death and ruine follow me,
That flees, afraid, yet knows not where to flee:
Flee to the fields? There with the sword I meet;
And, like a watch, death stands in every street;
No cover hides from death; no shade, no cells
So dark wherein not death and horror dwells;
Our days are number'd, and our number's done,
The empty hour-glass of our glory's run,
Our sins are summ'd, and so extreme's the score,
That heaven could not do less, nor hell do more.

[From an *Alphabet* of Elegies on Dr. Ailmer.]

No. 19. T.

THUS to the world, and to the spacious ears
Of fame, I blazon my unboasted tears:
Thus to thy sacred dust, thy urn, thy herse
I consecrate my sighs, my tears, my verse;
Thus to thy soul, thy name, thy just desert
I offer up my joy, my love, my heart:
That earth may know, and every ear that hears,
True worth and grief were parents to my tears:
That earth may know thy dust, thy urn, thy herse,
Brought forth and bred my sighs, my tears, my verse;
And that thy soul, thy name, thy just desert,
Invites, incites my joy, my love, my heart.

Man born to Trouble.

[From Hieroglyphics of the Life of Man.]

No sooner are we born, no sooner come
  To take possession of this vast,
    This soul-afflicting earth,
But danger meets us at the very womb;
  And sorrow, with her full-mouth'd blast,
    Salutes our painful birth
To put out all our joys, and puff out all our mirth.

Nor infant-innocence, nor childish tears,
  Nor youthful wit, nor manly power,
    Nor politic old-age,
Nor virgin's pleading, nor the widow's prayers,
  Nor lowly call, nor lofty tower,
    Nor prince, nor peer, nor page,
Can 'scape this common blast, nor curb her stormy rage.

Tost to and fro, our frighted thoughts are driven
  With every wind, with every tide
    Of life-consuming care,
Our peaceful flame, that would point up to heaven,
  Is still disturb'd and turn'd aside;
    And every blast of air
Commits such waste in man, as man cannot repair.

What may this sorrow-shaken earth present
  To the false relish of our taste
    That's worth the name of sweet?
Her minute's pleasure's choked with discontent,
  Her glory soil'd with every blast:
    How many dangers meet
Poor man, between the biggen and the winding-sheet!

ROBERT DEVEREUX, Earl of Essex.

Born 1567. Beheaded 1601.

A quiet Life.

The following lines were inclosed in a letter from this celebrated favourite of Queen Elizabeth, addressed to her Majesty, when he was in Ireland, which he considered his place of banishment. It is both curious and affecting to observe how the most ambitious and courtly spirits, when crossed in their schemes of worldly aggrandizement, fondly turn (in imagination at least,) to Nature and Solitude for repose. This little piece acquires an interest far beyond its poetical merit, from having been adopted, if not actually composed, by this unfortunate nobleman as the expression of his disappointed feelings, at a very critical juncture in his turbulent life. It is lamentable to think, how men deceive themselves when they indulge in such delightful reveries.

Happy if he could furnish forth his fate
In some unhaunted desert; most obscure
From all society, from love and hate
Of worldly folk; then he should sleep secure;
Then wake again, and yield God every praise;
Content with hips and haws and bramble berry;
In contemplation passing out his days,
And change of holy thoughts to make him merry;
Who, when he dies, his tomb may be a bush,
Where harmless Robin dwells with gentle thrush

NICHOLAS BRETON.

[From "I would and would not," 1614.]

What I would be.

To tell you truly what I wish to be,
And never would be other if I could,
But in the comfort of the heaven's decree,
In soule and bodie that I ever should:—
Though in the world, not to the world to live,
But to my God my service wholly give.

This would I be, and would none other be,
But a religious servant of my God;
And know there is none other God but He;
And willingly to suffer mercy's rod,
Joy in his grace, and live but in his love,
And seeke my blisse but in the heaven above.

And I would frame a kind of faithfull praier
For all estates within the state of grace,
That carefull love might never know despaire,
Nor servile feare might faithfull love deface:
And this I would both day and night devise
To be my humble spirit's exercise.

Thus would I spend in service of my God
The lingering hours of these few days of mine,
To show how sin and death are overtrod
But by the virtue of the power divine;
Our thoughts but vaine, our substance slime and dust
And only Christ for our eternal trust.

THOMAS LODGE.

BORN ABOUT 1556. DIED 1625.

Author of *Promos and Cassandra, Glaucus and Scilla*, &c.

Retirement.

SWEET, solitary life, thou true repose,
Wherein the wise contemplate heaven aright;
In thee no dread of war or worldly foes,
In thee no pomp seduceth mortal sight;
In thee no wanton ears to win with words,
Nor lurking toys which city-life affords.

At peep of day, when, in her crimson pride,
The morn bespreads with roses all the way,
When Phœbus' coach, with radiant course, must glide,
The Hermit bends his humble knees to pray;
Blessing that God, whose bounty doth bestow
Such beauties on the earthly things below.

Whether, with solace tripping on the trees,
He sees the citizens of forests sport;
Or, midst the wither'd oak beholds the bees
Intend their labours with a kind consort;
Down drop his tears, to think how they agree
While men alone with hate inflamed be.

Taste he the fruits that spring from Tellus' womb,
Or drink he of the crystal rill that flows,
He thanks his God; and sighs their cursed doom,
That fondly wealth in surfeiting bestows;
And with St. Jerome saith—" The desert is
A paradise of solace, joy and bliss."

Father of Light! Thou maker of the heaven!
From whom my being, and well-being, springs,
Bring to effect this my desired steaven,*
That I may leave the thought of worldly things;
Then in my troubles will I bless the time,
My Muse vouchsafed me such a lucky rhyme.

---

* Time or Season.

FRANCIS DAVISON.

On the Death of a rare Infant, six years old.

[From Person's Varieties, 1635.]

WIT's perfection, Beauty's wonder,
Nature's pride, the Graces' treasure,
Virtue's life, his friends' sole pleasure,
This cold marble-stone lies under,
Which is often moist with teares
For such losse in such young yeares.

Lovely Boy, thou art not dead,
But from earth to heaven fled;
For base earth was far unfit
For such beauty, grace and wit.

Thou, alive on earth, sweet Boy,
Hadst an angel's wit and face;
And now dead, thou dost enjoy
In high heaven an angel's place.

God my refuge.—Psalm 13.

HEAR, O Lord and God! my cries;
Mark my foes' unjust abusing;
And illuminate mine eies,
Heavenly beams in their infusing.

Lest my woes, too great to bear,
And too infinite in number,
Rocke me soone, 'twixt hope and fear,
Into death's eternal slumber.

Lest my foes their boasting make,
"Spight of right on him we trample;"
And a pride in mischief take
Hearten'd by my sad example.

As for me I'll ride secure
At thy mercy's sacred anchor,
And undaunted will endure
Fiercest storms of wrong and rancour.

These black clouds will overblowe,
Sunshine shall have his returning,
And my grief-wrung heart I know,
Into mirth shall change his mourning.

Therefore I'll rejoice, and sing
Hymnes to God, in sacred measure,
Who to happy passe will bring
My just hopes, at his good pleasure.

The Lord my Shepherd.—Psalm 23.

God, who doth all nature hold
  In his fold,
Is my Shepherd kind and heedful;
Is my Shepherd, and doth keep
  Me his sheep,
Still supplied with all things needful.

He feeds me in fields, which been
  Fresh and green,
Mottled with spring's flowery painting;
Through which creep, with murmuring crooks,
  Chrystal brooks,
To refresh my spirit fainting.

When my soul, from heaven's way,
  Went astray,
With earth's vanities seduced,
For his name's sake kindly He,
  Wandering me
To his holy fold reduced.

Though I stray thro' death's dark vale,
  Where his pale
Shades on every side enfold me,
Dreadless, having Thee for guide,
  Should I 'bide,
For thy rod and staffe uphold me.

Thou, my board with messes large,
  Dost surcharge;
My bowles full of wine Thou pourest,
And before mine enemies'
  Envious eyes,
Balm upon mine head Thou showerest.

Neither 'dures thy bounteous grace
  For a space,
But it knows nor bound, nor measure:
So my days, to my life's end,
  Shall I spend
In thy courts with heavenly pleasure.

LORD HARRINGTON,

BARON OF EXETER.

[From "Verses to the living Memory of the late and last Sir Thomas Rowe." 16**.]

To his Mother and Sisters.

RATHER than tell how good he was, I will
Persuade you to forget;—yet weep your fill;
For such a sonne, O Death! and such a Brother,
Is rare as heaven's great eye, which hath no other.

To Religion.

WHAT hast thou lost, O sacred mysterie!
Thy nurse and yet thy childe,—he did not die
To *thee;* of all the rest he was, alive,
Thy martyr; and, now dead, he doth more thrive
In thee:—Oh! no; his state takes no increase,
Full of the joyes of God, he lives in peace.

To Death.

Poor, uncreated nothing! to contend
To make all things like thee, yet misse thy end;
Canst thou hold him one hour, O envious Death!
Or touch his last, yet everlasting breath?
Oh! no; *that* fled where Thou shalt never come,
Though here a while thou triumph on his tomb.

ARTHUR WARWICK.

"This mortal shall put on immortality,"—written a few days before the Author's decease.

[From "Spare Minutes, or resolved Meditations," &c. 1636.]

The world is but a walk of pain,
That has only end with death;
Life is war, in which we gain
Conquest by the loss of breath;
Who would not warfare end, and travels cease,
To live at home in rest, and rest at home in peace.

What's the earth when trimmest drest
To that crystal-spangled dwelling?
Yet the Saint, in glory least,
Is in glory far excelling:
Glorious Redeemer, let this earth of mine
Thy glorious body see, and in thy glory shine.

Oft I see the darksome night
To a beauteous day returning;
Oft doth sleep entomb my sight,
Yet I wake again at morning:
Bright Sun, return, when sleep hath spent death's night,
That these dim eyes of mine may in thy light see light.

ANNE COLLINS.

Happiness not to be found in the creature.

[From "Divine Songs and Meditations." 1653.]

SUCH is the force of each created thing
That it no solid happiness can bring,
Which to our minds may give contentment sound;
For, like as Noah's dove no succour found,
Till she return'd to him that sent her out,
Just so, the soul in vain may seek about
For rest or satisfaction any where,
Save in his presence who hath sent her here;
Yea though all earthly glories should unite
Their pomp and splendour to give such delight,
Yet could they no more sound contentment bring
Than star-light can make grass or flowers spring.

THOMAS HARVEY.

The Desire of the Heart.

[From "*Schola Cordis*," in forty-seven Emblems, 1647.]

THE merchant sends his heart to sea,
And there, together with his ship, 'tis tost;
If *this* by chance miscarry, *that* is lost;
His confidence is cast away;
    He hangs the head,
    As he were dead.

The plowman furrows up his land,
And sowes his heart together with his seed,

Which both, alike earth-born, on earth do feed,
And prosper or are at a stand;
He and his field
Like fruit do yield.

The broker and the scrivener have
The usurer's heart in keeping, with his bands;
His soule's dear sustenance lies in their hands,
And if *they* break, their shop's *his* grave;
His interest is
His only bliss.

The money-hoarder, in his bags,
Binds up his heart, and locks it in his chest;
The same key serves to that and to his breast,
Which of no other heaven brags,
Nor can conceit
A joy so great.

Poor wretched muck-wormes, wipe your eyes,
Uncase those trifles that beset you so;
Your rich-appearing wealth is reall woe,
Your death in your desires lies;
Your hearts are where
You love and feare.

Oh! think not, then, the world deserves
Either to be beloved or fear'd by you;
Give heaven these affections as its due,
Which always what it hath preserves
In perfect blisse,
That endlesse is.

The Heart enlarged.

What a blessed change I find,
Since I entertain'd this guest!
Now, methinks, another mind
Moves and rules within my breast;
Surely I am not the same
That I was before He came;
But I then was much to blame.

All the ways of righteousnesse
I did think were full of trouble;
I complain'd of tediousnesse,
And each duty seemed double;
While I served Him but from feare,
Every minute did appeare
Longer far than a whole yeare.

But the case is alter'd now;
He no sooner turnes his eye,
But I quickly bend and bow,
Ready at his feet to lie;
Love hath taught me to obey
All his precepts, and to say
Not "*to-morrow*" but "*to-day*."

BARTON HOLYDAY.

Distichs.

[From "a Survey of the World," 1661.]

THE Oake beares fruite, though blossome it beares none;
The Just beares fruite, though oft it is not known.

THE Margarite's* composed of heavenly dew,
Heaven is the Pearle that is prepared for few.

THE Worme lives in his grave;—do what he can
He's but a worme;—No muck-worme is a man.

PRIDE cannot see itself by noon-day light;
The Peacock's tail is farthest from his sight.

THE Swallow's a quick arrowe, that may shew
With what an instant swiftnesse life doth flow.

---

* The Pearl.

LET devout prayer cast me to the ground,
So shall I yet to heaven be nearer found.

RELIGION, thou on Sinai's top dost sit,
Higher than Horeb,—empresse of all wit.

THE Moralist, with skill scarce more profound,
Dresses the mind than others dress the ground.

WHAT's true is therefore good; and thus we know
All goodnesse else doth from *this* goodnesse flow.

On Saints.

AMBROSE! upon thine infant-lips bees sate,
Still on the honey of thy lips all waite.

GREAT AUSTIN! to be good thou didst not faint;
Thy youth was *Austin*, but thine age was *Saint*.

BERNARD so happily employ'd his thought,
He scarce had time to think of what was nought.

FAITHFUL TEATE.

Hope.

[From *Ter Tria*, or the Doctrine of Father, Son and Spirit,—Faith, Hope and Love,—Prayer, Hearing, Meditation, 1669.]

TRUE Hope is Jacob's staffe indeed,
True Hope is no Egyptian reed,
That springs from mire, or else can feed
  On dirt or mud:
By Hope just men are sanctified,
In the same ocean safe at anchor ride,
Fearlesse of wrack by wind or tide,
  By ebb or flood.

Hope's the top-window of that ark,
Where all God's Noahs do embark;
Hope lets in sky-light, else how dark
  Were such a season!
Wouldst thou not be engulph'd or drown'd,
When storms and tempests gather round,
Ere thou cast anchor, try the ground;
  Hope must have reason.

Hope hath a harvest in the spring,
In winter doth of summer sing,
Feeds on the fruits while blossoming,
  Yet nips no bloom:
Hope brings me home when I'm abroad;
Soon as the first step homeward's trod,
In Hope, to Thee, my God! my God!
  I come, I come.

HENRY DELAUNE.

The removal of the Righteous a warning to the Wicked.

[From Πατρικον Δωρον, or a Legacy to his Son, 1657.]

Ere God on Sodom stretch'd his flaming hand,
He had a care to send just Lot away;
So mostly still, when He will scourge a land,
Whom He best loves He puts out of the way.

Early set forth on your eternal race;
The' ascent is steep and craggy; you must climb;
God, at all times, has promised sinners grace,
If they repent;—but He ne'er promised Time.

Cheat not yourselves, as most, who *then* prepare
For Death, when life is almost turn'd to fume;
One thief was saved, that no man need despair,
And but one thief, that no one might presume.

ANONYMOUS.

[From "Fuller's Abel Redivivus," 16**.]

These characters were probably written by *Francis Quarles*, who furnished various Inscriptions for eminent Reformers, celebrated in that work. It would be difficult to point out, in the Italian language itself, a Sonnet, that comprehends and condenses, while it clearly expresses, more of noble sentiment and thought, than may be found in the first of the following pieces.

On Bishop Ridley.

READ, in the progress of this blessed story,
Rome's cursed cruelty, and Ridley's glory;
Rome's Syren sung, but Ridley's careless eare
Was deaf; she charm'd, but Ridley would not heare:
Rome sang preferment, but brave Ridley's tongue
Condemn'd that false preferment which Rome sung:
Rome whisper'd wealth, but Ridley (whose great gaine
Was godliness) he waived it with disdaine;
Rome threaten'd durance, but great Ridley's mind
Was too too strong for threats or chaines to bind:
Rome thunder'd Death, but Ridley's dauntless eye
Stared in Death's face, and scorn'd Death standing by;
In spite of Rome, for England's faith he stood;
And in the flames he seal'd it with his blood.

On Bishop Jewell.

HOLY learning, sacred arts;
Gifts of nature, strength of parts;
Fluent grace, an humble minde;
Worth reform'd, and wit refined;
Sweetnesse, both in tongue and pen;
Insight, both in bookes and men;
Hopes in woe, and feares in weale;
Humble knowledge, sprightly zeale;
A liberal heart, and free from gall;
Close to friends, and true to all;

Weight of courage in truth's duel,
—Are the stones that make this Jewell;
Let him that would be truly blest
Weare this Jewell in his breast.

JOHN FLAVEL.

DIED 1691.

Principal Works, *Husbandry* and *Navigation Spiritualized.*

Happiness for all.

O WHAT a dull desponding heart is mine,
That takes no more delight in things divine,
When all the creatures, both in heaven and earth,
Enjoy their pleasures and are big with mirth:
Angels and Saints, that stand before the throne
Are ever held in exstacies unknown;
Made perfect after death, each blessed spirit
The purest, highest bliss doth there inherit;
The Saints on earth, in their imperfect state,
By faith those peerless raptures antidate.
To carnal men, who savour not such pleasure,
Yet bounteous Nature doth unlock her treasure
Of sensitive delights;—yea, strange to tell,
Bold sinners rant it all the way to hell;
Like fish that play in Jordan's silver stream,
They bathe in sensual lusts, and never dream
Of that *Dead Sea* to which the stream doth tend,
And to their pleasure puts a fatal end.

God's Husbandry.

THOU art the Husbandman, and I
A worthless plot of husbandry,
Whom special love did, ne'ertheless,
Divide from nature's wilderness.

Then did the sunshine of thy face,
And sweet illapses of thy grace,
Like April showers and warming gleams,
Distill their dew, reflect their beams.
My dead affections then were green,
And hopeful buds on all were seen;
These into duties soon were turn'd,
In which my heart within me burn'd.
O halcyon-days, thrice happy state!
Each place was Bethel, Heaven's gate;
What sweet discourse, what heavenly talk,
While daily I did with Thee walk:
Mine eyes o'erflow, my heart doth sink,
As oft as on those days I think.
For strangeness now is come between
My God and me, and may be seen
By what is now, and what was then:
—'Tis just as if I were two men!
My fragrant branches blasted be,
No fruits like those that I can see;
Some canker-worm lies at my root,
Which fades my leaves, destroys my fruit;
My soul is banish'd from thy sight,
For this it mourneth day and night.
Yet why dost thou desponding lie?
Like Jonah, cast a backward eye;
That God who made me spring at first,
When I was barren and accurst,
Can much more easily restore
My state to what it was before:
A word, a smile on my poor soul
Would make it perfect, sound and whole.

"*A field which the Lord hath blessed.*"

As when the sun draws near us in the spring,
All creatures welcome him;—birds chirp and sing;
The face of nature smiles; the fields adorn
Themselves with rich embroideries; the corn

Revives and shooteth up; the warm, sweet rain
Makes trees and herbs sprout forth, and spring amain.
Walk but the fields in such a fragrant morn,
What music sounds, what hues the heavens adorn!
  So, when the Gospel sheds its cheering beams
On gracious souls, like those sweet warming gleams,
Which God ordains in nature, to bring forth
The virtue seminal that's in the earth;
It warms their hearts, their languid graces cheers;
And on such souls a spring-like face appears.
The genial showers these spiritual clouds do yield
Enrich them with new beauty, like a field,
Which God hath bless'd.—Oh! 'tis exceeding sweet,
When humble hearts and heavenly truths do meet.
How should the souls of saints within them spring,
When they behold the messengers, that bring
These gladsome tidings:—yea, their very feet
Are beautiful, because their words are sweet.
Thrice happy land! which, in this pleasant spring,
Can hear these turtles in her hedges sing;
Oh! prize such mercies!

The foolish Love of the World.

JUDGE in thyself, O Christian! is it meet
To set thine heart on what beasts set their feet?
'Tis no hyperbole, if you be told,
—You delve for dross, with mattocks made of gold.
Affections are too costly to bestow
Upon the fair-faced nothings here below:
The Eagle scorns to fall down from on high
(The proverb saith) to pounce a silly fly;
And can a Christian leave the face of God
To' embrace the earth, and doat upon a clod?

A guilty Conscience.

OH! Conscience, who can stand before thy power,
Endure thy gripes and agonies one hour?

Stone, gout, strappado, racks, whatever is
Dreadful to sense, are only toys to this.
No pleasures, riches, honours, friends can tell
How to give ease in this:—'tis like to hell.
  Call for the pleasant timbrel, lute and harp;
Alas! the music howls, the pain's too sharp
For these to charm, divert, or lull asleep;
These cannot reach it; no, the wound's too deep.
Let all the promises before it stand,
And set a Barnabas at its right hand;
These in themselves no comfort can afford,
'Tis Christ, and none but Christ, can speak the word:
There goes a power with his majestic voice
To hush the raging storm, and charm its noise;
Who would but fear and love and do his will,
Who bids such tempests of the soul be still?

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

Born 1568. Died 1640.

Author of various small treatises in prose, and a few pieces in verse, of considerable merit.

Farewell to the Vanities of the World.

Farewell, ye gilded follies, pleasing troubles;
Farewell, ye honour'd rags, ye glorious bubbles;
Fame's but a hollow echo, gold pure clay;
Honour the darling but of one short day.
Beauty, the' eye's idol but a damask'd skin;
State but a golden prison to live in,
And torture free-born minds: embroider'd trains
Merely but pageants for proud swelling veins;
And blood ally'd to greatness, is alone
Inherited, not purchased nor our own,
  Fame, honour, beauty, state, train, blood and birth,
  Are but the fading blossoms of the earth.

I would be great, but that the sun doth still
Level his rays against the rising hill:
I would be high, but see the proudest oak
Most subject to the rending thunder-stroke:
I would be rich, but see men too unkind,
Dig in the bowels of the richest mind:
I would be wise, but that I often see
The fox suspected, whilst the ass goes free:
I would be fair, but see the fair and proud
Like the bright sun, oft setting in a cloud:
I would be poor, but know the humble grass
Still trampled on by each unworthy ass:
Rich hated: wise suspected: scorn'd if poor:
Great fear'd: fair tempted: high still envy'd more:
  I have wish'd all; but now I wish for neither;
  Great, high, rich, wise nor fair; poor I'll be rather.

Would the world now adopt me for her heir,
Would Beauty's Queen entitle me "The Fair,"
Fame speak me Fortune's minion, could I vie
Angels* with India; with a speaking eye
Command bare heads, bow'd knees, strike Justice dumb,
As well as blind and lame, or give a tongue
To stones by epitaphs: be call'd Great Master
In the loose rhimes of every poetaster?
Could I be more than any man that lives,
Great, fair, rich, wise, all in superlatives:
Yet I more freely would these gifts resign,
Than ever fortune would have made them mine,
  And hold one minute of this holy leisure,
  Beyond the riches of this empty pleasure.

Welcome pure thoughts, welcome ye silent groves,
These guests, these courts, my soul most dearly loves:
Now the wing'd people of the sky shall sing
My chearful anthems to the gladsome spring:
A prayer-book now shall be my looking-glass,
In which I will adore sweet Virtue's face.

---

* By *Angels* here is signified the old English coin, value 10s. —"to vie Angels," means, to rival in riches.

Here dwell no hateful looks, no palace-cares,
No broken vows dwell here, nor pale-faced fears:
Then here I'll sit, and sigh my hot love's folly,
And learn to' affect an holy melancholy;
And if Contentment be a stranger then,
I'll ne'er look for it, but in heaven again.

A Hymn to my God, in a night of my late sicknesse.

O Thou great Power! in whom I move,
For whom I live, to whom I die,
Behold me through thy beams of love,
While on this couch of tears I lie;
And cleanse my sordid soul within
By thy Christ's blood, the bath of sin.

No hallow'd oyls, no grains I need,
No rags of saints, no purging fire,
One rosie drop from David's seed
Was worlds of seas to quench thine ire:
O pretious ransome! which once paid,
That "*consummatum est*" was said:—

And said by Him, that said no more,
But seal'd it with his sacred breath:—
Thou, then, that hast dispunged my score,
And dying wast the death of death,
Be to me now (on Thee I call,)
My life, my strength, my joy, my all.

The Character of a Happy Life.

How happy is he born and taught,
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the worldly care
Of public fame, or private breath.

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Or vice; who never understood,
How deepest wounds are given by praise;
Nor rules of state, but rules of good.

Who hath his life from rumours freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruine make oppressors great.

Who God doth late and early pray,
More of his grace than gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious Book or Friend.

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or feare to fall;
Lord of himselfe, though not of lands;
And having nothing, yet hath all.

The Crosse of Christ.

Rise, O my soul, with thy desires to heaven,
And with divinest contemplation use
Thy time, where time's eternity is given,
And let *vain* thoughts no more thy thoughts abuse,
But down in midnight darkness let them lie;
So live thy better, let thy worse thoughts die.

And thou, my soul, inspired with holy flame,
View and review, with most regardful eie,
That holy Crosse whence thy salvation came,
On which thy Saviour and thy Sin did die:
For in that sacred object is much pleasure,
And in that Saviour is my life, my treasure.

To Thee, O Jesu! I direct mine eies,
To Thee my hands, to Thee my humble knees,
To Thee my heart shall offer sacrifice,
To Thee my thoughts, who my thoughts only sees;
To Thee myself—myself and all, I give;
To Thee I die, to Thee I only live.

FULKE GREVILLE, LORD BROOKE.

BORN 1554. MURDERED BY HIS SERVANT 1628.

[From "*his learned and elegant Works*," published after his death, by Sir Philip Sidney.]

The Corruptions of the Church.

ZION lies waste, and thy Jerusalem,
O Lord, is fall'n to utter desolation;
Against thy prophets and thy holy men,
The Sin hath wrought a fatal combination,
Prophaned thy name, thy worship overthrown,
And made Thee, living Lord, a God unknown.

Thy powerful laws, thy wonders of creation,
Thy Word Incarnate, glorious heaven, dark hell,
Lie shadow'd under man's degeneration,
Thy Christ still crucified for doing well:
Impiety, O Lord, sits on thy throne,
Which makes Thee, living Light, a God unknown.

Man's superstition doth thy truth entomb,
His atheism again her pomp defaceth;
Sin earthly, sensual, devilish, doth consume
Thy seen Church, and thy unseen Church disgraceth:
There lives no truth with them that seem thine own,
Which makes Thee, living Lord, a God unknown.

Yet unto Thee, Lord, mirror of transgression,
We, who for earthly idols have forsaken
Thy heavenly image, sinless, pure impression,
And so in nets of vanity lie taken,
—All desolate implore that to thine own,
Lord, thou no longer live a God unknown.

Yet, Lord, let Israel's plagues not be eternal,
Nor sin for ever cloud thy sacred mountains;
Nor, with false flames, spiritual, but infernal,
Dry up thy mercy's ever springing fountains;
Rather, sweet Jesus, fill up time, and come
To yield the sin her everlasting doom.

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

Searching after God.

[From "*The Hierarchie of the blessed Angels,*" 1635.] Though rude in metre, the style and sentiment of the following stanzas are strikingly sublime in many passages.

I SOUGHT Thee round about, O Thou my God!
In thine abode.
I said unto the Earth "Speake, art thou He?"
She answer'd me,
"I am not."—I enquired of creatures all,
In generall,
Contain'd therein;—they with one voice proclaime,
That none amongst them challenged such a name.

I askt the seas, and all the deeps below,
My God to know.
I askt the reptiles, and whatever is
In the abysse;
Even from the shrimpe to the leviathan
Enquiry ran;
But in those deserts which no line can sound,
The God I sought for was not to be found.

I askt the aire, if that were He? but, lo!
It told me *No.*
I from the towering eagle to the wren,
Demanded then,
If any feather'd fowle 'mongst them were such?
But they all, much
Offended with my question, in full quire,
Answer'd,—"to finde thy God thou must look higher."

I askt the heavens, sun, moon and stars, but they
Said "We obey
The God thou seek'st."—I askt, what eye or eare
Could see or heare;

What in the world I might descry or know
Above, below:
—With an unanimous voice, all these things said,
" We are not God, but we by Him were made."

I askt the world's great universal masse,
If that God was?
Which with a mighty and strong voice reply'd,
As stupify'd,
" I am not He, O man! for know, that I,
By Him on high,
Was fashion'd first of nothing, thus instated,
And sway'd by Him, by whom I was created."

A scrutiny within myself I, than,
Even thus began:—
" O man, what art thou?"—What more could I say,
Than dust and clay?
Fraile, mortal, fading, a meere puffe, a blast,
That cannot last;
Enthroned to-day, to-morrow in an urne;
Form'd from that earth to which I must returne.

I askt myself, what this great God might be
That fashion'd me?
I answer'd—the all-potent, solely' immense,
Surpassing sense;
Unspeakable, inscrutable, eternall,
Lord over all;
The only terrible, strong, just and true,
Who hath no end, and no beginning knew.

He is the well of life, for He doth give
To all that live,
Both breath and being: He is the Creator
Both of the water,
Earth, aire, and fire. Of all things that subsist,
He hath the list;
Of all the heavenly host, or what earth claimes,
He keeps the scrole, and calls them by their names.

And now, my God, by thine illumining grace,
Thy glorious face,

(So far forth as it may discover'd be,)
    Methinks I see;
And though invisible and infinite,—
    To human sight,
Thou, in thy mercy, justice, truth, appearest;
In which to our weake senses Thou comest nearest.

O make us apt to seeke, and quicke to finde,
    Thou God, most kinde!
Give us love, hope and faith in Thee to trust,
    Thou God, most just!
Remit all our offences, we intreat;
    Most Good, most Great!
Grant that our willing, though unworthy guest
May, through thy grace, admit us 'mongst the blest.

GEORGE HERBERT.

BORN 1593. DIED 1632.

This Author cannot have been of an ordinary standard, having had many admirers and many detractors, both among his contemporaries and his successors. His collected Poems are entitled "*The Temple*," and, amidst innumerable conceits and quaintnesses, have a sufficient proportion of natural and beautiful thoughts, simply or elegantly expressed, to redeem them from oblivion. His piety is unquestionable, but his taste so perverted, that devotion itself is turned into masquerade throughout his writings.

Public Worship.

RESTORE to God his due in tithe and time;
A tithe purloin'd, cankers the whole estate.
Sundays observe: Think when the bells do chime,
'Tis angels' music; therefore come not late.
  God then deals blessings; if a king did so,
  Who would not haste, nay give to see the show?

Though private prayer be a brave design,
Yet public hath more promises, more love;

And love's a weight to hearts, to eyes a sign.
We all are but cold suitors; let us move
Where it is warmest. Leave thy six and seven;
Pray with the most; for where most pray, is heaven.

Self-Examination.

SUM up at night what thou hast done by day;
And in the morning what thou hast to do.
Dress and undress thy soul: Mark the decay
And growth of it: If with thy watch, that too
Be down, then wind up both: Since we shall be
More surely judged, make thy accounts agree.

The Temper.

How should I praise Thee, Lord! how should my rhymes
Gladly engrave thy love in steel,
If what my soul doth feel sometimes
My soul might ever feel!

Although there were some forty heavens, or more,
Sometimes I peer above them all;
Sometimes I hardly reach a score;
Sometimes to hell I fall.

O rack me not to such a vast extent;
Those distances belong to Thee:
The world's too little for thy tent,
A grave too big for me.

Yet take thy way: for sure thy way is best:
Stretch or contract me thy poor debtor:
This is but tuning of my breast,
To make the music better.

Whether I fly with angels, fall with dust,
Thy hands made both, and I am there.
Thy power and love, my love and trust
Make one place every where.

Vanity.

THE fleet Astronomer can bore,
And thrid the spheres with his quick-piercing mind:
He views their stations, walks from door to door,
Surveys, as if he had design'd
To make a purchase there: He sees their dances;
And knoweth long before
Both their full-eyed aspects and secret glances.

The nimble diver with his side
Cuts thro' the working waves, that he may fetch
His dearly-earned pearl, which God did hide
On purpose from the venturous wretch,
That he might save his life, and also her's,
Who, with excessive pride,
Her own destruction and his danger wears.

The subtle chymic can divest
And strip the creature naked, till he find
The callow principles within their nest:
There he imparts to them his mind,
Admitted to their bed-chamber, before
They appear trim and drest
To ordinary suitors at the door.

What hath not man sought out and found,
But his dear God? Who yet his glorious law
Embosoms in us, mellowing the ground
With showers and frost, with love and awe:
So that we need not say, Where's this command?
Poor man! thou searchest round
To find out *Death*, but missest *Life* at hand.

Virtue.

SWEET Day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.

Sweet Rose, whose hue angry and brave
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet Spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shews ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like season'd timber, never gives;
But tho' the whole world turn to a coal,
Then chiefly lives.

Life.

I MADE a posy, while the day ran by:
Here will I smell my remnant out, and tie
My life within this band.
But time did beckon to the flowers, and they
By noon most cunningly did steal away,
And wither'd in my hand.

Farewell, dear flowers! sweetly your time ye spent,
Fit, while ye lived, for smell or ornament,
And after death for cures.
I follow straight without complaints or grief,
Since, if my scent be good, I care not if
It be as short as yours.

The Quip.

THE merry world did on a day
With his train-bands and mates agree
To meet together, where I lay,
And all in sport to jeer at me.

First, Beauty crept into a Rose;
Which when I pluckt not, Sir, said she,
Tell me, I pray, whose hands are those?
But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then Money came, and chinking still,
What tune is this, poor man? said he:
I heard in music you had skill.
But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then came brave Glory puffing by,
In silks that whistled, who but he?
He scarce allow'd me half an eye.
But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then came quick Wit and Conversation,
And he would needs a comfort be,
And, to be short, make an oration.
But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Yet when the hour of thy design
To answer these fine things shall come;
Speak not at large, say, I am thine,
And then they have their answer home.

Peace.

Sweet Peace, where dost thou dwell? I humbly crave,
Let me once know.
I sought thee in a secret cave,
And ask'd if peace were there,
A hollow wind did seem to answer, No;
Go, seek elsewhere.

I did; and going, did a rainbow note:
Surely, thought I,
This is the lace of Peace's coat:
I will search out the matter;
But while I look'd, the clouds immediately
Did break and scatter.

Then went I to a garden, and did spy
A gallant flower,
The Crown Imperial: Sure said I,
Peace at the root must dwell;
But when I digg'd, I saw a worm devour
What shew'd so well.

At length I met a reverend good old man:
Whom, when for Peace
I did demand, he thus began:
There was a Prince of old
At Salem dwelt, who lived with good increase
Of flock and fold.

He sweetly lived; yet sweetness did not save
His life from foes,
But after death out of his grave
There sprang twelve stalks of wheat;
Which many wondering at, got some of those
To plant and set.

It prosper'd strangely, and did soon disperse
Through all the earth:
For they that taste it do rehearse,
That virtues lie therein;
A secret virtue, bringing Peace and Mirth
By flight of sin.

Take of this grain, which in my garden grows,
And grows for you:
Make bread of it; and that repose
And Peace, which every where
With so much earnestness you do pursue,
Is only there.

The Pilgrimage.

I TRAVEL on, seeing the hill, where lay
My expectation:
A long it was and weary way.
The gloomy cave of desperation
I left on the' one, and on the other side
The rock of pride.

And so I came to Fancy's meadows, strow'd
With many a flower:
Fain would I here have made abode,
But I was quicken'd by my hour.
So to Care's copse I came, and there got through
With much ado.

That led me to the wild of Passion; which
Some call the world;
A wasted place, but sometimes rich:
Here I was robb'd of all my gold,
Save one good angel, which a friend had ty'd
Close to my side.

At length I got into the gladsome hill,
Where lay my hope;
Where lay my heart; and climbing still,
When I had gain'd the brow and top,
A lake of brackish waters on the ground
Was all I found.

With that abash'd, and struck with many a sting,
Of swarming fears,
I fell, and cry'd, Alas my King!
Can both the way and end be tears?
Yet taking heart, I rose, and then perceived
I was deceived.

My hill was further: so I slung away,
Yet heard a cry,
Just as I went, *None goes that way*
And lives; if that be all, said I,
After so foul a journey death is fair,
And but a chair.

The Flower.

How fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clean
Are thy returns! even as the flowers in spring;
To which, besides their own demean,
The late-past frosts tributes of pleasure bring.
Grief melts away
Like snow in May,
As if there were no such cold thing.

Who would have thought my shrivell'd heart
Could have recover'd greenness? It was gone
Quite under ground, as flowers depart
To see their mother-root, when they have blown;

Where they together,
All the hard weather,
Dead to the world, keep house unknown.

These are thy wonders, Lord of power,
Killing and quickening, bringing down to hell
And up to heaven in an hour;
Making a chiming of a passing-bell.
We say amiss,
This or that is:
Thy word is all, if we could spell.

GEORGE SANDYS.

BORN 1577. DIED 1643.

Principal Works:—*Travels, Translation of Ovid's Metamorphoses, Paraphrases of Psalms, Ecclesiastes,* &c. His Psalms are incomparably the most poetical in the English language, and yet they are scarcely known.

[Extracts from the Psalms.]

Psalm XXVII.

GOD is my Saviour, my cleare light:
Who then can my repose affright?
Or what appeare
Worth such a feare?
My life protected by his might:
Vaine hatred, vaine their powre,
That would my life devoure.

These fell, when they against me fought:
The wicked suffer'd what they sought.
Though troops of foes
At once inclose,
Of feare I would not lodge a thought,
Should armies compasse me;
So confident in Thee.

One thing I have, and shall request;
That I may in thy mansion rest,
Till death surprise
My closing eyes:
That they may on thy beauty feast;
That in thy temple still
I may enquire thy will.

When stormes arise on every side,
He will in his pavilion hide:
How ever great,
In that retreat
I shall conceal'd and safe abide.
He (to resist their shocke)
Hath fixt me on a rocke.

Now is my head advanced, renown'd
Above my foes, who girt me round;
That in thy tent
I may present
My sacrifice with trumpets' sound:
There I thy praise will sing,
Set to a well-tuned string.

O heare Thou my afflicted cry;
Extend thy pitty, and reply.
When thus the Lord,
In sweet accord;
" Seeke thou my face with searching eye."
Directed by thy grace,
Lord, I will seeke thy face.

Psalm XXXV.

LORD, plead my cause against my foes;
With such as fight against me, fight:
Arise, thy ample shield oppose,
And with thy sword defend my right.

Addresse thy speare; those in their way
Encounter, who my soule invade:
To her, O let thy Spirit say,
I am thy God, and saving aide.

Let those, who my disgrace contrive,
  Hang downe their heads, for flight design'd:
Who seeke my fall, let angels drive
  Like chaffe before the blustring wind.

Obscure and slippery be their path;
  Let winged troups pursue their foile;
Since they for me with causelesse wrath
  Have digg'd a pit, and pich't a toile;—

Let sodaine ruine them destroy;
  Mesht in the nets themselves had laid:
Then in the Lord my soule shall joy,
  And glory in his timely aide.

My bones shall say, O who like Thee,
  That arm'st the weake against the strong;
That dost the poore and needy free
  From outrage, and too powerfull wrong?

False witnesses against me stood,
  Who unknown accusations brought:
That evill rendered for good,
  And closely my confusion sought.

I in their sicknes did condole;
  Unfainedly in sack-cloth mourn'd:
With fasting humbled my sad soule,
  And often to my praires return'd:—

Him visited both night and day,
  As if an ancient friend or brother:
In blacke upon the earth I lay,
  And wept as for my dying mother.

Yet these rejoyced in my woe;
  False comforters about me crowd;
And lest I should their cunning know,
  They rent their cloths, and cried aloud.

Like hypocrites at feasts, they jeere;
  Whose gnashing teeth their hate professe:
O Lord, how long wilt Thou forbeare,
  And onely looke on my distresse?

O save from those, who smile, and kill,
  My dearling from the lion's jawes;
I in the great assembly will
  Then praise thy name with full applause.

Psalm XLV.

WITH heat divine-inspired, I sing
A panegyrick to the King;
High raptures in a numerous stile,
I with a ready pen compile.
Much fairer than our human race;
Whose lips like fountaines flow with grace:
For this the Lord thy soule shall blesse
With everlasting happinesse.
  Gird, O most Mightie, on thy thigh
Thy sword of awe and majestie:
In triumph, arm'd with truth ride on;
By clemencie and justice drawne:
No mortall vigour shall withstand
The fury of thy dreadfull hand;
Thy piercing arrowes in the King's
Opposers' hearts shall dye their wings.
Thy throne no waste of time decayes;
Thy scepter sacred iustice swaies:
Thou virtue lov'st; but hast abhorr'd
Deformed vice; for this, the Lord
Hath thee alone preferr'd, and shed
The oile of ioy upon thy head.
Thy garments, which in grace excell,
Of aloes, myrrhe, and cassia smell;
Brought from the ivorie palaces;
Which more then other odors please.
  Kings' daughters, to augment thy state,
Among the noble damsels wait;
The queen inthroned on thy right hand,
Adorn'd with Ophyr's golden sand.
Hark, daughter, and by me be taught;
Thy countrey banish from thy thought,
Thy house and family forget,
His ioy upon thy beauty set.

He is thy Lord; O bow before,
And Him eternally adore!
  The daughters of sea-circled Tyre
Shall bring their purple, and desire
(Even they whom wealth and honour grace)
To see the sweetnesse of thy face.
Her mind all beauties doth infold;
Her faire limbs clad in purfled gold;
She shall unto the King be brought,
In robes with Phrygian needle wrought:
While virgins on her train attend,
Whose faith and friendship know no end:
Whom they with ioy shall leade along;
Eternized in a nuptiall song;
And with renewed applauses bring
Unto the palace of the King.
Thou in thy royall Father's place,
Of sonnes shalt see a numerous race;
Who over all the earth shall sway,
While the cleere sunne directs the day.
My song shall celebrate thy name,
And to the world divulge thy fame.

Psalm XCII.

Thou, who art inthroned above;
Thou, by whom we live, and move;
O how sweet, how excellent,
Is't with tongue and heart's consent,
Thankefull hearts, and joyfull tongues,
To renowne thy name in songs!
When the morning paints the skies,
When the sparkling starres arise;
Thy high favours to rehearse,
Thy firme faith, in gratefull verse.
  Take the lute, and violin;
Let the solemne harpe begin;
Instruments strung with ten strings;
While the silver cimbal rings.
  From thy works my joy proceeds:
How I triumph in thy deeds!

Who thy wonders can expresse!
All thy thoughts are fathomlesse;
Hid from men in knowledge blind;
Hid from fooles to vice inclined.
Who that tyrant sin obey;
Though they spring like flowers in May;
Parcht with heat, and nipt with frost,
Soone shall fade, for ever lost.
  Lord, Thou art most great, most high;
Such from all eternitie.
Perish shall thy enemies,
Rebells that against Thee rise.
  All, who in their sinnes delight,
Shall be scatter'd by thy might.
But Thou shalt exalt my horne,
Like a youthfull unicorn;
Fresh and fragrant odors shed
On thy crowned Prophet's head.
I shall see my foes' defeat,
Shortly heare of their retreat:
  But the iust like palmes shall flourish,
Which the plains of Judah nourish:
Like tall cedars mounted on
Cloud-ascending Lebanon:
Plants, set in thy court, below
Spread their roots, and upwards grow;
Fruit in their old-age shall bring;
Ever fat and flourishing.
This God's justice celebrates;
He, my Rock, injustice hates.

Adoration.

[Written on returning from his travels, and reviewing God's mercies to him.]

DEO OPT. MAX.

O Thou, who all things hast of nothing made,
Whose hand the radiant firmament display'd,

With such an undiscerned swiftnes hurl'd
About the stedfast centre of the world;
Against whose rapid course the restlesse sun,
And wandring flames in varied motions run;
Which heat, light, life infuse; time, night, and day
Distinguish; in our humane bodies sway:—
That hung'st the solid earth in fleeting aire,
Vein'd with cleare springs, which ambient seas repaire;
In clouds the mountaines wrap their hoary heads;
Luxurious vallies clothed with flowry meads:
Her trees yield fruit and shade; with liberall brests
All creatures she (their common mother) feasts:—
Then man thy image mad'st; in dignity,
In knowledge, and in beauty like to Thee:
Placed in a heaven on earth; without his toile
The ever-flourishing and fruitfull soile
Unpurchased food produced; all creatures were
His subjects, serving more for love than feare.
He knew no Lord, but Thee. But when he fell
From his obedience, all at once rebell,
And in his ruine exercise their might:
Concurring elements against him fight;
Troups of unknowne diseases; sorrow, age,
And death assaile him with successive rage.
Hell let forth all her furies; none so great,
As man to man; ambition, pride, deceit,
Wrong arm'd with power, lust, rapine, slaughter
reign'd:
And flatter'd vice the name of vertue gain'd.
Then hills beneath the swelling waters stood,
And all the globe of earth was but one floud;
Yet could not cleanse their guilt: the following race
Worse than their fathers, and their sons more base.
Their God-like beauty lost; sin's wretched thrawle;
No sparke of their divine originall
Left unextinguisht; all inveloped
With darknesse; in their bold transgressions dead.
Then Thou didst from the East a light display,
Which rendred to the world a clearer day:
Whose precepts from hell's jawes our steps withdraw;
And whose example was a living law:

Who purged us with his bloud; the way prepared
To heaven, and those long-chain'd-up doores unbarr'd.
  How infinite thy mercy! which exceeds
The world Thou mad'st, as well as our misdeeds!
Which greater reverence than thy iustice wins,
And still augments thy honour by our sins.
  O who hath tasted of thy clemency
In greater measure or more oft, than I!
My gratefull verse thy goodnes shall display,
O Thou, who went'st along in all my way!
To where the morning with perfumed wings
From the high mountaines of Panchæa springs,
To that new-found-out world, where sober night
Takes from the' Antipodes her silent flight;
To those darke seas, where horrid winter reignes,
And binds the stubborne flouds in icie chaines:
To Libyan wastes, whose thirst no showres asswage,
And where swolne Nilus cooles the lion's rage.
  Thy wonders in the deepe have I beheld;
Yet all by those on Judah's hills excell'd:
There where the virgin's Son his doctrine taught,
His miracles, and our redemption wrought:
Where I by Thee inspired his praises sung;
And on his sepulchre my offering hung.
Which way soe're I turne my face, or feet;
I see thy glory, and thy mercy meet.
  Met on the Thracian shores; when in the strife
Of frantick Simoans Thou preserv'dst my life.
So when Arabian thieves belaid us round,
And when by all abandon'd, Thee I found.
That false Sidonian wolfe, whose craft put on
A sheepe's soft fleece, and me, Bellerephon,
To ruine by his cruell letter sent,
Thou didst by thy protecting hand prevent.
Thou sav'dst me from the bloudy massacres
Of faithless Indians; from their treacherous wars;
From raging feavers, from the sultry breath
Of tainted aire, which cloy'd the jawes of death;
Preserved from swallowing seas; when towering waves
Mixt with the clouds, and open'd their deepe graves.

From barbarous pirates ransom'd: by those taught
Succesfully with Salian Moores we fought.
Thou brought'st me home in safety; that this earth
Might bury me, which fed me from my birth:
Blest with a healthfull age; a quiet mind,
Content with little; to this worke design'd:
Which I at length have finisht by thy aid;
And now my vowes have at thy altar paid.

In the foregoing sublime and fervent thanksgiving of a heart "poured out before God," the Author alludes to an offering which he made at "the Holy Sepulchre," when he was at Jerusalem. The following are the lines, with his own simple and affecting introduction; in which the candid reader, whatever his private ideas may be respecting such places and ceremonies, will only consider the Poet's personal views and feelings on the occasion. —"Thousands of Christians perform their vows and offer their tears yearly, with all the expressions of sorrow, humility, affection and penitence. It is a frozen zeal that will not be warmed at the sight thereof; and Oh! that I could retain the effects that it wrought, with an unfainting perseverance, who then did dedicate this Hymn

To my Redeemer.

SAVIOUR of mankind, Man, Emmanuel!
Who sinless died for sin; who vanquish'd hell;
The first-fruits of the grave; whose life did give
Light to our darkness; in whose death we live:—
Oh! strengthen Thou my faith, convert my will,
That mine may thine obey; protect me still,
So that the latter Death may not devour
My soul, seal'd with thy seal.—So, in the hour,
When Thou (whose body sanctified this tomb,
Unjustly judged,) a glorious Judge shalt come
To judge the world with justice; by that sign,
I may be known, and entertain'd for thine."

ANONYMOUS.

The Penitential Tear.

[Attributed to Doctour B. in Wotton's Remains, 1651.]

WHO would have thought, there could have bin
Such joy in tears wept for our sin?
Mine eyes have seen, my heart hath proved
The most and best of earthly joyes;
The sweets of love, and being loved,
Maskes, feasts and plaies, and such like toyes;
Yet this one tear, which now doth fall,
In true delight exceeds them all.

IZAAK WALTON.

BORN 1593. DIED 1683.

Principal Works:—*The Complete Angler*, and some *Biographical Tracts*. The most fastidious critic would find it difficult to give a good reason for being displeased with the following very humble stanzas.

The Angler's Song.

As inward love breeds outward talk,
The hound some praise, and some the hawk;
Some, better pleased with private sport,
Love tennis; some a mistress court:
But these delights I neither wish,
Nor envy, while I freely fish.

Who hunts doth oft in danger ride;
Who hawks lures oft both far and wide;
Who uses games shall often prove
A loser; but who falls in love

Is fetter'd in fond Cupid's snare:
—My angle breeds me no such care.

Of recreation, there is none
So free as fishing is alone;
All other pastimes do no less
Than mind and body both possess;
My hand alone my work can do,
So I can fish and study too.

I care not, I, to fish in seas,
Fresh rivers best my mind do please;
Whose sweet calm course I contemplate,
And seek in life to imitate;
In civil bonds I fain would keep,
And for my past offences weep.

And when the timorous trout I wait
To take, and he devours my bait,
How poor a thing, sometimes, I find
Will captivate a greedy mind:
And when none bite, I praise the wise,
Whom vain allurements ne'er surprize.

But yet though while I fish I fast,
I make good fortune my repast,
And thereunto my friend invite,
In whom I more than that delight;
Who is more welcome to my dish,
Than to my angle was my fish.

As well content no prize to take,
As use of taken prize to make;
For so our Lord was pleased, when
He fishers made fishers of men;
Where (which is in no other game,)
A man can fish and praise his name.

The first men, that our Saviour dear
Did choose to wait upon him here,
Blest fishers were,—and fish the last
Food was, that He on earth did taste;
I therefore strive to follow those
Whom He to follow Him hath chose.

FRANCIS NETHERSOLE.

Saints have their Conversation in Heaven:—addressed to Dr. Thomas Nevyle, Dean of Canterbury.

[Written about the year 1620.]

As when the Captain of the heavenly host,
Or else that glorious armie, doth appeare
In ocean drown'd, with surging billows tost,
We know they *are not* where we *see they are;*
We see them in the deep, we see them move,
We know they fixed are in heaven above.

So did the Sunne of Righteousness come down,
Clouded in flesh, and seem'd be in the deep;
So do the many waters seem to drown
The starres, his Saints, and they on earth to keep;
And yet this Sunne from heaven never fell,
And yet these earthly starres in heaven dwell.

What if their souls be into prison cast
In earthly bodies! yet they long for heaven;
What if this worldly sea they have not past!
Yet fain they would be brought into their haven:
They are not here, and yet we here them see,
For every man is there where he would be.

Long may you wish, and yet long wish in vain,
Hence to depart, and yet that wish obtain;
Long may you here in heaven on earth remain,
And yet a heaven in heaven hereafter gain;
Go you to heaven, but yet O make no haste!
Go slowly, slowly, but yet go at last.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

BORN 1618. DIED 1667.

The most miscellaneous of all our Poets, having attempted every species of composition except that of Tragedy, and, it may be added, having distinguished himself in each above all his contemporaries except Milton, who, however, in his range of writing, was far less various than he. Cowley was such a prodigal of his genius, that he seems to have spent nearly his whole patrimony of fame during his lifetime, by expending all the riches of a most accomplished mind on the fashions of his age in literature, which, like other fashions, necessarily passed away with the generation that bred them. The very artifices of style, which once were the glory of his verse, are now the eclipsing shadows that obscure it, and the fine gold of his poetry is but dimly discernible amidst the rusted ornaments, of baser metal, that formerly outshone it; so that it has been the fate of one of the most brilliant intellects that ever arose in this country, never to be estimated by its real excellence. Yet the first line of his Odes, like the sound of a trumpet, announces the entrance of no ordinary actor on the most magnificent scene of human ambition—

"What shall I do to be for ever known?"

Reason and Religion.

SOME blind themselves, 'cause possibly they may
Be led by others a right way;
They build on sands, which if unmoved they find,
'Tis but because there was no wind.
Less hard 'tis, not to err ourselves, than know
If our forefathers err'd or no.
When we trust men concerning God, we then
Trust not God concerning men.

Visions and inspirations some expect
Their course here to direct;
Like senseless chymists their own wealth destroy,
Imaginary gold to' enjoy:
So stars appear to drop to us from sky,
And gild the passage as they fly;
But when they fall, and meet the' opposing ground,
What but a sordid slime is found?

In vain alas! these outward hopes are try'd;
Reason within's our only guide;
Reason, which (God be praised!) still walks, for all
Its old original fall;
And, since Itself the boundless Godhead join'd
With a reasonable mind,
It plainly shows that mysteries divine
May with our reason join.

The holy book, like the eighth sphere, does shine
With thousand lights of truth divine:
So numberless the stars, that to the eye
It makes but all one galaxy.
Yet Reason must assist too; for, in seas
So vast and dangerous as these,
Our course by stars above we cannot know,
Without the compass too below.

Though Reason cannot through Faith's mysteries see,
It sees that there and such they be;
Leads to Heaven's door, and there does humbly keep,
And there through chinks and key-holes peep;
Though it, like Moses, by a sad command,
Must not come into the' Holy land.
Yet thither it infallibly does guide,
And from afar 'tis all descry'd.

The Extasy.

I LEAVE mortality, and things below;
I have no time in compliments to waste;
Farewell to ye all in haste,
For I am call'd to go.
A whirlwind bears up my dull feet,
The' officious clouds beneath them meet;
And lo! I mount, and lo!
How small the biggest parts of Earth's proud title show!

Where shall I find the noble British land?
Lo! I at last a northern speck espy,
Which in the sea does lie,
And seems a grain o' th' sand!

For this will any sin, or bleed?
Of civil wars is this the meed?
And is it this, alas! which we
(Oh irony of words!) do call Great Britanie?

I pass by the' arched magazines which hold
The' eternal stores of frost, and rain, and snow;
Dry and secure I go,
Nor shake with fear or cold:
Without affright or wonder
I meet clouds charged with thunder,
And lightnings, in my way,
Like harmless lambent fires, about my temples play.

Now into a gentle sea of rolling flame
I'm plunged, and still mount higher there,
As flames mount up through air:
So perfect, yet so tame,
So great, so pure, so bright a fire,
Was that unfortunate desire,
My faithful breast did cover,
When, when I was of late a wretched mortal lover.

Through several orbs which one fair planet bear,
Where I behold distinctly, as I pass,
The hints of Galileo's glass,
I touch at last the spangled sphere:
Here all the' extended sky
Is but one galaxy,
'Tis all so bright and gay,
And the joint eyes of night make up a perfect day.

Where am I now? Angels, and God is here;
An unexhausted ocean of delight
Swallows my senses quite,
And drowns all what, or how, or where!
Not Paul, who first did thither pass,
And this great world's Columbus was,
The tyrannous pleasure could express.
Oh, 'tis too much for man! but let it ne'er be less!

The mighty Elijah mounted so on high,
That second man who leap'd the ditch where all

The rest of mankind fall,
And went not downwards to the sky!
With much of pomp and show
(As conquering kings in triumph go)
Did he to Heaven approach,
And wondrous was his way, and wondrous was his coach.

'Twas gaudy all; and rich in every part
Of essences, of gems; and spirit of gold
Was its substantial mould,
Drawn forth by chymic angels' art.
Here with moon-beams 'twas silver'd bright,
There double-gilt with the Sun's light;
And mystic shapes cut round in it,
Figures that did transcend a vulgar angel's wit.

The horses were of temper'd lightning made,
Of all that in Heaven's beauteous pastures feed
The noblest, sprightful'st breed;
And flaming manes their necks array'd:
They all were shod with diamond,
Not such as here are found,
But such light solid ones as shine
On the transparent rocks o' the' Heaven crystalline.

Thus mounted the great prophet to the skies;
Astonish'd men, who oft had seen stars fall,
Or that which so they call,
Wonder'd from hence to see one rise.
The soft clouds melted him away;
The snow and frost which in it lay
Awhile the sacred footsteps bore;
The wheels and horses' hoofs hizz'd as they past them o'er!

He past by the' Moon and planets, and did fright
All the worlds there which at this meteor gazed,
And their astrologers amazed
With the' unexampled sight.
But where he stopp'd will ne'er be known,
Till phenix Nature, aged grown,
To a better thing do aspire,
And mount herself, like him, to eternity in fire.

The Delights of a Garden.

HAPPY art thou, whom God does bless
With the full choice of thine own happiness;
And happier yet, because thou'rt blest
With prudence, how to choose the best:
In books and gardens thou hast placed aright
(Things, which thou well dost understand,
And both dost make with thy laborious hand,)
Thy noble, innocent delight;
And in thy virtuous wife, where thou again dost meet
Both pleasures more refined and sweet;
The fairest garden in her looks,
And in her mind the wisest books.
Oh, who would change these soft, yet solid joys,
For empty shows and senseless noise;
And all which rank ambition breeds,
Which seem such beauteous flowers, and are such poisonous weeds?

When God did man to his own likeness make,
As much as clay, though of the purest kind,
By the great potter's art refined,
Could the divine impression take,
He thought it fit to place him, where
A kind of heaven too did appear,
As far as earth could such a likeness bear:
That man no happiness might want,
Which earth to her first master could afford,
He did a garden for him plant
By the quick hand of his omnipotent word;
As the chief help and joy of human life,
He gave him the first gift; first, even before a wife.

O blessed shades! O gentle, cool retreat
From all the' immoderate heat,
In which the frantic world does burn and sweat!
This does the Lion-star, ambition's rage;
This avarice, the Dog-star's thirst, assuage;

Every where else their fatal power we see,
They make and rule man's wretched destiny:
  They neither set, nor disappear,
  But tyrannize o'er all the year;
Whilst we ne'er feel their flame or influence here.
  The birds that dance from bough to bough,
  And sing above in every tree,
  Are not from fears and cares more free
Than we, who lie, or sit, or walk, below,
  And should by right be singers too.
What prince's choir of music can excel
  That, which within this shade does dwell?
  To which we nothing pay or give;
  They, like all other poets, live
Without reward, or thanks for their obliging pains:
  'Tis well if they become not prey:
The whistling winds add their less artful strains,
And a grave bass the murmuring fountains play;
Nature does all this harmony bestow,
  But to our plants, art's music too,
The pipe, theorbo, and guittar, we owe;
The lute itself, which once was green and mute
  When Orpheus strook the' inspired lute,
  The trees danced round, and understood
  By sympathy the voice of wood.

Where does the wisdom and the power divine
In a more bright and sweet reflection shine?
Where do we finer strokes and colours see
Of the Creator's real poetry,
  Than when we with attention look
Upon the third day's volume of the book?
If we could open and intend our eye,
  We all, like Moses, should espy
Even in a bush the radiant Deity.
But we despise these his inferior ways
(Though no less full of miracle and praise,)
  Upon the flowers of heaven we gaze;
The stars of earth no wonder in us raise.
  Though these perhaps do, more than they,
    The life of mankind sway.

Although no part of mighty Nature be
More stored with beauty, power and mystery;
Yet, to encourage human industry,
God has so order'd, that no other part
Such space and such dominion leaves for Art.

JOHN MILTON.

BORN 1608. DIED 1674.

[Extracts from Paradise Lost.]

The Son of God offering himself to become the Saviour of Man.

The Father, having foretold the fall of Man, and the only means of his restoration being an expiatory sacrifice, inquires :—

"SAY, heavenly powers, where shall we find such love?
Which of ye will be mortal, to redeem
Man's mortal crime, and just the unjust to save?
Dwells in all heaven charity so dear?"
He ask'd, but all the heavenly quire stood mute,
And silence was in heaven: on man's behalf
Patron or intercessor none appear'd,
Much less that durst upon his own head draw
The deadly forfeiture, and ransom set.
And now without redemption all mankind
Must have been lost, adjudged to death and hell
By doom severe, had not the Son of God,
In whom the fulness dwells of love divine,
His dearest mediation thus renew'd.
"Father, thy word is past, man shall find grace;
And shall grace not find means, that finds her way,
The speediest of thy winged messengers,
To visit all thy creatures, and to all
Comes unprevented, unimplored, unsought?
Happy for man, so coming; he her aid

Can never seek, once dead in sins, and lost;
Atonement for himself, or offering meet,
Indebted and undone, hath none to bring:
Behold me then; me for him, life for life
I offer; on me let thine anger fall;
Account me man; I for his sake will leave
Thy bosom, and this glory next to Thee
Freely put off, and for him lastly die
Well pleased; on me let death wreak all his rage;
Under his gloomy power I shall not long
Lie vanquish'd; Thou hast given me to possess
Life in myself for ever; by Thee I live,
Though now to death I yield, and am his due
All that of me can die; yet, that debt paid,
Thou wilt not leave me in the loathsome grave
His prey, nor suffer my unspotted soul
For ever with corruption there to dwell;
But I shall rise victorious, and subdue
My vanquisher, spoil'd of his vaunted spoil;
Death his death's wound shall then receive, and stoop
Inglorious, of his mortal sting disarm'd.
I through the ample air in triumph high
Shall lead hell captive, maugre hell, and show
The powers of darkness bound. Thou, at the sight
Pleased, out of heaven shalt look down and smile,
While, by Thee raised, I ruin all my foes,
Death last, and with his carcass glut the grave:
Then, with the multitude of my redeem'd,
Shall enter heaven, long absent, and return,
Father, to see thy face, wherein no cloud
Of anger shall remain, but peace assured
And reconcilement; wrath shall be no more
Thenceforth, but in thy presence joy entire."
His words here ended, but his meek aspect
Silent yet spake, and breathed immortal love
To mortal men, above which only shone
Filial obedience: as a sacrifice
Glad to be offer'd, He attends the will
Of his great Father. Admiration seized
All heaven, what this might mean, and whither tend,
Wondering; but soon the Almighty thus replied.

"O Thou in Heaven and Earth the only peace
Found out for mankind under wrath! O Thou
My sole complacence! well Thou know'st how dear
To me are all my works, nor Man the least,
Though last created; that for him I spare
Thee from my bosom and right hand, to save,
By losing Thee awhile, the whole race lost.
Thou, therefore, whom Thou only canst redeem,
Their nature also to thy nature join;
And be thyself man among men on Earth,
Made flesh, when time shall be, of virgin seed,
By wondrous birth: be Thou in Adam's room
The Head of all mankind, though Adam's son.
As in Him perish all men, so in Thee,
As from a second root, shall be restored
As many as are restored, without Thee none.
His crime makes guilty all his sons; thy merit,
Imputed, shall absolve them who renounce
Their own both righteous and unrighteous deeds
And live in Thee transplanted, and from Thee
Receive new life. So man, as is most just,
Shall satisfy for man, be judged and die,
And dying rise, and rising with him raise
His brethren, ransom'd with his own dear life.
So heavenly love shall outdo hellish hate,
Giving to death, and dying to redeem,
So dearly to redeem what hellish hate
So easily destroy'd, and still destroys
In those who, when they may, accept not grace.
Nor shalt Thou, by descending to assume
Man's nature, lessen or degrade thine own.
Because Thou hast, though throned in highest bliss
Equal to God, and equally enjoying
God-like fruition, quitted all, to save
A world from utter loss, and hast been found
By merit more than birthright Son of God,
Found worthiest to be so by being good,
Far more than great or high; because in Thee
Love hath abounded more than glory abounds,
Therefore thy humiliation shall exalt
With Thee thy manhood also to this throne;

Here shalt Thou sit incarnate, here shalt reign
Both God and Man, Son both of God and Man,
Anointed universal King; all power
I give thee; reign for ever, and assume
Thy merits; under Thee, as Head supreme,
Thrones, princedoms, powers, dominions, I reduce:
All knees to Thee shall bow, of them that bide
In Heaven, or Earth, or under Earth in Hell.
When Thou, attended gloriously from Heaven,
Shalt in the sky appear, and from Thee send
The summoning arch-angels to proclaim
Thy dread tribunal: forthwith from all winds
The living, and forthwith the cited dead
Of all past ages, to the general doom
Shall hasten; such a peal shall rouse their sleep.
Then, all thy saints assembled, Thou shalt judge
Bad men and angels; they, arraign'd, shall sink
Beneath thy sentence; Hell, her numbers full,
Thenceforth shall be for ever shut. Mean while
The world shall burn, and from her ashes spring
New heaven and earth, wherein the just shall dwell,
And, after all their tribulations long,
See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,
With joy and love triumphing, and fair truth.
Then Thou thy regal sceptre shalt lay by,
For regal sceptre then no more shalt need,
God shall be all in all. But, all ye gods,
Adore Him, who to compass all this dies;
Adore the Son, and honour Him as me."
No sooner had the Almighty ceased, but all
The multitude of angels, with a shout
Loud as from numbers without number, sweet
As from blest voices, uttering joy, Heaven rung
With jubilee, and loud Hosannas fill'd
The eternal regions: lowly reverent
Towards either throne they bow, and to the ground
With solemn adoration down they cast
Their crowns inwove with amarant and gold;
Immortal amarant, a flower which once
In Paradise, fast by the tree of life,
Began to bloom; but soon for man's offence

To Heaven removed where first it grew, there grows,
And flowers aloft shading the fount of life,
And where the river of bliss through midst of Heaven
Rolls o'er Elysian flowers her amber stream:
With these that never fade the spirits elect
Bind their resplendent locks inwreath'd with beams;
Now in loose garlands thick thrown off, the bright
Pavement, that like a sea of jasper shone,
Impurpled with celestial roses smiled.
Then, crown'd again, their golden harps they took;
Harps ever tuned, that glittering by their side
Like quivers hung, and with preamble sweet
Of charming symphony they introduce
Their sacred song, and waken raptures high;
No voice exempt, no voice but well could join
Melodious part, such concord is in Heaven.
  Thee, Father, first they sung Omnipotent,
Immutable, Immortal, Infinite,
Eternal King; Thee Author of all being,
Fountain of light, thyself invisible
Amidst the glorious brightness where Thou sitst
Throned inaccessible, but when Thou shad'st
The full blaze of thy beams, and, through a cloud
Drawn round about Thee like a radiant shrine,
Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appear,
Yet dazzle Heaven, that brightest seraphim
Approach not, but with both wings veil their eyes.
Thee next they sang of all creation first,
Begotten Son, Divine Similitude,
In whose conspicuous countenance, without cloud
Made visible, the Almighty Father shines,
Whom else no creature can behold; on Thee
Impress'd the effulgence of his glory abides,
Transfused on Thee his ample Spirit rests.
He Heaven of Heavens and all the powers therein
By Thee created; and by Thee threw down
The aspiring dominations: Thou that day
Thy Father's dreadful thunder didst not spare,
Nor stop thy flaming chariot-wheels, that shook
Heaven's everlasting frame, while o'er the necks,
Thou drov'st of warring angels disarray'd.

Back from pursuit thy powers with loud acclaim
Thee only extoll'd, Son of thy Father's might,
To execute fierce vengeance on his foes,
Not so on Man: him, through their malice fall'n,
Father of mercy and grace, Thou didst not doom
So strictly, but much more to pity incline:
No sooner did thy dear and only Son
Perceive Thee purpos'd not to doom frail Man
So strictly, but much more to pity inclined,
He to appease thy wrath, and end the strife
Of mercy and justice, in thy face discern'd,
Regardless of the bliss wherein He sat,
Second to Thee, offer'd himself to die
For Man's offence. O unexampled love,
Love no where to be found less than Divine!
Hail, Son of God, Saviour of Men! Thy name
Shall be the copious matter of my song
Henceforth, and never shall my harp thy praise
Forget, nor from thy Father's praise disjoin.

Adam and Eve's Morning Hymn.

——————— To the field they haste.
But first, from under shady arborous roof,
Soon as they forth were come to open sight
Of day-spring, and the Sun, who, scarce up-risen,
With wheels yet hovering o'er the ocean brim,
Shot parallel to the Earth his dewy ray,
Discovering in wide landscape all the east
Of Paradise and Eden's happy plains,—
Lowly they bow'd adoring, and began
Their orisons, each morning duly paid
In various style; for neither various style
Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise
Their Maker, in fit strains pronounced, or sung
Unmeditated; such prompt eloquence
Flow'd from their lips, in prose or numerous verse,
More tuneable than needed lute or harp
To add more sweetness; and they thus began.
" These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,

Almighty! Thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair; Thyself how wondrous then!
Unspeakable, who sitst above these heavens
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels; for ye behold Him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in Heaven.
On Earth join all ye creatures to extol
Him first, Him last, Him midst, and without end.
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise Him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou Sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge Him thy greater; sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou fall'st.
Moon, that now meet'st the orient Sun, now fly'st,
With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies;
And ye five other wandering fires, that move
In mystic dance not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.
Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform; and mix
And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise
From hill or steaming lake, dusky, or gray,
Till the Sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honour to the World's great Author rise;
Whether to deck with clouds the uncolour'd sky,
Or wet the thirsty Earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling still advance his praise.
His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,
With every plant, in sign of worship wave.

Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
Join voices, all ye living souls: ye birds,
That singing up to Heaven-gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill, or valley, fountain, or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
Hail, universal Lord, be bounteous still
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gather'd aught of evil or conceal'd,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark!"

God's Omnipresence.

Adam, unwilling to leave Paradise, thus addresses Michael, the Archangel sent to drive him thence.

"CELESTIAL, whether among the thrones, or named
Of them the highest; for such of shape may seem
Prince above princes! gently hast thou told
Thy message, which might else in telling wound,
And in performing end us; what besides
Of sorrow, and dejection, and despair,
Our frailty can sustain, thy tidings bring,
Departure from this happy place, our sweet
Recess, and only consolation left
Familiar to our eyes! all places else
Inhospitable appear, and desolate;
Nor knowing us, nor known: and, if by prayer
Incessant I could hope to change the will
Of Him who all things can, I would not cease
To weary Him with my assiduous cries:
But prayer against his absolute decree
No more avails than breath against the wind,
Blown stifling back on him that breathes it forth:
Therefore to his great bidding I submit.
This most afflicts me, that, departing hence,
As from his face I shall be hid, deprived

His blessed countenance: here I could frequent
With worship place by place where He vouchsafed
Presence Divine; and to my sons relate,
'On this mount he appear'd; under this tree
Stood visible; among these pines his voice
I heard; here with Him at this fountain talk'd:'
So many grateful altars I would rear
Of grassy turf, and pile up every stone
Of lustre from the brook, in memory
Or monument to ages; and thereon
Offer sweet-swelling gums, and fruits, and flowers:
In yonder nether world where shall I seek
His bright appearances, or foot-step trace?
For though I fled him angry, yet, recall'd
To life prolong'd and promised race, I now
Gladly behold though but his utmost skirts
Of glory; and far off his steps adore."
To whom thus Michael with regard benign.
"Adam, thou know'st Heaven his, and all the Earth;
Not this rock only; his Omnipresence fills
Land, sea, and air, and every kind that lives,
Fomented by his virtual power and warm'd:
All the Earth He gave thee to possess and rule,
No despicable gift; surmise not then
His presence to these narrow bounds confined
Of Paradise, or Eden; this had been
Perhaps thy capital seat, from whence had spread
All generations; and had hither come
From all the ends of the Earth, to celebrate
And reverence thee, their great progenitor.
But this pre-eminence thou hast lost, brought down
To dwell on even ground now with thy sons:
Yet doubt not but in valley, and in plain,
God is, as here; and will be found alike
Present; and of his presence many a sign
Still following thee, still compassing thee round
With goodness and paternal love, his face
Express, and of his steps the track divine.
Which that thou may'st believe, and be confirm'd
Ere thou from hence depart; know, I am sent
To show thee what shall come in future days

To thee, and to thy offspring: good with bad
Expect to hear; supernal grace contending
With sinfulness of men; thereby to learn
True patience, and to temper joy with fear
And pious sorrow; equally inured
By moderation either state to bear,
Prosperous or adverse: so shalt thou lead
Safest thy life, and best prepared endure
Thy mortal passage when it comes."

The Sum of Wisdom.

The Archangel Michael having foreshown, or foretold, all the events of Providence and Grace, for the redemption of man, to the end of time, Adam exclaims:—

"How soon hath thy prediction, seer blest,
Measured this transient world, the race of Time,
Till Time stand fix'd? Beyond is all abyss,
Eternity, whose end no eye can reach.
Greatly instructed I shall hence depart;
Greatly in peace of thought; and have my fill
Of knowledge what this vessel can contain;
Beyond which was my folly to aspire.
Henceforth I learn, that to obey is best,
And love with fear the only God; to walk
As in his presence; ever to observe
His providence; and on Him sole depend,
Merciful over all his works, with good
Still overcoming evil, and by small
Accomplishing great things, by things deem'd weak
Subverting worldly strong, and worldly wise
By simply meek: that suffering for truth's sake
Is fortitude to highest victory,
And, to the faithful, death, the gate of life;
Taught this by his example, whom I now
Acknowledge my Redeemer ever blest."
To whom thus also the angel last replied.
"This having learn'd, thou hast attain'd the sum
Of wisdom; hope no higher, though all the stars
Thou knew'st by name, and all the ethereal powers,

All secrets of the deep, all Nature's works,
Or works of God in Heaven, air, earth, or sea,
And all the riches of this world enjoy'dst,
And all the rule, one empire; only add
Deeds to thy knowledge answerable; add faith,
Add virtue, patience, temperance; add love,
By name to come call'd charity, the soul
Of all the rest: then wilt thou not be loth
To leave this Paradise, but shalt possess
A paradise within thee, happier far."

[From his Sonnets.]

On Mrs. Catharine Thomson.

When Faith and Love, which parted from thee never,
Had ripen'd thy just soul to dwell with God,
Meekly thou didst resign this earthly load
Of death, call'd life; which us from life doth sever.
Thy works, and alms, and all thy good endeavour,
Staid not behind, nor in the grave were trod;
But, as Faith pointed with her golden rod,
Follow'd thee up to joy and bliss for ever.
Love led them on, and Faith, who knew them best
Thy hand-maids, clad them o'er with purple beams
And azure wings, that up they flew so drest,
And spake the truth of thee on glorious themes
Before the Judge; who thenceforth bid thee rest,
And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams.

On the Massacre of Protestants in Piedmont.

Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughter'd saints, whose bones
Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold;
Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipt stocks and stones,
Forget not: in thy book record their groans
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piemontese, that roll'd
Mother with infant down the rocks. The moans

The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
  To Heaven. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow
  O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple tyrant; that from these may grow
  A hundred fold, who, having learn'd thy way,
  Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

On the Author's Blindness.

This Sonnet, though severely simple in style, and remarkably abrupt in rhythm, is, nevertheless, in quiet grandeur of sentiment, one of the noblest records of human feeling, at once subdued and sublimed by resignation to the divine will. Milton is never more himself than when he speaks of himself. Here we are let into the inmost sanctuary of his mind, and hearken (as it were) to the invisible Spirit communing with itself, amidst the darkness of external nature, till light from heaven, suddenly breaking in, reveals God in his "Kingly state," served equally by those who *do*, and those who *suffer* his will.

When I consider how my light is spent
  Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide;
  And that one talent, which is death to hide,
  Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
  My true account, lest He, returning, chide;—
  "Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?"
  I fondly ask: but Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
  "Either man's work, or his own gifts; who best
  Bear his mild yoke, they serve Him best: his state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
  And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
  They also serve who only stand and wait."

ANDREW MARVELL.

BORN 1620. DIED 1678.

Principal works:—*Political Tracts*, and some pieces of *fugitive poetry*. Marvell's name, as a poet, will go down to posterity with Milton's, in the spirited lines that precede "*Paradise Lost*." As a statesman, his name will go down singly to posterity, for the character of incorruptible integrity attached to it, though, like his great contemporary friend, "fallen on evil days and evil tongues."

The Emigrants.

[These stanzas are supposed to be sung by a party of those voluntary exiles for conscience' sake, who, in a profligate age, left their country to enjoy religious freedom in regions beyond the Atlantic. The scene is laid near the Bermudas, or Summer Islands, as they were then called.]

WHERE the remote Bermudas ride
In ocean's bosom unespy'd,
From a small boat that row'd along,
The listening winds received this song.

"What should we do but sing his praise,
That led us through the watery maze,
Unto an Isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own.

"Where He the huge sea-monsters racks,
That lift the deep upon their backs;
He lands us on a grassy stage,
Safe from the storms and prelates' rage.

"He gave us this eternal spring,
Which here enamels every thing;
And sends the fowls to us, in care,
On daily visits through the air.

"He hangs in shades the orange bright,
Like golden lamps in a green night,
And does in the pomegranate close
Jewels more rich than Ormus shows.

"He makes the figs our mouths to meet,
And throws the melons at our feet;
With cedars, chosen by his hand,
From Lebanon, He stores the land.

"He cast—of which we rather boast—
The Gospel's pearl upon our coast,
And, in these rocks, for us did frame
A temple, where to sound his name.

"Oh! let our voice his praise exalt,
Till it arrive at heaven's vault,
Which, thence perhaps rebounding, may
Echo beyond the Mexique Bay."

Thus sang they in the English boat,
An holy and a cheerful note;
And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time.

Eyes and Tears.

How wisely Nature did decree
With the same eyes to weep and see!
That, having view'd the object vain,
They might be ready to complain.
And since the self-deluding sight,
In a false angle, takes each height,
These tears, which better measure all,
Like watry lines and plummets fall.
  What in the world most fair appears,
Yea even our laughter, turns to tears,
And all the jewels which we prize
Melt in the pendants of the eyes.
  I have through many gardens been,
Among the red, the white, the green,
And yet from all those flowers I saw
No honey but my tears might draw.
Yet happy they, whom grief doth bless,
That weep the more, and see the less;
And, to preserve their sight more true,
Bathe still their eyes in their own dew:

So Magdalen, in tears more wise,
Dissolved those captivating eyes,
Whose liquid chains could flowing meet
To fetter her Redeemer's feet.
  Not the moon-beaming shews more fair
Than two eyes swoln with weeping are:
The sparkling glance that shoots desire,
Drench'd in these waves, doth lose its fire;
Yea of the Thunderer pity takes,
And here the hissing lightning slakes.
The incense was to heaven dear,
Not as a perfume, but a tear;*
And stars shew lovely in the night
But as they seem the tears of light.
Ope, then, mine eyes, your double sluice,
And practise so your noblest use;
For others too can see and sleep,
But only human eyes can weep.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

Born 1614. Died 1695.

Principal works:—*Olor Iscanus, Silex Scintillans,* &c. Amidst much harshness and obscurity, there are gleams of rare excellence in his poems.

The Rainbow.

Still young and fine! but what is still in view
We slight as old and soil'd, though fresh and new;
How bright wert thou, when Shem's admiring eye
Thy burning, flaming arch did first descry;
When Zerah, Nahor, Haram, Abram, Lot,
The youthful world's gray fathers, in one knot,

---

* A fanciful allusion to fragrant gums, called "the tears" of plants from which they distill.

Did, with intentive looks, watch every hour
For thy new light, and trembled at each shower.
When thou dost shine, darkness looks white and fair;
Forms turn to music, clouds to smiles and air;
Rain gently spends his honey-drops, and pours
Balm on the cleft earth, milk on grass and flowers.
Bright pledge of peace and sunshine! the sure tie
Of thy Lord's hand, the object of his eye!
When I behold thee, though *my* light be dim,
Distant and low, I can in *thine* see Him,
Who looks upon thee from his glorious throne,
And minds the covenant betwixt ALL and ONE.

Heaven in Prospect.

THEY all are gone into a world of light,
And I alone sit lingering here;
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,
Like stars upon some gloomy grove;
Or those faint beams in which the hill is drest
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days;
My days which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmerings and decays.

O holy hope, and high humility,
High as the heavens above!
These are your walks, and you have shew'd them me
To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous Death, the jewel of the just,
Shining no where but in the dark,
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust;
Could man outlook that mark!

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest, may know
At first sight if the bird be flown,

But what fair field or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet as angels, in some brighter dreams,
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
And into glory peep.

If a star were confined into a tomb,
Her captive flame must needs burn there;
But when the hand that lock'd her up gave room
She'd shine thro' all the sphere.

O Father of eternal life, and all
Created glories under Thee!
Resume thy spirit from this world of thrall
Into true liberty.

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill
My perspective, still, as they pass,
Or else remove me hence unto that hill,
Where I shall need no glass.

MRS. KATHERINE PHILIPS.

BORN 1633. DIED 1664.

The Poems of this Lady, under the name of *Orinda*, gained her great reputation. She was celebrated in verse by the Earls of Orrery and Rosscommon, Cowley, Flatman, and others.

Against Pleasure.

THERE'S no such thing as pleasure here,
'Tis all a perfect cheat,
Which does but shine and disappear,
Whose charm is but deceit:
The empty bribe of yielding souls,
Which first betrays, and then controuls.

'Tis true, it looks at distance fair;
  But if we do approach,
The fruit of Sodom will impair,
  And perish at a touch:
In being than in fancy less,
And we expect more than possess.

For by our Pleasures we are cloy'd,
  And so desire is done;
Or else, like rivers, they make wide
  The channel where they run:
And either way true bliss destroys,
Making us narrow, or our joys.

We covet Pleasure easily,
  But it not so possess;
For many things must make it be,
  But one may make it less:
Nay, were our state as we could chuse it,
'Twould be consumed by fear to lose it.

What art thou then, thou winged air,
  More weak and swift than fame?
Whose next successor is despair,
  And its attendant shame.
The' experience-prince then reason had,
Who said of Pleasure, "It is mad."

A Prayer.

——— O God, enlarge my heart
To entertain what Thou wouldst fain impart.
Nor let that soul, by several titles thine,
And most capacious form'd for things divine,
(So nobly meant, that when it most doth miss,
'Tis in mistaken pantings after bliss,)
Degrade it self, in sordid things delight,
Or by prophaner mixtures lose its right.
Oh! that, with fixt unbroken thoughts, it may
Admire the light which does obscure the day.
And since 'tis angels' work it hath to do,
May its composure be like angels' too.

When shall these clogs of sense and fancy break,
That I may hear the God within me speak?
When, with a silent and retired art,
Shall I with all this empty hurry part?
To the still voice above, my soul advance;
My light and joy placed in his countenance?
By whose dispence my soul to such frame brought,
May tame each trecherous, fix each scattering thought;
With such distinctions all things here behold,
And so to separate each dross from gold,
That nought may satisfy my soul, set free
From earth, but to enjoy and study Thee.

The Soul.

How vain a thing is man, whose noblest part,
  That soul which through the world doth rome,
Traverses heaven, finds out the depth of art,
  Yet is so ignorant at home?

In every brook or mirrour we can find
  Reflections of our face to be;
But a true optick to present our mind
  We hardly get, and darkly see.

But somewhat sure doth here obscurely lie,
  That above dross would fain advance,
And pants and catches at eternity,
  As 'twere its own inheritance.

A soul self-moved which can dilate, contract,
  Pierces and judges things unseen:
But this gross heap of matter cannot act,
  Unless impulsed from within.

The soul her own felicity hath laid,
  And independent on the sense,
Sees the weak terrours which the world invade
  With pity or with negligence.

So unconcern'd she lives, so much above
  The rubbish of a sordid jail,

That nothing doth her energy improve
  So much as when those structures fail.

Religion for reward in vain would look,
  Vertue were doom'd to misery,
All actions were like bubbles in a brook,
  Were there no immortality.

But as that conquerour, who millions spent,
  Thought it too mean to give a mite;
So the world's Judge can never be content
  To bestow less than infinite.

Treason against Eternal Majesty
  Must have eternal justice too;
And since unbounded love did satisfie,
  He will unbounded mercy shew.

We stifle our own sun, and live in shade;
  But where its beams do once appear,
They make that person of himself afraid,
  And to his own acts most severe.

For ways, to sin close, and our breasts disguise
  From outward search, we soon may find:
But who can his own soul bribe or surprise,
  Or sin without a sting behind?

He that commands himself is more a prince
  Than he who nations keeps in awe;
Who yield to all that does their souls convince,
  Shall never need another law.

Orinda upon little Hector Philips.

Twice forty months of wedlock I did stay,
Then had my vows crown'd with a lovely boy;
And yet in forty days he dropt away,
O swift vicissitude of humane joy!

I did but see him, and he dis-appear'd,
I did but pluck the rose-bud, and it fell,
A sorrow unforeseen and scarcely fear'd,
For ill can mortals their afflictions spell.

And now, sweet babe, what can my trembling heart
Suggest to right my doleful fate or thee?
Tears are my muse, and sorrow all my art,
So piercing groans must be thy elegy.

Thus while no eye is witness of my mone,
I grieve thy loss (ah, boy too dear to live!)
And let the unconcerned world alone,
Who neither will, nor can refreshment give.

An offering too for thy sad tomb I have,
Too just a tribute to thy early herse,
Receive these gasping numbers to thy grave,
The last of thy unhappy mother's verse.

Little Hector Philips in answer to Orinda.

[By another Hand.]

Weep not, my mother, weep not, I am blest;
But must leave heaven, if I return to *thee;*
For I am where the weary are at rest,
The wicked cease from troubling,—Come to *me.*

RICHARD FLECKNOE.

[From his Epigrams, 1669.]

O God! and wouldst Thou die for me,
And shall I nothing do for Thee?
But still continue to offend
So good a Lord, so dear a Friend.
—Had any prince done this for thee,
My soul, what wondering would there be!
But since 'tis God that does it, thou
Dost never wonder at it now.
Strange, that one should more esteem
A grace or gift that's given to him
By earthly kings, than what is given
Unto him by the King of heaven!

JEREMY TAYLOR.

DIED 1667.

Bishop of Down and Connor; the most eloquent of English Preachers, and Author of various well known works in Divinity. The following specimens of his verse are extracted from "Festival Hymns," at the close of his "Golden Grove," a manual for private devotion. It will surprise many of his admirers to meet him in the avowed character of a Poet, though his prose may be said to be covered with laurels,—abounding with the embellishments and graces of the most imaginative poetry. His verse, as might be expected, is crude, but rich in noble thoughts.

On Christ's coming to Jerusalem.

LORD, come away:
Why dost thou stay?
Thy road is ready; and thy paths, made straight,
With longing expectation wait
The consecration of thy beauteous feet.
Ride on triumphantly; behold we lay
Our lusts and proud wills in the way.
Hosannah! Welcome to our hearts. Lord here
Thou hast a temple too, and full as dear
As that of Sion, and as full of sin:
Nothing but thieves and robbers dwell therein.
Enter, and chase them forth, and cleanse the floor:
Crucify them, that they may never more
Profane thy holy place,
Where thou hast chose to set thy face.
And then if our stiff tongues shall be
Mute in the praises of thy Deity,
The stones out of thy temple-wall
Shall cry aloud, and call,
"Hosannah!" And thy glorious foot-steps greet.

A Meditation on Death.

DEATH, the old serpent's son,
Thou hadst a sting once, like thy sire,

That carry'd hell and ever-burning fire:
But those black days are done;
Thy foolish spite bury'd thy sting
In the profound and wide
Wound of our Saviour's side.
And now thou art become a tame and harmless thing;
A thing we dare not fear,
Since we hear
That our triumphant God, to punish thee
For the affront thou didst him on the tree,
Hath snatch'd the keys of hell out of thy hand,
And made thee stand
A porter at the gate of life, thy mortal enemy.
O Thou, who art that gate, command that he
May, when we die,
And thither flie,
Let us into the courts of heaven thro' Thee.
Hallelujah.

On Heaven.

O BEAUTEOUS God! uncircumscribed treasure
Of an eternal pleasure!
Thy throne is seated far
Above the highest star;
Where thou prepar'st a glorious place
Within the brightness of thy face,
For every spirit
To inherit,
That builds his hopes upon thy merit;
And loves Thee with an holy charity,
What ravish'd heart, seraphick tongues, or eyes
Clear as the morning's rise,
Can speak, or think, or see
That bright eternity,
Where the great King's transparent throne
Is of an entire jasper-stone.
When thou dost bind thy jewels up, that day
Remember us, we pray;
That where the beryl lies,
And the crystal 'bove the skies,

There Thou may'st appoint us place,
Within the brightness of thy face;
And our soul
In the scroul
Of life and blisfulness enroul,
That we may praise Thee to eternity.

Immanuel.

How good a God have we! Who for our sake,
To save us from the burning lake,
Did change the order of creation:
At first He made
Man like himself, in his own image; now,
In the more blessed reparation,
The heavens bow,
Eternity took the measure of a span;
And said,
" Let us make our self like man;
And not from man the woman take,
But from the woman, man."
Hallelujah: we adore
His name, whose goodness hath no store.

The Day of Pentecost.

TONGUES of fire from heaven descend,
With a mighty rushing wind,
To blow it up, and make
A living fire
Of heavenly charity, and pure desire,
Where they their residence should take.
On the Apostles' sacred heads they sit;
Who now, like beacons, do proclaim and tell,
The' invasion of the host of hell;
And give men warning to defend
Themselves from the enraging brunt of it.
Lord, let the flames of holy charity,
And all her gifts and graces slide
Into our hearts, and there abide;

That, thus refined, we may soar above
With it, unto the element of love;
Even unto Thee, dear Spirit;
And there eternal peace and rest inherit.

A Prayer for Charity.

FULL of mercy, full of love,
Look upon us from above;
Thou who taught'st the blind man's night
To entertain a double light;
Thine and the day's, (and *that* thine too:)
The lame away his crutches threw:
The parched crust of leprosy
Return'd unto its infancy;
The dumb amazed was to hear
His own unchain'd tongue strike his ear;
Thy powerful mercy did even chase
The devil from his usurp'd place,
Where Thou Thyself should'st dwell, not he.
O let thy love our pattern be!
Let thy mercy teach one brother
To forgive and love another;
That copying thy mercy here,
Thy goodness may hereafter rear
Our souls unto thy glory, when
Our dust shall cease to be with men.

JOHN NORRIS.

BORN 1657. DIED 1711.

Author of *Poems*, *Essays*, *Letters*, and *Discourses*, &c.

Transient Delights.

In this stanza, perhaps, we find the origin of an admired thought, which occurs in *Blair's Grave*, thus expressed,

——————————— "Visits,
Like those of angels, short and far between;"

and in *Campbell's Pleasures of Memory*,

"Like angel-visits, few and far between."

How fading are the joyes we dote upon,
Like apparitions seen and gone:
But those which soonest take their flight,
Are the most exquisite and strong.
Like angels' visits, short and bright;
Mortality's too weak to bear them long.

Angel-Visits.

The thought appears again in the Author's Elegy on his Niece.

No wonder such a noble mind
Her way again to heaven so soon could find.
Angels, as 'tis but seldom they appear,
So neither do they make long stay,
They do but visit, and away,
'Tis pain for them to' endure our too gross sphere.
We could not hope for a reprieve,
She must dye soon, that made such haste to live.

The Infidel.

FAREWEL fruition, thou grand cruel cheat,
Which first our hopes dost raise and then defeat.

* * * * * * * *
* * * * * * *

Distance presents the object fair,
With charming features and a graceful air,
But when we come to seize the' inviting prey,
Like a shy ghost, it vanishes away.

As to the' unthinking boy the distant sky
Seems on some mountain's surface to rely;
He with ambitious haste climbs the ascent,
Curious to touch the firmament:
But when with an unweary'd pace
Arrived he is at the long-wish'd-for place,
With sighs the sad defeat he does deplore,
His heaven is still as distant as before.

And yet 'twas long ere I could throughly see
This grand impostor's frequent treachery.
Tho' often fool'd, yet I should still dream on
Of pleasure in reversion:
Tho' still he did my hopes deceive,
His fair pretensions I would still believe:
Such was my charity, that tho' I knew
And found him false, yet I would think him true.

But now he shall no more with shews deceive,
I will no more enjoy, no more believe,
The' unwary juggler has so often shewn
His fallacies, that now they're known.
Shall I trust on? the cheat is plain,
I will not be imposed upon again:
I'll view the bright appearance from afar,
But never try to catch the falling star.

The Meditation.

It must be done, my soul, but 'tis a strange,
A dismal and mysterious change,
When thou shalt leave this tenement of clay,
And to an unknown somewhere wing away;
When time shall be eternity, and thou
Shalt be thou know'st not what, and live thou know'st
not how.

Amazing state! No wonder that we dread
To think of death, or view the dead:
Thou'rt all wrapt up in clouds, as if to thee
Our very knowledge had antipathy;
Death could not a more sad retinue find,
Sickness and pain before, and darkness all behind.

Some courteous ghost, tell this great secrecy,
What 'tis you are, and we must be:*
You warn us of approaching death, and why
May we not know from you what 'tis to dye?
But you, having shot the gulph, delight to see
Succeeding souls plunge in with like uncertainty.

When life's close knot by writ from destiny,
Disease shall cut, or age unty;
When after some delays, some dying strife,
The soul stands shivering on the ridge of life;
With what a dreadful curiosity
Does she launch out into the sea of vast eternity!

So when the spacious globe was deluged o'er,
And lower holds could save no more,
On the' utmost bough the' astonish'd sinners stood,
And view'd the' advances of the' encroaching flood.
O'ertopp'd at length by the' element's encrease,
With horrour they resign'd to the untry'd abyss.

Posthumous Fame.

As for proud glory which comes after fate,—
All that can then of me be said,
I value least of all, it comes too late,
'Tis like the' embalming of the senseless dead:

---

* This couplet is thus imitated and expanded by Blair:

"Tell us, ye dead; will none of you, in pity
To those you left behind, disclose the secret?
O that some courteous ghost would blab it out
What 'tis you are, and we must shortly be." *The Grave.*

Others with pleasure, what me labour cost
May read, and praise; but to me all is lost;
  Just as the sun no joy does find
  In that his light, which chears mankind.

Or should I after fate has closed my eyes,
  Should I my living glories know,
My wiser, improved soul will then despise
All that poor mortals say or think below:
Even they who of men's ignorance before
Complain'd, because few did their works adore,
  Will then the self same censure raise,
  Not from their silence, but their praise.

Death and destruction shall ere long deface
  The world, the work of hands divine,
What pillars then, or monuments of brass
Shall from the general ruin rescue mine?
All then shall equal be; I care not then
To be a while the talk and boast of men;
  This only grant, that I may be
  Praised by thy angels, Lord, and Thee.

Resignation.

  Since 'tis thy sentence I should part
With the most precious treasure of my heart,
  I freely that and more resign,
My heart itself, as its delight, is thine,
  My little all I give to Thee,
Thou gav'st a greater gift, thy Son, to me.

  Take all, great God, I will not grieve,
But still will wish, that I had still to give:
  I hear thy voice, Thou bid'st me quit
My paradise, I bless and do submit;
  I will not murmur at thy word,
Nor beg thy angel to sheath up his sword.

GEORGE HICKES.

BORN 1642. DIED 1715.

[From "*Reformed Devotions*, or *Hymns and Meditations* of *St. Augustine*, several editions of which were published in the seventeenth century, particularly two by the Rev. GEORGE HICKES, Dean of Worcester, who may have been the original pharaphrast, but this cannot be affirmed here. The extracts ensuing are copied from an edition, published at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 1792, by the Rev. H. COTES, in which, it is presumed, some modern variations may have been introduced]

Sorrowing yet Rejoicing.

THEY that are merry, let them sing,
  And let the sad hearts pray;
Let those still ply their cheerful wing,
  And these their sober day.

So mounts the early warbling lark
  Still upward to the skies;
So sits the turtle in the dark,
  Amidst her plaintive cries.

And yet the lark, and yet the dove,
  Both sing, though different parts;
And so should we, howe'er we move
  With light or heavy hearts.

Or, rather, we should each essay,
  And our cross notes unite;
Both grief and joy should sing and pray,
  Since both such hopes invite;—

Hopes that all present sorrow heal,
  All present joy transcend;
Hopes to possess, and taste, and feel
  Delights that never end.

Answer to Christ's Call.

"Come unto me all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

I COME, renewed from above,
With loyal faith, and humble love;
I come, O Lord! I bow to Thee,
Whose heavenly love bow'd lower to me.

Faith is mine eye, faith strength affords
To keep pace with those gracious words;
And words more kind, more sure than they,
Love could not think, Truth could not say.

O dear memorial of that death,
Which still survives, and gives us breath!
Man's bread of life! O may'st thou be
My food, my joy, my all to me!

I come, good Lord, my hopes increase;
Give me my portion in thy peace;
Come, hidden life, and that long day,
For which I languish;—come away:—

When this dry soul thine eyes shall see,
And drink the unseal'd source of Thee;
When glory's sun faith's shade shall chace,
And for thy veil, give me thy face.

The Plant of Renown.

I WILL adore the King of love,
And King of sufferings too;
For love it was that brought Him down,
And set Him here in woe.

Love drew Him from his paradise,
Where flowers that fade not grow;
And planted Him in our poor dust,
Among us weeds below.

Here for a time this heavenly Plant
  Fairly grew up and thrived,
Diffused its fragrance all around,
  And all in sweetness lived.

But envious frosts, and furious storms,
  So long, so fiercely chide,
This tender Flower at last bow'd down
  Its bruised head, and died.

O narrow thoughts, and narrow speech!
  Your poverty confess;
A Saviour's love, a Saviour's death,
  How faintly you express!

May He, who, from a virgin-root
  Made this fair Flower to spring,
Help me to raise both heart and voice
  Redeeming love to sing.

"*All thy Works bless Thee.*"

HARK! my soul, how every thing
Strives to serve our bounteous King;
Each a double tribute pays,
Sings its part, and then obeys.

Nature's sweet and chiefest choir,
Him with chearful notes admire,
Chaunting every day their lauds,
While the grove their song applauds.

Though their voices lower be,
Streams have too their melody;
Night and day they warbling run,
Never pause, but still sing on.

All the flowers, that gild the spring,
Hither their still music bring;
If heaven bless them, thankful they
Smell more sweet, and look more gay.

Only man can scarce afford
This small tribute to his Lord;
Man, to whom his bounty flows,
All things gives and nothing owes.

Wake, for shame, my sluggish heart;
Wake, and gladly sing thy part;
Learn of birds, and streams, and flowers,
How to use thy nobler powers.

Call whole Nature to thine aid,
Since 'twas He whole Nature made;
Join in one eternal song,
All, who to one God belong.

R. FLETCHER.

1656.

God in Christ reconciled.

'Tis said, that God is a consuming fire,
But Oh! 'tis sure, He now lays by his ire:
He thunders out,
With trumpet's shout,
No judgment from Mount Sinai; but a still
Soft voice of love and free good will:
He that appear'd then in a warlike dress,
Seeks now the stray-sheep in the wilderness.

Receive *me*, Lord, but with that kind regret
The good old man his prodigal child met,
Who, as appears,
'Twixt joy and tears,
Ran, and embraced, and kiss'd his drooping son,
In all points now undone,
But the rich treasure of a father's love,
Which ne'er could be exhausted, nor remove.

RICHARD BAXTER.

BORN 1615. DIED 1691.

This eminent minister of the gospel, though author of some of the most popular treatises on sacred subjects, is scarcely known by one in a hundred of his admirers as a writer in verse; yet there is a little volume of "*Poetical Fragments*" by him, inestimable for its piety, and far above mediocrity in many passages of its poetry. The longest piece, entitled "*Love breathing thanks and praise,*" contains his spiritual auto-biography, from the earliest impressions made upon his conscience by divine truth, to the breaking out of the civil war between Charles I. and the Parliament. In this, and indeed in all the other minor pieces, he speaks the language of a minute self-observer, and tells the experience of his own heart in strains, which never lack fervency, nor indeed eloquence, however unapt in the art of turning tuneful periods in rhyme the author may occasionally be found. A great portion of this volume well merits republication, as the annexed examples will prove. He that is not powerfully affected by some of these—whatever be his taste in polite literature—may fear that he has neither part nor lot in a matter of infinitely surpassing interest even to himself.

God renewing Man in his own Image.

WHEN man from holy love, turn'd to a lye,
Thy image lost, became thine enemy;
O what a seal did love and wisdom find
To re-imprint thine image on man's mind!
Thou sent'st the signet from thine own right hand,
Made man for them that had themselves unman'd.
The' eternal Son, who in thy bosom dwelt;
Essential burning love, men's hearts to melt:
Thy lively image; he that knew thy mind:
Fit to illuminate and heal the blind.
With love's great office thou didst Him adorn,
Redeemer of the helpless and forlorn:
On love's chief work and message He was sent;
Our flesh He took, our pain He underwent;
Thy pardoning, saving love to man did preach;
The reconciler stood up in the breach;

The uncreated image of thy love,
By his assumption, and the Holy Dove,
On his own flesh thy image first imprest;
And by that stamp renews it on the rest.
Love was his nature, doctrine, life and breath;
Love flamed in his sufferings and death:
Thus love thine image, love on man doth print:
This coin, thy Son, thy Word and Spirit mint.
He that will have it true, must have it here;
Though love prepare its way by grief and fear:
Yea, oft by these expresseth its desire;
They are sincere when kindled by its fire.
These are love's methods, passing tongue and pen;
Wonders and joys, to angels, and to men.

Mourning over Hard-heartedness.

Long was I sadly questioning thy grace,
Because thy Spirit's steps I could not trace.
The difference is so great 'twixt heaven and hell,
That those must differ much who there must dwell.
I fear'd the change which raised my soul no higher,
Would not suffice to save me from hell fire;
But above all, I thought so hard a heart
Could not among the living have a part;
I thought thy Son would never heal my sore,
Unless my tears and sorrow had been more.
I wonder'd at my great stupidity,
That could not weep when I deserved to dye;
I wonder'd things so great as heaven and hell,
Did on my heart with no more feeling dwell;
That words which such amazing things import,
Did not sink deeper, and my soul transport;
That things of everlasting consequence
Did not affect me with a deeper sense;
And that a soul, so near its final doom,
Could give these worldly trifles any room;
That on these shadows I could cast an eye,
While death and judgment, heaven and hell stood by.

I wonder'd when my odious sin was named,
I was no more confounded and ashamed.
Many a time I beg'd a tender heart,
And never pray'd so much for joy, as smart;
I could have kiss'd the place where I did kneel,
If what my tongue had spoke, my heart could feel.
These were my cries, when I to Thee did speak,
O that this heart of stone might melt or break!
These were my groans, this was my daily breath,
O save me from hard-heartedness and death!
This was the title which I used to take,—
Sensless, hard-hearted wretch, that cannot wake!
But as thy wisdom gives in fittest measure;
Not all at once; 'tis meet we wait thy leisure.
I thought that things unseen should pierce and melt,
With as great passion as things seen and felt;
But now I find it is their proper part,
To be most valued, to be next the heart,
To be the highest interest of the soul;
There to command, and all things else countroul.

What shall I render unto the Lord?

O HAD I all my powers at command!
As readily as tongue, or foot, or hand!
My eyes should empty first the serious store,
Because I love so good a God no more;
And next some of the florid blood should spend,
Because the God of love I did offend;
The rest should serve for oyl unto love's fire,
Wasting in restless vehement desire.
At every mention of thy blessed name,
My ravish'd soul should mount up in love's flame;
Each sermon should Elias' chariot be,
To carry up my longing heart to Thee;
The saints' assemblies I would make more bright,
Where many heaven-aspiring flames unite;
And when my Lord's love-sufferings I read,
My pierced and love-wounded heart should bleed.

Love should enforce each word when I do pray;
A flaming heart I'd on thy altar lay:
When halving hypocrites give Thee a part,
Love should present my *whole*, though *broken* heart;
When in thy word I read love's mysteries,
There I would sweetly feed my greedy eyes;
Each sacrament should be an eucharist;
There heart with heart, and love with love should twist.
My friends and I would in our daily walk
Of love's delights and entertainments talk;
My working love should others' love excite:
In love I'd be a burning shining light.
Love through the lanthorn of my flesh should shine:
Who heard me speak, should hear that I am thine.
My daily love should rise before the sun,
And it in speed and constancy out-run;
Love as my life should fill up all my days;
Desire should be my pulse; my breath thy praise;
And I would wind up all the strings as high
As blessed Paul was in his extasy.
Heavenly love should all my words indite,
And be the soul and sense of all I write;
My heart of love's delight should sweetly think,
I'd write with flaming fire instead of ink:
And yet thy holy day should be my best,
In it my thirsty soul should taste of rest;
My daily food should increase to a feast.
O my dear God! how precious is thy love?
O could I mount thus to the flames above.

Fear growing into Love.

Fear is the soil that cherisheth the seed,
The nursery in which heaven's plants do breed;
God first in nature finds self-love, and there
He takes advantage to implant his fear.
With some the time is long before the earth
Disclose her young one by a springy birth;
When heaven doth make our winter sharp and long,
The seed of love lies hid, or seems but young;

But when God makes it spring-time, his approach
Takes from the barren soul its great reproach;
When heaven's reviving smiles and raies appear,
Then love begins to spring up above fear;
And if sin hinder not by cursed shade,
It quickly shoots up to a youthful blade;
And when heaven's warmer beams and dews succeed,
That's ripen'd fruit which e'en now was but seed:
Yet doth not flowering, fruitful love forget
Her nursing fear, there still her root is set,
In humble self-denyal under-trod,
While flower and fruit are growing up to God.

True and False Preachers.

THIS call'd me out to work while it was day,
And warn poor souls to turn without delay;
Resolving speedily thy word to preach,
With Ambrose, I at once did learn and teach:
Still thinking I had little time to live,
My fervent heart to win men's souls did strive;
I preach'd, as never sure to preach again,
And as a dying man to dying men!
O how should preachers men's repenting crave,
Who see how near the church is to the grave?
And see that while we preach and hear, we dye,
Rapt by swift time to vast eternity!
What statues, or what hypocrites are they,
Who between sleep and wake do preach and pray,
As if they feared wakening the dead,
Or were but lighting sinners to their bed!
Who speak of heaven and hell as on a stage,
And make the pulpit but a parrot's cage;
Who teach as men that care not much who learns,
And preach in jest to men that sin in earns.*
  Surely God's messenger, if any man,
Should speak with all the seriousness he can;

---

* In earnest.

Who treateth in the name of the Most High,
About the matters of eternity;
Who must prevail with sinners now or never,
As those that must be saved now, if ever;
When sinners' endless joy or misery,
On the success of his endeavours lie.
Though God be free, He works by instruments,
And wisely fitteth them to his intents.
A proud, unhumbled preacher is unmeet
To lay proud sinners humbled at Christ's feet;
So are the blind to tell men what God saith,
And faithless men to propagate the faith;
The dead are unfit means to raise the dead,
And enemies to give the children bread;
And utter strangers to the life to come,
Are not the best conductors to our home:
They that yet never learn'd to live and dye,
Will scarcely teach it others feelingly;
Or if they should preach others to salvation,
Unhappy men that preach their own damnation!

Forsaking all for Christ.

[From "*the Resolution*," in which the author counts the cost of following Christ through good report and evil report.]

Must I be driven from my books?
From house, and goods, and dearest friends?
One of thy sweet and gracious looks,
For more than this will make amends.
The world's thy book: there I can read,
Thy power, wisdom, and thy love;
And thence ascend by faith, and feed
Upon the better things above.

As for my house, it was my tent,
While there I waited on thy flock:
That work is done; that time is spent:
There neither was my home nor stock.
Would I in all my journey have
Still the same inn and furniture?

Or ease and pleasant dwellings crave,
Forgetting what thy saints endure?

My Lord had taught me how to want
A place wherein to put my head:
While He is mine, I'll be content,
To beg or lack my daily bread.
Heaven is my roof, earth is my floor;
Thy love can keep me dry and warm:
Christ and thy bounty are my store;
Thy angels guard me from all harm.

As for my friends, they are not lost:
The several vessels of thy fleet,
Though parted now, by tempests tost,
Shall safely in the haven meet.
Still we are centred all in Thee;
Members tho' distant, of one head;
In the same family we be,
By the same faith and Spirit led.

Before thy throne we daily meet,
As joynt petitioners to Thee:
In spirit we each other greet,
And shall again each other see.
The heavenly hosts, world without end,
Shall be my company above;
And Thou my best and surest friend,
Who shall divide me from thy love?

Must I forsake the soil and air,
Where first I drew my vital breath?
That way may be as near and fair;
Thence I may come to Thee by death.
All countries are my Father's lands;
Thy Son, thy love doth shine on all;
We may in all lift up pure hands,
And with acceptance on Thee call.

What if in prison I must dwell,
May I not there converse with Thee?
Save me from sin, thy wrath, and hell,
Call me thy child; and I am free.

No walls or bars can keep Thee out;
None can confine a holy soul;
The streets of heaven it walks about;
None can its liberty controul.

Must I feel sicknesses and smart,
And spend my days and nights in pain?
Yet if thy love refresh my heart,
I need not overmuch complain.
This flesh hath drawn my soul to sin;
If it must smart, thy will be done;
O fill me with thy joys within,
And then I'll let it grieve alone!

I know my flesh must turn to dust,
My parted soul must come to Thee,
And undergo thy judgment just,
And in the endless world must be.
In this there's most of fear and joy,
Because there's most of sin and grace,
Sin will this mortal frame destroy,
But Christ will bring me to thy face.

Shall I draw back and fear the end
Of all my sorrows, tears and pain?
To which my life and labours tend,
Without which all had been in vain?
Can I for ever be content
Without true happiness and rest?
Is earth become so excellent,
That I should take it for my best?

Or can I think of finding here
That which my soul so long had sought?
Should I refuse those joys through fear,
Which bounteous love so dearly bought?
All that doth taste of heaven is good;
When heavenly light doth me inform,
When heavenly life stirs in my blood,
When heavenly love my heart doth warm.

How many guiltless creatures die,
To be a feast or food to me,

Who love their lives as well as I;
And hath not God more right to me?
Must I be privileged alone?
Or no man die until he please?
And God deposed from his throne,
And humane generation cease?

Though all the reasons I can see,
Why I should willingly submit,
And comfortably come to Thee;
My God, Thou must accomplish it.
The love which fill'd up all my daies,
Will not forsake me to the end;
This broken body Thou wilt raise,
My spirit I to Thee commend.

Faith amidst Trials.

I TURN'D my back on worldly toys,
And set my face towards glory's shore;
Where Thou hast promised highest joys,
And blessedness for ever more.
I took my leave of sin and earth;
What I had loved, I now did hate;
Ashamed of my former birth,
I gave my life a newer date.

But since that time, how I am tost!
Afraid of every storm and wave,
Almost concluding I am lost,
As if Thou wouldst not help and save.
If I look out beyond thine ark,
Nothing but raging floods I see;
On this side heaven all's deep and dark,
But I look further unto Thee.

Spare Lord, and pity thy poor dust,
That fled into thy ark for peace;
O cause my soul on Thee to trust!
And do not my distress increase.

O keep up life and peace within,
If I must feel thy chastening rod!
Yet kill not me, but kill my sin;
And let me know, Thou art my God.

Why art thou, fainting soul, cast down?
And thus disquieted with fears?
Art thou not passing to thy crown,
Through storms of pain, and floods of tears?
Fear not, O thou of little faith!
Art thou not in thy Saviour's hand?
Remember what his promise saith;
Life and death are at his command.

To Him I did my self entrust,
When first I did for heaven imbark,
And He hath proved kind and just;
Still I am with Him in his ark.
Couldst thou expect to see no seas?
Nor feel no tossing wind or wave?
It is enough that from all these
Thy faithful pilot will thee save.

Lord, let me not my covenant break;
Once I did all to Thee resign;
Only the words of comfort speak,
And tell my soul that I am thine.
It is no death when souls depart,
If Thou depart not from the soul:
Fill with thy love my fainting heart,
And I'll not fading flesh condole.

My God, my love, my hope, my life!
Shall I be loath to see thy face?
As if this world of sin and strife,
Were for my soul a better place?
O give my soul some sweet foretast
Of that which I shall shortly see!
Let faith and love cry to the last,
Come, Lord, I trust my self with Thee.

Resignation.

LORD, it belongs not to my care,
  Whether I die or live;
To love and serve Thee is my share,
  And this thy grace must give.
If life be long, I will be glad,
  That I may long obey:
If short; yet why should I be sad,
  That shall have the same pay?

Christ leads me through no darker rooms
  Than He went through before;
He that into God's kingdom comes,
  Must enter by this door.
Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet,
  Thy blessed face to see;
For if thy work on earth be sweet,
  What will thy glory be?

Then I shall end my sad complaints,
  And weary, sinful daies;
And joyn with the triumphant saints,
  That sing Jehovah's praise.
My knowledge of that life is small,
  The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all;
  And I shall be with Him.

The Believer's reply to Death's threatenings.

I KNEW that from my birth
I was a mortal man;
My frailty is confest;
I knew my flesh was earth,
My life was but a span,
And here is not my rest.
If thou canst say no more,
All this I knew before,
And yet thy threats defie;
Have I long sought in pain,

And would I not obtain
Joyful eternity?

O feeble thing!
How canst thou conquer Christ,
And make his promise void?
First overcome my King,
And his command resist,
By whom thou art employ'd:
First win the world above,
And conquer endless love,
And then I'll be thy slave;
Kill an immortal soul,
And we will all condole,
And fear a darksom grave.

'Tis Christ that doth thee send,
To bring about his end;
And Him thou must obey;
He is my dearest friend,
And doth no harm intend,
In calling me away.
And why should he fear ill,
Whom love itself doth kill?
And numbereth with the blest?
Why should not death fulfil
His good all-ruling WILL,
My SPRING, my GUIDE, my REST?

The Exit.

My soul, go boldly forth,
Forsake this sinful earth;
What hath it been to thee
But pain and sorrow;
And think'st thou it will be
Better to-morrow?

Why art thou for delay?
Thou cam'st not here to stay:
What tak'st thou for thy part,
But heavenly pleasure;

Where then should be thy heart,
  But where's thy treasure?

Thy God, thy head's above,
There is the world of love,
Mansions there purchased are,
  By Christ's own merit,
For these He doth prepare
  Thee by his Spirit.

Jerusalem above,
Glorious in light and love,
Is mother of us all;
  Who shall enjoy them?
The wicked hell-ward fall;
  Sin will destroy them.

O blessed company,
Where all in harmony,
Jehovah's praises sing,
  Still without ceasing;
And all obey their King,
  With perfect pleasing.

What joy must there needs be,
Where all God's glory see;
Feeling God's vital love,
  Which still is burning;
And flaming God-ward move,
  Full love returning.

Hath mercy made life sweet:
And is it kind and meet,
Thus to draw back from God,
  Who doth protect thee?
Look then for his sharp rod,
  Next to correct thee.

Lord Jesus, take my spirit:
I trust thy love and merit:
Take home this wandering sheep,
  For Thou hast sought it:
This soul in safety keep,
  For Thou hast bought it.

The Valediction.

MAN walks in a vain shew,
They know, yet will not know,
Sit still when they should go,
  But run for shadows:
While they might taste and know
The living streams that flow,
And crop the flowers that grow
  In Christ's sweet meadows.
Life's better slept away,
  Than as they use it;
In sin and drunken play,
  Vain men abuse it.

They dig for hell beneath,
They labour hard for death,
Run themselves out of breath
  To overtake it.
Hell is not had for nought,
Damnation's dearly bought,
And with great labour sought,
  They'll not forsake it.
Their souls are Satan's fee,
  He'll not abate it;
Grace is refused that's free,
  Mad sinners hate it.

Is this the world men choose,
For which they heaven refuse,
And Christ and grace abuse,
  And not receive it?
Shall I not guilty be
Of this in some degree,
If hence God would me free,
  And I'd not leave it?
My soul, from Sodom flie,
  Lest wrath there find thee;
Thy refuge-rest is nigh,
  Look not behind thee.

JOHN BUNYAN.

BORN 1628. DIED 1688.

Bunyan, like Taylor and Baxter, is renowned for his numerous prose Works,—*The Pilgrim's Progress, Holy War*, &c. &c. but he is scarcely recognized as a Poet. His verse, it must be owned, is of a very humble cast, and by it he never would have risen to distinction. His principal productions in rhyme are *Ebal and Gerizim, Meditations on the four last things, Death, Judgment, Heaven and Hell, Prison Thoughts* and *Divine Emblems*. A few brief specimens cannot be unworthy of a place in this collection, for no homeliness of apparel nor rudeness of speech can utterly disguise the nobility of such ideas as had birth in a mind like Bunyan's, pregnant with bold imaginations, full of zeal for the Lord of hosts, and glorying in persecution itself for righteousness' sake.

Prison Meditations.

Speaking of his enemies, who called him heretic, and loaded him with bonds, indignities and cruel oppression, he says:

ALAS, they little think what peace
  They help me to, for by
Their rage my comforts do increase;
  Bless God, therefore, do I.

If they do give me gall to drink,
  Then God doth sweetning cast,
So much thereto, that they can't think
  How bravely it doth taste.

For as the devil sets before
  Me heaviness and grief,
So God sets Christ and grace much more,
  Whereby I take relief.

Though they say then that we are fools,
  Because we here do lie,
I answer, gaols are Christ his schools,
  In them we learn to die.

'Tis not the baseness of this state
  Doth hide us from God's face,
He frequently, both soon and late,
  Doth visit us with grace.

Here come the angels, here come saints,
  Here comes the Spirit of God,
To comfort us in our restraints
  Under the wicked's rod.

God sometimes visits prisons more
  Than lordly palaces,
He knocketh at our dungeon door,
  When He our house would miss.

The truth and life of heavenly things
  Lifts up our hearts on high,
And carries us on eagle's wings,
  Beyond carnality.

* * * * * * *

To them that here for evil lie,
  The place is comfortless,
But not to me, because that I
  Lie here for righteousness.

The truth and I were both here cast
  Together, and we do
Lie arm in arm, and so hold fast
  Each other: this is true.

This gaol to us is as a hill,
  From whence we plainly see
Beyond this world, and take our fill
  Of things that lasting be.

From hence we see the emptiness
  Of all this world contains;
And here we feel the blessedness
  That for us yet remains.

* * * * * * *

Know then, true valour there doth dwell
  Where men engage for God,
Against the devil, death and hell,
  And bear the wicked's rod.

These be the men that God doth count,
  Of high and noble mind;
These be the men that do surmount
  What you in nature find.

First they do conquer their own hearts,
  All worldly fears, and then
Also the devil's fiery darts,
  And persecuting men.

They conquer when they thus do fall,
  They kill when they do die;
They overcome then most of all,—
  And get the victory.

[From Divine Emblems.]

On the Peep of Day.

At peep of day, I often cannot know
Whether 'tis night, whether 'tis day or no.
I fancy that I see a little light,
But cannot yet distinguish day from night;
I hope, I doubt, but certain yet I be not,
I am not at a point, the sun I see not.
Thus such, who are but just of grace possest,
They know not yet if they be curst or blest.

On the Swallow.

This pretty bird, oh! how she flies and sings!
But could she do so if she had not wings?
Her wings bespeak my faith, her songs my peace;
When I believe and sing, my doubtings cease.

ANONYMOUS.

"*Spiritual Songs; or Songs of Praise, with Penitential Cries to Almighty God, upon several occasions; together with the Song of Songs, which is Solomon's, first turn'd, then paraphras'd in English Verse:—with an addition of a sacred Poem on Dives and Lazarus.*" —When the first edition of the volume under this title may have been published, is unknown to the Editor of the present work. The extracts hereunder given are from the *twelfth edition*, 1725. From the discreditable incorrectness of this copy, it cannot be supposed to have been printed under the eye of the Author. Indeed, whoever he might be, it is probable that he had been long dead in that year. These compositions evidently belong to the preceding century, and the Author probably flourished between the age of *Quarles* and that of *Watts*, his style being a middle tint between the raw colouring of the former and the day-light clearness of the latter. His talent is equally poised between both, having more vigour but less versatility than that of either his forerunner or his successor. That such writings should once have been exceedingly popular (as the multitude of editions proves) and now be nearly forgotten, is little creditable to the admirers of sacred literature in this country. Doctor Watts, Mr. Pope, and the Wesleys, appear to have been familiar with the contents of this volume, sundry lines and phrases in verses of theirs being evidently borrowed from passages in it.

A Song of Praise for the Morning.

My God was with me all this night,
  And gave me sweet repose:
My God did watch, even whilst I slept,
  Or I had never rose.
How many groan'd and wish'd for sleep,
  Until they wish'd for day;
Measuring slow hours with their quick pains,
  Whilst I securely lay!

Whilst I did sleep, all dangers slept,
  No thieves did me affright;
Those evening wolves, those beasts of prey,
  Disturbers of the night.

No raging flames nor storms did rend
  The house that I was in;
I heard no dreadful cries without,
  No doleful groans within.

What terrors have I 'scap'd this night,
  Which have on others fell!
My body might have slept its last,
  My soul have waked in hell.
Sweet rest hath gain'd that strength to me,
  Which labour did devour:
My body was in weakness sown,
  But it is raised in power.

Lord, for the mercies of the night,
  My humble thanks I pay;
And unto Thee I dedicate
  The first-fruits of the day.
Let this day praise Thee, O my God,
  And so let all my days:
And, O let mine eternal day
  Be thine eternal praise.

A Song of Praise for the Evening.

Now from the altar of my heart
  Let incense-flames arise:
Assist me, Lord, to offer up
  Mine evening sacrifice.
Awake, my love; awake, my joy;
  Awake, my heart and tongue;
Sleep not; when mercies loudly call,
  Break forth into a song.

Man's life's a book of history,
  The leaves thereof are days;
The letters mercies closely join'd,
  The title is thy praise.
This day God was my sun and shield,
  My keeper and my guide;
His care was on my frailty shewn,
  His mercies multiply'd.

Minutes and mercies multiply'd,
  Have made up all this day:
Minutes came quick; but mercies were
  More fleet and free than they.
New time, new favour, and new joys,
  Do a new song require:
Till I shall praise Thee as I would,
  Accept my heart's desire.

A Song of Praise for a Gospel-ministry.

A noble strain of pious gratitude, full of spirit and fire, and adorned with admirable imagery.

Fair are the feet which bring the news
  Of gladness unto me:
What happy messengers are these
  Which my bless'd eyes do see!
These are the stars which God appoints
  For guides unto my way,
To lead me unto Bethlem-town,
  Where my dear Saviour lay.

These are my God's ambassadors,
  By whom his mind I know;
God's angels in his lower heaven,
  God's trumpeters below.
The trumpet sounds, the dead arise,
  Which fell by Adam's hand;
Again the trumpet sounds, and they
  Set forth for Canaan's land.

Thy servants speak; but Thou, Lord, dost
  An hearing ear bestow:
They smite the rock; but Thou, my God,
  Dost make the waters flow:
They shoot the arrow; but thy hand
  Doth drive the arrow home:
They call; but, Lord, Thou dost compel,
  And then thy guests are come.

Angels that fly, and worms that creep,
  Are both alike to Thee;
If Thou mak'st worms thine angels, Lord,
  They bring my God to me.
As sons of thunder, first they come,
  And I the lightning fear;
But then they bring me to my home,
  And sons of comfort are.

Lord, Thou art in them of a truth,
  That I might never stray;
The clouds and pillars march before,
  And shew me Canaan's way.
I bless my God, who is my guide;
  I sing in Sion's ways:
When shall I sing on Sion's hill
  Thine everlasting praise?

Joy in the Holy Ghost.

There is a stream, which issues forth
  From God's eternal throne,
And from the Lamb a living stream,
  Clear as the crystal stone!
This stream doth water paradise,
  It makes the angels sing:
One cordial drop revives my heart,
  Hence all my joys do spring.

Such joys as are unspeakable,
  And full of glory too;
Such hidden manna, hidden pearls,
  As worldlings do not know.
Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
  From fancy 'tis conceal'd,
What Thou, Lord, hast laid up for thine,
  And hast to me reveal'd.

I see thy face, I hear thy voice,
  I taste thy sweetest love;
My soul doth leap: but, O for wings,
  The wings of Noah's dove!

Then should I flee far hence away,
  Leaving this world of sin:
Then should my Lord put forth his hand,
  And kindly take me in.

Deliverance from danger of Death.

LORD of my life, length of my days,
  Thy hand hath rescued me;
Who, lying at the gates of death,
  Among the dead was free.
My dearest friends I had resign'd
  Unto their Maker's care;
Methought I only time had left
  For a concluding prayer.

Methought death laid his hands on me,
  And did his prisoner bind;
And by the sound, methought I heard
  His Master's feet behind.
Methought I stood upon the shore,
  And nothing could I see,
But the vast ocean, with my eyes,
  —A vast Eternity.

Methought I heard the midnight cry,
  "Behold the Bridegroom comes:"
Methought I was call'd to the bar,
  Where souls receive their dooms.
The world was at an end to me,
  As if it all did burn:
But lo! there came a voice from heaven,
  Which order'd my return.

Lord, I return'd at thy command,
  What wilt Thou have me do?
O let me wholly live to Thee,
  To whom my life I owe!
Fain would I dedicate to Thee
  The remnant of my days.
Lord, with my life renew my heart,
  That both thy name may praise

Lamenting the loss of first Love.

In reading this, the reader will be reminded of Cowper's affecting Hymn, "*O for a closer walk with God!*"

O THAT my soul was now as fair
  As it has sometimes been,
Devoid of that distracting care
  Without, and guilt within!

There was a time when I could tread
  No circle but of love;
That joyous morning now is fled,
  How heavily I move!

Unhappy soul, that thou should'st force
  Thy Saviour to depart,
When He was pleased with so coarse
  A lodging in thy heart!

How sweetly I enjoy'd my God!
  With how divine a frame!
I thought, on every plant I trod,
  I read my Saviour's name!

O might those days return again,
  How welcome they should be!
Shall my petition be in vain
  Since grace is ever free?

Lord of my soul, return, return,
  To chase away this night;
Let not thine anger ever burn;
  God once was my delight.

A Cry before the Sacrament.

TO-DAY the Lord of Hosts invites
  Unto a costly feast;
O, what a privilege is this,
  To be my Saviour's guest!

But who, and what am I? O Lord!
  Unholy, and unmeet
To come within thy doors, or once
  Wash thy disciples' feet.

Worldly distractions, stay behind,
  Below the mount abide;
Be no disturbance to my mind,
  Nor make my Saviour chide.

Let nothing that is not divine,
  Within thy presence move;
Whate'er would cause Thee not to shine
  In tokens of thy love.

Whilst Thou dost at thy table sit,
  Send out thy Spirit to breathe
Upon my soul, to summon forth
  My graces from beneath.

Awake repentance, faith, and love,
  Awake, O every grace!
Come, come, attend this glorious King,
  And bow before his face.

O come, my Lord, the time draws nigh
  That I am to receive,
Stand with my pardon sealed by,
  Perswade me to believe.

O let our entertainment now
  Be so exceeding sweet,
That we may long to come again,
  And at thy table meet.

The Scriptures.

[From "Dives and Lazarus," being part of Abraham's last rejoinder to the prayer of the rich man, that he would send Lazarus from the dead to warn his Brethren, not to come to that place of torment. The free and nervous versification of this extract is, in many passages, worthy of Dryden himself, and yet throughout the whole the *material* infinitely surpasses the *workmanship*. The general execution of the poem is remarkably inferior to this noble conclusion of the whole.]

WHAT eye e'er pierced the' Almighty's sacred breast?
Himself knows only what will please Him best.
Since man was made to serve his Maker's will,
Which is an height transcending human skill,
A rule must needs be granted from on high
For him to regulate his actions by;
This heaven-sprung rule that sacred roll contains,
Which in the consecrated land remains.
Its words and mysteries are all divine,
And weighty mountains hang on every line;
It, sun-like, shines by its own golden beams,
And scorns its base co-rivals' sensless dreams.
Those spangles which the heathen sages left,
Were from this mine snatch'd by an honest theft.
Give me that hardy brow that dares deny
The Bible's well-attested history.
Moses said many things, and proved them too,
With proofs, which all hell's magick did out-do;
God's power he carried in his hands, to show
That from his mouth the truths of God did flow,
And his credentials on his face did shine,
Which there were written by a beam divine.
The gazing Jews were struck, who plainly saw,
That whence he had his light, he had his law.
  Those sections, which the sacred code begin,
Were by an age of wonders usher'd in;
The prophets' superstructure firmly stands
On two hewn stones laid by the' Almighty's hands;
They count the footsteps of their coming Lord,
They view the mercy-seat with one accord;

One tells his name, another tells his place,
Another writes the beauties of his face:
Thus is He glanced at by their piercing eyes,
The last of them his harbinger espies.
And O the brisk, the charming, airs that spring
From the consent of each harmonious string!
He's over-wise who dreads fictitious lines
From hands unbribed, and hearts without designs;
They wrote beyond themselves, which serves to prove
Their hearts and hands were guided from above.
The world's just age, and what was done of old,
Are in the Sacred Register enroll'd;
Here may be seen the pristine state of man,
And, (that Nile's head) the source where ills began;
Here may be seen what makes a second spring;
Here is the best account of every thing.
  The wonders witness'd now by mortal eyes,
Are but the products of its prophesies;
The Scriptures rule the world; till this shall burn,
All ages on their axle-tree shall turn.
  This heaven-inspired volume doth avow
What reason may embrace, or must allow.
When God describes himself, 'tis such an height
As far surmounts quick fancie's highest flight:
'Tis reason, reason should be puzzled here;
Man should be God if he knew what he were:
To these vast heights thus sober reason saith,
" I see the seals, and yield the chair to faith."
Now, the Almighty's word shall reptiles slight,
When heaven and earth bear witness to his might?
Vast numbers from his word at first did flow,
And must his word pass for a cypher now?
Nay, his commands at first creations were,
And now his word commands and gives an ear:
It is a sun that gives both light and eyes,
A voice that bids, and makes the dead arise;
It makes clouds, stars, and sends them to the sky;
And turneth Heaven into a colony.
  Unbelief is not reason, but a lust;
God's hand and sword gives it its mortal thrust;

The Law of the two tables will prevail,
When other self-invented means shall fail;
Whilst other archers level in the dark,
The arrows from God's quiver hit the mark.
What voices, or what visions, would you have?
God's voice, or nothing, will your brethren save:
New methods of salvation to contrive,
Is fruitless labour; let them hear and live.
If preachers raised by God they will disdain,
Preachers raised from the grave would preach in vain.

SIR ROBERT HOWARD.

DIED 1700.

Author of *The Duel of the Stags*, and other *Poems*.

Death Familiar.

WE always should remember Death is sure;
What grows familiar most, we best endure;
For life and death succeed like night and day,
And neither gives increase, nor brings decay;
We must all pass through Death's *Dead-sea* of night
To reach the haven of eternal light.

JOSEPH BEAUMONT.

BORN 1615. DIED 1699.

Author of "*Psyche, or Love's Mystery, in Twenty-four Cantos, displaying the intercourse between Christ and the Soul:*"—the longest poem in the English language, consisting of nearly *forty thousand lines;* yet scarcely known, even by name, to one reader in a thousand. This work is so mystical, allegorical, and rhapsodical, that it would be vain to attempt any sketch of the plan here: it is, indeed, like some other poems of the age, (*Stirling's Doome's Day*, for example) a history of the world, in a certain line,—here limited to the revelations of Himself by God, "at sundry times and in divers manners." The pages perpetually present striking and brilliant scintillations of genius and fine thought, amidst obscurity and dulness, which no effort of patience in these "degenerate days," (when readers are as much stunted in their plodding faculties as heroes in their bodily stature, in comparison with those of the olden time,) can be expected to overcome; and yet that the enterprise of an adventurer, who could persevere through the whole, would be reasonably rewarded, must be manifest from the quotations that follow.

John the Baptist in the Wilderness.

[*Phylax, Psyche's* Guardian Angel, describes to her the pictures embroidered on a girdle, transmitted to her by "the Spouse."]

BUT there the scene is changed, where Desolation
Was sole inhabitant, until that one
Poor Ermite chose his tamest habitation,
Amidst its wildness: that plain thing is John.
  'Tis strange how Mary taught such gems to seem
  So vile a garb, as here becloudeth him.

That cincture stands but for a thong of leather,
That vestiment for a coat of camel's hair:
The sum of all his wardrobe was no other
But what upon his simple self he bare.
  "No riches will I own," said noble he,
  "But what may make me rich in poverty.

I know my dust; nor shall my flesh and blood,
Flatter my heart into forgetfulness,
That they are sentenced to become the food
Of putrefaction: and why should I dress
  Corruption's seeds in beautie's livery,
  And be a painted tomb before I dy?

"I'll rob no ermyn of his dainty skin
To make mine own grow proud: no cloth of gold
To me shall dangerous emulation win:
I live to live; I live not to be sold:
  And fine enough this clod of mine shall be
  In weeds which best will suit humility.

"This hairy covering is my only bed,
My shirt, my cloke, my gown, my every-thing;
When over it these several names I read,
His furniture I well can spare the king,
  The tumult of whose store yields no supply
  So fully fit, as my epitomy."

His common diet those poor locusts are;
And when he feasts, he lifts but up his head,
And strait those courteous trees, to mend his fare,
Into his mouth sincerest honey shed;
  Nor turns he down that mouth, until it has
  Pay'd for its sweet feast by a sweeter grace.

Here with himself he does converse: a rare
And painful thing, when men in presses dwell;
Where, whilst on those who crowd them still they stare,
Unhappy they, alas, though too-too well
  Skilled in all their neighbours, never come
  To be acquainted with themselves at home.

The rest of his acquaintance dwelt on high,
Beyond his eyes' reach, but within his heart's:
For with what speed brave lightnings downward fly,
Through every stage of heaven, this upward darts:
  Nor will its sprightful journey bounded be
  By any rampart but immensity.

At God it aims, nor ever fails to hit
Its blessed mark, whilst on strong Prayer's wings,
Or Contemplation's it steers its flight:
And rank'd above with joyous angels sings,
  Admires, adores, and studies to forget
  There is a breast below which wanteth it.

He fetch'd no bold materials from the deep
Bowels of any marble mine, to raise
A daring fabric, which might scorn the steep
Torrent of headlong time; as if his days
  And years had been his own, and he might here
  Lord of his life for ever domineer.

He knew the least blast's indignation might
His brittle dust and ashes blow away:
He knew most certain death's uncertain night
Lurk'd in the bosom of his vital day:
  He knew, that any house would serve him, who
  Look'd for no home so long's he dwelt below.

That cave his palace was, both safe and strong,
Because not kept by jealous door nor bar:
Those groves his gardens, where he walk'd among
The family of dread, yet knew no fear:
  For fear's wild realm is not the wilderness,
  But that foul breast where guilt the dweller is.

Those bears, those boars, those wolves, whose ireful face
Strikes terror into other mortal eyes,
With friendly mildness upon him did gaze,
As on sweet Adam in calm paradise;
  They slander'd are with savageness; no spleen
  They bear to man, but to man's poison, sin.

So wild, so black, and so mis-shaped a beast
Is sin, that other monsters it defy,
As a more monstrous thing than they, and cast
About how to revenge it: but the eye
  And port of purity so reverend are,
  That beasts most feared wait on it with fear.

The beams of this angelic life at last
Broke out, and summon'd in new admiration;
For man at length, that duller, ruder beast,
Is by these brutes convinced to imitation:
  Behold that thronging rout, which hither flies;
  See how they stare, and scarce believe their eyes.

These deserts nothing less than desert seem,
Being crowded from themselves, and now become
Jury's thick towns, and fair Jerusalem,
Which hither have removed their populous home:
  What now has John lost by his private cell,
  To which whole towns and cities flock to dwell?

Thus generous honor righteously disdains
Even to be touch'd by the high-panting reach
Of bold ambition; but through hills and plains,
And dens and caves, and deserts hunts to catch
  The modest fugitive, whom worth doth hurry
  From worth's reward, and makes afraid of glory.

His auditory now so ample grown,
The noble Ermite is resolved to preach:
"Behold," says he, "that promised glory's dawn,
(Which to behold, the patriarchs did reach
  Their necks and eyes through many a shady thing,)
  In your horizon now begins to spring.

"O fail ye not to meet his gracious beams
With undefiled hearts; for such is He;
And will baptize you with refined streams
Of searching fire, that you may metal be
  Of pure alloy, and, signed with his face
  And motto, through his realm for current pass.

"Let not that power of spots and blots, which in
Your souls now reigns, make you despair to be
Freed from the filthy bondage of your sin,
For you aforehand shall be wash'd by me;
  My water for his fire the way prepares,
  As for my water must your hearty tears."

Observ'st thou, Psyche, how that silver stream
Its limpid self doth through the girdle wind:

This Jordan is, and there the people seem
At busy crowding strife who first should find
  A better baptism in those floods, which may
  Their fruitless legal washings wash away.

Christ Baptized by John.

[Another scene represented in the girdle.]

But mark that graceful He: how sweet his eye,
How delicate and how divine his face
Embellish'd with heart-conquering majesty!
Wert thou to choose thy spouse, wouldst thou not place
  Thy soul to Him? 'Tis He: O no, it is
  As much of him as jewels can express.

To be baptized, not cleansed, cometh He,
Who is more spotless than that living Light
Which gilds the crest of heaven's sublimity;
He comes, by being washed to wash white
  Baptism itself, that it henceforth from Him
  And his pure touch, with purity may swim.

As when, amongst a gross ignoble crowd
Of flints and pebbles and such earth-bred stones,
An heaven-descended diamond strives to shroud
Its lustre's brave ejaculations;
  Although it 'scapes the test of vulgar eyes,
  The wiser jeweller the gem descries:—

So most judicious John's discerning eye
This Stranger's shy but noble splendor read;
Besides, when others to their baptism by
A penitent confession prefaced,
  He waved that useless circumstance, and so
  Himself conceal'd, yet intimated too.

See how suspense astounds the Baptist: for
The promised sign his Master to descry
Appeared not: this made his just demur
Dispute the case, and resolutely cry,
  "If Thou art spotless, fitter 'tis for me
  Who sinful am, to be baptized by Thee."

But when his Lord reply'd, " For once let me
Prevail, since thus alone we must fulfil
The sum of righteousness;" ambiguous, He
Felt sacred awe surprize his trembling will:
  He mused, and guess'd, and hovered about
  The glimmering truth with many a yielding thought.

Which Jesus seeing, He upon him threw
The urgent yoke of an express injunction;
Whose virtue forthwith efficacious grew,
And made the meek saint bow to his high functions:
  Cast but thine eye a little up the stream,
  Wading in crystal there thou seest them.

Old Jordan smiled, receiving such high pay
For those small pains obedient he had spent,
Making his waters guard the dryed way
Through wonders when to Canaan Israel went;
  Nor does he envy now Pactolus streams
  Or eastern floods, whose paths are paved with gems.

The waves came crowding one upon another
To their fair Lord, their chaste salute to give:
Each one did chide and justle back his brother,
And with laborious foaming murmur strive
  To kiss those feet, and so more spotless grow,
  Than from its virgin spring it first did flow.

But those most happy drops the Baptist cast
On life's pure head, into the joyless sea
Which borroweth from death its stile, made haste,
And soon confuted that sad heraldry:
  The deep that day revived, and clapt his hands,
  And roll'd his smiles about his wondring strands.

See there thy spouse is on the bank, and more
Than heaven flown down and pitch'd upon his head;
That snowy Dove, which perched heretofore
High on the all-illustrious throne of God,
  Hath chose this seat, nor thinks it a descent
  On such high terms to leave the firmament.

For wheresoever Jesus is, although
In the profoundest gulph of black disgrace,

Still Glory triumphs in his soveraign brow,
Still Majesty holds its imperial place
  In the bright orb of his all-lovely eye;
  Still most depressed He remains Most High.

And heaven well witness'd this strange truth, which in
That wondrous instant oped its mouth, and cry'd,
" This is my darling Son, in whom do shine
All my joy's jewels." O how far and wide
  That voice did fly, on which each wind gat hold,
  And round about the world the wonder told.

Christ stilling the Tempest.

HERE having step'd aboard, He turn'd his eye
Upon the storm, and sternly signified
His royal will: their duty instantly
The winds discover'd in that glance, and hied
  Away in such great haste and fear, that they
  Lost all their breath and spirits by the way.

The mutinous billows saw his awful look,
And hush'd themselves all close into their deep:
The sea grew tame and smooth; the thunder broke
Its threatning off; forth durst no lightning peep,
  But kept its black nest, now outshined by
  The flashing mandates of its Master's eye.

The Devils, who all this while had toss'd and rent
The elements, perceived the final wrack
Fall on their own design, and yelling went
Home to their pangs; the clouds in sunder brake,
  And having clear'd the scene of these loud wars,
  Left heaven's free face all full of smiling stars.

Forthwith the ship without or sail, or tide,
Kept strait its course, and flew to kiss the shore:
Where Jesus deigns to be the vessel's Guide,
There needs no help of time, tide, wind, or oar;
  His eye alone might drive the bark, whose look
  Abash'd the sea, the storm with terror stroke.

His eye, his eye is that eternal star
Which gildeth both the poles; which day and night
Equally shines; which guides all those who are
Sailing in life's rough sea: for by his light,
And none but his, each mortal mariner
Who goes for safety's port, his course must steer.

THOMAS KEN.

BORN 1637. DIED 1710.

Sometime Bishop of Bath and Wells. He had the double honour of being one of the seven prelates, sent to the Tower for protesting against the tyrannical usurpations of spiritual authority by James II. and also of conscientiously vacating his see, rather than take the oaths to William III. after having sworn allegiance to his predecessor.—His *poems* are numerous, and of considerable merit, though by three only is he now generally known—the *Morning*, *Evening*, and *Midnight Hymns*.

Christ's virtual presence on Earth.

WHEN Peter cry'd out, sinking in the wave,
And Jesus stretch'd his hand the saint to save;
Had Jesus been in heaven when Peter pray'd,
And sent invisible, yet mighty aid;
He as effectually had Peter freed,
Had been as present in the time of need,
As if He had been treading on the main,
And reach'd his hand his votary to sustain:
Christ's virtual presence may as real be,
As if we should his person present see.

Indifference to the Word of God.

SEE Christians there in throngs the church attend,
There warn'd of heaven and hell, they rarely mend:
Thus a sweet voice which sings a pleasing lay,
While on the lute the artful fingers play,

While the sound lasts, may entertain the mind,
But ceasing, no impression leaves behind;
Even Priests too oft, who to consider teach,
Themselves scarce re-consider what they preach.

A Good Priest.

Give me the Priest these graces shall possess;—
Of an ambassador the just address,
A father's tenderness, a shepherd's care,
A leader's courage, which the cross can bear,
A ruler's awe, a watchman's wakeful eye,
A pilot's skill, the helm in storms to ply,
A fisher's patience, and a labourer's toil,
A guide's dexterity to disembroil,
A prophet's inspiration from above,
A teacher's knowledge, and a Saviour's love.

Edmund and Hilda.

As two embracing palms, whose roots conjoin,
Whose boughs to a perpetual kiss incline;
Their shady locks into each other wreath,
Their mutual sweets into each other breathe;
Their morning dew into each other drop,
Both feel the wound, if you should either crop;
Their odorous flowers at the same season blow,
Both twine the more, the more their branches grow;
Both influenced are, and warm'd by the same ray,
Both by a separation soon decay:
Edmund and Hilda thus soft passions vie,
Together spring, live, flower, and wish to die;
To die, for both their parting hour fore-view'd,
And to God's gracious will their loves subdued.

Hilda at Home.

Hilda, while Edmund toil'd in state-affairs,
Eased him of all his œconomick cares.

In all that bounded was within her sphere,
Her wisdom shined, in her whole conduct, clear;
No vain expence she on herself bestow'd,
A spirit frugal, and yet generous show'd;
She of God's blessings could no waste endure,
But in rewards was bountiful and sure;
The poor had an allotted liberal share,
In all that she with decency could spare;
Her speech was uncensorious and restrain'd,
All that she spake a pleased attention gain'd;
In her discourse a gleam of virtue shined,
Impressing virtuous tinctures on the mind;
Her robes she wore when form of state required,
The pomp she rather suffer'd than desired;
Yet on the throne, when she appear'd a queen,
More graceful majesty was never seen;
Her usual dress was comely, never gay,
No new vain fashion could her judgment sway;
Humility so ballasted her soul,
It never to self-confidence could roll;
She could no praise, no flattery ever bear,
She seem'd to have ne'er known that she was fair;
She, like a star, seem'd little light to cast,
Yet had a splendor and an orbit vast;
Meek in command, of conversation sweet,
Free from harsh words, disdain, pride, peevish heat;
In well-chose friendships constant and sincere,
And pitiful when forced to be severe;
She gratefully a kindness overpaid,
And but the virtuous none her favourites made.

God is Love.

By various names we thy perfections call,
But pure, unfathom'd love, exhausts them all;
By love all things were made, and are sustain'd,
Love all things, to allure man's love, ordain'd;
Love vengeance from lapsed human race suspends,
Love our salvation, when provoked, intends;
Love, Lord, thy infinite perfections join'd,

Into all forms of love to save mankind;
Enlightening wisdom, and supporting might,
Grace to forgive, compassion to invite;
Thy bounty in rewards which thought exceed,
Munificence to promise all we need;
Truth to perform, paternal, tender care,
A patient mildness long to wait, and spare;
A justice, to chastise love's hatefull foes,
With jealousy, cursed rivals to oppose;
Benignity, to hear a sinner's cry,
Unbounded all-sufficience, to supply;
They all are love, love only is their aim,
My verse shall love, and hymn Thee by that name.

A Sinner converted.

I HAD one only thing to do,
Yet would a thousand things pursue;
God only could exhaust my mind,
In God alone I rest could find;
Yet o'er the world wild flights I took,
While I my self and God forsook.

My thought things perishable fill'd,
My soul, what was my poison will'd;
I fondly loved what I should hate,
Desired what horror should create:
I lying vanities believed,
And trusted most, where most deceived.

As soon might the autumnal sun,
To Libra, when its course was run,
Revolve, till it to Aries reel'd,
And with new spring bedeck'd the field,
As I from sin my heart estrange,
And my entire propension change.

God shining on me from his throne,
Benignly brake this heart of stone;
All love to God, whose gracious stroke
Enflamed my heart, as well as broke:

Conscience, whom I with opiates ply'd,
Now wake, and be my watchful guide.

On Thee, my God, my thought shall muse,
Thee sovereignly my will shall chuse;
My love shall to thy love aspire,
The sole desirable desire;
Thou wilt have all my heart or none,
The world I for thy sake disown.

My soul shall long for blissful sight,
Shall in the source of joy delight;
In hymns I day by day will sing,
The favours of my heavenly King;
My powers from Thee, my God, descend,
And shall to thy sole glory tend.

Lord, I, self-offer'd, am not mine,
Keep safe this heart entirely thine;
Let not hell-powers in triumph say,
That what was thine they made their prey;
Maim'd is the offering, yet sincere,
Heaven will its imperfections clear.

Sweet Remembrances.

I OFT recall the moments dear,
Enjoy'd in penitential tear,
A beam of pardon through me shined,
Diffusing sweetness o'er my mind;
Upon my knees, while that I felt,
I could eternally have dwelt.

My God, to what endearing ways
Dost Thou descend my love to raise,
The wings of the all-gracious Dove
Shed soft, sweet, penitential love;
Thought humble and devout traject,
And make me on my self reflect.

Lord, when the blessings of both lives,
To recollect my spirit strives;

Their number and their greatness swell,
To heights which lowly verse excel;
Yet viewing my vile self, I more
Thy goodness undeserved adore.

Thy self, O amiable Lord!
Thou hast proposed for our reward;
And thy benignities so clear,
So beatifical appear,
That 'tis impossible to love,
And not desire thy sight above.

Lord, while in view thy love I keep,
The fruits of love I daily reap;
Heart-easing tears whene'er I slide,
Some loveliness yet undescry'd;
Or zeal all frozen hearts to fire,
Till they to love Thee shall conspire:—

To prayer some gracious answers sent,
Some meditations more intent;
Or sudden fervency devout,
Or heavenly guidance when in doubt;
Or fresh aversions to false joy,
Or some new hymns which love employ.

ANONYMOUS.

1600 to 1700.

[From "Youth's Introduction to Divine Harmony."]

A Sacramental Hymn.

How sweet the angel-trumpets sound,
  With heaven's kind invitation,
That call, the altar to surround,
  In paschal celebration:
Our Father has us wellcome bid,
Upon the Holy Lamb to feed,
  With blest solemnization.

O sacred viands, here prepared
  For our divine repasting!
O sacred gate, for us unbarr'd
  To pleasures everlasting!
Jesus is manna, bread divine;
Jesus is oyl, is milk and wine,
  And honey to our tasting.

Who would not, Lord, remember Thee,
  On all such blest occasions?
O can thy cross e'er buried be
  In worldly occupations?
O tree so dry, such fruit to bring
As ne'er in paradise did spring,
  For healing of the nations.

Into what mysteries must we dive,
  In this divine refection?
We live to die, we die to live,
  In blissful resurrection.
Dear Lord, who would not die with Thee,
In death the new-birth's gate to see,
  And inlet to perfection?

Good Lord, extend thy charity
  To thy poor flock disjoynted;
Restore thy church's unity,
  As when 'twas first appointed.
O let us live in love with Thee,
And in fraternal amity,
  With oyl of grace anointed.

A Breathing after Rest.

Each day on wings vexation brings,
  And certain cares abounding;
Yet shall not this disturb our bliss,
  With restless thoughts confounding.
God's promise true is ever new
  To hearts in him confiding;
His heavenly grace, in every case,
  Advice and aid providing.

Ah! God let me burn ardently
  In thy sweet love for ever;
And succour send, when the' evil fiend
  Me from my rest would sever.
I'd own thy truth with heart and mouth,
  Before thy scepter falling;
Thy Spirit in me, of liberty,
  Thee Abba, Father, calling.

We wait the dear sabbatick year
  Of grace and judgment greeting;
All enemies made now thy prize,
  And at thy feet submitting.
When every king shall tribute bring,
  Their rights to Thee revolving;
And every crown be molten down,
  In thy pure love dissolving.

O Sion's rock! save thy poor flock;
  Thy faithful word remember;
Confirm the hands, and break the bands
  Of each distressed member.
Thy will be known, thy trumpet blown
  For joy and jubilating:
All nations round in peace be found,
  Thy Sabbath celebrating.

EDMUND WALLER.

BORN 1605. DIED 1687.

Waller, like Cowley, had his portion of fame in this life. The latter, however, may be revived occasionally from the death of oblivion, and command the admiration of posterity; the former never. Waller's Poems were principally on fugitive or fanciful themes, and their beauty was so evanescent, that we look almost in vain in the best of them for that which charmed his contemporaries.

Youth and Age.

THE seas are quiet when the winds are o'er,
So calm are we when passions are no more!
For then we know how vain it was to boast
Of fleeting things, so certain to be lost.

Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptiness which age descries:
The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light thro' chinks that time has made.

Stronger by weakness, wiser men become
As they draw near to their eternal home;
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

Divine Love.

COULD we forbear dispute, and practise love,
We should agree, as angels do above.
Where love presides, not vice alone does find
No entrance there, but virtues stay behind:
Both faith and hope, and all the meaner train
Of moral virtues, at the door remain.
Love only enters as a native there;
For, born in Heaven, it does but sojourn here.

He that alone would wise and mighty be,
Commands that others love as well as He.
Love as He loved!—How can we soar so high?—
He can add wings, when He commands to fly.
Nor should we be with this command dismay'd;
He that examples gives, will give his aid:
For He took flesh, that, where his precepts fail,
His practice, as a pattern, may prevail.
His love, at once, and dread instruct our thought;
As man He suffer'd, and as God He taught.
Will for the deed He takes: we may with ease
Obedient be, for if we love, we please.
Weak though we are, to love is no hard task,
And love for love is all that Heaven does ask.
Love! that would all men just and temperate make,
Kind to themselves and others for his sake.
'Tis with our minds as with a fertile ground,
Wanting this love, they must with weeds abound,
(Unruly passions) whose effects are worse
Than thorns and thistles, springing from the curse.

EARL OF ROSCOMMON.

BORN 1633. DIED 1684.

The Day of Judgment.

THE last loud trumpet's wondrous sound
Shall through the rending tombs rebound,
And wake the nations under ground.

Nature and Death shall, with surprise,
Behold the pale offender rise,
And view the Judge with conscious eyes.

Then shall, with universal dread,
The sacred mystic book be read,
To try the living and the dead.

The Judge ascends his awful throne,
He makes each secret sin be known,
And all with shame confess their own.

O then! what interest shall I make,
To save my last important stake,
When the most just have cause to quake?

Thou mighty, formidable King,
Thou mercy's unexhausted spring,
Some comfortable pity bring!

Forget not what my ransom cost,
Nor let my dear-bought soul be lost,
In storms of guilty terrour tost.

Thou, who for me didst feel such pain,
Whose precious blood the cross did stain,
Let not those agonies be vain.

Thou, who wert moved with Mary's grief,
And, by absolving of the thief,
Hast given me hope, now give relief.

Reject not my unworthy prayer,
Preserve me from that dangerous snare
Which death and gaping hell prepare.

Give my exalted soul a place
Among thy chosen right-hand race;
The sons of God, and heirs of grace.

Prostrate my contrite heart I rend,
My God, my Father, and my Friend,
Do not forsake me in my end.

JOHN POMFRET.

Born 1667. Died 1703.

Principal Works:—*The Choice*, and other Poems.

The Benefits of Affliction.

Too soft caresses of a prosperous fate
The pious fervours of the soul abate;
Tempt to luxurious ease our careless days,
And gloomy vapour round the spirits raise.
Thus lull'd into a sleep, we dozing lie,
And find our ruin in security;
Unless some sorrow comes to our relief,
And breaks the' enchantment by a timely grief.
But as we are allow'd, to cheer our sight,
In blackest days, some glimmerings of light,
So, in the most dejected hours, we may
The secret pleasure have to weep and pray;
And those requests the speediest passage find
To heaven, which flow from an afflicted mind:
And while to Him we open our distress,
Our pains grow lighter, and our sorrows less.
The finest music of the grove we owe
To mourning Philomel's harmonious woe;
And while her grief's in charming notes express'd,
A thorny bramble pricks her tender breast;
In warbling melody she spends the night,
And moves at once compassion and delight.
  No choice had e'er so happy an event,
But he that made it did that choice repent,
So weak our judgment, and so short our sight,
We cannot level our own wishes right:
And if sometimes we make a wise advance,
To' ourselves we little owe, but much to chance.

JOHN DRYDEN.

BORN 1631. DIED 1701.

Author of *Miscellaneous Poems, Plays,* and *Translations.*

Divine Revelation.

[From *Religio Laici.*]

BUT if there be a power too just and strong,
To wink at crimes, and bear unpunish'd wrong;
Look humbly upward, see his will disclose
The forfeit first, and then the fine impose:
A mulct thy poverty could never pay,
Had not Eternal Wisdom found the way:
And with celestial wealth supply'd thy store:
His justice makes the fine, his mercy quits the score.
See God descending in thy human frame;
The' offended suffering in the' offender's name:
All thy misdeeds to him imputed see,
And all his righteousness devolved on thee.
For, granting we have sinn'd, and that the' offence
Of man is made against Omnipotence,
Some price that bears proportion must be paid;
And infinite with infinite be weigh'd.
See then the deist lost: remorse for vice,
Not paid; or, paid, inadequate in price:
What further means can reason now direct,
Or what relief from human wit expect?
That shows us sick; and sadly are we sure
Still to be sick, till Heaven reveal the cure:
If then Heaven's will must needs be understood,
Which must, if we want cure, and heaven be good,
Let all records of will reveal'd be shown;
With Scripture all in equal balance thrown,
And our one sacred book will be that one.
Proof needs not here; for whether we compare
That impious, idle, superstitious ware

Of rites, lustrations, offerings, which before,
In various ages, various countries bore,
With Christian faith and virtues, we shall find
None answering the great ends of human kind
But this one rule of life, that shows us best
How God may be appeased, and mortals blest.
Whether from length of time its worth we draw,
The word is scarce more ancient than the law:
Heaven's early care prescribed for every age;
First, in the soul, and after, in the page.
Or, whether more abstractedly we look,
Or on the writers, or the written book,
Whence, but from heaven, could men unskill'd in arts,
In several ages born, in several parts,
Weave such agreeing truths? or how, or why,
Should all conspire to cheat us with a lie?
Unask'd their pains, ungrateful their advice,
Starving their gain, and martyrdom their price.
If on the book itself we cast our view,
Concurrent heathens prove the story true:
The doctrine, miracles; which must convince,
For Heaven in them appeals to human sense:
And though they prove not, they confirm the cause,
When what is taught agrees with Nature's laws.
Then for the style, majestic and divine;
It speaks no less than God in every line:
Commanding words; whose force is still the same
As the first fiat that produced our frame.
All faiths beside, or did by arms ascend;
Or sense indulged has made mankind their friend:
This only doctrine does our lusts oppose:
Unfed by nature's soil, in which it grows;
Cross to our interests, curbing sense and sin;
Oppress'd without, and undermined within,
It thrives through pain; it's own tormentors tires;
And with a stubborn patience still aspires.
To what can reason such effects assign
Transcending nature, but to laws divine;
Which in that sacred volume are contain'd;
Sufficient, clear, and for that use ordain'd?

The Resurrection of Poets at the Last Day.

[From Verses on Mrs. Anne Killegrew.]

When in mid-air the golden trump shall sound,
  To raise the nations under ground;
  When in the valley of Jehoshaphat,
The judging God shall close the book of Fate;
  And there the last assizes keep,
  For those who wake, and those who sleep:
  When rattling bones together fly,
  From the four corners of the sky;
When sinews o'er the skeletons are spread,
Those cloth'd with flesh, and life inspires the dead;
The sacred poets first shall hear the sound,
  And foremost from the tomb shall bound,
For they are cover'd with the lightest ground;
And straight, with inborn vigour, on the wing,
Like mounting larks, to the new morning sing.
There thou, sweet saint, before the quire shalt go,
As harbinger of Heaven, the way to show
The way which thou so well hast learnt below.

THOMAS PARNELL.

Born 1679. Died 1717.

A Night-Piece, on Death.

By the blue taper's trembling light,
No more I waste the wakeful night,
Intent with endless view to pore
The schoolmen and the sages o'er:
Their books from wisdom widely stray,
Or point at best the longest way.

I'll seek a readier path, and go
Where wisdom's surely taught below.
  How deep yon azure dyes the sky!
Where orbs of gold unnumber'd lie,
While through their ranks in silver pride
The nether crescent seems to glide.
The slumbering breeze forgets to breathe,
The lake is smooth and clear beneath,
Where once again the spangled show
Descends to meet our eyes below.
The grounds, which on the right aspire,
In dimness from the view retire:
The left presents a place of graves,
Whose wall the silent water laves.
That steeple guides thy doubtful sight
Among the livid gleams of night.
There pass with melancholy state
By all the solemn heaps of Fate,
And think, as softly-sad you tread
Above the venerable dead,
"Time was, like thee, they life possest,
And time shall be, that thou shalt rest."
  Those, with bending osier bound,
That nameless heave the crumbled ground,
Quick to the glancing thought disclose,
Where toil and poverty repose.
  The flat smooth stones that bear a name,
The chisel's slender help to fame,
(Which ere our set of friends decay
Their frequent steps may wear away,)
A middle race of mortals own,
Men, half ambitious, all unknown.
  The marble tombs that rise on high,
Whose dead in vaulted arches lie,
Whose pillars swell with sculptured stones,
Arms, angels, epitaphs, and bones,
These, all the poor remains of state,
Adorn the rich, or praise the great;
Who, while on Earth in fame they live,
Are senseless of the fame they give.
  Ha! while I gaze, pale Cynthia, fades,
The bursting earth unveils the shades!

All slow, and wan, and wrap'd with shrouds,
They rise in visionary crowds,
And all with sober accent cry,
" Think, mortal, what it is to die."
  Now from yon black and funeral yew,
That bathes the charnel-house with dew,
Methinks I hear a voice begin;
(Ye ravens, cease your croaking din,
Ye tolling clocks, no time resound
O'er the long lake and midnight ground!)
It sends a peal of hollow groans,
Thus speaking from among the bones:—
" When men my scythe and darts supply,
How great a king of fears am I!
They view me like the last of things;
They make, and then they dread, my stings.
Fools! if you less provoked your fears,
No more my spectre-form appears.
Death's but a path that must be trod,
If man would ever pass to God:
A port of calms, a state to ease
From the rough rage of swelling seas."
  Why then thy flowing sable stoles,
Deep pendant cypress, mourning poles,
Loose scarfs to fall athwart thy weeds,
Long palls, drawn hearses, cover'd steeds,
And plumes of black, that, as they tread,
Nod o'er the escutcheons of the dead?
  Nor can the parted body know,
Nor wants the soul these forms of woe;
As men who long in prison dwell,
With lamps that glimmer round the cell,
Whene'er their suffering years are run,
Spring forth to greet the glittering sun:
Such joy, though far transcending sense,
Have pious souls at parting hence.
On earth, and in the body placed,
A few, and evil years, they waste:
But when their chains are cast aside,
See the glad scene unfolding wide,
Clap the glad wing, and tower away,
And mingle with the blaze of day.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

BORN 1672. DIED 1719.

Author of many celebrated *Essays in the Spectator, Tatler,* and *Guardian,* and *other Miscellanies in prose and verse.*

Paraphrase of Psalm XXIII.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye:
My noon-day walks He shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant;
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wandering steps He leads:
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrours overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my wants beguile:
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.*

---

* The other Hymns of this accomplished Writer may be found in "*The Christian Psalmist.*"

ALEXANDER POPE.

BORN 1688. DIED 1744.

Principal works:—*Essay on Criticism, The Rape of the Lock, Essay on Man, Moral Epistles, The Dunciad, Translation of Homer*, &c.

Messiah.

YE nymphs of Solyma! begin the song:
To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus and the' Aonian maids,
Delight no more—O Thou my voice inspire
Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!
  Rapt into future times, the bard begun:
A virgin shall conceive, a virgin bear a Son!
From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies:
The' ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mystic Dove.
Ye heavens! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly shower!
The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
From storm a shelter, and from heat a shade.
All crimes shall cease, and ancient frauds shall fail;
Returning Justice lift aloft her scale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-robed Innocence from heaven descend.
Swift fly the years, and rise the' expected morn!
Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born!
See, Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
With all the incense of the breathing spring:
See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
See nodding forests on the mountains dance:
See spicy clouds from lowly Sharon rise,
And Carmel's flowery top perfume the skies!

Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers;
Prepare the way! a God, a God appears!
A God, a God! the vocal hills reply;
The rocks proclaim the' approaching Deity.
Lo, earth receives Him from the bending skies!
Sink down, ye mountains! and ye valleys rise!
With heads declined, ye cedars, homage pay!
Be smooth, ye rocks! ye rapid floods, give way!
The Saviour comes! by ancient bards fortold:
Hear him, ye deaf! and all ye blind, behold!
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day:
'Tis He the' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm the' unfolding ear:
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting, like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear;
From every face He wipes off every tear.
In adamantine chains shall death be bound,
And hell's grim tyrant feel the' eternal wound.
As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air;
Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects;
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms:
Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promised fatber of the future age.
No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming steel be covered o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a plough-share end.
Then palaces shall rise; the joyful son
Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun;
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sow'd, shall reap the field.
The swain in barren deserts with surprise
Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;

And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
New falls of water murmuring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
Waste sandy valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn:
To leafless shrubs the flowery palms succeed,
And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed.
The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead.
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
Pleased, the green lustre of the scales survey,
And with their forky tongue shall innocently play.
  Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise!
Exalt thy towery head, and lift thy eyes!
See a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
And heap'd with products of Sabean springs!
For thee Idumé's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon them in a flood of day!
No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn;
But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts: the Light himself shall shine
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away!
But fix'd his word, his saving power remains;
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns!

The Dying Christian to his Soul.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame!
  Quit, oh! quit this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying—
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

  Hark! they whisper; angels say,
  "Sister spirit, come away."
  What is this absorbs me quite,
  Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes; it disappears;
Heaven opens on my eyes; my ears
  With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings; I mount, I fly:
Oh grave! where is thy victory?
  Oh death! where is thy sting?

JAMES THOMSON.

BORN 1700. DIED 1748.

Principal Works:—*The Seasons, Liberty, Castle of Indolence, Tragedies,* &c.

Midnight Devotion.

HUGE uproar lords it wide. The clouds, commixt
With stars swift gliding, sweep along the sky.
All Nature reels: till Nature's King, who oft
Amid tempestuous darkness dwells alone,
And on the wings of the careering wind
Walks dreadfully serene, commands a calm;
Then strait, air, sea, and earth, are hush'd at once.

As yet 'tis midnight deep. The weary clouds
Slow-meeting, mingle into solid gloom.
Now, while the drowsy world lies lost in sleep,
Let me associate with the serious Night,
And Contemplation, her sedate compeer;
Let me shake off the' intrusive cares of day,
And lay the meddling senses all aside.
Where now, ye lying vanities of life!
Ye ever-tempting, ever-cheating train!
Where are you now? and what is your amount?
Vexation, disappointment, and remorse.
Sad, sickening thought! and yet deluded man,
A scene of crude disjointed visions past,
And broken slumbers, rises still resolved,
With new-flush'd hopes, to run the giddy round.
Father of light and life! thou good Supreme!
O, teach me what is good! teach me Thyself;
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From every low pursuit; and feed my soul
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure;
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss!

The Goodness of Providence,—a Paraphrase on the latter part of Matthew vi.

When my breast labours with oppressive care,
And o'er my cheek descends the falling tear;
While all my warring passions are at strife,
Oh, let me listen to the words of life!
Raptures deep-felt his doctrine did impart,
And thus He raised from earth the drooping heart.
Think not, when all your scanty stores afford,
Is spread at once upon the sparing board;
Think not, when worn the homely robe appears,
While, on the roof, the howling tempest bears;
What farther shall this feeble life sustain,
And what shall cloath these shivering limbs again.
Say, does not life its nourishment exceed?
And the fair body its investing weed?

Behold! and look away your low despair—
See the light tenants of the barren air:
To them, nor stores, no granaries, belong,
Nought, but the woodland, and the pleasing song;
Yet, your kind heavenly Father bends his eye
On the least wing, that flits along the sky.
To Him they sing, when Spring renews the plain,
To Him they cry, in Winter's pinching reign;
Nor is their music, nor their plaint in vain:
He hears the gay, and the distressful call,
And with unsparing bounty fills them all.
Observe the rising lily's snowy grace,
Observe the various vegetable race;
They neither toil, nor spin, but careless grow,
Yet see how warm they blush, how bright they glow;
What regal vestments can with them compare!
What king so shining! or what queen so fair!
If, ceaseless, thus the fowls of heaven He feeds,
If o'er the fields such lucid robes He spreads;
Will He not care for you, ye faithless, say?
Is He unwise? or, are ye less than they?

On Æolus' Harp.

Ethereal race, inhabitants of air,
Who hymn your God amid the secret grove;
Ye unseen beings, to my harp repair,
And raise majestic strains, or melt in love.

Those tender notes, how kindly they upbraid;
With what soft woe they thrill the lover's heart!
Sure from the hand of some unhappy maid,
Who died of love, these sweet complainings part.

But hark! that strain was of a graver tone,
On the deep strings his hand some hermit throws;
Or he, the sacred Bard,* who sat alone,
In the drear waste, and wept his people's woes.

---

* Jeremiah.

Such was the song which Zion's children sung,
When by Euphrates' stream they made their plaint:
And to such sadly solemn notes are strung
Angelic harps, to sooth a dying saint.

Methinks I hear the full celestial choir,
Thro' heaven's high dome their awful anthem raise;
Now chanting clear, and now they all conspire
To swell the lofty hymn, from praise to praise.

Let me, ye wandering spirits of the wind,
Who, as wild fancy prompts you, touch the string,
Smit with your theme, be in your chorus join'd,
For, till you cease, my Muse forgets to sing.

ISAAC WATTS.

BORN 1674. DIED 1748.

Author of *Psalms, Hymns, Lyric Poems,* as well as numerous and valuable works in prose.

Happy Frailty.

" How meanly dwells the' immortal mind!
  How vile these bodies are!
Why was a clod of earth design'd
  To' inclose a heavenly star?

" Weak cottage, where our souls reside!
  This flesh a tottering wall;
With frightful breaches gaping wide,
  The building bends to fall.

" All round it storms of trouble blow,
  And waves of sorrow roll;
Cold waves and winter storms beat through,
  And pain the tenant-soul.

"Alas! how frail our state!" said I;
And thus went mourning on,
Till sudden from the cleaving sky
A gleam of glory shone.

My soul all felt the glory come,
And breathed her native air;
Then she remember'd Heaven her home,
And she a prisoner here.

Straight she began to change her key,
And, joyful in her pains,
She sung the frailty of her clay
In pleasurable strains.

"How weak the prison where I dwell!
Flesh but a tottering wall;
The breaches cheerfully foretel,
The house must shortly fall.

"No more, my friends, shall I complain,
Though all my heart-strings ache;
Welcome disease, and every pain
That makes the cottage shake.

"Now let the tempest blow all round,
Now swell the surges high,
And beat this house of bondage down,
To let the stranger fly.

"I have a mansion built above
By the Eternal Hand;
And should the earth's old basis move,
My heavenly house must stand.

"Yes; for 'tis there my Saviour reigns,
(I long to see the God)
And his immortal strength sustains
The courts that cost him blood."

"Hark, from on high my Saviour calls:
I come, my Lord, my Love:
Devotion breaks the prison-walls,
And speeds my last remove."

False Greatness.

Mylo, forbear to call him blest,
That only boasts a large estate,
Should all the treasures of the west
Meet, and conspire to make him great.
I know thy better thoughts; I know
Thy reason can't descend so low:
Let a broad stream with golden sands
Through all his meadows roll,
He's but a wretch, with all his lands,
That wears a narrow soul.

He swells amidst his wealthy store,
And proudly poizing what he weighs,
In his own scale, he fondly lays
Huge heaps of shining ore:
He spreads the balance wide to hold
His manors and his farms,
And cheats the beam with loads of gold
He hugs between his arms.
So might the plough-boy climb a tree,
When Crœsus mounts his throne,
And both stand up, and smile to see
How long their shadow's grown:
Alas! how vain their fancies be
To think that shape their own!

Thus mingled still with wealth and state,
Crœsus himself can never know;
His true dimensions and his weight
Are far inferiour to their show.
Were I so tall to reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean with my span,
I must be measured by my soul:
The mind's the standard of the man.

True Riches.

I am not concern'd to know
What to-morrow fate will do:

'Tis enough that I can say,
I've possess'd myself to-day;
Then if haply midnight-death
Seize my flesh and stop my breath,
Yet to-morrow I shall be
Heir to the best part of me.

Glittering stones, and golden things,
Wealth and honours that have wings,
Ever fluttering to be gone,
I could never call my own:
Riches that the world bestows,
She can take, and I can lose;
But the treasures that are mine
Lie afar beyond her line.
When I view my spacious soul,
And survey myself awhole,
And enjoy myself alone,
I'm a kingdom of my own.

I've a mighty part within
That the world hath never seen,
Rich as Eden's happy ground,
And with choicer plenty crown'd.
Here on all the shining boughs
Knowledge fair and useless grows;
On the same young flowery tree
All the seasons you may see;
Notions in the bloom of light,
Just disclosing to the sight;
Here are thoughts of larger growth,
Ripening into solid truth;
Fruits refined, of noble taste;
Seraphs feed on such repast.
Here, in a green and shady grove,
Streams of pleasure mix with love:
There beneath the smiling skies
Hills of contemplation rise:
Now upon some shining top
Angels light, and call me up;
I rejoice to raise my feet,
Both rejoice when there we meet.

There are endless beauties more,
Earth hath no resemblance for;
Nothing like them round the pole,
Nothing can describe the soul:
'Tis a region half unknown,
That has treasures of its own,
More remote from public view
Than the bowels of Peru;
Broader 'tis, and brighter far,
Than the golden Indies are;
Ships that trace the watery stage
Cannot coast it in an age;
Harts, or horses, strong and fleet,
Had they wings to help their feet,
Could not run it half way o'er
In ten thousand days and more.

Yet the silly wandering mind,
Loth to be too much confined,
Roves and takes her daily tours,
Coasting round the narrow shores,
Narrow shores of flesh and sense,
Picking shells and pebbles thence:
Or she sits at Fancy's door,
Calling shapes and shadows to' her;
Foreign visits still receiving,
And to' herself a stranger living.
Never, never would she buy
Indian dust, or Tyrian dye,
Never trade abroad for more,
If she saw her native store;
If her inward worth were known,
She might ever live alone.

MRS. ROWE.

BORN 1674. DIED 1737.

Principal Works:—*Devout Meditations, Friendship in Death, Poems*, &c.

THOU didst, O mighty God! exist
  Ere time began its race;
Before the ample elements
  Fill'd up the void of space:

Before the ponderous earthly globe
  In fluid air was stay'd;
Before the ocean's mighty springs
  Their liquid stores display'd:

Ere through the gloom of ancient night
  The streaks of light appear'd;
Before the high celestial arch,
  Or starry poles were rear'd:

Before the loud melodious spheres
  Their tuneful round begun;
Before the shining roads of heaven
  Were measured by the sun:

Ere through the empyrean courts
  One hallelujah rang;
Or to their harps the sons of light
  Ecstatic anthems sang:

Ere men adored, or angels knew,
  Or praised thy wond'rous Name:
Thy bliss, O sacred Spring of life!
  Thy glory, was the same.

And when the pillars of the world
  With sudden ruin break,
And all this vast and goodly frame
  Sinks in the mighty wreck;

When from her orb the moon shall start,
  The' astonish'd sun roll back,
And all the trembling starry lamps
  Their ancient course forsake;—

For ever permanent and fix'd,
  From agitation free,
Unchanged in everlasting years,
  Shall thy existence be.

WILLIAM COLLINS.

BORN 1728. DIED 1756.

From the few exquisite productions of this incomparable Poet, the following is, perhaps, the only fragment that can be fairly pressed into the service of "The Christian Poet."

On Milton.

HIGH on some cliff, to Heaven up-piled,
Of rude access, of prospect wild,
Where, tangled round the jealous steep,
Strange shades o'erbrow the valleys deep,
And holy genii guard the rock,
Its glooms embrown, its springs unlock,
While on its rich ambitious head,
An Eden, like his own, lies spread;
I view that oak, the fancied glades among,
By which as Milton lay, his evening ear,
From many a cloud that dropp'd ethereal dew,
Nigh sphered in Heaven its native strains could hear:
On which that antient trump he reach'd was hung;
  Thither oft his glory greeting,
  From Waller's myrtle shades retreating,
With many a vow from Hope's aspiring tongue,
My trembling feet his guiding steps pursue;

In vain—such bliss to one alone,
Of all the sons of soul was known,
And Heaven, and Fancy, kindred powers,
Have now o'erturn'd the' inspiring bowers,
Or curtain'd close such scene from every future view.

EDWARD YOUNG.

BORN 1681. DIED 1765.

Principal Works:—*Night Thoughts*, *Universal Passion*, and other *Poems*.

Address to the Deity.

"O THOU! whose balance does the mountains weigh,
Whose will the wild tumultuous seas obey,
Whose breath can turn those watry worlds to flame,
That flame to tempest, and that tempest tame;
Earth's meanest son, all trembling, prostrate falls,
And on the boundless of thy goodness calls.
Oh! give the winds all past offence to sweep,
To scatter wide, or bury in the deep:
Thy power, my weakness, may I ever see,
And wholly dedicate my soul to Thee:
Reign o'er my will; my passions ebb and flow
At thy command, nor human motive know:
If anger boil, let anger be my praise,
And sin the graceful indignation raise;
My love be warm to succour the distress'd,
And lift the burthen from the soul oppress'd.
Oh may my understanding ever read
This glorious volume, which thy wisdom made!
Who decks the maiden Spring with flowery pride?
Who calls forth Summer, like a sparkling bride?
Who joys the mother Autumn's bed to crown?
And bids old Winter lay her honours down?

Not the great Ottoman, or greater Czar,
Not Europe's arbitress of peace and war.*
May sea and land, and Earth and Heaven be join'd,
To bring the' eternal Author to my mind!
When oceans roar, or awful thunders roll,
May thoughts of thy dread vengeance shake my soul!
When Earth's in bloom, or planets proudly shine,
Adore, my heart, the MAJESTY *Divine!*

" Through every scene of life, or peace, or war,
Plenty, or want, thy glory be my care!
Shine we in arms? or sing beneath our vine?
Thine is the vintage, and the conquest thine:
Thy pleasure points the shaft, and bends the bow;
The cluster blasts, or bids it brightly glow:
'Tis Thou that lead'st our powerful armies forth,
And giv'st great Anne *thy* sceptre o'er the north.

" Grant I may ever, at the morning ray,
Open with prayer the consecrated day;
Tune thy great praise, and bid my soul arise,
And with the mounting Sun ascend the skies:
As that advances, let my zeal improve,
And glow with ardour of consummate love;
Nor cease at eve, but with the setting Sun
My endless worship shall be still begun.

" And, oh! permit, the gloom of solemn night
To sacred thought may forcibly invite.
When this world's shut, and awful planets rise,
Call on our minds, and raise them to the skies;
Compose our souls with a less dazzling sight,
And show all Nature in a milder light;
How every boisterous thought in calms subsides!
How the smooth'd spirit into goodness glides!
O how divine! to tread the milky way,
To the bright palace of the Lord of day:
His court admire, or for his favour sue,
Or leagues of friendship with his saints renew;
Pleased to look down, and see the world asleep,
While I long vigils to its Founder keep!

---

* Queen Anne.

"Canst Thou not shake the centre? Oh control,
Subdue by force, the rebel in my soul:
Thou, who canst still the raging of the flood,
Restrain the various tumults of my blood;
Teach me, with equal firmness, to sustain
Alluring pleasure, and assaulting pain.
O may I pant for Thee in each desire!
And with strong faith foment the holy fire!
Stretch out my soul in hope, and grasp the prize
Which in Eternity's deep bosom lies!
At the Great Day of recompense behold,
Devoid of fear, the fatal book unfold!
Then wafted upward to the blissful seat,
From age to age, my grateful song repeat;
My light, my life, my God, my Saviour see,
And rival angels in the praise of Thee.

[From "Night Thoughts."]

Time.

The bell strikes one. We take no note of time
But from its loss. To give it then a tongue
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours:
Where are they? With the years beyond the flood.
It is the signal that demands dispatch;
How much is to be done! My hopes and fears
Start up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down—On what? a fathomless abyss;
A dread eternity! how surely mine!
And can eternity belong to me,
Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour?

Employment of Time.

Oh the dark days of vanity! while here,
How tasteless! and how terrible, when gone!
Gone! they ne'er go; when past, they haunt us still;

The spirit walks of every day deceased;
And smiles an angel, or a fury frowns.
Nor death, nor life delight us. If time past,
And time possest, both pain us, what can please?
That which the Deity to please ordain'd,
Time used. The man who consecrates his hours
By vigorous effort, and an honest aim,
At once he draws the sting of life and death;
He walks with Nature; and her paths are peace.

Dying Friends.

Our dying friends come o'er us like a cloud,
To damp our brainless ardours; and abate
That glare of life which often blinds the wise:
Our dying friends are pioneers, to smooth
Our rugged pass to death; to break those bars
Of terrour and abhorrence Nature throws
Cross our obstructed way; and, thus to make
Welcome, as safe, our port from every storm.
Each friend by fate snatch'd from us, is a plume
Pluck'd from the wing of human vanity,
Which makes us stoop from our aërial heights,
And, dampt with omen of our own decease,
On drooping pinions of ambition lower'd,
Just skim earth's surface, ere we break it up,
O'er putrid earth to scratch a little dust,
And save the world a nuisance. Smitten friends
Are angels sent on errands full of love;
For us they languish, and for us they die:
And shall they languish, shall they die, in vain?
Ungrateful, shall we grieve their hovering shades,
Which wait the revolution in our hearts?
Shall we disdain their silent, soft address;
Their posthumous advice, and pious prayer?
Senseless, as herds that graze their hallow'd graves,
Tread under-foot their agonies and groans;
Frustrate their anguish, and destroy their deaths?

Retirement.

Blest be that hand divine, which gently laid
My heart at rest, beneath this humble shed.
The world's a stately bark, on dangerous seas,
With pleasure seen, but boarded at our peril:
Here, on a single plank, thrown safe ashore,
I hear the tumult of the distant throng,
As that of seas remote, or dying storms:
And meditate on scenes more silent still;
Pursue my theme, and fight the fear of death.
Here, like a shepherd gazing from his hut,
Touching his reed, or leaning on his staff,
Eager ambition's fiery chase I see;
I see the circling hunt, of noisy men,
Burst law's enclosure, leap the mounds of right,
Pursuing and pursued, each other's prey;
As wolves, for rapine; as the fox, for wiles,
Till Death, that mighty hunter, earths them all.

Redemption.

And was the ransom paid? It was: and paid
(What can exalt the bounty more?) for you.
The sun beheld it—No, the shocking scene
Drove back his chariot: Midnight veil'd his face;
Not such as this; not such as Nature makes;
A midnight nature shudder'd to behold;
A midnight new! a dread eclipse (without
Opposing spheres) from her Creator's frown!
Sun! didst thou fly thy Maker's pain? or start
At that enormous load of human guilt,
Which bow'd his blessed head, o'erwhelm'd his cross,
Made groan the centre, burst earth's marble womb
With pangs, strange pangs! deliver'd of her dead?
Hell howl'd; and Heaven that hour let fall a tear:
Heaven wept, that men might smile! Heaven bled, that man
Might never die!——

And is devotion virtue? 'Tis compell'd.
What heart of stone but glows at thoughts like these?
Such contemplations mount us, and should mount
The mind still higher; nor ever glance on man
Unraptured, uninflamed.—Where roll my thoughts
To rest from wonders? other wonders rise,
And strike where'er they roll: my soul is caught:
Heaven's sov'reign blessings, clustering from the cross,
Rush on her in a throng, and close her round,
The prisoner of amaze!—in his blest life
I see the path, and in his death the price,
And in his great ascent the proof supreme
Of immortality.—And did He rise?
Hear, O ye nations! hear it, O ye dead!
He rose, He rose! He burst the bars of death.
Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates,
And give the King of Glory to come in.
Who is the King of Glory? He who left
His throne of glory for the pang of death!
Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates!
And give the King of Glory to come in.
Who is the King of Glory? He who slew
The ravenous foe that gorged all human race!
The King of Glory, He, whose glory fill'd
Heaven with amazement at his love to man;
And with divine complacency beheld
Powers most illumin'd, wilder'd in the theme.

Worldly Pursuits.

What wond'rous prize has kindled this career,
Stuns with the din, and chokes us with the dust,
On life's gay stage, one inch above the grave?
The proud run up and down in quest of eyes;
The sensual in pursuit of something worse;
The grave, of gold; the politic, of power;
And all, of other butterflies, as vain!
As eddies draw things frivolous and light,
How is man's heart by vanity drawn in;
On the swift circle of returning toys,

Whirl'd, straw-like, round and round, and then ingulph'd,
Where gay delusion darkens to despair!

Piety.

On Piety humanity is built;
And on humanity, much happiness;
And yet still more on piety itself.
A soul in commerce with her God, is heaven;
Feels not the tumults and the shocks of life;
The whirls of passions, and the strokes of heart.
A Deity believed, is joy begun;
A Deity adored, is joy advanced;
A Deity beloved, is joy matured.
Each branch of piety delight inspires;
Faith builds a bridge from this world to the next,
O'er death's dark gulf, and all its horrour hides;
Praise, the sweet exhalation of our joy,
That joy exalts, and makes it sweeter still;
Prayer ardent opens heaven, lets down a stream
Of glory on the consecrated hour
Of man, in audience with the Deity.
Who worships the Great God, that instant joins
The first in heaven, and sets his foot on hell.

The Good Man.

Some angel guide my pencil, while I draw,
What nothing less than angel can exceed!
A man on earth devoted to the skies;
Like ships on seas, while in, above the world.
With aspect mild, and elevated eye,
Behold him seated on a mount serene,
Above the fogs of sense, and passion's storm;
All the black cares and tumults of this life,
Like harmless thunders, breaking at his feet,
Excite his pity, not impair his peace.
Earth's genuine sons, the sceptred and the slave,

A mingled mob! a wandering herd! he sees,
Bewilder'd in the vale: or all unlike!
His full reverse in all! What higher praise?
What stronger demonstration of the right?
The present all their care; the future his.
When public welfare calls, or private want,
They give to fame; his bounty he conceals;
Their virtues varnish nature, his exalt;
Mankind's esteem they court, and he his own;
Theirs the wild chase of false felicities,
His the composed possession of the true.
Alike throughout is his consistent peace,
All of one colour, and an even thread;
While party-colour'd shreds of happiness,
With hideous gaps between, patch up for them
A madman's robe; each puff of fortune blows
The tatters by, and shows their nakedness.
He sees with other eyes than theirs: where they
Behold a sun, he spies a Deity;
What makes them only smile, makes him adore;
Where they see mountains, he but atoms sees;
An empire, in his balance, weighs a grain.
They things terrestrial worship, as divine;
His hopes immortal blow them by, as dust
That dims his sight, and shortens his survey,
Which longs, in infinite, to lose all bound.
Titles and honours (if they prove his fate)
He lays aside to find his dignity;
No dignity they find in aught besides.
They triumph in externals (which conceal
Man's real glory,) proud of an eclipse.
Himself too much he prizes to be proud,
And nothing thinks so great in man as man.
Too dear he holds his interest to neglect
Another's welfare, or his right invade;
Their interest, like a lion, lives on prey.
They kindle at the shadow of a wrong:
Wrong he sustains with temper, looks on heaven,
Nor stoops to think his injurer his foe;
Nought but what wounds his virtue wounds his peace.
A cover'd heart their character defends;

A cover'd heart denies him half his praise.
With nakedness his innocence agrees;
While their broad foliage testifies their fall.
Their no-joys end, where his full feast begins:
His joys create, theirs murder, future bliss.
To triumph in existence, his alone;
And his alone triumphantly to think
His true existence is not yet begun.
His glorious course was, yesterday, complete;
Death, then, was welcome; yet life still is sweet.

The World a Grave.

LORENZO! such the glories of the world!
What is the world itself? Thy world—a grave.
Where is the dust that has not been alive?
The spade, the plough, disturb our ancestors;
From human mould we reap our daily bread.
The globe around earth's hollow surface shakes,
And is the ceiling of her sleeping sons.
O'er devastation we blind revels keep;
Whole bury'd towns support the dancer's heel.
The moist of human frame the sun exhales;
Winds scatter through the mighty void the dry;
Earth repossesses part of what she gave,
And the freed spirit mounts on wings of fire;
Each element partakes our scatter'd spoils;
As nature, wide, our ruins spread: man's death
Inhabits all things, but the thought of man.
Nor man alone; his breathing bust expires,
His tomb is mortal; empires die: where, now,
The Roman? Greek? They stalk, an empty name!
Yet few regard them in this useful light;
Though half our learning is their epitaph.
When down thy vale, unlock'd by midnight thought,
That loves to wander in thy sunless realms,
O Death! I stretch my view: what visions rise!
What triumphs! toils imperial! arts divine!
In wither'd laurels glide before my sight!
What lengths of far-fam'd ages, billow'd high

With human agitation, roll along
In unsubstantial images of air!
The melancholy ghosts of dead renown,
Whispering faint echoes of the world's applause,
With penitential aspect as they pass,
All point at earth, and hiss at human pride,
The wisdom of the wise, and prancings of the great.

RALPH ERSKINE.

BORN 1685. DIED 1752.

Author of *Gospel Sonnets*, *Sermons*, and *Theological Essays*.

Faith and Frames compared.

FAITH has for its foundation broad
  A stable rock on which I stand,
The truth and faithfulness of God,
  All other grounds are sinking sand.

My frames and feelings ebb and flow;
  And when my faith depends on them,
It fleets and staggers to and fro,
  And dies amidst the dying frame.

Could I believe what God has spoke,
  Rely on his unchanging love,
And cease to grasp at fleeting smoke,
  No changes would my mountain move.

When divine smiles in sight appear,
  And I enjoy the heavenly gale;
When wind and tide and all is fair,
  I dream my faith shall never fail:—

But, ah! by sudden turns I see
  My lying heart's fallacious guilt,
And that my faith, not firm in me,
  On sinking sand was partly built.

So much my faith's affiance seems
  Its life from fading joys to bring,
That when I lose the dying streams,
  I cannot trust the living spring.

When drops of comfort quickly dry'd,
  And sensible enjoyments fail:
When cheering apples are deny'd,
  Then doubts instead of faith prevail.

But why, though fruit be snatch'd from me,
  Should I distrust the glorious Root;
And still affront the standing Tree,
  By trusting more to falling fruit?

The frame of Nature shall decay,
  Time-changes break her rusty chains;
Yea, heaven and earth shall pass away;
  But faith's foundation firm remains.

Heaven's promises so fix'dly stand,
  Engraved with an immortal pen,
In great Immanuel's mighty hand,
  All hell's attempts to raze are vain.

Did faith with none but truth advise,
  My steady soul would move no more,
Than stable hills when tempests rise,
  Or solid rocks when billows roar.

But when my faith the counsel hears
  Of present sense and reason blind,
My wavering spirit then appears
  A feather toss'd with every wind.

I would, when dying comforts fly,
  As much as when they present were,
Upon thy living joy rely:
  Help, Lord, for here I daily err.

SAMUEL WESLEY, THE ELDER.

BORN 1662. DIED 1735.

Father of Samuel, John and Charles Wesley. He was the Author of "*The Life of Christ, an heroic Poem, in ten Books,*" and some small pieces.

The Transfiguration of Christ.

[From "The Life of Christ," Book I.]

TABOR, the place to prove his mission true,
Where heaven and earth must have an interview;
That upper Mount, as Sinai long before,
The upper world's whole weight descending bore;
Lovely it look'd, like some divine abode,
All beauteous as the Paradise of God.
To this blest Mount did our blest Lord ascend,
Three witnesses must thither Him attend,
Two destined martyrs, and the third his friend.
Scarce had the cheerful harbinger of day
Clapp'd his bright wings, and warn'd the shades away,
Ere our still-watchful Saviour, who denies
The sun, his shade, before Himself to rise,
Had conquer'd Tabor's hoary top; and there
Yet higher mounts in ardent hymns and prayer.
No earthly thought, no sublunary thing
Could clog his towering soul's seraphic wing;
He pass'd through all the glittering guards on high,
Who staid their songs, and bow'd as He went by;
Nor stop'd but at his Father's radiant throne:
* * * * * * * * *
He ask'd and had; and beckon'd thence away
(Gladly all Heaven his loved commands obey,)
Two of the brightest saints which fill the place,
Aye-gazing on the *beatific face!*
Elias, who to heaven triumphing rode,
Moses, expiring with the kiss of God.
High on the trembling mountain's brow they walk'd,
And things unutterable look'd and talk'd;

Talk'd of his wondrous passion, wondrous love;
—A riddle to the very blest above!
  Slumbers, meanwhile, the witnesses surprise,
And heavy shameful sloth fast seal'd their eyes;
With their brief vigils tired, supine they lay,
Till them their Master, turning, did survey;
From his loved face He shot a piercing beam,
Which roused them all from their inglorious dream;
A while they gazed, but found the scene too bright,
And sunk beneath the' insufferable light.
Thus, when, at the last dreadful hour of doom,
The' archangel's trump shall wake the silent tomb,
When God's pavilion in the clouds is spread,
Lightnings and rainbows wreath'd around his head,
O'er-burthen'd Nature at the sight would fly,
Again would be entomb'd, again would die.
  His glories now in part our Lord repress'd,
And mildly veils and mitigates the rest:
Again they look'd;—what wonders then they saw!
Not they themselves the shining scene could draw,
If yet alive. What glory and what grace!
Dazzling his form; ineffable his face;
His seamless robe than new-fall'n snow more white;
One radiant pillar all of sparkling light;
Far did it mortal art's best strokes outshine,
The perfect workmanship of hands divine.
  Near Him the two great Prophets stand in bliss,
With modest splendour only less than his;
Such as the twinkling stars' clear silver ray
To the strong lustre of the golden day.
  Celestial joy seized each disciple's breast,
Too big to be resisted or express'd;
All that they knew was pleasure mix'd with pain;
All that they fear'd was losing it again:
When Cephas thus—
" In this blest place for ever let us stay;
Rather than *us*, O take our *lives* away!
Three humble tabernacles soon we'll rear
For Thee and these illustrious strangers, here."
  Scarce from his lips the last swift accent flies,
Ere still new scenes of miracle arise,

For, lo! a cloud wafts thro' the' enlighten'd air,
(Clouds dress'd by summer's evening are less fair;)
A wondrous cloud,—the morn itself less bright—
Wove from the finest threads of heavenly light:
Such clouds far off in those blest regions stray,
Where God's high throne scatters eternal day;
Such that strange cloud, which made the world's first morn,
Before the stars, or sun himself, was born;
That pillar such, which did from Egypt come,
And piloted the chosen nation home;
From earth to heaven did its broad top aspire,
Miraculous mixture! 'twas both shade and fire.
And lo! it comes, and lo! they strive in vain;
Their faultering knees their bodies scarce sustain;
Celestial lustre, even thro' clouds survey'd,
Must sink the strongest frame, of matter made.
Weaken'd with wonders, and exhausted all,
Their spirits forsake their task; to earth they fall;
They fall to earth; but *first* with reverend fear,
The voice, the awful voice of God they hear;
The eternal Father (in the great *Three-One*,)
From heaven attesting his eternal Son.
They hear, but Him who speaks they dare not meet;
So down they fall, and kiss their Master's feet:
He touch'd (whose touch the very dead could raise,)
Their lifeless limbs; and, rising, Him they praise.
Around they look'd, but could no more descry
That heavenly pair, whose happy company
They late enjoy'd; return'd to bliss, to show
To those above, what they had learn'd below.
Thus holy souls, from dregs of sin refined,
Whose frames are little less than perfect mind,
Whose commerce and acquaintance with the blest,
Commences here, and half their heaven's possest;
—Thus, when to these thro' sleep's thin curtain shine
Angelic essences, and forms divine,
They sighing wake, and clasp the empty air:
—Thus Cephas, thus the Zebedean pair,
And would have grieved, had not their Lord been there;

Who, free from worldly glory's vain desire,
Unwarm'd at fond ambition's foolish fire,
What they had seen commands them to conceal,
Nor to the world those sacred truths reveal,
Till He had conquer'd death, and broke its chain;
Then faith to this, as this to that, might gain.

JAMES CAWTHORN.

BORN 1719. DIED 1761.

Author of *Abelard to Eloisa*, and other Poems.

On Two Daughters, twins, who died in two days.

LET vulgar souls endure the body's chain,
Till life's dull current ebbs in every vein,
Dream out a tedious age, ere, wide-display'd,
Death's blackest pinion wraps them in the shade.
  These happy infants, early taught to shun
All that the world admires beneath the sun,
Scorn'd the weak bands mortality could tie,
And fled impatient to their native sky.
  Dear, precious Babes! alas! when, fondly wild,
A mother's heart hung melting o'er her child;
When my charm'd eye a flood of joy express'd,
And all the father kindled in my breast,
A sudden paleness seized each guiltless face,
And Death, though smiling, crept o'er every grace.
  Nature, be calm; heave not the impassion'd sigh,
Nor teach one tear to tremble in mine eye;
A few unspotted moments, pass'd between
Their dawn of being, and their closing scene;
And sure no nobler blessing can be given,
When one short anguish is the price of heaven.

ROBERT BLAIR.

BORN 1699. DIED 1747.

Author of "*The Grave;*" a composition in blank verse, remarkable for masculine strength of thought, and repulsive coarseness of expression. There are only two slight touches of tenderness in the whole,—the lines on Friendship, and those on the Maiden who died before her time,—yet has the intense and dreadful interest of the subject made this poem one of the most popular in the language; nor, while men continue to live and die, is it likely soon to lose its hold upon a numerous class of readers.

Friendship.

INVIDIOUS Grave!—how dost thou rend in sunder
Whom love has knit, and sympathy made one?
A tie more stubborn far than Nature's band.
Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul,
Sweetner of life, and solder of society,
I owe thee much. Thou hast deserved from me,
Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.
Oft have I proved the labours of thy love,
And the warm efforts of the gentle heart,
Anxious to please.—Oh! when my friend and I
In some thick wood have wander'd heedless on,
Hid from the vulgar eye, and sat us down
Upon the sloping cowslip-cover'd bank,
Where the pure limpid stream has slid along
In grateful errors thro' the underwood,
Sweet murmuring; methought the shrill-tongued thrush
Mended his song of love; the sooty blackbird
Mellow'd his pipe, and soften'd every note:
The eglantine smell'd sweeter, and the rose
Assumed a dye more deep; whilst every flower
Vy'd with its fellow-plant in luxury
Of dress——Oh! then the longest summer's day
Seem'd too too much in haste; still the full heart

Had not imparted half: 'twas happiness
Too exquisite to last. Of joys departed,
Not to return, how painful the remembrance!

Death Unwelcome.

How shocking must thy summons be, O Death,
To him that is at ease in his possessions;
Who counting on long years of pleasure here,
Is quite unfurnish'd for that world to come!
In that dread moment, how the frantic soul
Raves round the walls of her clay tenement;
Runs to each avenue, and shrieks for help,
But shrieks in vain!—How wishfully she looks
On all she's leaving, now no longer her's!
A little longer, yet a *little* longer,
Oh! might she stay to wash away her stains,
And fit her for her passage.—Mournful sight!
Her very eyes weep blood; and every groan
She heaves is big with horror.—But the foe,
Like a staunch murderer, steady to his purpose,
Pursues her close through every lane of life,
Nor misses once the tract, but presses on;
Till forced at last to the tremendous verge,
At once she sinks to everlasting ruin.
  Sure 'tis a serious thing to die, my soul!
What a strange moment must it be, when near
Thy journey's end, thou hast the gulf in view!
That awful gulf, no mortal e'er repass'd
To tell what's doing on the other side.
Nature runs back, and shudders at the sight,
And every life-string bleeds at thought of parting;
For part they must; body and soul must part:
Fond couple! link'd more close than wedded pair.
This wings its way to its Almighty Source,
The witness of its actions, now its judge;
That drops into the dark and noisome grave,
Like a disabled pitcher of no use.

Dreadful familiarity with Death.

DEATH's shafts fly thick: here falls the village swain,
And there his pamper'd lord. The cup goes round:
And who so artful as to put it by!
'Tis long since Death had the majority;
Yet strange! the living lay it not to heart.
See yonder maker of the dead man's bed,
The sexton, hoary-headed chronicle,
Of hard, unmeaning face, down which ne'er stole
A gentle tear, with mattock in his hand,
Digs thro' whole rows of kindred and acquaintance,
By far his juniors.—Scarce a skull's cast up,
But well he knew its owner, and can tell
Some passage of his life.—Thus hand in hand
The sot has walk'd with Death twice twenty years,
And yet ne'er yonker on the green laughs louder,
Or clubs a smuttier tale: when drunkards meet,
None sings a merrier catch, or lends a hand
More willing to his cup.—Poor wretch! he minds not,
That soon some trusty brother of the trade
Shall do for him, what he has done for thousands.
On this side, and on that, men see their friends
Drop off, like leaves in autumn; yet launch out
Into fantastic schemes, which the long livers
In the world's hale and undegenerate days
Could scarce have leisure for.—Fools that we are,
Never to think of death and of ourselves
At the same time: as if to learn to die
Were no concern of ours.—Oh! more than sottish,
For creatures of a day in gamesome mood,
To frolic on Eternity's dread brink
Unapprehensive; when, for aught we know,
The very first swoln surge shall sweep us in.
Think we, or think we not, Time hurries on
With a resistless, unremitting stream;
Yet treads more soft than e'er did midnight thief,
That slides his hand under the miser's pillow,
And carries off his prize.

JOHN BYROM.

BORN 1691. DIED 1763.

Author of many amusing pieces in rhyme. Byrom was, perhaps, without exception, the most expert versifier in the English language; no subject, not even verbal criticism, being too intractable, to be run into familiar metre by him. In the Essay on Enthusiasm, however, there are passages that nearly rival Pope in energy and compactness.

St. Philip Neri and the Youth.

ST. Philip Neri, as old readings say,
Met a young stranger in Rome's streets one day;
And, being ever courteously inclined
To give young folks a sober turn of mind,
He fell into discourse with him, and thus
The dialogue they held comes down to us.
St. Tell me what brings you, gentle youth, to Rome?
Y. To make myself a scholar, sir, I come.
St. And, when you are one, what do you intend?
Y. To be a priest, I hope, sir, in the end.
St. Suppose it so—what have you next in view?
Y. That I may get to be a canon too.
St. Well; and how then?
Y. Why then, for aught I know,
I may be made a bishop.
St. Be it so—
What then?
Y. Why, cardinal's a high degree—
And yet my lot it possibly may be.
St. Suppose it was—what then?
Y. Why, who can say
But I've a chance for being pope one day?
St. Well, having worn the mitre, and red hat,
And triple crown, what follows after that?
Y. Nay, there is nothing further, to be sure,
Upon this Earth, that wishing can procure:

When I've enjoy'd a dignity so high,
As long as God shall please, then—I must die.
St. What! must you die? fond youth! and at the best
But wish and hope, and may be all the rest!
Take my advice—whatever may betide,
For that which must be, first of all provide;
Then think of that which may be; and indeed,
When well prepared, who knows what may succeed?
But you may be, as you are pleased to hope,
Priest, canon, bishop, cardinal, and pope!

Enthusiasm.

[This piece is considerably abridged here.]

WHAT is enthusiasm? What can it be,
But thought enkindled to an high degree?
That may, whatever be its ruling turn,
Right, or not right, with equal ardour burn.
It must be therefore various in its kind,
As objects vary, that engage the mind:
When to religion we confine the word,
What use of language can be more absurd?
'Tis just as true, that many words beside,
As love, or zeal, are only thus apply'd:
To every kind of life they all belong;
Men may be eager, tho' their views be wrong:
And hence the reason, why the greatest foes
To true religious earnestness are those
Who fire their wits upon a different theme,
Deep in some false enthusiastic scheme.
  One man politely, seized with classic rage,
Dotes on old Rome, and its Augustan age;
On those great souls who then, or then abouts,
Made in their state such riots and such routs,
He fancies all magnificent and grand,
Under this mistress of the world's command:
Scarce can his breast the sad reverse abide,
The dame despoil'd of all her glorious pride:
Time, an old Goth, advancing to consume
Immortal gods, and once-eternal Rome;

When the plain gospel spread its artless ray,
And rude unsculptured fishermen had sway;
Who spared no idol, though divinely carved,
Though Art, and Muse, and shrine-engraver, starved:
Who saved poor wretches, and destroy'd, alas!
The vital marble, and the breathing brass.
Where does all sense to him, and reason, shine?
Behold—in Tully's rhetoric divine!
Tully! enough—high o'er the Alps he's gone,
To tread the ground that Tully trod upon;
Haply to find his statue, or his bust,
Or medal green'd with Ciceronian rust:
Perchance the rostrum—yea, the very wood,
Whereon this elevated genius stood;
When forth on Catiline, as erst he spoke,
The thunder of "quousque tandem" broke.
  Well may this grand enthusiast deride
The dulness of a pilgrim's humbler pride,
Who paces to behold that part of earth,
Which to the Saviour of the world gave birth;
To see the sepulchre from whence He rose;
Or view the rocks that rented at his woes;
Whom Pagan reliques have no force to charm,
Yet e'en a modern crucifix can warm:
The sacred signal who intent upon,
Thinks on the sacrifice that hung thereon.
  Another's heated brain is painted o'er,
With ancient hieroglyphic marks of yore:
He old Egyptian mummies can explain,
And raise them up almost to life again;
Can into deep antique recesses pry,
And tell, of all, the wherefore and the why;
How this philosopher, and that, has thought,
Believed one thing, and quite another taught;
Can rules, of Grecian sages long forgot,
Clear up, as if they lived upon the spot.
  What bounds to nostrum? Moses, and the Jews,
Observed this learned legislator's views,
While Israel's leader purposely conceal'd
Truths, which his whole economy reveal'd;

No heaven disclosed, but Canaan's fertile stage,
And no for-ever—but a good old age;
Whilst the well-untaught people, kept in awe
By meanless types, and unexplained law,
Pray'd to their local god to grant a while
The future state, of corn, and wine, and oil;
'Till, by a late captivity set free,
Their destin'd error they began to see;
Dropt the Mosaic scheme, to teach their youth
Dramatic Job, and Babylonish truth.
  To soar aloft on obeliskal clouds;
To dig down deep into the dark—for shrouds;
To vex old matters, chronicled in Greek,
While those of his own parish are to seek;
What can come forth from such an antic taste,
But a clarissimus enthusiast?
Fraught with discoveries so quaint, so new,
So deep, so smart, so ipse-dixit true,
See arts, and empires, ages, books, and men,
Rising, and falling, as he points the pen:
See frauds and forgeries, if ought surpass,
Of nobler stretch, the limits of his class,
Not found within that summary of laws,
Conjecture, tinsel'd with its own applause.
  Where erudition so unblest prevails,
Saints, and their lives, are legendary tales;
Christians, a brain-sick, visionary crew,
That read the Bible with a Bible view,
And through the letter humbly hope to trace
The living word, the spirit, and the grace.
  It matters not, whatever be the state
That full-bent will and strong desires create;
Where'er they fall, where'er they love to dwell,
They kindle there their heaven, or their hell;
The chosen scene surrounds them as their own,
All else is dead, insipid, or unknown.
However poor and empty be the sphere,
'Tis all, if inclination centre there:
Its own enthusiasts each system knows,
Down to laced fops, and powder-sprinkled beaus.

Great wits, affecting, what they call, to think,
That deep immersed in speculation sink,
Are great enthusiasts, howe'er refined,
Whose brain-bred notions so inflame the mind,
That, during the continuance of its heat,
The summum bonum is—its own conceit:
Critics, with all their learning recondite,
Poets, that severally be-mused write;
The virtuosos, whether great or small;
The connoisseurs, that know the worth of all;
Philosophers, that dictate sentiments,
And politicians, wiser than events;
Such, and such-like, come under the same law,
Although their heat be from a flame of straw;
Although in one absurdity they chime,
To make religious entheasm a crime.
  Endless to say how many of their trade
Ambition, pride, and self-conceit have made.
If one, the chief of such a numerous name,
Let the great scholar justify his claim.
Self-love, in short, wherever it is found,
Tends to its own enthusiastic ground;
With the same force that goodness mounts above,
Sinks, by its own enormous weight, self-love—
By this the wavering libertine is prest,
And the rank atheist totally possest:
Atheists are dark enthusiasts indeed,
Whose fire enkindles like the smoking weed:
Lightless, and dull, the clouded fancy burns,
Wild hopes, and fears, still flashing out by turns.
Averse to heaven, amid the horrid gleam,
They quest annihilation's monstrous theme,
On gloomy depths of nothingness to pore,
'Till all be none, and being be no more.
  The sprightlier infidel, as yet more gay,
Fires off the next ideas in his way,
The dry fag-ends of every obvious doubt;
And puffs and blows for fear they should go out.
Boldly resolved, against conviction steel'd,
Nor inward truth, nor outward fact, to yield;
Urged with a thousand proofs, he stands unmoved
Fast by himself, and scorns to be out-proved;

To his own reason loudly he appeals,
No saint more zealous for what God reveals.
  Think not that you are no enthusiast, then:
All men are such, as sure as they are men.
The thing itself is not at all to blame:
'Tis in each state of human life the same.
  That which concerns us therefore is to see
What species of enthusiasts we be;
On what materials the fiery source
Of thinking life shall execute its force:
Whether a man shall stir up love, or hate,
From the mix'd medium of this present state;
Shall choose with upright heart and mind to rise,
And reconnoitre heaven's primeval skies;
Or down to lust and rapine to descend,
Brute for a time, and demon at its end.
  When true religion kindles up the fire,
Who can condemn the vigorous desire?
That burns to reach the end for which 'twas given,
To shine, and sparkle in its native heaven?
What else was our creating Father's view?
His image lost why sought he to renew?
Why all the scenes of love that Christians know,
But to attract us from this poor below?
To save us from the fatal choice of ill,
And bless the free co-operating will?
  Blame not enthusiasm, if rightly bent;
Or blame of saints the holiest intent,
The strong persuasion, the confirm'd belief,
Of all the comforts of a soul the chief;
That God's continual will, and work to save,
Teach, and inspire, attend us to the grave:
That they, who in his faith and love abide,
Find in his Spirit an immediate guide:
This is no more a fancy, or a whim,
Than that we live, and move, and are in Him;
Let Nature, or let Scripture, be the ground,
Here is the seat of true religion found.
An earthly life, as life itself explains,
The air and spirit of this world maintains;
As plainly does an heavenly life declare,
An heavenly spirit, and an holy air.

What truth more plainly does the gospel teach,
What doctrine all its missionaries preach,
Than this, that every good desire and thought,
Is in us by the Holy Spirit wrought?
For this the working faith prepares the mind;
Hope is expectant, charity resign'd:
From this blest guide the moment we depart,
What is there left to sanctify the heart?
Reason and morals? And where live they most?
In Christian comfort, or in Stoic boast?
Reason may paint unpractised truth exact,
And morals rigidly maintain—no fact:
This is the power that raises them to worth,
That calls their ripening excellencies forth.
Not ask for this?—May Heaven forbid the vain,
The sad repose!—What virtue can remain?
What virtue wanting, if, within the breast,
This faith, productive of all virtue, rest,
That God is always present to impart
His light and Spirit to the willing heart?
He, who can say, my willing heart began
To learn this lesson, may be christen'd man;
Before, a son of elements and earth;
But now, a creature of another birth;
Whose true regenerated soul revives,
And life from Him, that ever lives, derives;
Freed by compendious faith from all the pangs
Of long fetch'd motives, and perplex'd harangues;
One word of promise stedfastly embraced,
His heart is fix'd, its whole dependence placed:
The hope is raised, that cannot but succeed,
And found infallibility indeed:
Then flows the love that no distinction knows
Of system, sect, or party, friends, or foes;
Nor loves by halves; but, faithful to its call,
Stretches its whole benevolence to all;
It's universal wish, the' angelic scene,
That God within the heart of man may reign;
The true beginning to the final whole,
Of heaven, and heavenly life, within the soul.

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

BORN 1752. DIED 1770.

Author of certain antiquated Poems in the name of *Rowley*, a Priest of the fifteenth century; and others in modern English far inferior.

The Resignation.

[Written, it is said, not long before the unhappy Author committed suicide.]

O GOD, whose thunder shakes the sky,
Whose eye this atom globe surveys;
To Thee, my only rock, I fly,
Thy mercy in thy justice praise.

The mystic mazes of thy will,
The shadows of celestial light,
Are past the power of human skill—
But what the Eternal acts is right.

O teach me in the trying hour,
When anguish swells the dewy tear,
To still my sorrows, own thy power,
Thy goodness love, thy justice fear.

If in this bosom aught but Thee,
Incroaching, sought a boundless sway,
Omniscience could the danger see,
And mercy look the cause away.

Then why, my soul, dost thou complain?
Why drooping seek the dark recess?
Shake off the melancholy chain,
For God created all to bless.

But ah! my breast is human still;
The rising sigh, the falling tear,
My languid vitals' feeble rill,
The sickness of my soul declare.

But yet, with fortitude resign'd,
I'll thank the' inflicter of the blow;
Forbid the sigh, compose my mind,
Nor let the gush of misery flow.

The gloomy mantle of the night,
Which on my sinking spirit steals,
Will vanish at the morning light,
Which God, my east, my sun, reveals.

WILLIAM HAMILTON.

BORN 1704. DIED 1754.

Commonly called Hamilton of Bangour, Author of *Miscellaneous Verses.*

On a Dial.

ONCE at a potent leader's voice it stay'd,
Once it went back when a good monarch pray'd:
Mortals, howe'er we grieve, howe'er deplore,
The flying shadow shall return no more.

On an Obelisk.

VIEW all around, the works of Power Divine,
Inquire, explore, admire, extol, resign;
This is the whole of human kind below;
'Tis only given beyond the grave *to know.*

A Soliloquy.

[Written in 1746, after the failure of the Pretender's expedition, in which Hamilton was unfortunately concerned.]

MYSTERIOUS inmate of this breast,
Enkindled by thy flame;

By thee my being's best exprest,
  For what thou art I am:

With thee I claim celestial birth,
  A spark of heaven's own ray;
Without thee sink to vilest earth,
  Inanimated clay.

Now in this sad and dismal hour
  Of multiply'd distress,
Has any former thought the power
  To make thy sorrows less?

When all around thee cruel snares
  Threaten thy destin'd breath,
And every sharp reflection bears
  Want, exile, chains, or death;—

Can aught that pass'd in youth's fond reign
  Thy pleasing vein restore?
Lives beauty's gay and festive train
  In memory's soft store?

Or does the Muse? 'Tis said her art
  Can fiercest pangs appease;
Can she to thy poor trembling heart
  Now speak the words of peace?

Yet she was wont at early dawn
  To whisper thy repose,
Nor was her friendly aid withdrawn
  At grateful evening's close.

Friendship, 'tis true, its sacred might
  May mitigate thy doom;
As lightning, shot across the night,
  A moment gilds the gloom.

O God! thy providence alone
  Can work a wonder here,
Can change to gladness every moan,
  And banish all my fear.

Thy arm, all-powerful to save,
  May every doubt destroy;

And, from the horrors of the grave,
  New raise to life and joy.

From this, as from a copious spring,
  Pure consolation flows;
Makes the faint heart midst sufferings sing,
  And midst despair repose.

Yet from its creature, gracious Heaven,
  Most merciful and just,
Asks but, for life and safety given,
  Our faith and humble trust.

CHRISTOPHER SMART.

BORN 1722. DIED 1770.

Principal Works:—*On the Divine Attributes*, (very elaborate pieces in blank verse, but ponderous and unattractive) *Miscellanies*, (of considerable variety and merit.) Nothing from the hand of Smart, however, can be compared with the following stanzas, said to have been indented by him, with the end of a key, on the wainscot of a room, in which he was confined as a maniac, and debarred the use of pen, ink, and paper. There is an affecting incoherency in the thought and images, which glance like spectres through the author's mind, as a disordered medium; but the frequent felicity of phrase and general splendor of conception, must strike every reader of taste as evidence of that "fine madness," which is said to reign in the intellect of every true poet. The last stanza alone might give immortality to any name: it is a most perfect specimen of the sublime. The poem, of which this is an interlude, describes the Royal Psalmist and the themes which he was wont to sing to the Harp of Zion.

David.

SUBLIME,—invention ever-young,
Of vast conception, towering tongue,
To God the' eternal theme;
Notes from your exaltations caught,
Unrivall'd royalty of thought,
O'er meaner thoughts supreme.

His muse, bright angel of his verse,
Gives balm for all the thorns that pierce,
For all the pangs that rage:
Blest light still gaining on the gloom,
The more than Michal of his bloom,
The' Abishag of his age.

He sang of God, the mighty source
Of all things,—that stupendous force,
On which all strength depends;
From whose right arm, beneath whose eyes,
All period, power and enterprize
Commences, reigns and ends.

The world, the clustering spheres He made,
The glorious light, the soothing shade,
Dale, champaign, grove and hill;
The multitudinous abyss,
Where secresy remains in bliss;
And wisdom hides her skill.

"Tell them, I AM," Jehovah said
To Moses, while earth heard in dread;
And, smitten to the heart,
At once, above, beneath, around,
All Nature, without voice or sound,
Replied, "O Lord, THOU ART."

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

BORN 1709. DIED 1784.

Principal Works:—The *English Dictionary*, *Rambler*, *Idler*, *Lives of the Poets*, &c. &c.

On the death of Mr. Robert Levet, a practiser in Physic.

CONDEMN'D to Hope's delusive mine,
As on we toil from day to day,
By sudden blasts or slow decline,
Our social comforts drop away.

Well-tried thro' many a varying year,
See Levet to the grave descend,
Officious, innocent, sincere,
Of every friendless name the friend.

Yet still he fills affection's eye,
Obscurely wise and coarsely kind;
Nor, letter'd Arrogance! deny
Thy praise to merit unrefined.

When fainting Nature call'd for aid,
And hovering death prepared the blow,
His vigorous remedy display'd
The power of art, without the show.

In misery's darkest cavern known,
His useful care was ever nigh,
Where hopeless anguish pour'd the groan,
And lonely want retired to die.

No summons mock'd by chill delay,
No petty gain disdain'd by pride,
The modest wants of every day,
The toil of every day supplied.

His virtues walk'd their narrow round,
Nor made a pause, nor left a void;
And sure the' eternal Master found
The single talent well employ'd.

The busy day, the peaceful night,
Unfelt, uncounted, glided by;
His frame was firm, his powers were bright,
Though now his eightieth year drew nigh.

Then, with no fiery throbbing pain,
No cold gradations of decay,
Death broke at once the vital chain,
And freed his soul the nearest way.

The Ant:—A simile from Proverbs vi. 6—14.

TURN on the prudent Ant thy heedful eyes,
Observe her labours, sluggard, and be wise:
No stern command, no monitory voice,
Prescribes her duties, or directs her choice;
Yet, timely provident, she hastes away,
To snatch the blessings of the plenteous day;
When fruitful summer loads the teeming plain,
She crops the harvest, and she stores the grain.
How long shall sloth usurp thy useless hours,
Unnerve thy vigour, and enchain thy powers;
While artful shades thy downy couch enclose,
And soft solicitation courts repose?
Amidst the drowsy charms of dull delight,
Year chases year with unremitted flight,
Till want now following, fraudulent and slow,
Shall spring to seize thee like an ambush'd foe.

Close of the Vanity of human wishes.

WHERE then shall hope and fear their objects find,
Must dull suspense corrupt the stagnant mind?
Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?
Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,
No cries invoke the mercies of the skies?
Inquirer, cease, petitions yet remain,
Which heaven may hear, nor deem religion vain.
Still raise, for good, the supplicating voice,
But leave to heaven the measure and the choice;
Safe in his power, whose eyes discern afar
The secret ambush of a specious prayer.
Implore his aid, in his decisions rest,
Secure whate'er He gives He gives the best:
Yet, when the sense of sacred presence fires,
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
Obedient passions, and a will resign'd;

For love, which scarce collective man can fill,
For patience sovereign o'er transmuted ill;
For faith that, panting for a happier seat,
Counts death kind nature's signal for retreat;
These goods for man the laws of Heaven ordain,
These goods he grants, who grants the power to gain;
With these celestial Wisdom calms the mind,
And makes the happiness she does not find.

SAMUEL WESLEY, Jun.

Born 1692. Died 1739.

Author of the *Battle of the Sexes, Tales,* and *other Poems.*

Epitaph on an Infant.

Beneath, a sleeping infant lies,
  To earth whose ashes lent,
More glorious shall hereafter rise,
  Though not more innocent.

When the arch-angel's trump shall blow,
  And souls and bodies join,
What crouds will wish, their lives below
  Had been as short as thine!

The Resurrection.

The Sun of Righteousness appears,
  To set in blood no more!
Adore the healer of your fears,
  Your rising Sun adore.

The Saints, when He resign'd his breath,
  Unclosed their sleeping eyes,
He breaks again the bonds of Death,
  Again the dead arise.

Alone the dreadful race He ran,
  Alone the wine-press trod;
He died and suffer'd as a man,
  He rises as a God!

In vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
  Forbid an early rise,
To Him who breaks the gates of Hell,
  And opens Paradise.

CHARLES WESLEY.

BORN 1708. DIED 1788.

Author of a great number of the best Hymns in the English, or any other language.

The English Martyrs.

[Written after walking over Smithfield.]

HAIL, holy Martyrs, glorious names,
Who nobly here for Jesus stood,
Rejoiced, and clapp'd your hands in flames,
And dared to seal the truth with blood!

Strong in the Lord, divinely strong,
Tortures and death ye here defied;
Dæmons and men, a gazing throng,
Ye braved, and more than conquering died.

Finish'd your course, and fought your fight,
Hence did your mounting souls aspire,
Starting from flesh they took their flight,
Born upward on a car of fire.

Where earth and hell no more molest,
Ye now have join'd the heavenly host,
Enter'd into your Father's rest,
And found the life which here ye lost.

Father, if now thy breath revives
In us the pure primæval flame,
Thy power, which animates our lives,
Can make us in our deaths the same;

Can out of weakness make us strong,
Arming as in the ancient days,
Loosing the stammering infant's tongue,
And perfecting in babes thy praise.

Come, holy, holy, holy Lord,
The Father, Son, and Spirit come!
Be mindful of thy changeless word,
And make the faithful soul thy home.

Arm of the Lord, awake, awake;
In us thy glorious self reveal;
Let us thy sevenfold gifts partake,
Let us thy mighty working feel.

Near us, assisting Jesu, stand,
Give us the opening heaven to see,
Thee to behold at God's right hand,
And yield our parting souls to Thee.

JOHN GAMBOLD.

Born 1711. Died 1771.

Author of *Ignatius, a Tragedy*, various *minor poems*, and many *Hymns* in the *Moravian Brethren's Collection*.

The Mystery of Life.

So many years I've seen the sun,
  And called these eyes and hands my own,
A thousand little acts I've done,
  And childhood have, and manhood known:
O what is life! and this dull round
To tread, why was a spirit bound?

So many airy draughts and lines,
  And warm excursions of the mind,
Have fill'd my soul with great designs,
  While practice grovell'd far behind:
O what is thought! and where withdraw
The glories which my fancy saw?

So many tender joys and woes
  Have on my quivering soul had power;
Plain life with heightening passions rose,
  The boast or burden of their hour:
O what is all we feel! why fled
Those pains and pleasures o'er my head?

So many human souls divine,
  So at one interview display'd,
Some oft and freely mix'd with mine,
  In lasting bonds my heart have laid:
O what is friendship! why impress'd
On my weak, wretched, dying breast?

So many wondrous gleams of light,
  And gentle ardours from above,
Have made me sit, like seraph bright,
  Some moments on a throne of love:
O what is virtue! why had I,
Who am so low, a taste so high?

Ere long, when sovereign wisdom wills,
  My soul an unknown path shall tread,
And strangely leave, who strangely fills
  This frame, and waft me to the dead:
O what is death! 'tis life's last shore,
Where vanities are vain no more;
Where all pursuits their goal obtain,
And life is all retouch'd again;
Where in their bright result shall rise
Thoughts, virtues, friendships, griefs and joys.

On Listening to the vibrations of a Clock.

INSTRUCTIVE sound! I'm now convinced by thee,
Time in its womb may bear infinity,
How the past moment dies, and throbs no more!
What worlds of parts compose the rolling hour!
The least of these a serious care demands;
For though they're little, yet they're golden sands:
By some great deeds distinguish'd all in heaven,
For the same end to me by number given;
Cease, man, to lavish sums thou ne'er hast told;
Angels, though deathless, dare not be so bold!

Epitaph on Himself.

ASK not, who ended here his span?
His name, reproach and praise, was man.
Did no great deeds adorn his course?
No deed of his, but show'd him worse:
One thing was great, which God supplied,
He suffer'd human life—and died.
What points of knowledge did he gain?
That life was sacred all—and vain:
Sacred how high, and vain how low,
He knew not here, but died to know.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

BORN 1729. DIED 1774.

Author of the *Deserted Village, the Traveller*, and other Poems, of unrivalled popularity.

The Country Clergyman.

NEAR yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wish'd to change his place;
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learnt to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain:
The long remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learnt to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe:
Careless their merits, or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.
  Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And even his failings lean'd to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt, at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all.

And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies,
He try'd each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.
Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
The reverend champion stood. At his controul,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whisper'd praise.
At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal each honest rustic ran;
Even children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile;
His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distrest;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven:
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Tho' round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

GEOFFREY EKINS.

On the Birth of his first Child, 1766.

Exhausted by her painful throes,
Let Nature take her due repose;
Sweet, dearest Anna, be thy sleep,
While I my joyful vigils keep:
O be thy joys sincere as mine,
For sure my pangs have equall'd thine!

Sleep on, and waking thou shalt see
All that delights thy soul in me,
—Friend, Husband, and ah! name more dear,
The Father of thy new-born care;
As thou on her thine eyes shalt cast,
Thank God for all thy dangers past!

He, for no trivial cause, ordains
That joys like these succeed thy pains,
But by this sacred pledge demands
A Parent's duty at thy hands;
While thou thine infant-charge shalt rear,
My love shall lighten every care.

Since first, before the hallow'd shrine,
I call'd my dearest Anna mine,
Ne'er did my soul such rapture move,
Nor glow'd my heart with equal love;
Some charm must in this infant lie,
That binds us by a closer tie.

My partial eyes with pleasure trace
Thy features in its smiling face,
And if kind Heaven in mercy hears
The fondness of a Father's prayers,
In her may I those graces see,
Those virtues which I love in thee.

J. HART.

He lived about the middle of the last century, and wrote a volume of Hymns, some of which have frequently been reprinted.

Gethsemane.

Jesus, while He dwelt below,
As divine historians say,
To a place would often go;
Near to Kedron's brook it lay;

In this place He loved to be;
And 'twas named Gethsemane.

'Twas a garden, as we read,
At the foot of Olivet,
Low and proper to be made
The Redeemer's lone retreat:
When from noise He would be free,
Then He sought Gethsemane.

Thither, by their Master brought,
His disciples likewise came;
There the heavenly truths He taught
Often set their hearts on flame;
Therefore they, as well as He,
Visited Gethsemane.

Oft conversing here they sat;
Or might join with Christ in prayer;
Oh! what blest devotion that,
When the Lord himself is there!
All things thus did there agree
To endear Gethsemane.

Full of love to man's lost race,
On the conflict much He thought;
This He knew the destin'd place,
And He loved the sacred spot;
Therefore Jesus chose to be
Often in Gethsemane.

Came at length the dreadful night;
Vengeance, with its iron rod,
Stood, and with collected might,
Bruised the harmless Lamb of God;
See, my soul, thy Saviour see,
Prostrate in Gethsemane.

View Him in that Olive-press,
Wrung with anguish, whelm'd with blood;
Hear Him pray in his distress,
With strong cries and tears, to God:

Then reflect what sin must be,
Gazing on Gethsemane.

Gloomy garden, on thy beds,
Wash'd by Kedron's water-pool,
Grow most rank and bitter weeds;
Think on these, my soul, my soul!
Wouldst thou sin's dominion flee,
Call to mind Gethsemane.

Eden, from each flowery bed,
Did for man short sweetness breathe;
Soon, by Satan's counsel led,
Man wrought sin, and sin wrought death;
But of life, the healing tree
Grows in rich Gethsemane.

Hither, Lord, Thou didst resort,
Oft times with thy little train;
Here wouldst keep thy private court:
Oh! confer that grace again:
Lord, resort with worthless me,
Oft times to Gethsemane.

True, I can't deserve to share
In a favour so divine;
But since sin first fix'd Thee there,
None have greater sins than mine;
And to this my woeful plea,
Witness thou, Gethsemane!—

Sins against a holy God,
Sins against his righteous laws,
Sins against his love, his blood,
Sins against his name and cause,—
Sins immense as is the sea:
—Hide me, O Gethsemane!

Saviour all the stone remove
From my flinty, frozen heart;
Thaw it with the beams of love,
Pierce it with thy mercy's dart:
Wound the heart that wounded Thee;
Break it in Gethsemane.

MOSES BROWNE.

Author of *Piscatory Eclogues, Sunday Thoughts, the Universe,* and other *Poems.* He belongs to the eighteenth century.

To the River Lea.

SWEET stream, where most my haunts delight,
Whose scenes to solemn thoughts invite,
May my calm life resemble Thee,
Such pleasure give, so useful be.
As passing straws, and buoyant leaves,
Thy yielding surface but receives,
While pearls, that lure the searching eye,
Deep-treasured in thy bosom lie;
—May trifles such reception find,
Float lightly-transient o'er my mind,
While weightier thoughts admission win,
Sink its whole depths, and rest within.
As the large face the heavens expose
Thy pure reflecting mirror shows,
Yet paints, in small terrestrial scenes,
Some bordering flowers or pendent greens;
—So, with resemblances divine,
My copying life direct to shine;
While Earth's faint forms, grown distant, less,
Their fewer images express.
Teach me thy *constancy;* to force
O'er bars and straits a stubborn course;
Not idly in suspension held,
Thy path not changed, though oft repell'd:
Thy *patience* teach my ruffled soul,
When like thy waves its motions roll,
Though vex'd to foam, when passions fray,
In gentle smiles to glide away.
Teach me thy rule of temperate bliss,
Well-pleased thy flowery banks to kiss,
Yet by no sweets allured aside,
Till ocean stops thy restless tide:

To me a pattern wise dispense,
Meekly to taste the charms of sense;
Still pressing to my wish'd abode,
Nor fix'd, till at my centre—God.

Consecrated Suffering.

Friendship! I thought thee once a pleasing thing,
When childhood flatter'd me with golden dreams;
Too rash I trusted to thy waxen wing
Against affliction's melting beams:
I knew not till I fell, how light, how vain,
Were all thy boasted mighty powers;
Fair promiser in happy hours,
But flying from our pain.

When Youth allured me from my mother's knee
To sports, companions, and unthinking days,
I thought the sun and seasons made for me:
—Smoothly we enter life's delusive maze;
By inexperience led, and hope deceived,
I trusted ere my heart enquired;
So soon is what we wish admired,
And what we love believed.

But Heavenly care, that did my good intend,
Stripp'd me of these, to bring me better joys;
Removing worldly prospects, substance, friend,
And gave itself in change for earthly toys:
Ah! my dear God! how little did I know,
When their mourn'd loss first fix'd my smart,
Thou didst but rend them from my heart,
That Thou might'st more bestow.

The surrender of the Heart.

[From the German of Martin Luther.]

Act but the gentle Infant's part,
Give up to love thy willing heart;

No fondest parent's melting breast
Yearns, like thy God's, to make thee blest:
Taught its dear mother soon to know,
The tenderest babe its love can show;
Bid thy base servile fear retire,
This task no labour will require.

The Sovereign Father, good and kind,
Wants to behold his child resign'd;
Wants but thy yielded heart—no more—
With his large gifts of grace to store:
He to thy soul no anguish brings,
From thy own stubborn will it springs;
But crucify that cruel foe,
Nor pain, nor care thy breast shall know.

Shake from thy soul, o'erwhelm'd, opprest,
The' encumbering load that galls thy rest,
That wastes thy strength in bondage vain;
—With courage break the' enthralling chain:
Let prayer exert its conquering power,
Cry in the tempted, trembling hour,
" My God, my Father, save thy son!"
'Tis heard, and all thy fears are gone.

JAMES BEATTIE.

BORN 1735. DIED 1803.

Author of *the Minstrel and other Poems.*

The Hermit.

AT the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove;
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove:

'Twas then, by the cave of a mountain afar,
While his harp rung symphonious, a Hermit began;
No more with himself or with nature at war,
He thought as a Sage, though he felt as a Man.

" Ah why, all abandon'd to darkness and woe,
Why, lone Philomela, that languishing fall?
For Spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
And sorrow no longer thy bosom inthral.
But, if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay,
Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee to mourn;
O soothe him, whose pleasures like thine pass away;
Full quickly they pass—but they never return.

" Now gliding remote, on the verge of the sky,
The moon half extinguish'd her crescent displays:
But lately I mark'd, when majestic on high
She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.
Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue
The path that conducts thee to splendor again;
But man's faded glory what change shall renew!
Ah fool! to exult in a glory so vain!

" 'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more;
I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;
For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
Perfumed with fresh fragrance, and glittering with dew
Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn;
Kind Nature the embryo blossom will save.
But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn!
O when shall it dawn on the night of the grave!

" 'Twas thus, by the glare of false science betray'd;
That leads, to bewilder; and dazzles, to blind;
My thoughts wont to roam, from shade onward to shade,
Destruction before me, and sorrow behind;
' O pity, great Father of light,' then I cry'd;
' Thy creature who fain would not wander from Thee!
Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride;
From doubt and from darkness thou only canst free.'

"And darkness and doubt are now flying away,
No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn,
So breaks on the traveller, faint, and astray,
The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.
See, Truth, Love, and Mercy, in triumph descending,
And nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom!
On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses are blending,
And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb."

WILLIAM COWPER.

BORN 1731. DIED 1800.

Author of *The Task, Table Talk, Progress of Error*, &c. &c.

The Poet.

NATURE, exerting an unwearied power,
Forms, opens, and gives scent to every flower;
Spreads the fresh verdure of the field, and leads
The dancing Naiads through the dewy meads:
She fills profuse ten thousand little throats
With music, modulating all their notes;
And charms the woodland scenes and wilds unknown,
With artless airs and concerts of her own:
But seldom (as if fearful of expense)
Vouchsafes to man a poet's just pretence—
Fervency, freedom, fluency of thought,
Harmony, strength, words exquisitely sought;
Fancy, that from the bow that spans the sky,
Brings colours, dipp'd in Heaven, that never die;
A soul exalted above earth, a mind
Skill'd in the characters that form mankind;
And, as the sun in rising beauty dress'd,
Looks to the westward from the dappled east,
And marks, whatever clouds may interpose,
Ere yet his race begins, its glorious close;

An eye like his to catch the distant goal,
Or ere the wheels of verse begin to roll,
Like his to shed illuminating rays
On every scene and subject it surveys:
Thus graced, the man asserts a poet's name,
And the world cheerfully admits the claim.
Pity Religion has so seldom found
A skilful guide into poetic ground!
The flowers would spring where'er she deign'd to stray,
And every muse attend her in her way.
Virtue indeed meets many a rhyming friend,
And many a compliment politely penn'd;
But, unattired in that becoming vest,
Religion weaves for her, and half undress'd,
Stands in the desert, shivering and forlorn,
A wintry figure, like a wither'd thorn.
The shelves are full, all other themes are sped;
Hackney'd and worn to the last flimsy thread,
Satire has long since done his best; and curst
And loathsome Ribaldry has done his worst;
Fancy has sported all her powers away
In tales, in trifles, and in children's play;
And 'tis the sad complaint, and almost true,
Whate'er we write, we bring forth nothing new.
'Twere new indeed to see a bard all fire,
Touch'd with a coal from heaven, assume the lyre,
And tell the world, still kindling as he sung,
With more than mortal music on his tongue,
That He, who died below, and reigns above,
Inspires the song, and that his name is Love.

The Cant of Infidelity.

"ADIEU," Vinosa cries, ere yet he sips
The purple bumper trembling at his lips,
"Adieu to all morality! if grace
Make works a vain ingredient in the case.
The Christian hope is—Waiter, draw the cork—
If I mistake not—Blockhead! with a fork!

Without good works, whatever some may boast,
Mere folly and delusion—Sir, your toast.
My firm persuasion is, at least sometimes,
That Heaven will weigh man's virtues and his crimes
With nice attention, in a righteous scale,
And save or damn as these or those prevail.
I plant my foot upon this ground of trust,
And silence every fear with—God is just.
But if perchance on some dull drizzling day
A thought intrude, that says, or seems to say,
If thus the' important cause is to be tried,
Suppose the beam should dip on the wrong side;
I soon recover from these needless frights,
And God is merciful—sets all to rights.
Thus between justice, as my prime support,
And mercy, fled to as the last resort,
I glide and steal along with Heaven in view,
And—pardon me, the bottle stands with you."
" I never will believe," the Colonel cries,
" The sanguinary schemes that some devise,
Who make the good Creator on their plan
A being of less equity than man.
If appetite, or what divines call lust,
Which men comply with, e'en because they must,
Be punished with perdition, who is pure?
Then theirs, no doubt, as well as mine, is sure.
If sentence of eternal pain belong
To every sudden slip and transient wrong,
Then Heaven enjoins the fallible and frail
A hopeless task, and damns them if they fail.
My creed (whatever some creed-makers mean
By Athanasian nonsense, or Nicene)—
My creed is, he is safe that does his best,
And death's a doom sufficient for the rest."
" Right," says an Ensign; " and, for aught I see,
Your faith and mine substantially agree;
The best of every man's performance here
Is to discharge the duties of his sphere.
A lawyer's dealings should be just and fair,
Honesty shines with great advantage there:

Fasting and prayer sit well upon a priest,
A decent caution and reserve at least.
A soldier's best is courage in the field,
With nothing here that wants to be conceal'd.
Manly deportment, gallant, easy, gay;
A hand as liberal as the light of day.
The soldier thus endow'd, who never shrinks,
Nor closets up his thoughts, whate'er he thinks,
Who scorns to do an injury by stealth,
Must go to Heaven—and I must drink his health.
Sir Smug," he cries, (for lowest at the board,
Just made fifth chaplain of his patron lord,
His shoulders witnessing, by many a shrug,
How much his feelings suffer'd, sat Sir Smug)
" Your office is to winnow false from true;
Come, prophet, drink, and tell us what think you?"
Sighing and smiling as he takes his glass,
Which they that woo preferment rarely pass,
" Fallible man," the church-bred youth replies,
" Is still found fallible, however wise;
And differing judgments serve but to declare,
That truth lies somewhere, if we knew but where.
Of all it ever was my lot to read,
Of critics now alive, or long since dead,
The book of all the world that charm'd me most
Was—welladay! the title-page was lost;
The writer well remarks, a heart that knows
To take with gratitude what Heaven bestows,
With prudence always ready at our call,
To guide our use of it, is all in all.
Doubtless it is—To which, of my own store,
I superadd a few essentials more;
But these, excuse the liberty I take,
I waive just now, for conversation's sake."—
" Spoke like an oracle," they all exclaim,
And add Right Reverend to Smug's honour'd name.

Conviction and Pardon.

If ever thou hast felt another's pain,
If ever when he sigh'd hast sigh'd again,
If ever on thy eyelid stood the tear,
That pity had engender'd, drop one here.
This man was happy—had the World's good word,
And with it every joy it can afford;
Friendship and love seem'd tenderly at strife,
Which most should sweeten his untroubled life:
Politely learn'd, and of a gentle race,
Good breeding and good sense gave all a grace,
And, whether at the toilette of the fair
He laugh'd and trifled, made him welcome there,
Or if in masculine debate he shared,
Ensured him mute attention and regard.
Alas, how changed! Expressive of his mind,
His eyes are sunk, arms folded, head reclined;
Those awful syllables, hell, death, and sin,
Though whisper'd, plainly tell what works within;
That Conscience there performs her proper part,
And writes a doomsday sentence on his heart;
Forsaking, and forsaken of all friends,
He now perceives where earthly pleasure ends.
Hard task! for one who lately knew no care,
And harder still as learnt beneath despair;
His hours no longer pass unmark'd away,
A dark importance saddens every day;
He hears the notice of the clock perplex'd,
And cries, "Perhaps Eternity strikes next;"
Sweet music is no longer music here,
And laughter sounds like madness in his ear:
His grief the World of all her power disarms,
Wine has no taste, and beauty has no charms:
God's holy word, once trivial in his view,
Now by the voice of his experience true,
Seems, as it is, the fountain whence alone
Must spring that hope he pants to make his own.
Now let the bright reverse be known abroad,
Say man's a worm, and power belongs to God.

As when a felon, whom his country's laws
Have justly doom'd for some atrocious cause,
Expects in darkness and heart-chilling fears,
The shameful close of all his mispent years;
If chance, on heavy pinions slowly borne,
A tempest usher in the dreadful morn,
Upon his dungeon-walls the lightnings play,
The thunder seems to summon him away;
The warder at the door his key applies,
Shoots back the bolt, and all his courage dies:
If then, just then, all thoughts of mercy lost,
When Hope, long lingering, at last yields the ghost,
The sound of pardon pierce his startled ear,
He drops at once his fetters and his fear;
A transport glows in all he looks and speaks,
And the first thankful tears bedew his cheeks.
Joy, far superior joy, that much outweighs
The comfort of a few poor added days,
Invades, possesses, and o'erwhelms the soul
Of him, whom Hope has with a touch made whole.
'Tis heaven, all heaven, descending on the wings
Of the glad legions of the King of kings;
'Tis more—'tis God diffused through every part,
'Tis God himself triumphant in his heart.
O welcome now the sun's once hated light,
His noonday beams were never half so bright!
Not kindred minds alone are called to' employ
Their hours, their days, in listening to his joy;
Unconscious nature, all that he surveys,
Rocks, groves, and streams, must join him in his praise.

The Christian Freeman.

He is the freeman, whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves beside. There's not a chain
That hellish foes, confederate for his harm,
Can wind around him, but he casts it off,
With as much ease as Samson his green withes.
He looks abroad into the varied field
Of nature, and though poor perhaps, compared

With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
Calls the delightful scenery all his own.
His are the mountains, and the valleys his,
And the resplendent rivers. His to' enjoy
With a propriety that none can feel,
But who, with filial confidence inspired,
Can lift to Heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling say—" My father made them all!"
Are they not his by a peculiar right,
And by an emphasis of interest his,
Whose eye they fill with tears of holy joy,
Whose heart with praise, and whose exalted mind
With worthy thoughts of that unwearied love,
That plann'd, and built, and still upholds, a world
So clothed with beauty for rebellious man?
Yes—ye may fill your garners, ye that reap
The loaded soil, and ye may waste much good
In senseless riot; but ye will not find
In feast, or in the chase, in song or dance,
A liberty like his, who, unimpeach'd
Of usurpation, and to no man's wrong
Appropriates nature as his Father's work,
And has a richer use of yours than you.
He is indeed a freeman. Free by birth
Of no mean city; plann'd or ere the hills
Were built, the fountains open'd, or the sea
With all his roaring multitude of waves.
His freedom is the same in every state;
And no condition of this changeful life,
So manifold in cares, whose every day
Brings its own evil with it, makes it less:
For he has wings, that neither sickness, pain,
Nor penury, can cripple or confine.
No nook so narrow but he spreads them there
With ease, and is at large. The' oppressor holds
His body bound, but knows not what a range
His spirit takes unconscious of a chain;
And that to bind him is a vain attempt,
Whom God delights in, and in whom He dwells.

BEILBY PORTEUS.

BORN 1731. DIED 1808.

Natural and Violent Death.

[From "Death," a Prize Poem.]

——————— MAN went to till the ground
From whence he rose; sentenced indeed to toil
As to a punishment, yet (even in wrath,
So merciful is Heaven) this toil became
The solace of his woes, the sweet employ
Of many a live-long hour, and surest guard
Against disease and death. Death, tho' denounced,
Was yet a distant ill, by feeble arm
Of age, his sole support, led slowly on.
Not then, as since, the short-lived sons of men
Flock'd to his realms in countless multitudes;
Scarce in the course of twice five hundred years,
One solitary ghost went shivering down
To his unpeopled shore. In sober state,
Through the sequester'd vale of rural life,
The venerable patriarch guileless held
The tenour of his way; labour prepared
His simple fare, and temperance ruled his board.
Tired with his daily toil, at early eve
He sunk to sudden rest; gentle and pure
As breath of evening zephyr, and as sweet,
Were all his slumbers; with the sun he rose,
Alert and vigorous as he, to run
His destin'd course. Thus nerved with giant strength
He stemm'd the tide of time, and stood the shock
Of ages rolling harmless o'er his head.
At life's meridian point arrived, he stood,
And, looking round, saw all the valleys fill'd
With nations from his loins; full-well content
To leave his race thus scatter'd o'er the earth,

Along the gentle slope of life's decline
He bent his gradual way, till, full of years,
He dropp'd like mellow fruit into his grave.
  Such in the infancy of time was man;
So calm was life, so impotent was death!
O had he but preserved these few remains,
The shatter'd fragments, of lost happiness,
Snatch'd by the hand of Heaven from the sad wreck
Of innocence primæval; still had he lived
In ruin great; tho' fall'n, yet not forlorn;
Though mortal, yet not every where beset
With death in every shape! But he, impatient
To be completely wretched, hastes to fill up
The measure of his woes.—'Twas man himself
Brought death into the world; and man himself
Gave keenness to his darts, quicken'd his pace,
And multiply'd destruction on mankind.
  First Envy, eldest born of hell, embrued
Her hands in blood, and taught the sons of men
To make a death which nature never made,
And God abhorr'd; with violence rude to break
The thread of life ere half its length was run,
And rob a wretched brother of his being.
With joy Ambition saw, and soon improved
The execrable deed. 'Twas not enough
By subtle fraud to snatch a single life,
Puny impiety! whole kingdoms fell
To sate the lust of power: more horrid still,
The foulest stain and scandal of our nature,
Became its boast. One murder made a villain;
Millions a hero. Princes were privileged
To kill, and numbers sanctified the crime.
Ah! why will kings forget that they are men?
And men that they are brethren? Why delight
In human sacrifice? Why burst the ties
Of nature, that should knit their souls together
In one soft bond of amity and love?
Yet still they breathe destruction, still go on
Inhumanly ingenious to find out
New pains for life, new terrors for the grave,
Artificers of death! Still Monarchs dream

Of universal empire growing up
From universal ruin. Blast the design
Great God of Hosts, nor let thy creatures fall
Unpitied victims at ambition's shrine!

ELIZABETH CARTER.

DIED 1806.

A Night-Piece.

WHILE night in solemn shade invests the pole,
And calm reflection sooths the pensive soul,
While reason undisturb'd asserts her sway,
And life's deceitful colours fade away;
To Thee! all-conscious Presence! I devote
This peaceful interval of sober thought:
Here all my better faculties confine;
And be this hour of sacred silence thine!
  If, by the day's illusive scenes misled,
My erring soul from virtue's path has stray'd;
Snared by example, or by passion warm'd,
Some false delight my giddy sense has charm'd;
My calmer thoughts the wretched choice reprove,
And my best hopes are center'd in thy love.
Deprived of this can life one joy afford?
Its utmost boast a vain unmeaning word.
  But, ah! how oft my lawless passions rove,
And break those awful precepts I approve!
Pursue the fatal impulse I abhor,
And violate the virtue I adore!
Oft when thy better Spirit's guardian care
Warn'd my fond soul to shun the tempting snare,
My stubborn will his gentle aid repress'd,
And check'd the rising goodness in my breast;
Mad with vain hopes, or urged by false desires,
Still'd his soft voice, and quench'd his sacred fires.

With grief oppress'd, and prostrate in the dust,
Shouldst thou condemn, I own thy sentence just.
But, oh! thy softer titles let me claim,
And plead my cause by mercy's gentle name.
Mercy! that wipes the penitential tear,
And dissipates the horrors of despair;
From righteous justice steals the vengeful hour,
Softens the dreadful attribute of power,
Disarms the wrath of an offended God,
And seals my pardon in a Saviour's blood!
All powerful Grace, exert thy gentle sway,
And teach my rebel passions to obey;
Lest lurking Folly, with insidious art,
Regain my volatile inconstant heart!
Shall every high resolve Devotion frames
Be only lifeless sounds and specious names?
Oh rather, while thy hopes and fears controul,
In this still hour, each motion of my soul,
Secure its safety, by a sudden doom,
And be the soft retreat of sleep my tomb!
Calm let me slumber in that dark repose,
Till the last morn its orient beam disclose:
Then, when the great archangel's potent sound
Shall echo thro' creation's ample round,
Waked from the sleep of death, with joy survey
The opening splendours of eternal day.

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD.

Born 1743. Died 1825.

Principal Works:—*Essays* and *Poems*, with various publications for children and youth, of great beauty and excellence.

Address to the Deity.

God of my life, and author of my days!
Permit my feeble voice to lisp thy praise;

And trembling take upon a mortal tongue
That hallow'd name to harps of seraphs sung.
Yet here the brightest seraphs could no more
Than hide their faces, tremble, and adore.
Worms, angels, men, in every different sphere,
Are equal all, for all are nothing here.
All Nature faints beneath the mighty name,
Which Nature's works, thro' all her parts, proclaim.
I feel that name my inmost thoughts controul,
And breathe an awful stillness thro' my soul;
As by a charm, the waves of grief subside;
Impetuous passion stops her headlong tide:
At thy felt presence all emotions cease,
And my hush'd spirit finds a sudden peace,
Till every worldly thought within me dies,
And earth's gay pageants vanish from my eyes,
Till all my sense is lost in infinite,
And one vast object fills my aching sight.
  But soon, alas! this holy calm is broke;
My soul submits to wear her wonted yoke;
With shackled pinions strives to soar in vain,
And mingles with the dross of earth again.
But He, our gracious Master, kind as just,
Knowing our frame, remembers man is dust.
His Spirit, ever brooding o'er our mind,
Sees the first wish to better hopes inclined;
Marks the young dawn of every virtuous aim,
And fans the smoaking flax into a flame.
His ears are open to the softest cry,
His grace descends to meet the lifted eye;
He reads the language of a silent tear,
And sighs are incense from a heart sincere.
Such are the vows, the sacrifice I give:
Accept the vow, and bid the suppliant live:
From each terrestrial bondage set me free;
Still every wish that centers not in thee;
Bid my fond hopes, my vain disquiets cease
And point my path to everlasting peace.
  If the soft hand of winning pleasure leads
By living waters, and thro' flowery meads,

When all is smiling, tranquil and serene,
And vernal beauty paints the flattering scene,
Oh! teach me to elude each latent snare,
And whisper to my sliding heart—Beware!
With caution let me hear the Syren's voice,
And doubtful, with a trembling heart rejoice.
If friendless in a vale of tears I stray,
Where briers wound, and thorns perplex my way,
Still let my steady soul thy goodness see,
And with strong confidence, lay hold on thee;
With equal eye my various lot receive,
Resign'd to die, or resolute to live;
Prepared to kiss the sceptre or the rod,
While God is seen in all, and all in God.
  I read his awful name emblazon'd high
With golden letters on the' illumin'd sky.
Nor less the mystic characters I see
Wrought in each flower, inscribed on every tree:
In every leaf that trembles to the breeze
I hear the voice of God among the trees;
With thee in shady solitudes I walk,
With thee in busy crowded cities talk;
In every creature own thy forming power,
In each event thy providence adore.
Thy hopes shall animate my drooping soul,
Thy precepts guide me, and thy fear controul.
Thus shall I rest unmoved by all alarms,
Secure within the temple of thine arms,
From anxious cares, from gloomy terrors free,
And feel myself omnipotent in Thee.
Then, when the last, the closing hour draws nigh,
And earth recedes before my swimming eye;
When trembling on the doubtful edge of fate
I stand, and stretch my view to either state;
Teach me to quit this transitory scene
With decent triumph and a look serene;
Teach me to fix my ardent hopes on high,
And, having lived to thee, in Thee to die.

ROBERT BURNS.

BORN 1759. DIED 1796.

Author of Poems, principally in the Scottish dialect, of unrivalled popularity in his native country, and scarcely less admired wherever his language is understood. Had *he* been a "Christian Poet,"

"How had he blest mankind and rescued me!"

Religion in a Cottage.

Wi' joy unfeign'd brithers and sisters meet,
An' each for other's weelfare kindly spiers:
The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnoticed fleet,
Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears;
The parents, partial, eye their hopefu' years;
Anticipation forward points the view;
The mother, wi' her needle an' her sheers,
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their maister's an' their mistress's command,
The younkers a' are warned to obey;
An' mind their labours wi' an eydent hand,
An' ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play;
"An' O! be sure to fear the Lord alway!
An' mind your duty, duly, morn an' night!
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
Implore his counsel and assisting might:
They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright!"

* * * * * * * * *

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big ha'-Bible, ance his father's pride:

His bonnet reverently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets wearing thin an' bare;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales a portion wi' judicious care;
And "*Let us worship* God!" he says, wi' solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim:
Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy o' the name:
Or noble Elgin beets the heaven-ward flame,
The sweetest far o' Scotia's holy lays:
Compared with these, Italian trills are tame
The tickled ears no heart-felt raptures raise;
Nae unison hae they wi' our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
How Abram was the friend o' God on high;
Or, Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
Or how the *royal bard* did groaning lye
Beneath the stroke o' Heaven's avenging ire;
Or, Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the *Christian volume* is the theme,
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
How He, who bore in Heaven the second name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay his head:
How his first followers and servants sped,
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land:
How he, who lone in Patmos banished,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand;
And heard great Babylon's doom pronounced by Heaven's command.

Then kneeling down, to heaven's Eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays:
Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"*
That thus they all shall meet in future days:

---

* Pope's Windsor Forest.

There ever bask in uncreated rays,
  No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
  In such society, yet still more dear;
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compared with this, how poor Religion's pride,
  In all the pomp of method, and of art,
When men display to congregations wide,
  Devotion's every grace, except the heart!
The Power, incensed, the pageant will desert,
  The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
But haply, in some cottage far apart,
  May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul;
And in his Book of Life the inmates poor enroll.

Then homeward all take off their several way;
  The youngling cottagers retire to rest:
The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
  And proffer up to heaven the warm request,
That He who stills the raven's clamorous nest,
  And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,
Would, in the way his wisdom sees the best,
  For them and for their little ones provide;
But chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine preside.

Lines left at a reverend Friend's house.

O Thou dread Power, who reign'st above!
  I know Thou wilt me hear;
When, for this scene of peace and love,
  I make my prayer sincere.

The hoary sire—the mortal stroke,
  Long, long, be pleased to spare!
To bless his little filial flock,
  And show what good men are.

She, who her lovely offspring eyes
  With tender hopes and fears,
O, bless her with a mother's joys,
  But spare a mother's tears!

Their hope, their stay, their darling youth,
  In manhood's dawning blush!
Bless him, thou God of love and truth,
  Up to a parent's wish!

The beauteous, seraph sister-band,
  With earnest tears, I pray,
Thou know'st the snares on every hand,
  Guide Thou their steps alway!

When soon or late they reach that coast,
  O'er life's rough ocean driven,
May they rejoice, no wanderer lost,
  A family in Heaven!

JAMES GRAHAME.

BORN 1765. DIED 1811.

Principal Works:—*The Sabbath, Birds of Scotland, British Georgics*, &c.

A Sabbath Walk.

DELIGHTFUL is this loneliness; it calms
My heart: pleasant the cool beneath these elms,
That throw across the stream a moveless shade.
Here nature in her midnoon whisper speaks:
How peaceful every sound!—the ring-dove's plaint,
Moan'd from the twilight centre of the grove,
While every other woodland lay is mute,
Save when the wren flits from her down-coved nest,
And from the root-sprigs trills her ditty clear,—
The grasshopper's oft-pausing chirp,—the buzz,
Angrily shrill, of moss-entangled bee,
That, soon as loosed, booms with full twang away,—
The sudden rushing of the minnow shoal,
Scared from the shallows by my passing tread.

Dimpling the water glides, with here and there
A glossy fly, skimming in circlets gay
The treacherous surface, while the quick-eyed trout
Watches his time to spring; or, from above,
Some feather'd dam, purveying 'mong the boughs,
Darts from her perch, and to her plumeless brood
Bears off the prize:—Sad emblem of man's lot!
He, giddy insect, from his native leaf,
(Where safe and happily he might have lurk'd)
Elate upon ambition's gaudy wings,
Forgetful of his origin, and, worse,
Unthinking of his end, flies to the stream;
And if from hostile vigilance he 'scape,
Buoyant he flutters but a little while,
Mistakes the inverted image of the sky
For heaven itself, and, sinking, meets his fate.
Now, let me trace the stream up to its source
Among the hills; its runnel by degrees
Diminishing, the murmur turns a tinkle.
Closer and closer still the banks approach,
Tangled so thick with pleaching bramble-shoots,
With brier, and hazel branch, and hawthorn spray,
That, fain to quit the dingle, glad I mount
Into the open air: grateful the breeze
That fans my throbbing temples! smiles the plain
Spread wide below: how sweet the placid view!
But Oh! more sweet the thought, heart-soothing thought,
That thousands, and ten thousands of the sons
Of toil, partake this day the common joy
Of rest, of peace, of viewing hill and dale,
Of breathing in the silence of the woods,
And blessing Him, who gave the Sabbath day.
Yes, my heart flutters with a freer throb,
To think that now the townsman wanders forth
Among the fields and meadows, to enjoy
The coolness of the day's decline: to see
His children sport around, and simply pull
The flower and weed promiscuous, as a boon,
Which proudly in his breast they smiling fix.
Again I turn me to the hill, and trace

The wizard stream, now scarce to be discerned;
Woodless its banks, but green with ferny leaves,
And thinly strew'd with heath-bells up and down.
Now, when the downward sun has left the glens,
Each mountain's rugged lineaments are traced
Upon the adverse slope, where stalks gigantic
The shepherd's shadow thrown athwart the chasm,
As on the topmost ridge he homeward hies.
How deep the hush! the torrent's channel, dry,
Presents a stony steep, the echo's haunt.
But hark, a plaintive sound floating along!
'Tis from yon heath-roofed shielin; now it dies
Away, now rises full; it is the song
Which He,—who listens to the halleluiahs
Of choiring seraphim—delights to hear;
It is the music of the heart, the voice
Of venerable age,—of guileless youth,
In kindly circle seated on the ground
Before their wicker door: Behold the man!
The grandsire and the saint; his silvery locks
Beam in the parting ray; before him lies,
Upon the smooth-cropt sward, the open book,
His comfort, stay, and ever new-delight;
While, heedless, at a side, the lisping boy
Fondles the lamb that nightly shares his couch.

The Resurrection.

The setting orb of night her level ray
Shed o'er the land, and, on the dewy sward,
The lengthen'd shadows of the triple cross
Were laid far stretch'd,—when in the east arose,
Last of the stars, day's harbinger: No sound
Was heard, save of the watching soldier's foot:
Within the rock-barr'd sepulchre, the gloom
Of deepest midnight brooded o'er the dead,
The holy One; but, lo! a radiance faint
Began to dawn around his sacred brow:
The linen vesture seemed a snowy wreath,
Drifted by storms into a mountain cave:

Bright, and more bright, the circling halo beam'd
Upon that face, clothed in a smile benign,
Though yet exanimate. Nor long the reign
Of death; the eyes, that wept for human griefs,
Unclose, and look around with conscious joy:
Yes; with returning life, the first emotion
That glow'd in Jesus' breast of love, was joy
At man's redemption, now complete; at death
Disarm'd; the grave transform'd into the couch
Of faith; the resurrection and the life.
Majestical He rose; trembled the earth;
The ponderous gate of stone was rolled away;
The keepers fell; the angel, awe-struck, shrunk
Into invisibility, while forth
The Saviour of the world walked, and stood
Before the sepulchre, and view'd the clouds
Empurpled glorious by the rising sun.

The Covenanters.

O BLISSFUL day!
When all men worship God as conscience wills,
Far other times our fathers' grandsires knew,
A virtuous race, to godliness devote.
What though the sceptic's scorn hath dared to soil
The record of their fame! What though the men
Of worldly minds have dared to stigmatize
The sister-cause, religion and the law,
With superstition's name! yet, yet their deeds,
Their constancy in torture, and in death,—
These on tradition's tongue still live; these shall
On history's honest page be pictured bright
To latest times. Perhaps some bard, whose muse
Disdains the servile strain of fashion's quire,
May celebrate their unambitious names.
With them each day was holy, every hour
They stood prepared to die, a people doom'd
To death:—old men, and youths, and simple maids.
With them each day was holy; but that morn
On which the angel said, *See where the Lord*

Was laid, joyous arose; to die that day
Was bliss. Long ere the dawn, by devious ways,
O'er hills, thro' woods, o'er dreary wastes, they sought
The upland moors, where rivers, there but brooks,
Dispart to different seas. Fast by such brooks,
A little glen is sometimes scoop'd, a plat
With green sward gay, and flowers that strangers seem
Amid the heathery wild, that all around
Fatigues the eye: in solitudes like these
Thy persecuted children, SCOTIA, foil'd
A tyrant's and a bigot's bloody laws:
There, leaning on his spear, (one of the array,
Whose gleam, in former days, had scathed the rose
On England's banner, and had powerless struck
The infatuate monarch and his wavering host,)
The lyart veteran heard the word of God
By Cameron thunder'd, or by Renwick pour'd
In gentle stream: then rose the song, the loud
Acclaim of praise; the wheeling plover ceased
Her plaint; the solitary place was glad,
And on the distant cairns, the watcher's ear*
Caught doubtfully at times the breeze-borne note.
But years more gloomy follow'd; and no more
The assembled people dared, in face of day,
To worship God, or even at the dead
Of night, save when the wintry storm raved fierce,
And thunder-peals compell'd the men of blood
To couch within their dens; then dauntlessly
The scatter'd few would meet, in some deep dell
By rocks o'er-canopied, to hear the voice,
Their faithful pastor's voice: He, by the gleam
Of sheeted lightning, oped the sacred book,
And words of comfort spake: Over their souls
His accents soothing came,—as to her young
The heathfowl's plumes, when, at the close of eve,
She gathers in, mournful, her brood dispersed
By murderous sport, and o'er the remnant spreads
Fondly her wings; close nestling 'neath her breast,
They, cherish'd, cower amid the purple blooms.

---

* Sentinels were placed on the surrounding hills, to give warning of the approach of the military.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

BORN 1785. DIED 1806.

Author of miscellaneous Poems, of great promise.

Music—(a fragment).

O GIVE me music—for my soul doth faint;
  I am sick of noise and care, and now mine ear
Longs for some air of peace, some dying plaint;
  That may the spirit from its cell unsphere.

Hark, how it falls! and now it steals along,
  Like distant bells upon the lake at eve,
When all is still; and now it grows more strong,
  As when the choral train their dirges weave,
Mellow and many-voiced; where every close,
O'er the old minster roof, in echoing waves reflows.

Oh! I am wrapt aloft. My spirit soars
  Beyond the skies, and leaves the stars behind:
Lo! angels lead me to the happy shores,
  And floating pæans fill the buoyant wind:
Farewell! base earth, farewell! my soul is freed,
Far from its clayey cell it springs,—

* * * * * * *

The end of Time—(a fragment).

ONCE more, and yet once more,
  I give unto my harp a dark-woven lay;
I heard the waters roar,
  I heard the flood of ages pass away.
O thou, stern spirit, who dost dwell
  In thine eternal cell,

Noting, grey chronicler! the silent years;
I saw thee rise,—I saw the scroll complete,
Thou spakest, and at thy feet,
The universe gave way.

Farewell to the Lyre.

[From the unfinished Poem of the Christiad.]

THUS far have I pursued my solemn theme
With self-rewarding toil;—thus far have sung
Of godlike deeds, far loftier than beseem
The lyre, which I in early days have strung;
And now my spirits faint, and I have hung
The shell, that solaced me in saddest hour,
On the dark cypress! and the strings which rung
With Jesus' praise, their harpings now are o'er,
Or when the breeze comes by moan and are heard no more.

And must the harp of Judah sleep again,
Shall I no more re-animate the lay!
Oh! thou who visitest the sons of men,
Thou who dost listen when the humble pray,
One little space prolong my mournful day!
One little lapse suspend thy last decree!
I am a youthful traveller in the way,
And this slight boon would consecrate to thee,
Ere I with Death shake hands, and smile that I am free.

* * * * * * *
* * * * * * *

MRS. HENRY TIGHE.

BORN 1773. DIED 1810.

Author of *Psyche*, and a few minor poems of peculiar elegance and delicacy in style and sentiment.

On receiving a Branch of Mezereon, which flowered at Woodstock. December, 1809.

ODOURS of spring, my sense ye charm
  With fragrance premature;
And, mid these days of dark alarm,
  Almost to hope allure.
Methinks with purpose soft ye come
  To tell of brighter hours,
Of May's blue skies, abundant bloom,
  Her sunny gales and showers.

Alas! for me shall May in vain
  The powers of life restore;
These eyes that weep and watch in pain
  Shall see her charms no more.
No, no, this anguish cannot last!
  Beloved friends, adieu!
The bitterness of death were past,
  Could I resign but you.

But oh! in every mortal pang
  That rends my soul from life,
That soul, which seems on you to hang
  Through each convulsive strife,
Even now, with agonizing grasp
  Of terror and regret,
To all in life its love would clasp
  Clings close and closer yet.

Yet why, immortal, vital spark!
  Thus mortally opprest?

Look up, my soul, through prospects dark,
  And bid thy terrors rest;
Forget, forego thy earthly part,
  Thine heavenly being trust:—
Ah, vain attempt! my coward heart
  Still shuddering clings to dust.

Oh ye! who sooth the pangs of death
  With love's own patient care,
Still, still retain this fleeting breath,
  Still pour the fervent prayer;—
And ye, whose smile must greet my eye
  No more, nor voice my ear,
Who breathe for me the tender sigh,
  And shed the pitying tear,—

Whose kindness (though far far removed)
  My grateful thoughts perceive,
Pride of my life, esteem'd, beloved,
  My last sad claim receive!
Oh! do not quite your friend forget,
  Forget alone her faults;
And speak of her with fond regret
  Who asks your lingering thoughts.*

---

* This was the last poem ever composed by the author, who expired at the place where it was written, after six years of protracted malady, on the 24th of March, 1810, in the thirty-seventh year of her age. Her fears of death were perfectly removed before she quitted this scene of trial and suffering; and her spirit departed to a better state of existence, confiding with heavenly joy in the acceptance and love of her Redeemer.—*Note by the Husband of the deceased, in his edition of her Poems.*

HERBERT KNOWLES.

The following stanzas ought to endear the memory of the Author, a youth, of a Yorkshire family, (it is believed) who died a few years ago, in his minority. Truly *he* built "a monument more durable than brass," in compiling these casual lines, with little prospect of pleasing any body but himself and a circle of partial friends. There is more of originality in them than can easily be found among juvenile productions.

It is good to be here.

METHINKS it is good to be here,
If thou wilt, let us build—but for whom?
Nor Elias, nor Moses appear,
But the shadows of eve that encompass the gloom,
The abode of the dead, and the place of the tomb.

Shall we build to Ambition? Ah! no;
Affrighted he shrinketh away;
For see! they would pin him below
To a small narrow cave, and begirt with cold clay,
To the meanest of reptiles a peer and a prey.

To Beauty? Ah! no; she forgets
The charms which she wielded before:
Nor knows the foul worm that he frets
The skin which, but yesterday, fools could adore
For the smoothness it held, or the tint which it wore.

Shall we build to the purple of Pride,
The trappings which dizen the proud?
Alas! they are all laid aside,
And here's neither dress nor adornment allow'd,
But the long winding sheet, and the fringe of the shroud.

To Riches? Alas! 'tis in vain,
Who hid in their turns have been hid;
The treasures are squander'd again;

And here in the grave are all metals forbid,
But the tinsel that shone on the dark coffin lid.

To the Pleasures which mirth can afford,
The revel, the laugh, and the jeer?
Ah! here is a plentiful board,
But the guests are all mute as their pitiful cheer,
And none but the worm is a reveller here.

Shall we build to Affection and Love?
Ah! no; they have wither'd and died,
Or fled with the spirit above,—
Friends, brothers, and sisters are laid side by side,
Yet none have saluted, and none have replied.

Unto Sorrow? The dead cannot grieve,
Not a sob, not a sigh meets mine ear,
Which compassion itself could relieve;
Ah! sweetly they slumber, nor hope, love or fear;
Peace, peace, is the watchword, the only one here.

Unto Death, to whom monarchs must bow?
Ah! no; for his empire is known,
And here there are trophies enow;
Beneath the cold dead, and around the dark stone,
Are the signs of a sceptre that none may disown.

The first tabernacle to Hope we will build,
And look for the sleepers around us to rise;
The second to Faith, which ensures it fulfill'd;
And the third to the Lamb of the great sacrifice,
Who bequeath'd us them both when He rose to the skies.

THOMAS HENDERSON WIGHTMAN.

DIED 1823.

Author of a Poem on the death of the Princess Charlotte and several other pieces.

A Christmas Hymn.

HAIL, brightest day in History's page!
When, girt for mercy's embassage,
The great Sojourner came to wear
Our load, and travel our path of care.

He left the glorious realms on high,
The blaze of unclouded majesty;
To crush proud Satan's rebel crest,
From Death his poisonous dart to wrest;—

To shed around, the starry light
Of precepts pure,—example bright;—
To drink heaven's indignation-cup,—
His innocent blood to offer up.

Nor do his gracious accents cease
To soothe the sufferer,—whisper peace;
On radiant throne, He sits reveal'd,
The prostrate sinner to save and shield.

See nature, how serenely dress'd!
In fields of snow,—a saint-like vest;
Thus pure, a Saviour's touch beneath,
Sin's darkest robe seems as snowy wreath.

Now winter's icy-sceptred sway,
The feather'd warblers, hush'd, obey;
No longer from green arbour, floats
The silvery swell of artless notes:

But this is man's glad vernal prime,
The budding of a spring sublime;

Hence hope, from hearts of joy, should spring,
Heavenward warbling on golden wing.

Let not the step of riot rude,
On Thought's pure whispering cell intrude;
Nor frantic voice of reckless glee,
Break in on the soul's festivity.

Sweet roll'd the sounds o'er Bethlehem once,
Of angel-harps,—a soft response
Rung from earth's cliffs,—till roused from sleep,
Dim ages chaunted the anthem deep.

Nor on this day of love divine,
Shall my faint lyre untouch'd recline;—
Resound the choral song again,
" Glory to God, good will to men."

LORD BYRON.

BORN 1788. DIED 1824.

The Destruction of the Assyrians.

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breath'd on the face of the foe as he pass'd,
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail:
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

"We wept when we remembered Zion."

Oh! weep for those that wept by Babel's stream,
Whose shrines are desolate, whose land a dream;
Weep for the harp of Judah's broken shell;
Mourn—where their God hath dwelt, the godless dwell!

And where shall Israel lave her bleeding feet?
And when shall Zion's songs again seem sweet?
And Judah's melody once more rejoice
The hearts that leap'd before its heavenly voice?

Tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast,
How shall ye flee away and be at rest!
The wild dove hath her nest, the fox his cave,
Mankind their country—Israel but the grave!

JANE TAYLOR.

BORN 1783. DIED 1824.

One of the Authors (with her sister Mrs. GILBERT, and others) of *Rhymes for the Nursery*, *Original Poems*, and *Hymns for Infant Minds*. Her tale of *Display*, and *Contributions* of Q. Q. to the Youth's Magazine, are well known and esteemed. But her greatest performance, under the modest title of *Essays in Rhyme*, though the circulation has been creditable to the Author's name among contemporaries, has never been appreciated as it ought to be in the polite literature of the age. No poet of the time, (not excepting the greatest) has shown more exquisite skill in delineating human nature, human manners, and human frailties. Few volumes contain so much of sober sad reality, concerning those things that most concern us all, than these unpretending Essays. The Author has arrayed her opinions in such language of light, that the clearness, simplicity, and beauty of the dress, though it does not strike a vulgar eye, would have ravishing attractions for the eye of taste, were not the subjects so repulsive to "the carnal mind," that if they were clad, like the angel at the sepulchre, in raiment white as snow, and having countenances like lightning, those who are under the influence of "enmity towards God," would only the more exceedingly tremble and quake, and become as dead men before them. The world may laugh and affect to despise such writings, but it is often the laugh that would hide agony, and the scorn that cannot appease fearful misgivings, lest that which is hated may actually be true.

The World in the Heart.

ARE there not portions of the sacred word,
So often preach'd and quoted, read and heard,
That, though of deepest import, and design'd
With joy or fear to penetrate the mind,
They pass away with notice cold and brief,
Like drops of rain upon a glossy leaf?
Such is the final sentence, on that day,
When all distinctions shall be done away
But what the righteous Judge shall bring to light,
Between the left-hand millions and the right.
Here in his word, in beams of light, it stands,
What will be then demanded at our hands;

Clear and unclouded now the page appears,
As even then illumed by blazing spheres.
—The question is not, if our earthly race
Was once enlighten'd by a flash of grace;
If we sustain'd a place on Zion's hill,
And call'd him Lord,—but if we did his will.
What if the stranger, sick and captive lie
Naked and hungry and we pass them by!
Or do but some extorted pittance throw,
To save our credit, not to ease their woe!
Or strangers to the charity whence springs
The liberal heart, devising liberal things,
We, cumber'd ever with our own pursuits,
To others leave the labour and its fruits;
Pleading excuses for the crumb we save,
For want of faith to cast it on the wave!
—Shall we go forth with joy to meet our Lord,
Enter his kingdom, reap the full reward?
—Can such his good, his faithful servants be,
Blest of the Father?—Read his word and see.
What if, in strange defiance of that rule,
Made not in *Moses'* but the *Gospel* school,
Shining as clearly as the light of heaven,
" They who forgive not, shall not be forgiven."
We live in anger, hatred, envy, strife,
Still firmly hoping for eternal life;
And where the streams of Christian love should flow,
The root of bitterness is left to grow;
Resisting evil, indisposed to brook
A word of insult or a scornful look;
And speak the language of the world in all
Except the challenge and the leaden ball!
What if, mistrustful of its latent worth,
We hide our single talent in the earth!
And what if self is pamper'd not denied!
What if the flesh is never crucified!
What if the world be hidden in the heart,—
Will it be " *Come, ye blessed!*" or " *Depart?*"
Who then shall conquer? who maintain the fight?
Even they that walk by faith and not by sight;
Who, having wash'd their robes and made them white,

Press tow'rds the mark, and see the promised land,
Not dim and distantly, but near at hand.
—We are but marching down a sloping hill,
Without a moment's time for standing still;
Where every step accelerates the pace,
More and more rapid till we reach the base;
And then, no clinging to the yielding dust!
An ocean rolls below, and plunge we must.
What plainer language labours to express,
Thus metaphoric is allow'd to dress;
And this but serves on naked truth to throw
That hazy, indistinct, and distant glow,
Through which we wish the future to appear,
Not as it is indeed—true, awful, near.
  And yet, amid the hurry, toil and strife,
The claims, the urgencies, the whirl of life,—
The soul—perhaps in silence of the night—
Has flashes—transient intervals of light;
When things to come, without a shade of doubt,
In terrible reality stand out.
Those lucid moments suddenly present
A glance of truth, as though the heaven's were rent;
And through the chasm of pure celestial light,
The future breaks upon the startled sight;
Life's vain pursuits, and Time's advancing pace,
Appear, with death-bed clearness, face to face;
And Immortality's expanse sublime,
In just proportion to the speck of time:
While Death, uprising from the silent shades,
Shows his dark outline ere the vision fades;
In strong relief against the blazing sky,
Appears the shadow as it passes by:
And, though o'erwhelming to the dazzled brain,
These are the moments when the mind is sane;
For then a hope of heaven, a Saviour's cross,
Seem what they are, and all things else but loss.
Oh! to be ready—ready for that day,
Would we not give earth's fairest toys away?
Alas! how soon its interests cloud the view,
Rush in, and plunge us in the world anew.

The quiet chamber where the Christian sleeps,
And where from year to year he prays and weeps;
Whence, in the midnight watch his thoughts arise
To those bright mansions where his treasure lies,
—How near it is to all that Faith can see!
How short and peaceful may his passage be!
One beating pulse,—one feeble struggle o'er,
May open wide the everlasting door.
Yes, for that bliss unspeakable, unseen,
Is ready, and the veil of flesh between
A gentle sigh may rend,—and then display
The broad full splendour of an endless day.
—This bright conviction elevates his mind;
He presses forward, leaving all behind:
Thus from his throne the tyrant foe is hurl'd,
—This is the faith that overcomes the world.

REGINALD HEBER, Bishop of Calcutta.

Died 1826.

Author of *Palestine*, and several smaller pieces of Christian poetry.

The Followers of Christ.

The Son of God is gone to war,
  A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar;
  Who follows in his train?
—Who best can drink his cup of woe,
  Triumphant over pain;
Who boldest bears his cross below,—
  He follows in his train.

The martyr first, whose eagle-eye
  Could pierce beyond the grave;
Who saw his Master in the sky,
  And call'd on Him to save:

Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,
  In midst of mortal pain,
He pray'd for them that did the wrong:
  —Who follows in his train?

A glorious band, the chosen few,
  On whom the Spirit came,
Twelve valiant saints, the truth they knew,
  And braved the cross and flame:
They met the tyrant's brandish'd steel,
  The lion's gory mane;
They bow'd their necks the death to feel:
  —Who follows in their train?

A noble army, men and boys,
  The matron and the maid,
Around their Saviour's throne rejoice,
  In robes of light array'd;
They climb'd the dizzy steep of heaven,
  Through peril, toil and pain:
Oh! God, to us may grace be given
  To follow in their train.

FINIS.

Printed by W. Collins & Co.
Glasgow.

June, 1827.

WORKS

PUBLISHED BY

WILLIAM COLLINS,

GLASGOW.

SELECT CHRISTIAN AUTHORS,

With Introductory Essays.

Printed Uniformly in Duodecimo.

1. A KEMPIS' IMITATION of CHRIST. Essay by Thomas Chalmers, D. D. 3s. 6d. bds.

2. GAMBOLD'S WORKS. Essay by Thomas Erskine, Esq. Advocate, Author of "Remarks on the Internal Evidence for the Truth of Revealed Religion." 3s. 6d. bds.

3. HOWE'S REDEEMER'S TEARS Wept Over LOST SOULS, and TWO DISCOURSES on Self-Dedication and on Yielding Ourselves to God. Essay by Robert Gordon, D. D. Edinburgh. 3s. bds.

4. ROMAINE'S TREATISES on the LIFE, WALK, and TRIUMPH of FAITH. Essay by Thomas Chalmers, D. D. In Two Vols. 7s. bds.

5. WITHERSPOON'S TREATISES on JUSTIFICATION and REGENERATION. Essay by William Wilberforce, Esq. 3s. 6d. bds.

6. ALLEINE'S ALARM to UNCONVERTED SINNERS. Essay by Andrew Thomson, D. D. Edinburgh. 4s. bds.

7. ADAM'S PRIVATE THOUGHTS on RELIGION. Essay by the Rev. Daniel Wilson, A. M. London. 3s. bds.

8. LIFE of BERNARD GILPIN. Essay by the Rev. Edward Irving, A. M. Minister of the Caledonian Church, London. 3s. bds.

9. SERLE'S CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER. Essay by THOMAS CHALMERS, D. D. 3s. 6d. bds.

10. BAXTER'S SAINTS' EVERLASTING REST. Abridged by BENJAMIN FAWCETT, A. M. Essay by THOMAS ERSKINE, Esq. Advocate. 5s. bds.

11. HALYBURTON'S MEMOIRS. Essay by the Rev. DAVID YOUNG, Perth. 4s. bds.

12. The MOURNER'S COMPANION: consisting of Flavel's Token for Mourners—Cecil's Visit to the House of Mourning—Shaw's Welcome to the Plague, Farewell to Life, and Angelical Life. Essay by ROBERT GORDON, D.D. 4s. bds.

13. M'LAURIN'S ESSAYS and SERMONS. Essay by the Rev. JOHN BROWN, Edinburgh. 6s. 6d. bds.

14. COWPER'S POEMS. Essay by JAMES MONTGOMERY, Author of "The World before the Flood," and other Poems. 6s. bds.

15. DODDRIDGE'S RISE and PROGRESS of RELIGION in the SOUL. Essay hy JOHN FOSTER, Author of "Essays on Decision of Character, Popular Ignorance," &c. 6s. bds.

16. GUTHRIE'S CHRISTIAN'S GREAT INTEREST. Essay by THOMAS CHALMERS, D. D. 3s. bds.

17. BUTLER'S ANALOGY of RELIGION. Essay by the Rev. DANIEL WILSON, A. M. London. 6s. bds.

18. RUTHERFORD'S LETTERS. Essay by THOMAS ERSKINE, Esq. Advocate. 4s. bds.

19. WALKER'S CHRISTIAN. Essay by the Rev. CHARLES SIMEON, of Cambridge. 3s. bds.

20. EDWARDS on the RELIGIOUS AFFECTIONS. Essay hy the Rev. DAVID YOUNG, Perth. 7s. bds.

21. OWEN on SPIRITUAL MINDEDNESS. Essay by THOMAS CHALMERS, D. D. 4s. 6d. bds.

22. HENRY'S COMMUNICANT'S COMPANION. Essay by the Rev. JOHN BROWN, Edinburgh. 4s. bds.

23. HORNE on the PSALMS. Essay by the Rev. EDWARD IRVING, A. M. In Three Vols. 12s. bds.

24. MATHER'S ESSAYS to do GOOD. Essay by ANDREW THOMSON, D. D. 3s. 6d. bds.

25. The CHRISTIAN PSALMIST; or, HYMNS, Selected and Original. By JAMES MONTGOMERY. With an Introductory Essay. 5s. bds.—*This volume contains* 100 *Original Hymns, by Mr. Montgomery.*

26. OWEN on INDWELLING SIN. Essay by THOMAS CHALMERS, D. D. 3s. 6d. bds.

27. MEAD'S ALMOST CHRISTIAN. Essay by the Rev. DAVID YOUNG, Perth. 3s. bds.

28. BAXTER'S CALL to the UNCONVERTED —NOW or NEVER—and FIFTY REASONS why a Sinner Ought to Turn to God this Day without Delay. Essay by THOMAS CHALMERS, D. D. 4s. bds.

29. WILBERFORCE'S PRACTICAL VIEW of CHRISTIANITY. Essay by the Rev. DANIEL WILSON, A.M. 5s. bds.

30. LAW'S SERIOUS CALL. Essay by the Rev. DAVID YOUNG. 5s. 6d. bds.

31. SCUDDER'S CHRISTIAN'S DAILY WALK. Essay by THOMAS CHALMERS, D. D. 4s. 6d. bds.

32. The CHRISTIAN POET; or, SELECTIONS IN VERSE, on Sacred Subjects. By JAMES MONTGOMERY. With an Introductory Essay. 6s. bds.

33. PASCAL'S THOUGHTS. A New Translation. Essay by JOHN FOSTER. *In the Press.*

34. SCOTT'S TRACTS. Force of Truth—Warrant and Nature of Faith in Christ—On Repentance—On Growth in Grace—On Election and Final Perseverance. Essay by THOMAS CHALMERS, D. D. 6s. 6d. bds.

☞ SERIES TO BE CONTINUED.

ROYAL 24MO. EDITIONS

Of the SELECT CHRISTIAN AUTHORS, *with the Introductory Essays.*

1. A Kempis' Imitation of Christ. 2s. 6d. bds.
7. Adam's Private Thoughts on Religion. 2s. bds.
9. Serle's Christian Remembrancer. 2s. 6d. bds.
14. Cowper's Poems. 4s. bds.
15. Doddridge's Rise and Progress. 3s. 6d. bds.
21. Owen on Spiritual Mindedness. 3s. bds.
22. Henry's Communicant's Companion. 2s. 6d. bds.
25. The Christian Psalmist. 3s. 6d. bds.
26. Owen on Indwelling Sin. 2s. 6d. bds.
27. Mead's Almost Christian. 2s. bds.
29. Wilberforce's Practical View. 3s. 6d. bds.
32. The Christian Poet. 4s. bds.

The CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHER; or the Connection of SCIENCE and PHILOSOPHY with RELIGION. With an Appendix, containing Notes and Illustrations. *Illustrated with Engravings.* By THOMAS DICK. Third Edition, enlarged. 12mo. 8s. bds.

The PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION; or, an Illustration of the Moral Laws of the Universe. By THOMAS DICK, Author of "THE CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHER," &c. &c. 12mo. 9s. bds.

The NATURE and OBLIGATIONS of PERSONAL and FAMILY RELIGION; with a VARIETY of PRAYERS for Families and Individuals. By the Rev. DANIEL DEWAR, LL. D. Glasgow. Third Edition, 8vo. 8s. boards.

BABYLON and INFIDELITY FOREDOOMED of GOD; a Discourse on the Prophecies of Daniel and the Apocalypse. By the Rev. EDWARD IRVING, A. M. In Two Volumes, 12mo. 10s. 6d. bds.