

Arminian Magazine (1785–91)¹

[Baker list, #376–84]

Editorial Introduction:

In 1778 John Wesley began publishing the *Arminian Magazine*. He had witnessed the success of Calvinist journals like the *Christian Magazine* and *Gospel Magazine*, and wanted to provide an alternative monthly publication that would affirm and defend God’s universal offer of salvation.

Each monthly installment of the *Arminian Magazine* had three major sections. First came a prose section that included sermons, spiritual biographies, excerpts from theological tracts, and the like. This was followed by a selection of letters (most written to Wesley) that were judged to be spiritually edifying. The concluding pages of each issue were devoted to poetry.

In the first year, as he sought to highlight the distinctive emphases of the *Arminian Magazine*, John Wesley reprinted nine of Charles Wesley’s polemical poems against predestination from the *Hymns on God’s Everlasting Love* (1741/42), and one other in this vein from *HSP* (1740), 136–42. He also began to publish (without attribution) a series of other poems by Charles that had not appeared in print before. Nor was Charles the only family member to appear in the initial volume. The very first item of verse was Samuel Wesley Sr.’s extended piece “Eupolis’s Hymn to the Creator” (1:39ff). A bit later John inserted a poem by Samuel Wesley Jr. honoring their father (1:141–42). And he also included six poems by their sister Mehetabel (née Wesley) Wright; one of which was being published for the first time (see 1:186ff).

In addition to items by family members, John Wesley inserted in the early volumes of the *Arminian Magazine* several poems that had been long-time personal favorites, drawing them from transcriptions in the manuscript Poetry Miscellany he collected during his student days at Oxford. He also reprinted scattered favorite items from prior published collections (shown in the table of contents in [blue font](#)). In particular, starting in volume 9, he reprinted several items from his three-volume *Collection of Moral and Sacred Poems*, to make them more widely available.

Wesley drew on a range of other sources for the poetry he inserted in the *Arminian Magazine*, sometimes replicating several items from a single source. We have annotated all prior published sources that could be located. As the magazine became established, some of Wesley’s friends and followers appear to have supplied him with manuscript items to publish as well. Unfortunately he does not typically give enough details to identify these authors with certainty.

It is clear that Wesley controlled which poetry was included in the initial volumes of the *Arminian Magazine*, and he likely retained primary responsibility for such decisions until near his death. Given the possibility of some backlog in his recommendations, we include in this collection the poetry sections through the end of 1791, with the recognition that Wesley was surely not responsible for selecting many of the items in the last volume (such as those on his death).

In order to maintain manageable size, our transcription of the sections of poetry in *Arminian Magazine* during Wesley’s life are divided into two sections: 1778–84 and 1785–91. The table of contents for each grouping appears at the beginning of that file.

¹This document was produced by the Duke Center for Studies in the Wesleyan Tradition under the editorial direction of Randy L. Maddox, with the diligent assistance of Aileen F. Maddox. Last updated: March 21, 2018.

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POETRY.

To Lord [Hervey]: by Lord [George] Lyttelton.²

Wilt thou once more a kind attention lend
To thy long, absent and forgotten friend;
Who after seas and mountains wander'd o'er,
Return'd at length to his own native shore:
From all that's gay retir'd, and all that's great,
Beneath the shade of his paternal seat,
Has found that happiness he sought in vain
On the fam'd banks of Tiber and of Seine?³

'Tis not to view the well-proportion'd pile,
The charms of Titian's and of Raphael's stile;
At soft Italian sounds to melt away,
Or in the fragrant groves of myrtles stray;
That lulls the tumults of the soul to rest,
Or makes the fond possessor truly blest.
In our own breasts the source of pleasure lies,
Still open, and still flowing to the wise;
Not forc'd by toilsome art, and wild desire,
Beyond the bounds of nature to aspire;
But in its proper channels gliding fair,
A common benefit which all may share.

²George Lyttelton, in *The Works of George, Lord Lyttleton ... now collected together; with some other pieces never before printed*, Edited by G. E. Ayscough, 3rd edn. (London: Dodsley, 1776), 3:101–4.

³Orig., “Saine.”

Yet half mankind this easy good disdain,
 Nor relish happiness unbought by pain;
 False is their taste of bliss, and thence their search is vain. }
 So idle, yet so restless are our minds,
 We climb the Alps, and brave the raging winds;
 Through various toils to seek content we roam,
 Which with but *thinking right* were ours at home.
 For not the ceaseless change of shifted place
 Can from the heart a settled grief erase,
 Nor can the purer balm of foreign air,
 Heal the distemper'd mind of aching care.
 The wretch by wild impatience driv'n to rove,
 Vex'd with the pangs of ill-requited love,
 From pole to pole the fatal arrow bears,
 Whose rooted point his bleeding bosom tears:
 With equal pain each different clime he tries,
 And is himself that torment which he flies.

For how should ills which from our passions flow,
 Be chang'd by Afric's heat, or Russia's snow?
 Or how can aught but powerful reason cure,
 What from unthinking folly we endure?
 Happy is he, and he alone, who knows
 His heart's uneasy discord to compose;
 In gen'rous love of others good to find
 The sweetest pleasures of the social mind;
 To bound his wishes in their proper sphere;
 To nourish pleasing hope, and conquer anxious fear.

This was the wisdom ancient sages taught,
 This was the sovereign good they justly sought;
 This to no place or climate is confin'd,
 But the free native produce of the mind.
 Nor think, my lord, that courts to you deny
 The useful practice of philosophy:

Horace, the wisest of the tuneful choir,
Not always chose from greatness to retire,
But in the palace of Augustus knew,
The same unerring maxims to pursue,
Which in the Sabine or the Velian shade
His study and his happiness he made.

May you, my friend, by his example taught,
View all the giddy scene with sober thought;
Undazzl'd every glitt'ring folly see,
And in the midst of slavish forms be free:
In its own centre keep your steady mind;
Let prudence guide you, but let honour bind;
In show, in manners, act the courtier's part,
But be a country-gentleman at heart.

Rural Happiness.
(To a Friend.)⁴

Evander's voice invites my artless lay:
And friendship's call transported I obey:
Friendship! I seize the lyre at thy command
And strike the sleeping strings with trembling hand.
O! for some portion of poetic fire!
Some happier strain that nature would inspire!
Here, where she shines in all her virgin charms,
And fair retirement woos me to her arms.
Hail musing nymph: in russet vest array'd,
O! wrap thy vot'ry in thy brownest shade:
Far, far from all the noisy seats of pride,
In groves conceal her, or in vallies hide.

Now bounteous autumn glads the yellow plains,
And bright-ey'd Ceres crown'd with plenty reigns;

⁴Mary Whateley (later, Darwall), *Original Poems on Several Occasions* (London: R. & J. Dodsley, 1764), 29–33. JW read on March 22, 1768 (see *Journal, Works* 22:122) and transcribed in *MS Poetry* (c. 1768–80), 1–5. On the identity of the author see *PWHS* 20 (1935): 93–95.

With blushing fruit the bending branches shine,
 And rip'ning clusters load the gen'rous vine.
 Here, white with bleating flocks the uplands rise,
 There, hills whose azure summits pierce the skies,
 And clad in all the rip'ning harvest's pride,
 The dale slopes gently down the mountain's side,
 No more let poets sing of Tempe's fields,
 Nor paint the treasure that Pactolus yields,
 Their fame in vain to Albion's sons is told,
 Here silver currents roll through vales of gold,
 Oft mid the tufted trees, the rural cell,
 Where health, and sweet content with virtue dwell,
 Displays its straw-crown'd roof, and smiles secure
 From all those cares the guilty great endure.
 Hail! fair abodes of freedom, joy and peace,
 Where treasure flows,* and useful arts increase;
 No direful arms these calm retreats annoy,
 No barb'rous bands the fruitful plains destroy;
 Remote from danger, here the happy swain,
 Tills the rich soil, and reaps the bearded grain:
 Blest in these mid-land seats secure he toils,
 No coasters ravage, and no tempest spoils.
 Here Bordsley-hall,⁵ sweet mansion of delight,
 In fair proportion rises to my sight:
 Charm'd with the verdant walks, and silent shades,
 I range the twilight woods, and op'ning glades.
 Ye crystal lakes, where curling breezes play,
 O let me on your flow'ry margin stray,
 Where the tall fir erects its spiry head,
 And their green arms the princely cedars spread;
 Or let me to the dusky grot retire,
 And wake to sylvan strains th' amusive lyre,
 While down the rock the murm'ring waters flow,
 And gentlest gales through fragrant woodbines blow.

* The famous town of Birmingham, near which the scene of this poem is laid.⁶

⁵I.e., Bordesley Hall, about 5 mi. south of Birmingham. Whateley would be referring to the original manor house, which was replaced in 1767 by a larger hall for the manufacturer and banker John Taylor.

⁶This note appears in the published original of Whateley.

Happy the man! who from the noisy town,
 Retiring, finds this sweet recess his own:
 Who, free from each low wish and idle fear,
 Enjoys soft ease, and learned leisure here:
 Of all that luxury could crave, possess;
 What troubles can alarm; what cares molest?
 Can gold then make man happy? vain surmise!
 As soon may titles make an idiot wise.
 If heaven-born virtue reign not in the breast,
 The rich, the gay, the great, can ne'er be blest;
 When the swoln heart with mad ambition glows,
 And hell-bred avarice chases calm repose:
 When black oppression with her hateful train,
 Fraud, dark distrust, and pining envy reign:
 What, what alas! can wealth or titles bring?
 Say, can they blunt reflection's deadly sting?
 Can painting's vivid glow, or music's strains,
 Sooth the bad heart, or soften guilty pains?
 If these, O grandure, thine attendants are,
 Let me⁷ prefer this unambitious pray'r.
 Give me, indulgent heav'n, some lonely cot,
 Where I may live unenvi'd and forgot:
 Range the sequester'd shade with mind serene,
 Explore the beauties of the sylvan scene:
 Tread virtue's paths, and to her temple rise,
 And dare to emulate the good and wise.
 Let friendship's gen'rous warmth expand my breast,
 And sweet contentment be my constant guest.
 Let social converse crown the day's decline,
 And folly's slaves divide their haunts from mine,
 When grey-ey'd dawn peeps o'er the mountain's head,
 And lingering night on dusky wing is fled;
 Give me to trace the dew-bespangled grove,
 Where rosy health, and blooming pleasure rove;

⁷Orig., "one"; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).

There let me oft explore the sacred cell,
Where truth and heav'n-born contemplation dwell;
And, while dear freedom her loose banner waves,
Contemn the pomp of courts, and pity slaves.

A Prayer for One Grievously Tempted.⁸

- [1.] Jesus, the promise made by thee
We plead, and touching this agree,
 To ask it for our friend;
The help thou only canst bestow,
Deliv'rance from her cruel foe,
 A swift deliv'rance send.
- [2.] The virtue of thy saving name,
To-day, as yesterday the same,
 In her relief exert;
The fiend who dares thy temple seize,
No longer suffer him t' oppress,
 But bid him now depart.
- [3.] Thou canst with equal ease make whole
The body and the sin-sick soul,
 Physician of mankind:
Thy patient, Lord, at once restore,
Fill'd with the spirit of love and pow'r,
 And of a healthful mind.
- [4.] Cloth'd with humility and grace,
Thy sav'd, thy happy handmaid place
 Attentive at thy feet;
And never may she thence remove,
Till spotless, in thy sight above
 She finds her joy compleat.

⁸Charles Wesley; appears in MS Miscellaneous Hymns, 210–11, with title “For Miss A. D. (September 1784).”

POETRY.

To Mr. Poyntz, Ambassador at Soissons.⁹

O thou, whose friendship is my joy and pride,
Whose virtues warm me, and whose precepts guide;
Thou, to whom greatness, rightly understood,
Is but a larger power of being good.
Say, Poyntz, amidst the toils of anxious state,
Does not thy secret soul desire retreat?

⁹George Lyttelton, in *The Works of George, Lord Lyttleton ... now collected together; with some other pieces never before printed*, Edited by G. E. Ayscough, 3rd edn. (London: Dodsley, 1776), 3:90–94 (omitting the last half of the poem).

Dost thou not wish (the task of glory done)
Thy busy life at length might be thy own?
Just is the wish. For sure the happiest meed,
To favour'd man, by smiling heaven decreed,
Is to reflect at ease on glorious pains,
And calmly to enjoy what virtue gains.

Not him I praise who from the world retir'd,
By no enlivening generous passion fir'd,
On flow'ry couches slumbers life away,
And gently bids his active powers decay.
But blest is he, who exercised in cares,
To private leisure public virtue bears.
Who tranquil ends, the race he nobly run,
And decks repose with trophies labour won;
Him honour follows to the secret shade,
And crowns propitious his declining head;
In his retreats their harps the muses string,
For him in lays unbought, spontaneous sing;
Friendship and truth on all his moments wait,
Pleas'd with retirement better than with state,
And round the bower where humbly great he lies,
Fair olives bloom, or verdant laurels rise.

So when thy country shall no more demand
The needful aid of thy sustaining hand;
When peace restor'd shall on her downy wing
Secure repose and careless leisure bring;
Then to the shades of learned ease retir'd,
The world forgetting, by the world admir'd,
Among thy books and friends, thou shalt possess
Contemplative and quiet happiness,
Pleas'd to review a life in honour spent,
And painful merit paid with sweet content.

**To the Earl of Oxford; sent him when he was in the Tower,
before his Trial. By Dean [Jonathan] Swift.¹⁰
[In Imitation of Horace¹¹]**

How bless'd is he, who for his country dies!
Since death pursues the coward, as he flies.
The youth, in vain, would fly from fate's attack,
With trembling knees and terror at his back:
Though fear should lend him pinions like the wind,
Yet swifter fate shall seize him from behind.

Virtue repuls'd, yet knows not to repine;
But shall with unattainted honour shine;
Nor stoops to take the staff, nor lays it down,
Just as the rabble please to smile or frown.

Virtue, to crown her favourites, loves to try
Some new unbeaten passage to the sky;
Where Jove a seat among the gods will give
To those who die, for meriting to live.

Next faithful silence hath a sure reward;
Within our breast be every secret barr'd:
He who betrays his friend shall never be
Under one roof, nor in one ship with me:
For who with traitors would his safety trust,
Lest with the wicked, heav'n involve the just?
And though the villain 'scape awhile, he feels
Slow vengeance, like a blood-hound at his heels.

On a late Shipwreck on the Coast of Cumberland.¹²

[1.] From this hoar cliff which fronts the rising day,
The watry prospect opens on the eyes;
Here from the point which bounds the length'ning bay,
Where on the left the spacious haven lies.

¹⁰First appeared in David Lewis (ed.), *Miscellaneous Poems* (London: J. Watts, 1730), 12–13, as “Horace, Ode II, Book III.” With this title first in Swift, *Miscellanies in Prose and Verse*, Vol. 5 (London: Charles Davis, 1735), 78–79.

¹¹This description added in errata (at end of vol. 9).

¹²No prior publication or further details on author for this poem have been located.

- [2.] How great the change! not sixteen hours are past,
Since that calm sea that gently laves the shore,
Lash'd into fury by the northern blast,
Shook the rough rocks, with wild tremendous roar.
- [3.] Again the desolating scene I view;——
Here I beheld the mountain-billows rise;
Saw the faint struggles of the helpless crew,
Plung'd in the waves, and heard their¹³ dying cries.
- [4.] Still memory bleeds the direful truth to tell,
How on the tow'ring mast long time they hung;
Till from the hull with pond'rous crash it fell,
And from the top the shudd'ring victims flung;
- [5.] One bravely pushing from the fatal wreck,
With lusty sinews beats the foaming surge;
While the rough breakers scatter o'er his neck;—
Now does he sink,—and now again emerge.
- [6.] Exhausted now of half his vital force,
With fainter efforts, see! he pants for ground;
Till one huge billow in its rapid course,
O'erwhelms him breathless in the dread profound.
- [7.] With equal numbers, who can well express
Each sad spectator's half distracted grief?
What sympathetic pangs of keen distress,
Potent in wish, but feeble in relief!
- [8.] The piteous sight had baleful *malice* ey'd,
When doubtful hope, and instant death were near,
Her haggard looks the fiend had turn'd aside,
And down her cheek distill'd th' unbidden tear.

¹³Orig., “thy”; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).

- [9.] There where the shatter'd prow and anchors lie,
One, only, found a refuge from the waves;
The rest, whom fate impetuous dooms to die,
Beneath the rigging find immediate graves.
- [10.] Tradition speaks the melancholy truth,
"Thrice has this faithless spot the bark betray'd;
By heav'n's all-wise decree, one only youth,
From each dire wreck has safely been convey'd."
- [11.] From hoarse resoundings of the boist'rous wind,
The western breeze with gentle murmur blows,
And warring floods, by jutting points confin'd,
Now sink into a general repose.
- [12.] 'Tis done:—the dreadful conquest now is o'er,
Discordant elements no more engage:
The loit'ring waves creep softly to the shore,
Disarm'd their pow'r, and silent all their rage.
- [13.] Within these lifeless forms, acquaintance knows,
Soft, gen'rous pity liv'd, a welcome guest;
Indulg'd the genial pang for others woes,
Heav'd the big sigh, and wept at tales distrest.
- [14.] Unknowing then that in untimely hour,
Their fate should give them to the ruthless seas;
What hands should supplicate th' inclement pow'r?
What eyes should stream at miseries like these?
- [15.] Desponding mortals! wherefore do we mourn?
Perhaps that storm was herald of their peace;
Serv'd but to waft them to that distant bourne,
Where toil, and pain, and death for ever cease.

POETRY.

To the Rev. Dr. Ayscough; by Lord [George] L[yttelton].¹⁴

Say, dearest friend, how roll thy hours away?
What pleasing studies cheat the tedious day?
Dost thou the sacred volumes oft explore:
And wise antiquity's immortal lore?
Whose virtue by the charms of wit refin'd,
At once exalts and polishes the mind.

¹⁴George Lyttelton, in *The Works of George, Lord Lyttleton ... now collected together; with some other pieces never before printed*, Edited by G. E. Ayscough, 3rd edn. (London: Dodsley, 1776), 3:84–89

How diff'rent from our modern, guilty art,
 Which pleases only to corrupt the heart?
 Whose curs'd refinements odious vice adorn,
 And teach to honour what we ought to scorn.
 Dost thou in sage historians joy to see
 How Roman greatness rose with liberty?
 How the same hands that tyrants durst controul,
 Their empire stretch'd from Atlas to the Pole?
 Till wealth and conquest into slaves refin'd
 The proud luxurious masters of mankind?
 Dost thou in letter'd Greece such charms admire,
 Each grace, each virtue freedom could inspire?
 Yet in her troubl'd states see all the woes,
 And all the crimes that giddy faction knows;
 Till rent by parties, by corruption sold,
 Or weakly, careless, or too rashly bold,
 She sunk beneath a mitigated doom,
 The slave and tut'ress of protecting Rome?

Does calm philosophy her aid impart,
 To guide thy passions, and amend thy heart?
 Taught by her precepts, hast¹⁵ thou learnt the end
 To which alone the wise their studies bend?
 For which alone by nature were design'd
 The powers of thought—to benefit mankind?
 Not like a cloister'd drone, to read and doze
 In undeserving, undeserv'd repose;
 But reason's influence to diffuse; to clear
 Th' enlighten'd world of ev'ry gloomy fear;
 Dispel the mists of error, and unbind
 Those pedant chains that clog the free-born mind.
 Happy who thus his leisure can employ!
 He knows the purest hours of tranquil joy!
 Nor vex'd with pangs that busier bosoms tear,
 Nor lost in social virtue's pleasing care;

¹⁵Orig., "had"; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).

Safe in the port, yet labouring to sustain
Those who still float on the tempestuous main.

So Locke the days of studious quiet spent;
So Boyle in wisdom found divine content;
So Cambray, worthy of a happier doom,
The virtuous slave of Louis and of Rome.
Good Wor'ster thus supports his drooping age,
Far from court-flatt'ry, far from party-rage;
He, who in youth a tyrant's frown defi'd
Firm and intrepid on his country's side,
Her boldest champion then, and now her mildest guide. }
O generous warmth! O sanctity divine!
To emulate his worth, my friend, be thine!
Learn from his life the duties of the gown;
Learn not to flatter, nor insult the crown;
Nor basely servile court the guilty great,
Nor raise the church a rival to the state;
To error mild, to vice alone severe,
Seek not to spread the law of love by fear.
The priest, who plagues the world, can never mend:
No foe to man was e'er to God a friend.
Let reason and let virtue faith maintain,
All force but theirs is impious, weak and vain.

My other cares in other climes engage,
Cares that become my birth, and suit my age;
In various knowledge to improve my youth,
And conquer prejudice, worst foe to truth;
By foreign arts domestic faults to mend,
Enlarge my notions, and my views extend;
The useful science of the world to know,
Which books can never teach, or pedants show.

A nation here, I pity and admire,
Whom noblest sentiments of glory fire,

Yet taught by custom's force, and bigot fear,
To serve with pride, and boast the yoke they bear.
Whose nobles born to cringe, and to command;
In courts a mean, in camps a gen'rous band;
From each low tool of power with joy receive
Those laws, their dreaded arms to Europe give.
Whose people vain in want, in bondage blest,
Though plunder'd, gay; industrious, though oppress'd
With happy follies rise above their fate,
The jest and envy of each wiser state.

Yet here the muses deign'd awhile to sport
In the short sun-shine of a fav'ring court:
Here Boileau strong in sense, and sharp in wit,
Who from the ancients, like the ancients writ;
Permission gain'd inferior vice to blame,
By flatt'ring incense to his master's fame.
Here Moliere, first of comic wits, excell'd
Whate'er Athenian theatres beheld;
By keen, yet secret satire skill'd to please,
With morals, mirth uniting, strength with ease.
Now charm'd, I hear the bold Corneille inspire
Heroic thoughts with Shakespear's force and fire;
Now sweet Racine with milder influence move
The soften'd heart to pity and to love.

With mingled pain and pleasure I survey
The pompous works of arbitrary sway;
Proud palaces, that drain'd the subject's store,
Rais'd on the ruins of th' oppress'd and poor;
Where e'en mute walls are taught to flatter state,
And painted triumphs stile ambition great.*
With more delight those pleasing shades I view,
Where Condè from an envious court withdrew:†

* The victories of Louis XIV, painted in the galleries of Versailles.

† Chantilly.

Where, sick of glory, faction, power and pride,
(Sure judge how empty all, who all had tri'd)
Beneath his palms the weary chief repos'd,
And life's great scene in quiet virtue clos'd.

With shame that other fam'd retreat I see
Adorn'd by art, disgrac'd by luxury;‡
Where Orleans wasted ev'ry vacant hour,
In the wild riot of unbounded power;
Where feverish debauch, and impious love,
Stain'd the mad table and the guilty grove.
With these amusements is the friend detain'd;
Pleas'd and instructed by a foreign land;
Yet oft a tender wish recals my mind
From present joys, to dearer left behind.

O native isle! fair freedom's happi'st seat,
At thought of thee my bounding pulses beat;
At thought of thee my heart impatient burns,
And all my country on my soul returns.
When shall I¹⁶ see thy fields, whose plent'ous grain,
No power can ravish from th' industrious swain?
When kiss with pious love the sacred earth,
That gave a Burleigh, or a Russel birth?
When, in the shade of laws, that long have stood
Prop'd by their care, or strengthen'd by their blood,
Of fearless independence wisely vain,
The proudest slave of Bourbon's race disdain.

Yet O! what doubt, what sad presaging voice
Whispers within, and bids me not rejoice;
Bids me contemplate every state around,
From sultry Spain to Norway's icy bound;
Bids their lost rights, their ruin'd glories see;
And tells me, these, like England, once were free.

‡ St. Cloud.

¹⁶Orig., "I shall"; changed by JW in his personal copy of *AM*.

**Bishop [Richard] Corbet to his Son Vincent Corbet,
two years of age.¹⁷**

What I shall leave thee, none can tell,
But all shall say I wish thee well.
I wish thee, Vin. before all wealth,
Both bodily and ghostly health:
Nor too much wealth, nor wit come to thee,
Too much of either may undo thee.
I wish thee learning, not for show,
Enough for to instruct and know;
Not such as gentlemen require,
To prate at table, or at fire.
I wish thee all thy mother's graces,
Thy father's fortunes and his places.
I wish thee friends, and one at court,
Not to build on, but support,
To keep thee not in doing many
Oppressions, but from suffering any.
I wish thee peace in all thy ways,
Nor lazy, nor contentious days;
And when thy soul and body part,
As innocent, as now thou art.

English Doggerel. An Epitaph.*

Underneethe this stone doth lye
The body of Mr. Humphrie
Jones, who was of late
By trade a tin plate
Worker, in Barbicanne
Well known to be a goode man
By all his friends and neighbours too
And paid every bodie their due
He died in the year 1737
Aug. 4th aged 80 his soul we hopes in heven

* The above is found on a grave-stone in Pancras church-yard, within a mile of London! and is here inserted (verbatim) to keep Scotland in countenance. See page 564 of the preceding volume.¹⁸

¹⁷Published in mid-seventeenth century; among Wesley's possible more recent sources was a reprint in *Annual Register ... 1777* (London: Dodsley, 1778), 208.

¹⁸I.e., Vol. 7, p. 564.

POETRY.

The Three Warnings: a Tale.¹⁹

The tree of deepest root is found,
Least willing still to quit the ground;
'Twas therefore said by ancient sages,
 That love of life increas'd with years
So much, that in our latter stages
When pains grow sharp and sickness rages,
 The greatest love of life appears.
This strange assertion²⁰ to believe,
Which all confess, but few perceive,
If old assertions can't prevail,
Be pleas'd to hear a modern tale.

When sports went round, and all were gay,
On neighbour Dobson's wedding-day;
Death call'd aside the jocund groom,
And stept into another room,
And looking grave,—you must, says he,
Quit your sweet bride, and come with me.—
With you! and quit my Susan's side!
With you! the hapless husband cri'd:

¹⁹Hester Lynch Piozzi, *The Three Warnings* (London: T. Davis, 1766).

²⁰Orig., "great affection"; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).

Young as I am—'tis monstrous hard—
Besides, in truth, I'm not prepar'd;
My thoughts on other matters go,
This is my wedding night, you know.
What more he urg'd I have not heard,
 His reasons could not well be stronger;
So Death at last his prisoner spar'd,
 And left to live a little longer.
Yet calling up a serious look,
The hour-glass trembl'd while he spoke,
Neighbour, he said, farewell; no more
Shall death disturb your mirthful hour:
And further to avoid all blame
Of cruelty upon my name,
To give you time for preparation,
And fit you for your future station,
Three several warnings you shall have
Before you're summon'd to the grave;
Willing, for once, I'll quit my prey,
 And grant a kind reprieve,
In hopes you'll have no more to say,
But when I call again this way,
 Well-pleas'd the world will leave.
To these conditions both consented,
And parted perfectly contented.

What next the hero of our tale befel,
How long he liv'd, how wise, how well,
How roundly he pursu'd his course,
And smok'd his pipe, and stroak'd his horse
 The willing muse shall tell.—
He chaffer'd then, he bought, he sold,
Nor once perceived his growing old,
 Nor thought of death as near;

His friends not false, his wife no shrew,
Many his gains, his children few,
He pass'd his hours in peace;
But while he view'd his wealth increase,
While thus along life's dusty road,
The beaten track content he trod,
Old Time whose haste no mortal spares,
Uncall'd, unheeded, unawares,
 Brought on his eightieth year.

And now one night in musing mood,
 As all alone he sat,
 Th' unwelcome messenger of fate,
Once more before him stood.
Half killed with anger and surprise,
So soon return'd! old Dobson *cries*,
So soon dost call it! Death replies,
Surely my friend you're but in jest,
 Since I was here before,
'Tis six and thirty years at least,
 And you are now fourscore.
So much the worse, the clown rejoin'd;
To spare the aged would be kind:
However, see your search be legal;
And your authority—is regal:
Else you are come on a fool's errand,
With but a secretary's warrant.
Besides you promis'd me *three warnings*,
Which I have look'd for nights and mornings;
But for the loss of time and ease
I can recover damages.
I know, cries Death, that at the best,
I seldom am a welcome guest;
But don't be captious, friend, at least.

I little thought you'd still be able
 To stump about your farm and stable;
 Your years have run to a great length,
 I wish you joy of all your strength.
 Hold, says the farmer, not so fast,
 I have been *lame* these four years past.
 And no great wonder, Death replies,
 However you still keep your eyes;
 And sure to see one's loves and friends,
 For legs and arms would make amends.
 Perhaps, says Dobson, so it might,
 But I have lately lost my *sight*.
 This is a shocking story, faith!
 But there's some comfort still, says Death;
 Each strives your sadness to remove;
 I warrant you hear all the news.
 There's none, cries he, and if there were,
 I'm grown so *deaf* I could not hear.
 Nay then, the spectre stern rejoin'd,
 These are unwarrantable yearnings,
 If you are *lame*, and *deaf*, and *blind*,
 You've had your *three sufficient warnings*;
 So come along, no more we'll part,—
 He said, and touch'd him with his dart;
 And now old Dobson turning pale,
 Yields to his fate,—so ends my tale.

A Midnight Hymn.²¹

To thee, all-glorious, ever-blessed power,
 I consecrate this solemn midnight hour;
 While darkness robes in shades the spangled sky,
 And all things hush'd in peaceful slumbers lie.

²¹Isaac Watts, *Reliquiae Juveniles. Miscellaneous thoughts in prose and verse on natural, moral, and divine subjects* (London: R. Ford & R. Hett, 1734), 275–76. By error the printer placed “(By Miss Steel)” under this hymn; it belonged under the next hymn.

That I may gladly praise thy sacred name,
My thoughts with rising gratitude inflame;
So shall the mercies which thy hands impart,
Command my tongue, and animate my heart.

Should grief assail—my bosom heave with sighs;
Then see my tears, and listen to my cries:
And let my soul by some blest foretaste know,
Her sure deliv'rance from eternal woe.

Arm'd with immortal hope, no more I'll fear
The hour, the awful hour of death draw near:
But faith increasing, as my life decays,
My dying breath shall mount to heav'n in praise.

O! may my pray'rs before thy throne arise;
An humble; but accepted sacrifice!
Then balmy sleep my weary eye-lids close,
And cheer my body with a soft repose.

Their sacred wings may guardian angels spread,
And from all dangers screen my helpless head!
While from the throne of light, some gracious beams
Shine on my soul, and influ'nce all my dreams.

To Silvia.²²

- [1.] While musing in this solitary hour,
My Silvia rises fair to fancy's eye:
Soft, soothing, melancholy, pensive power!
Awakes for her the anxious, tender sigh.
- [2.] Ah! how, when ent'ring on a world of snares,
Shall innocence preserve the artless maid?
Ah! who shall guide, through life's bewild'ring cares,
Her steps in safety to some hallow'd shade?

²²Anne Steele, *Poems on Subjects Chiefly Devotional* (Bristol: William Pine, 1780), 3:50–53. For a helpful analysis of Anne Steele, see Cynthia Y. Aalders, *To Express the Ineffable: The Hymns and Spirituality of Anne Steele* (Milton Keynes: Paternoster, 2008).

- [3.] Paternal love, with ever-watchful eye,
 Shall guard from cares, if near her cares should press;
Shall kindly warn of every danger nigh,
 And point the path of safety, joy and peace.
- [4.] Friendship, for Silvia, shall collect her pow'rs,
 And o'er the scene diffuse a lucid ray;
Around her path shall strew the sweetest flow'rs,
 And bid the muse attune her softest lay.
- [5.] Delusive hope! what dangers rise unseen!
 What unsuspected sorrows wait around!
And can a friend or parent step between,
 When the wing'd arrow may so quickly wound?
- [6.] Alas! not friendship's tend'rest, kindest art
 Can gild²³ affliction's heart-oppressing gloom:
Nor can paternal love repel the dart,
 If death stands threat'ning o'er the gaping tomb.
- [7.] O for a friend whose life-inspiring smile
 Can brighten dark affliction's darkest hours;
Ease every pain, and soften ev'ry toil,
 And spread new life through nature's fainting pow'rs.
- [8.] O for a friend whose all-sustaining arm
 Can make the heart serenely view the tomb;
Can death of all his dread array disarm,
 And place a smiling angel in his room!
- [9.] See, lovely Silvia, see that friend appears!
 And hark! he calls you to his guardian arms!
Jesus, that friend indeed! for ever near,
 When grief approaches, or when death alarms.
- [10.] O hear his voice! for heav'n attends the sound,
 To him alone devote your blooming days:
So shall your life with happiness be crown'd;
 So shall you join with angels in his praise.

²³Orig., "guild"; changed by JW in his personal copy of *AM*.

POETRY.

**To Sickness; an Elegy.
(By Mr. [John] Delap.)²⁴**

- [1.] How blithe the flow'ry graces of the spring,
From nature's wardrobe come! and hark how gay
Each glitt'ring insect, hov'ring on the wing,
Sings its glad welcome to the fields of May!
- [2.] They gaze, with greedy eye, each beauty o'er;
They suck the sweet breath of the blushing rose;
Sport in the gale, or sip the rainbow show'r;
Their life's short day no pause of pleasure knows.
- [3.] Like theirs, dread pow'r, my cheerful morn display'd
The flatt'ring promise of a golden noon;
Till each gay cloud, that sportive nature spread,
Di'd in the gloom of thy distemper'd frown.
- [4.] Yes, ere I told my two-and-twentieth year,
Swift from thy quiver flew the deadly dart;
Harmless it pass'd 'mid many a blithe compeer,
And found²⁵ its fated ent'rance near my heart.
- [5.] Pale as I lay beneath thy ebon wand,
I saw them rove through pleasure's flow'ry field:
I saw health paint them with her rosy hand;
Eager to burst my bonds; but forc'd to yield.
- [6.] Yet, while this mortal cot of mould'ring clay,
Shakes at the stroke of thy tremendous pow'r;
Oh! must the transient tenant of a day,
Bear the rough blast of each tempestuous hour?

²⁴Rev. John Delap (1725–1813); this poem was published as early as *Scot's Magazine* 22 (1760), 242–43.

²⁵Orig., “form'd”; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).

- [7.] Say, shall the terrors thy pale flag unfolds,
Too rigid queen! unnerve the soul's bright pow'rs,
Till with a joyless smile the eye beholds
Art's magic charms, and nature's fairy bow'rs?
- [8.] No, let me follow still, those bow'rs among,
Her flow'ry footsteps as the goddess goes;
Let me, just lifted 'bove the unletter'd throng,
Read the few books the learned few compose.
- [9.] And suffer, when thy awful pleasure calls
The soul to share her frail companion's smart,
Yet suffer me to taste the balm that falls,
From friendship's tongue, so sweet upon the heart.
- [10.] Then, though each trembling nerve confess thy frown,
Ev'n till this anxious being shall become
But a brief name upon a little stone,
Without one murmur, I embrace my doom.
- [11.] For many a virtue, shelter'd from mankind,
Lives calm with thee, and lord o'er each desire;
And many a feeble frame, whose mighty mind
Each muse has touch'd with her immortal fire.
- [12.] Ev'n he,* sole terror of a venal age,
The tuneful bard, whose philosophic soul,
With each bright radiance glow'd on virtue's page,
Learn'd many a lesson from thy moral school.
- [13.] He[†] too, who "mounts and keeps his distant way,"
His daring mind thy humanizing glooms
Have temper'd with a melancholy ray,
And taught to warble 'mid the village tombs.

* Mr. Pope.

† Mr. Gray.

- [14.] Yes, goddess, to thy temple's deep recess
I come, and lay for ever at its door
The syren throng of follies numberless,
Nor wish their flatt'ring songs should soothe me more.
- [15.] Thy decent garb shall o'er my limbs be spread,
Thy hand shall lead me to thy sober train,
Who here retir'd, with pensive pleasure tread
The silent windings of thy dark domain.
- [16.] Hither the cherub Charity shall fly,
From her bright orb, and brooding o'er my mind,
For mis'ry raise a sympathizing sigh,
Pardon for foes, and love for human-kind.
- [17.] Then, while ambition's trump from age to age,
Its slaughter'd millions boasts; while fame shall rear
Her deathless trophies o'er the bard and sage;
Be mine the widow's sigh, the orphan's pray'r.

On Chance and Predestination.²⁶

Three diff'rent schemes philosophers assign;
A chance, a fate, a providence divine.
Which to embrace of these three diff'rent views,
Methinks it is not difficult to chuse.
For first, what wisdom, or what sense to cry,
Things happen *so and so*, we know not why?
Or how are we advanc'd one jot, to know,
When things once *are*, that they *must needs be so*?
To see such *order*, and deny all *laws*,
Feel such *effects*, and yet confess no *cause*,
What can be more extravagant and odd?
He only *reasons*, who *believes* a God.

²⁶By Catherine (Yeo) Jemmat; cf. *The Memoirs of Mrs. Catherine Jemmat, Daughter of the late Admiral Yeo* (London: for the author, 1762), 2:108–12. The poem had appeared as early as *London Magazine* 17 (1748), 327; which was Wesley's likely source.

Hymn to Solitude.²⁷

- [1.] Now genial spring o'er lawn and grove
Extends his vivid pow'r;
Now Phoebus shines with milder beams,
And wakes each sleeping flow'r.
- [2.] Soft breezes fan the smiling mead,
Kind dews refresh the plain;
While beauty, harmony, and love,
Renew their cheerful reign.
- [3.] Now far from business let me fly,
Far from the crowded seat
Of envy, pag'antry, and pow'r,
To some obscure retreat:
- [4.] Where plenty sheds with lib'ral hand,
Her various blessings round;
Where laughing joy delighted roves,
And roseate health is found.
- [5.] Give me to climb the mountain's brow,
When morn's first blushes rise;
And view the fair extensive scene,
With contemplation's eyes.
- [6.] And while the raptur'd woodland choir
Pour forth their love-taught lays;
I'll tune the grateful matin song
To my Creator's praise.
- [7.] He bade the solar orb advance,
To cheer the gloomy sky;
And at the gentle voice of spring
Made hoary winter fly.

²⁷Mary Whateley (later, Darwall), *Original Poems on Several Occasions* (London: R. & J. Dodsley, 1764), 48–52. Transcribed by JW in MS Poetry (c. 1768–80), 5–8.

- [8.] He dress'd the groves in smiling green,
Unlock'd the ice-bound rill;
Bad flora's pride adorn the vale,
And herbage crown the hill.
- [9.] To that all-gracious source of light
Let early incense rise;
While on devotion's wing, the soul
Ascends her native skies.
- [10.] And when the rapid car of day
Illumes the farthest west,
When sleep dissolves the captive's chains,
And anguish sinks to rest:
- [11.] Then let me range the shadowy lawns,
When vesper's silver light
Plays on the trembling streams, and gilds
The sable veil of night.
- [12.] When ev'ry earthly care's at rest,
And musing silence reigns;
Then active fancy takes her flight,
Wide o'er th' etherial plains.
- [13.] Soars through the trackless realms of space,
Sees endless systems roll;
Whilst all harmoniously combine
To form one beaut'ous whole.
- [14.] All hail! sweet solitude, to thee,
In thy sequester'd bow'r,
Let me invoke the pastoral muse,
And ev'ry sylvan pow'r.
- [15.] Dear pensive nymph, the tender thought,
And deep research is thine:
'Tis thine to heal the tortur'd breast,
And form the great design.

[16.] On thy still bosom let me rest,
Far from the clang of war;
Where stern oppression's bloody chains
Precede the victor's car:

[17.] Here let me hail each rising sun,
Here view each day's decline;
Be fame and sway my Sov'reign's lot;
Be peace and freedom mine.

Spring and Autumn.²⁸

[1.] When spring displays her various sweets,
And op'ning blossoms cheer the eyes,
And fancy ev'ry beauty meets,
Whence does the pleasing transport rise?

[2.] Soon will their transient date expire,
They fly and mock the fond pursuit;
New pleasures then the thought inspire,
And bount'ous autumn yields her fruit.

[3.] Where smiling beauties charm'd the sight,
Whose fragrance bless'd the vernal hours,
Nectarious fruits the taste invite,
And make amends for faded flowers.

[4.] Thus when the spring of youth decays,
Though deck'd with blossoms sweet and fair,
Autumn a nobler scene displays,
If fruits of virtue flourish there.

[5.] For this the vernal buds arise;
But if no useful virtues grow,
Their worthless beauty quickly flies,
And blossoms only serv'd for show.

²⁸Anne Steele, *Poems on Subjects Chiefly Devotional* (Bristol: William Pine, 1780), 2:29.

POETRY.

**Lord Guilford Dudley, to Lady Jane Gray: both
under sentence of death for high-treason.²⁹**

May ev'ry watchful angel guard thy life!
My lovely princess, and my charming wife!
For thee I importune the skies with pray'rs,
And waste the tedious hours in gloomy cares.
Were I from all the world but thee confin'd,
I'd call my stars propitious still, and kind;
These prison walls should prove a safe retreat,
From all the restless factions of the great.
Sink, curst ambition to thy native hell,
And with thy kindred fiends for ever dwell!
Were I, my fair, again possess'd of thee,
What toys were kingdoms and their crowns to me!
Inglorious in some blissful shades I'd prove,
The silent joys of unmolested love.

Why was thy birth derived from ancient kings?
Our misery from this fatal greatness springs:

²⁹Elizabeth Singer Rowe, *Friendship in Death ... added Letters Moral and Entertaining* (London: T. Worrall, 1733–34), 85–86 (see also extract in *AM* 8:411–12, 467–69).

Indulgent love a gentler lot design'd,
 Nor form'd for public cares thy guiltless mind;
 Thy thoughts were all employ'd in softer themes,
 Tender and innocent as infant dreams:
 And yet,—but heav'n the title disallows,
 A crown, me thought, look'd glorious on thy brows.
 In ev'ry look, in all thy graceful mien,
 The brightest rays of majesty were seen:
 Imperial beauty sparkled in thy eyes,
 I gaz'd with extasy, and new surprise;
 A thousand times I caught thy lovely hand,
 And cried, "'Twas form'd a sceptre to command."
 But these gay scenes for ever take their flight,
 Like some fantastic vision of the night.
 Oh, could my death the angry queen appease!
 Could that alone a raging faction please!
 Unterrifi'd I'd meet the public storm,
 And challenge death in ev'ry dreadful form.
 But, oh, what horrors rise!—thy tender life!
 What would I speak! my lov'd, my beaut'ous wife!
 What counsel can thy wretched husband give?
 On any terms I fain would have thee live.
 Forgive my stagg'ring faith, my coward heart;
 My better thoughts disclaim this shameful part.
 What course³⁰ can my distracting passions take,
 When thou, when truth, when heav'n itself's at stake?
 To endless darkness would I drag thee down,
 And poorly rob thee of a martyr's crown?
 May heav'n forbid! I'll be thy joyful guide,
 Nor shall the fatal stroke our souls divide.

O death! where is thy boasted conquest now?
 Where are the frowns, and terror of thy brow?
 Thou hast an angel's heav'nly form and air,
 Pleasures and graces in thy train appear:

³⁰Orig., "cause"; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).

Ten thousand kind transporting scenes arise;
O, come, my fair, they call us to the skies!
Beauties, like thee, in nature's early pride,
Undaunted for their sacred faith have died;
With theirs, with all th' illustrious names of old,
The British glory, thine shall be enroll'd.

A Summer Landskip of Dunstar Castle.³¹

Baiae, the theme of every tongue,
That Rome's eternal glories sung,
Still crown'd with vivid laurels shines,
In Horace's, and Virgil's lines:
Though now her sky-embracing tow'rs,
Her wond'rous ponds, imperial bow'rs,
No longer can all Rome invite,
To taste the fresco of the night:
Villas where Cesar, Pompey shone,
Have hardly now their ruins known.

O, could I share an equal flame!
Dunstar should rival Baiae's fame;
Whose amphitheatre of hills,
With transport each spectator fills;
Whilst all around the enamell'd scene,
Of painted lawns, and vistas green;
(With woodland's venerable shade,
In future wars Britannia's aid)
All in one various prospect rise,
And with a thousand charms surprise.

So nobly does the castle stand,
As if it rul'd both sea and land:
Here the rough foaming Severn roars,
And frets with eating waves the shores;

³¹Published previously in *Universal Magazine* (June 1750), 272. Author not identified.

O'er which appear, in distant view,
Cambria's fair vales and mountains blue,
Whose cloud-wrapt tops so high ascend,
In the caerulean sky they end.

There Somerset's rich pastures bloom,
And blushing Flora breathes perfume;
Ceres adorns the fruitful ground,
And golden plenty smiles around.
In yonder dale, where th' orchard stands,
Of late retir'd the chosen bands
Of British worthies who refin'd,
With every grace the human mind:
There Wyndham crown'd the social night,
His country's joy, mankind's delight!
But now the melancholy glade,
Laments his dear departed shade;
And where he tuned the Doric reed,
Their nibbling flocks the shepherds feed;
With whom all day the feather'd choir,
Mourn him from each grief-echoing briar.

Fain would my panting muse pursue,
And deck each hill with garlands new:
But ev'ry object strikes my sight,
With such³² profusion of delight,
That like some ravish'd trav'ler tost
From scene to charming scene, I'm lost:
Ev'n Pope himself must quit the field,
And Windsor groves to Dunstar yield.

Blest pair! whom providence ordains,
To grace these green sequester'd plains;
Long may you all the pleasures know,
Virtue can taste, or heav'n bestow.

³²Orig., "each"; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).

A Ship in a Storm: By a Sailor.³³

- [1.] With flowing pomp, and beaut'ous pride,
The floating pile in harbour rode;
Proud of her freight, the swelling tide
Reluctant left the vessel's side,
And kiss'd it as she flow'd.
- [2.] The seas with eastern breezes curl'd,
And silver'd half the liquid plain,
Her anchors weigh'd, her sails unfurl'd,
Serenely mov'd the wooden world,
And stretch'd along the main.
- [3.] The native wonders of the deep,
Press to admire the vast machine,
In sportive gambols round her leap,
Or else at awful distance keep,
In homage of their queen.
- [4.] In vain we flee approaching ill,
Danger can multiply its form;
Expos'd, we fly like Jonah still,
And heaven, when it is heaven's will,
O'ertakes us in a storm.
- [5.] The distant surge all foaming white,
Foretels the furious blast;
Dreadful, though distant was the sight,
Confed'rate winds, and waves unite,
And menace every mast.
- [6.] Winds whistling through the shrouds proclaim,
A fatal harvest on the deck,
Quick in pursuit, as active flame,
Too soon the rolling ruin came,
And ratifi'd the wreck.
- [7.] Thus Adam shone with new-born grace,
Inform'd by an almighty breath,

³³First appeared in David Lewis (ed.), *Miscellaneous Poems* (London: J. Watts, 1730), 250–54; reported in *Public Ledger* (Nov. 29, 1760), p. 1, as by Rev. Duval, chaplain of her majesty's ship *Canterbury*.

Thus the same breath sweeps off his race,
Disorders nature's beauteous face,
And blasts with instant death.

[8.] Stripp'd of her pride the vessel rolls,
As if by sympathy she knew,
The secret anguish of our souls,
With inward, deeper groans condoles,
The danger of her crew.

[9.] The faithless flood forsook her keel,
And downward launch'd the labouring hull;
Stunn'd, she forgot awhile to reel,
And felt, or almost seem'd to feel
A momentary lull.

[10.] Now what avail'd it to be brave,
On liquid precipices hung,
Suspended on a breaking wave,
Beneath us yawn'd a sea-green grave,
Which silenc'd every tongue.

[11.] Thus in the jaws of death we lay,
Nor light nor comfort found we there;
Lost in the gulph, to floods a prey,
No sun to cheer us, or a ray
Of hope, but in despair.

[12.] The seas encourag'd this despair,
While certain ruin waits on land,
Should we direct our wishes there,
Soon we recal the fatal prayer,
And wish to shun the strand.

[13.] At length a being whose behest,
Reduc'd a chaos into form,
His goodness, and his power confest,
He spoke—and like a God suppress,
Our troubles, and the storm.

POETRY.

The Tulip and the Violet.³⁴

- [1.] See yonder gaudy tulip rise,
And to the sun her leaves display;
My fancy gives her voice and eyes,
And thus the boaster seems to say.

³⁴Anne Steele, *Poems on Subjects Chiefly Devotional* (Bristol: William Pine, 1780), 2:44.

- [2.] “Queen of the gay parterre³⁵ I reign;
My glowing dies how bright they shine,
The flow’rs unfold their bloom in vain;
No flow’r has charms to rival mine.
- [3.] “By nature meant for regal sway,
Tall and majestic I appear;
Ye subject tribes, your queen obey,
My high command, submissive hear.
- [4.] “When I unfold my matchless bloom,
And to the noon my beauties spread;
Let no aspiring flow’r presume
Near me to lift her abject head.”
- [5.] The flow’rs are silent while she speaks,
And only blush to hear her pride;
The silence now a violet breaks,
That creeps unheeded near her side.
- [6.] “Thy arrogance, imperious flow’r,
To real worth hath made thee blind;
Thy vaunted beauties of an hour
Are charms of an inferior kind.
- [7.] “From thee no fragrant odours breathe;
No healing gift thy leaves bestow;
The flow’rs thou view’st with scorn beneath,
Can more pretence to merit show.
- [8.] “The cowslip’s virtues and my own,
Let man, let grateful man confess;
To him our real worth is known:
Thee he admires—but for thy dress.”
- [9.] The friendly hint, ye list’ning fair,
Reflection bids the muse apply;
Let useful virtues be your care;
Nor boast your power to please the eye.

³⁵Orig., “preterre”; changed by JW in his personal copy of *AM*..

**Trusting in the Mercy of God
with Humble Submission and Hope.
(By Miss [Anne] Steele.)³⁶**

- [1.] Indulgent still to my request,
How free thy tender mercies are!
With full consent my thoughts attest,
My gracious God, thy faithful care.
- [2.] Thy hand sustains me lest I faint,
Or at the needful stroke repine;
Thy ear attends to my complaint;
The tend'rest pity, Lord, is thine.
- [3.] And can my heart desire in vain,
When he who chastens bids me sue,
That every sorrow, every pain
Be blest, to teach, reclaim, renew?

**An Epitaph on an Infant, found dead in a Field,
who was denied Christian burial.³⁷**

- [1.] When no one gave the cordial draught,
No healing art was found,
My God his sov'reign balsam wrought,
And death reliev'd the wound.
- [2.] What though no mournful kindred stand,
Around the solemn bier;
No parents wring the trembling hand,
Or drops the tender tear;
- [3.] No costly oak, adorn'd with art,
My tender limbs enclose;
No friends a winding sheet impart,
To deck my last repose.
- [4.] My name unknown, obscure my birth,
No fun'ral rite is given;
Yet though deni'd God's house on earth
I tread his courts in heaven.

³⁶Anne Steele, *Poems on Subjects Chiefly Devotional* (Bristol: William Pine, 1780), 3:72.

³⁷Published previously in *Annual Register ... 1766* (London: Dodsley, 1767), 294–95; where it is identified as by Rev. O— of Northamptonshire.

POETRY.

**An Elegy
on the Death of Mrs. Margaret Johnston,
late of Listeen.³⁸**

- [1.] So long as vital blood glides through my veins,
Or with the saints I keep my happy lot;
If gratitude inspires celestial strains,
This dear lov'd name can never be forgot.
- [2.] Her real worth out-lives her mould'ring frame,
And shall not mingle with forgotten dust;
When dying worlds are all consum'd in flame,
Her deathless name is written with the just.
- [3.] An only child, as Isaac, much beloved,
While nature's charms were op'ning to the sight;
The kindest care of heav'n and earth she prov'd,
And sought, and found in God supreme delight.

³⁸No prior publication or further details on author for this poem have been located.

- [4.] Her heav'n-born soul was early taught to rise,
Where mingling sweets in boundless rivers flow;
Where strife, with earth-born pain and sorrow dies,
And blissful fruits in endless progress grow.
- [5.] Though fortune straw'd her path with sweetest flow'rs,
And pleasure strove t' attract her soaring mind;
She did not dare to waste her flying hours,
Nor forfeit bliss, by heav'nly love design'd.
- [6.] Meekness, and modesty, and sacred love,
Liv'd in her looks, and deck'd her blooming face:
She seem'd, as sent from some bright throne above,
To shew the beauties of her Saviour's grace.
- [7.] Indulgent heav'n inspir'd her tender heart,
With more than common pity for the poor;
The steward of her Lord did freely part
With what she freely had receiv'd before.
- [8.] Behold the maim'd, the halt, the lame, the blind,
Feast on her stores, and bless her as they go;
To friends and foes, and helpless strangers kind;
She lessen'd or remov'd their ev'ry woe.
- [9.] Preparing to rebuild her mould'ring walls,*
The welcome messenger of death drew nigh:
The mortal body into ruin falls
And less the soul to brighter regions fly!
- [10.] Now rising floods of grief glide through the vale,
Where many a monument of woe is seen
Lamenting after her, they lov'd so well,
With many a tear bedew the mournful green!

* She was looking at the workmen pulling down part of her house, in order to rebuild it, when seized with her last sickness.

- [11.] The seat of innocence, and sacred joy,
Some call'd another Eden here below!
But death all earthly comforts can destroy,
And fill our paradise with real woe!
- [12.] The garden crown'd with fruitful trees, and flow'rs,
Where oft we offer'd incense to our King;
The pensive mourners shelter in its bow'rs,
Where groans and sighs, and lamentations ring.
- [13.] Ye strangers to the sov'reign power of love,
Charge not with guilt the sympathizing grief:
Jesus who fills with joy the hosts above,
Wept while he brought his wretched friends relief!
- [14.] Mourn, without murmuring, ye sons of God,
And call forth Salem's daughters to your aid:
She who walk'd foremost in the heav'nly road,
Bewail her number'd with the silent dead.
- [15.] Beneath the weight our fainting spirits bend,
As in the dust we lay her bones to rest:
But O, what joy when Israel's steeds ascend,
And God pronounces her for ever blest!
- [16.] Welcome he cries, my chaste, my spotless bride!
Now take possession of thy native home:
Behold thy mansion near my wounded side;
Enter my joy, and share my glorious throne.
- [17.] Well done thou good and faithful servant,—now!
Wear these white robes of right'ousness divine:
This sparkling wreath shall grace thy cloudless brow;
And all I have and am be ever thine.

- [18.] Yes; central glories, never setting beams,
On our dear friend direct their brightest rays!
And love and joy, in overflowing streams,
Fill all her powers with heav'n's eternal praise.
- [19.] The mutual love that made our spirits one,
(A knot which death itself can ne'er untie)
Says, we shall meet again before his throne,
And cherish friendship that can never die.
- [20.] This blooming hope outlasts my ebbing grief:
Surely these tears shall soon be wip'd away;
This brings to countless mourner's sure relief,
Who look to find her in eternal day!

A Highland Fragment.³⁹

- [1.] Dark autumn now assumes its fading reign;
The blue-grey mist creeps slowly o'er the hill;
Dark rolls the river through the narrow plain,
And from the uplands bursts the new swoll'n rill.
- [2.] On yonder heath there stands a lonely tree,
And there, O Connal! thy sad grave is found;
And still its falling leaves it straws on thee,
Still by the whirlwind borne in eddies round.
- [3.] Here oft, at twilight grey, or purple dawn,
As o'er the heath the musing hunter hies,
The sheeted ghost stalks o'er the dewy lawn,
Or haunts the dreary grave where Connal lies.
- [4.] Thy race, O Connal! who shall strive to trace?
Or who through ages past thy sires can tell?
As the tall oak, torn from its native place
They grew, they flourish'd, and in thee they fell.

³⁹Published first in *London Magazine* 29 (1760), 374–75; with author identified as “a gentleman of Scotland.”

- [5.] Mournful thy wars, O Fingal! 'midst the slain,
Where groan'd the dying welt'ring in their gore,
There Connal fell, the terror of the plain,
There fell the mighty to arise no more!
- [6.] Thy arm, a tempest from the bellowing main;
Thy sword, a meteor in the evening sky;
Thy height, a rock that overlook'd the plain;
A glowing furnace was thy wrathful eye:
- [7.] Loud as a storm, thy voice confounding all;
Dire was thy sword, and eager to destroy;
Beneath thine arm, the mighty warriors fall,
As falls the thistle by the playful boy.
- [8.] As low'ring thunder o'er the mid-day skies,
Dargo, the bold, Dargo the mighty came,
Dark was his brow; two hollow caves his eyes,
Bright rose their clashing swords with sparkling flame.
- [9.] Crimora—Rinoval's beauteous daughter, near
Her much lov'd Connal—could she stay behind?
A bow her shoulder grac'd, her hand a spear,
And loose her waving locks flow'd in the wind.
- [10.] At Dargo's⁴⁰ breast the fatal shaft she drew;
Swift from her arm the mortal weapon flies:
Alas! the erring dart her Connal slew!
Alas! he bleeds! alas! her Connal dies;
- [11.] So falls a rock torn from the shaggy hill;
So falls an oak, the glory of the plain;
What shall she do? what griebs her bosom fill!
"By me is Connal, hapless Connal slain!"
- [12.] All day she wanders by some nameless stream,
Connal, my love! Connal, my friend! she cries;
At night, thy pathless vale, by Cynthia's beam:
For grief, the lovely, musing mourner dies.

⁴⁰Orig., "Drago's"; a misprint.

- [13.] The loveliest pair cold earth doth here inclose
That ever slept within her clay-cold womb;
Alone they rest in undisturb'd repose,
The green grass rankling o'er their narrow tomb.
- [14.] I, musing in the melancholy shade,
(The rank weed rustling to the whistling wind,)
Still mourn th' ill-fated youth, and hapless maid,
And still their memory rushes on my mind.

The Comforts of Religion.⁴¹

- [1.] O blest religion, heav'nly fair!
Thy kind, thy healing pow'r,
Can sweeten pain, alleviate care,
And gild each gloomy hour.
- [2.] When dismal thoughts, and boding fears
The trembling heart invade;
And all the face of nature wears,
An universal shade:
- [3.] Thy sacred dictates can assuage
The tempest of the soul,
And every fear shall lose its rage,
At thy divine controul.
- [4.] Through life's bewilder'd, dreary way,
Thy hand unerring leads;
And o'er the path thy heav'nly ray,
A cheering lustre sheds.
- [5.] When feeble reason, tir'd and blind,
Sinks helpless and afraid;
Thou blest supporter of the mind,
How pow'rful is thy aid!
- [6.] Then let my heart confess thy pow'r,
And find thy sweet relief;
To brighten every gloomy hour,
And soften every grief.

⁴¹Anne Steele, *Poems on Subjects Chiefly Devotional* (Bristol: William Pine, 1780), 2:35–36.

POETRY.

**To the Memory of Lady Littleton.
(By Lord Littleton.)⁴²**

At length escap'd from ev'ry human eye,
From ev'ry duty, ev'ry care,
That in my mournful thoughts might claim a share,
Or force my tears their flowing stream to dry;
Beneath the gloom of this embow'ring shade,
This lone retreat, for tender sorrow made,
I now may give my burden'd heart relief,
And pour forth all my stores of grief,

⁴²George Lyttelton, in *The Works of George, Lord Lyttelton ... now collected together; with some other pieces never before printed*, Edited by G. E. Ayscough, 3rd edn. (London: Dodsley, 1776), 3:144–58.

Of grief surpassing ev'ry other woe,
Far as the pur'st bliss, the happi'st love,
 Can on th' ennobled mind bestow,
Exceeds the vulgar joys that move
Our gross desires, inelegant and low.

Ye tufted groves, ye gently-falling rills,
Ye high o'ershadowing hills,
Ye lawns gay-smiling with eternal green,
Oft have you my Lucy seen!
But never shall you now behold her more.
 Nor will she now with fond delight,
And taste refin'd your rural charms explore;
 Clos'd are those beaut'ous eyes in endless night:
Those beaut'ous eyes, where beaming us'd to shine
Reason's pure light, and virtue's spark divine.

Oft did I in these woods rejoice
To hear her heav'nly voice;
For her despising, when she deign'd to sing,
The sweetest songsters of the spring:
The woodlark and the linnets pleas'd no more;
 The nightingale was mute,
 And ev'ry shepherd's flute
Was cast in silent scorn away,
While all attended to her sweeter lay.
Ye larks and linnets now resume your song,
 And thou, melodious Philomel,
 Again thy plaintive story tell,
 For death hath stopt that tuneful tongue,
Whose music could alone your warbling notes excel.

In vain I look around,
O'er all the well-known ground,

My Lucy's wonted footsteps to descry;
 Where oft we us'd to walk,
 Where oft in tender talk
We saw the summer's sun go down the sky;
 Nor by yon fountain's side,
 Nor where its waters glide
 Along the valley, can she now be found:
In all the wide-stretch'd prospect's ample bound.
 No more my mournful eye
 Can ought of her espy,
But the sad sacred earth where her dear relics lie.

O shades of Hagley, where is now your boast!
Your bright inhabitant is lost.
You she preferr'd to all the gay resorts,
 Where female vanity might wish to shine,
The pomp of cities, and the pride of courts.
Her modest virtue shunn'd the public eye:
 To your sequester'd dales,
 And flow'r-embroider'd vales,
From an admiring world she chose to fly;
With nature there retir'd and nature's God,
The silent paths of wisdom trod,
And banish'd ev'ry passion from her breast,
But those the gentlest and the best,
 Whose holy flames with energy divine
The virtuous heart enliven and improve,
The conjugal, and the maternal love.

Sweet babes, who, like the little playful fawns,
Were wont to trip along these verdant lawns,
By your delighted mother's side,
Who now your infant steps shall guide?

Ah! where is now the hand whose tender care
To ev'ry virtue would have form'd your youth,
And strew'd with flow'rs the thorny way of truth?*

O loss beyond repair!

O wretched father, left alone,
To weep their dire misfortune, and thy own!
How shall thy weaken'd mind, oppress'd with woe,
And drooping o'er thy Lucy's grave,
Perform the duties that I doubly owe,
Now she alas! is gone,
From folly and from vice their helpless age to save?

Now what avails it that in early bloom,
When light fantastic toys
Are all her sex's joys,
She search'd the wit of Greece and Rome?
And all that in her later days
To emulate her ancient praise
Italia's happy genius could produce;
Or what the Gallic fire
Bright sparkling could inspire,
By all the graces temper'd and refin'd;
Or what in Britain's isle,
Most favour'd with your smile,
The pow'rs of reason and of fancy join'd
To full perfection have conspir'd to raise?
Ah! what is now the use
Of all these treasures that enrich'd her mind,
To blank oblivion's gloom for ever now consign'd?

Tell how each beauty of her mind and face
Was brighten'd by some sweet peculiar grace!
How eloquent in ev'ry look,
Through her expressive eyes her soul distinctly spoke!

* True prophet! What became of her son?

Tell how her manners all refin'd
Left all the taint of modish vice behind,
And made each charm of polish'd courts agree,
With candid truth's simplicity,
And uncorrupted innocence!
Tell how to more than manly sense
She join'd the soft'ning influence
Of more than female tenderness:
How in the thoughtless days of wealth and joy,
Which oft the care of others good destroy,
Her kindly melting heart,
To ev'ry want, and ev'ry woe,
To guilt itself when in distress,
The balm of pity would impart,
And all relief that bounty could bestow!
Ev'n for the kid or lamb that pour'd its life
Beneath the bloody knife,
Her gentle tears would fall,
Tears from sweet virtue's source, benevolent to all.

Not only good and kind,
But clear and strong her mind:
A spirit that look'd superior down
On fortune's smile, or frown;
A wit that temperately bright
With inoffensive light,
All-pleasing shone, nor ever past
The decent bounds that wisdom's sober hand,
And sweet benevolence's mild command,
And bashful modesty, before it cast.
A prudence undeceiving, undeceiv'd,
That nor too little, nor too much believ'd,
That scorn'd unjust suspicion's coward fear,
And without weakness knew to be sincere.
Such Lucy was, when in her fairest days,
Amidst th' acclaim of universal praise,

In life's and glory's freshest bloom
Death came remorseless on, and sunk her to the tomb.

Arise, O Petrarch, bring the silver lyre,
 Tun'd by the skilful hand,
To the soft notes of elegant desire,
 With which o'er many a land
Was spread the fame of thy disastrous love;
 To me resign the vocal shell,
 And teach my sorrows to relate
 Their melancholy tale so well,
 As may ev'n things inanimate,
Rough mountain-oaks, and desert-rocks, to pity move.

What were, alas! thy woes compar'd to mine?
 To thee thy mistress in the blissful band
 Of hymen never gave her hand:
The joys of wedded love were never thine.
 In thy domestic care
 She never bore a share,
 Nor with endearing art
 Would heal thy wounded heart
Of ev'ry secret grief that fester'd there:
Nor did her fond affection on the bed
Of sickness watch thee; and thy languid head
Whole nights on her unweari'd arm sustain,
And charm away the sense of pain:
Nor did she crown your mutual flame
With pledges dear, and with a father's tender name.

O best of wives! O dearer far to me
 Than when thy virgin charms
 Were yielded to my arms,
How can my soul endure the loss of thee!

How in the world, to me a desert grown,
Abandon'd, and alone,
Without my sweet companion can I live?
Without thy lovely smile,
The dear reward of ev'ry virtuous toil,
What pleasures now can pall'd ambition give?
Ev'n the delightful sense⁴³ of well-earn'd praise,
Unshar'd by thee, no more my lifeless thoughts could raise.

For my distracted mind
What succour can I find?
On whom for consolation shall I call?
Support me, ev'ry friend,
Your kind assistance lend
To bear the weight of this oppressive woe.
Alas! each friend of mine,
My dear departed love, so much was thine,
That none has any comfort to bestow.
My books, the best relief
In ev'ry other grief,
Are now with your idea sadden'd all:
Each favourite author we together read
My tortur'd mem'ry wounds, and speaks of Lucy dead.

We were the happi'st pair of human-kind!
The rolling year its varying course perform'd,
And back return'd again,
Another and another smiling came,
And saw our happiness unchang'd remain;
Still in her golden chain
Harmonious concord did our wishes bind:
Our studies, pleasures, tastes the same.
O fatal, fatal stroke,
That all this pleasing fabric love had rais'd
Of rare felicity,
On which ev'n wanton vice with envy gaz'd,

⁴³Orig., "scene"; a misprint.

And ev'ry scheme of bliss our hearts had form'd,
With soothing hope for many a future day,
 In one sad moment broke!—
Yet, O my soul, thy rising murmurs stay,
 Nor dare th' all-wise disposer⁴⁴ to arraign,
 Or 'gainst his supreme decree
 With impious grief complain:
That all thy full-blown joys at once should fade,
Was his most righteous will; and be that will obey'd.

Would thy fond love his grace to her control,
And in these low abodes of sin and pain
 Her pure exalted soul
Unjustly for thy partial good detain?
No—rather strive thy grov'ling mind to raise
Up to that unclouded blaze,
That heav'nly radiance of eternal light,
In which enthron'd she now with pity sees
 How frail, how insecure, how slight
 Is ev'ry mortal bliss:
Ev'n love itself, if rising by degrees
Beyond the bounds of this imperfect state,
Whose fleeting joys so soon must end,
It does not to its sov'reign good ascend.
Rise then, my soul, with hope elate,
And seek those regions of serene delight,
Whose peaceful path and ever-open gate
No feet but those of harden'd guilt shall miss.
There death himself thy Lucy shall restore,
There yield up all his pow'r, ne'er to divide us more.

The Epitaph.

Made to engage all hearts and charm all eyes;
Though meek, magnanimous; though witty, wise;
Polite, as all her days in courts had been;
Yet good, as she the world had never seen;

⁴⁴Orig., “disposes”; a misprint.

The noble fire of an exalted mind,
With gentle, female tenderness combin'd.
Her speech was the melodious voice of love,
Her song the warbling of the vernal grove;
Her eloquence was sweeter than her song,
Soft as her heart, and as her reason strong:
Her form each beauty of her mind express'd,
Her mind was virtue by the graces dress'd.

Desiring a Firmer Affiance in God under Afflictions.
(By Miss [Anne] Steele.)⁴⁵

- [1.] Why is my heart with grief oppress'd?
Can all the pains I feel, or fear,
Make thee, my soul, forget thy rest,
Forget that God, thy God is near?
- [2.] Hast thou not often called the Lord
Thy refuge; thy almighty friend?
And canst thou fear to trust that word
On which thy hopes of heav'n depend?
- [3.] Mortality's unnumber'd ills
Are all beneath his sov'reign hand;
Each pain which this frail body feels
Attends, obedient, his command.
- [4.] Lord, form my temper to thy will!
If thou my faith and patience prove,
May ev'ry painful stroke fulfil
Thy purposes of faithful love.
- [5.] O may this weak, this fainting mind
A father's hand adoring see;
Confess thee just, and wise, and kind,
And trust thy word, and cleave to thee!

⁴⁵Anne Steele, *Poems on Subjects Chiefly Devotional* (Bristol: William Pine, 1780), 3:70–71.

POETRY.

Charity.⁴⁶

Fairest and foremost of the train that wait
On man's most dignifi'd and happi'st state,
Whether we name thee charity or love,
Chief grace below, and all in all above;
Come, prompt me with benevolent desires,
Teach me to kindle at thy gentle fires;
And though disgrac'd and slighted, to redeem
A poet's name, by making thee her theme.

God working ever on a social plan,
By various ties attaches man to man:
He made at first, though free and unconfin'd,
One man the common father of the kind,
That ev'ry tribe, though plac'd as he sees best,
Where seas or desarts part them from the rest;
Diff'ring in language, manners, or in face,
Might feel themselves alli'd to all the race.

When Cook (lamented, and with tears as just
As ever mingl'd with heroic dust,)

⁴⁶William Cowper, *Poems* (London: J. Johnson, 1782), 180–86 (abridged).

Steer'd Britain's oak into a world unknown,
And in his country's glory sought his own;
Wherever he found man, to nature true,
The rights of man were sacred in his view:
He sooth'd with gifts, and greeted with a smile,
The simple native of the new-found isle;
He spurn'd the wretch who slighted or withstood
The tender arguments of kindr'd blood;
Nor would endure that any should controul
His free-born brethren of the southern pole.

Again, the band of commerce was design'd
T' associate all the branches of mankind;
And if a boundless plenty be the robe,
Trade is the golden girdle of the globe:
Wise to promote whatever end he means,
God opens fruitful nature's various scenes;
Each climate needs what other climes produce,
And offers something to the gen'ral use;
No land but listens to the common call,
And in return receives supply from all;
This genial intercourse, and mutual aid,
Cheers what were else an universal shade;
Calls nature from her ivy-mantl'd⁴⁷ den,
And softens human rock-work into men.

Ingenious art with her expressive face
Steps forth to fashion and refine the race;
Not only fills necessity's demands,
But overcharges her capacious hands;
Capricious taste itself can crave no more,
Than she supplies from her abounding store;
She strikes out all that luxury can ask,
And gains new vigour at her endless task.

⁴⁷Orig., "icy-mantl'd"; a misprint.

Here is the spacious arch, the shapely spire,
The painter's pencil, and the poet's lyre;
From her the canvas borrows light and shade,
And verse more lasting, hues that never fade.
She guides the finger o'er the dancing keys,
Gives difficulty all the grace of ease,
And pours a torrent of sweet notes around,
Fast as the thirsting ear can drink the sound.

(To be concluded in our next.)⁴⁸

The following lines were written on a pane of glass in one of the windows of Bishop Bedell's house, adjoining the church-yard till a few years ago, when the sash was taken down. They are supposed to be written by Doctor Sheridan, about the year 1731.⁴⁹

Resolve me this, ye happy dead,
Who've lain some hundred years in bed,
From ev'ry persecution free,
Which in this wretched life we see;
Would ye resume a second birth,
And chuse once more to live on earth?

Thus spoke great Bedell from his tomb,
Mortal! I would not change my doom,
To live in such a restless state;
To be unfortunately great;
To pity fools; to spurn at knaves;
To shine among a race of slaves;
To learn from wise men to complain,
And only rise to fall again:
No—let my dusty relics rest,
Till I shall rise amongst the blest.

⁴⁸See vol. 8, p. 610.

⁴⁹Wesley's source for this has not been located; but later collections identify the first stanza as written by Jonathan Swift and the second by Dr. Thomas Sheridan; composed when they were visiting together the episcopal residence at Kilmore, Ireland, where William Bedell had been bishop.

POETRY.

Charity.⁵⁰

(Concluded from page 556.)

These are the gift of art, and art thrives most
Where commerce has enrich'd the busy coast:
He catches all improvements in his flight,
Spreads foreign wonders in his country's sight;
Imports what others have invented well,
And stirs his own to match them, or excel.
'Tis thus reciprocating each with each,
Alternately the nations learn and teach;
While providence enjoins to ev'ry soul
An union with the vast terraque'ous whole.

But ah! what wish can prosper, or what pray'r,
For merchants rich in cargoes of despair,
Who drive a loathsome traffic, gage and span,
And buy the muscles and the bones of man?
The tender ties of father, husband, friend,
All bonds of nature in that moment end,
And each endures, while yet he draws his breath,
A stroke as fatal as the scythe of death.
The sable warrior, frantic with regret
Of her he loves, and never can forget,
Loses in tears the far receding shore;
But not the thought that they must meet no more:
Depriv'd of her and freedom at a blow,
What has he left that he can yet forego?
Yes, to deep sadness sullenly resign'd,
He feels his body's bondage in his mind,
Puts off his gen'rous feelings, and to suit
His manners to his fate, puts on the brute.
Some men make gain a fountain, whence proceeds
A stream of lib'ral, and heroic deeds,

⁵⁰William Cowper, *Poems* (London: J. Johnson, 1782), 186–211 (much abridged).

The swell of pity, not to be confin'd
 Within the scanty limits of the mind,
 Disdains the bank, and throws the golden sands,
 A rich deposit, on the bord'ring lands:
 These have an ear for *his* paternal call,
 Who makes some rich for the supply of all,
 God's gift with pleasure in his praise employ,
 And Thornton is familiar with the joy.

Oh could I worship ought beneath the skies,
 That earth hath seen or fancy can devise,
 Thine altar, sacred liberty, should stand,
 Built by no mercenary, vulgar hand;
 With fragrant turf and flow'rs as wild and fair
 As ever drest a bank or scented summer air:
 Daily as ever on the mountain's height
 The deep of morning shed a dawning light;
 Again, when evening in her sober vest,
 Drew the grey curtain of the fading west,
 My soul should yield thee willing thanks and praise,
 For the chief blessings of my fairest days.
 But that were sacrilege—praise is not thine,
 But his who gave thee, and preserves thee mine:
 Else I would say (and as I speak, bid fly,
 A captive bird into the boundless sky)
 This triple realm adores thee—thou art come
 From Sparta hither, and art here at home.
 We feel thy force still active, at this hour
 Enjoy immunity from priestly pow'r;
 While conscience, happi'r than in ancient years,
 Owns no superior but the God she fears.
 True charity, a plant divinely nurs'd,
 Fed by the love from which it rose at first,
 Thrives against hope, and in the rudest scene,
 Storms but enliven its unfading green;
 Exub'rant is the shadow it supplies,
 Its fruit on earth, its growth above the skies.

To look at him who form'd us, and redeem'd,
 So glorious now, though once so disesteem'd,
 To see a God stretch forth his human hand,
 T' uphold the boundless scenes of his command,
 To recollect that in a form like ours,
 He bruis'd beneath his feet th' infernal pow'rs,
 Captivity led captive rose to claim
 The wreath he won so dearly, in our name;
 That thron'd above all height, he condescends
 To call the few that trust in him his friends,
 That in the heav'n of heav'ns, that space he deems
 Too scanty for th' exertion of his beams,
 And shines as if impatient to bestow
 Life and a kingdom upon worms below;
 That sight imparts a never-dying flame,
 Though feeble in degree, in kind the same.
 Like him, the soul thus kindled from above,
 Spreads wide her arms of universal love,
 And still enlarg'd as she receives the grace,
 Includes creation in her close embrace.
 Behold a Christian—and without the fires
 The founder of that name alone inspires,
 Though all accomplishments, all knowledge meet,
 To make the shining prodigy complete, }
 Whoever boasts that name, behold a cheat.

Thus have I sought to grace a serious lay
 With many a wild indeed; but flow'ry spray,
 In hopes to gain what else I must have lost,
 Th' attention pleasure has so much engross'd.
 But if unhappily deceiv'd I dream,
 And prove too weak for so divine a theme,
 Let charity forgive me a mistake }
 That zeal, not vanity has chanc'd to make,
 And spare the poet for the subject sake.

POETRY.

A Letter to a Person in High Life.⁵¹

**“Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth,” &c.
—Matt. vi. 19.**

- [1.] Why do you set your heart on earth,
Or plume yourself on wealth or birth?
 What bliss can these afford?
Will they prolong your fleeting breath?
Or rescue from the jaws of death
 Their supercilious Lord?
- [2.] Do not the rich as well as poor
Find death still knocking at their door?
 Or does he less invade
The lofty castles of the great,
Shining in all the pomp of state,
 Than poverty's low shed?
- [3.] Remember then how soon you must
Yield unto death, and in the dust
 Your empty honours lay:
Your years with swift, though silent pace,
Slide on, nor linger in the race,
 To bring th' unwelcome day.
- [4.] Then nought on earth you call your own,
Will follow you to worlds unknown;
 Your ev'ry dear delight,
Your house, your land, your pleasing wife,
And all the comforts of this life,
 Will vanish out of sight.

⁵¹No prior publication or details on author for this poem have been located.

- [5.] Not one of all those spreading trees,
Planted by you to catch the breeze,
 And form the cooling shade;
Their short-liv'd master will pursue,
Except the cypress be your due,
 To death once sacred made.
- [6.] Nor wealth, nor birth, relief in hell
Can yield, where lordly dives fell,
 Involv'd in torments dire;
Of all his vast, his boundless store,
No mite is left him, to procure
 One drop to quench the fire.
- [7.] Hear him deplore his hapless fate,
He cries for mercy, now too late;
 To Abraham tells his grief:
"Have pity, father, on thy son,
On me bestow one little boon,
 To give me some relief!
- [8.] ^{[“}The favour which I ask of thee
Is this, send Laz'rus unto me,
 Who am with torment stung;
That he into the cooling stream
May dip his finger, damp the flame
 That preys upon my tongue.”
- [9.] That such may never be your end,
By this be warn'd, in time, my friend,
 This mammon god despise;
But make the living Lord your stay,
That when this world shall fail, you may
 Have treasures in the skies.

**A remarkable Epitaph.
Johannes Spurrell, Plimuthi;
Obiit Mortem Februarii die 21, 1785:
Aetatis suae 88.**

Vir diligentia singulari,
Qui, sine doctrina, et prorsus sine literis,
Sine re relictâ, sine alea,
Aut ad Indos cursu;
Nullo negotio praeclaro intentus,
Re rusticâ operosus;
Arando, serendo, emendo, mutando;
Bovibus pascendis, saginandis, caedendis,
Sagax, non fallax;
Non catus, sed cautus;
Rem magnam struere exoptabat,
Et struebat.

Deum coluit—
Neque vero virtus illi defuit:
Quippe, quanquam presso lare vixit,
Pauperibus profuit;
In verbis, sine syngrapha, inerat sides;
Ministris, blandus semper et benignus;
Illis satis, superque domi;
Amicus verus, non sucosus,
Futuri haud incautus,
Haeredibus, duobus sororis nepotibus,
Patre orbatis, puerisque adhuc,
Quinquaginta mille nummorum
Reliquit.
Facta sane caedro digna
Et exemplo sint,
Quantum industria
Et propositum ut res non sit minor,
Et nobis, et aliis
Prodesse possunt.

**The Translation.
John Spurrell, of Plymouth,
died the 21st of February, 1785,
in the 88th year of his age.⁵²**

A man of singular diligence,
Who without being able either to write or read,
Without any thing left him, without gaming,
Or going to the Indies,
Without following any particular business,
Save husbandry;
By plowing, sowing, buying, changing;
By breeding, fattening, killing oxen:
Knowing, but not tricking;
Not subtle, but wary;
Desired to acquire a large fortune,
And acquired it.

He worshipped God,
Nor was he without good-will toward men:
For though he spent little on himself,
He was helpful to the poor.
His word was taken, without any writing:
Always kind and generous to his servants;
Who had at home enough and to spare:
A sincere friend, without guile,
Providing for the future;
He left his sisters, two nephews, as yet children,
Fifty thousand pounds.*

* How much wiser would he have been, if he had left them five thousand, and given the rest to the poor, and saved his own soul?

N.B. The encomiums in the conclusion of this epitaph, we think are undeserving a translation.

⁵²No prior publication or identification of the translator have been located.

An Elegy, written by a Father on the Death of his Child.⁵³

Accept blest shade, a parent's mournful lay,
Which bleeding love would to thy mem'ry pay;
Forgive the tears that still my cheeks bedew,
While death's sad scene is fresh within my view:
I court no muse to aid my pensive strains,
A wounded heart spontaneously complains.

The sun had not perform'd his annual course,
Ere dire disorders, with malignant force,
Seiz'd on her infant frame, in ev'ry part,
And rak'd⁵⁴ it sore, and pierc'd her tender heart.

Yet twice three years she held a doubtful strife,
Against the foe that took away her life:
And England's plague,* and fever's burning rage,
She struggl'd through in her infantile age.

Sometimes her blooming face, and childish play,
Flatter'd my hopes that death would long delay:
That she would reach to life's meridian stage,
And be the joy of my declining age.
Anon, the deadly bane mixt with her blood,
Through all her frame in livid currents flow'd;
Dispoil'd her face of its enchanting bloom,
And sadly shew'd her swift approaching doom.

Nine dismal hours (the scene still wounds my breast!)
Against the pangs of death she did contest,
While round her bed, besmear'd with lethal dew,
Her weeping friends and relatives I view.
Augmented is my woe! I see her mother stand,
With streaming eyes amid the mournful band:
It breaks her heart, convuls'd that frame to see
So often dandled on her willing knee.

*The small-pox.

⁵³No prior publication or further details on author for this poem have been located.

⁵⁴Orig., "wreck'd"; changed by JW in his personal copy of *AM*.

Those ruby lips that from her snowy breast
Salubrious milk through trickling channels prest,
Turn'd to a livid pale: those sparkling eyes,
Whose lambent beams struck with a sweet surprise,
Cloth'd with a slimy scum and horrid stare:
Thy rosy cheeks, no pleasing flushes wear;
That prattling tongue seal'd up, which charm'd our ear. }

No more (returning from my daily toil)
She meets her sire with an endearing smile;
Plays by my side with unaffected glee;
Clings round my waist, or nimbly climbs my knee.

No more with me, amid my leisure hours,
She runs along to gather fragrant flow'rs;
Her babbling questions give my mind delight,
Which trifling objects often did excite;
Whilst all around cool zephyrs gently play'd,
And woodland songsters warbled in the shade.

Now, wretched man, spread thy parental arms!
Embrace thy babe in all her native charms!
Bear home thy nosegays with officious care,
To grace the bosom of thy lovely fair!
Oh, cruel, cruel irony of grief!
Where shall my wounded spirit find relief!

Thus nature raves; but see! in yonder skies,
A form ether'al stands before my eyes;
Long, milk-white robes her comely shape adorn;
Her face beams forth like an unclouded morn:
A conqu'ring palm her lily hand waves round;
With burnish'd gold, her shining head is crown'd.

In accents sweet, as when the western breeze,
Kisses with fragrant lips the rustling trees,
She smiling says, "Your needless griefs forbear;
And to your daughter's voice incline your willing ear.

“My nature chang’d, by Jesu’s saving grace,
And all my soul made meet to see his face,
I heard his call, and left your dark abode,
And swift ascended to the mount of God:
Where flaming seraphs, in harmonious strains,
Hail’d my arrival on the heav’nly plains.

“The Saviour next (in glorious light array’d)
From his high throne, in cheering accents said,
Thy transient suff’rings are for ever o’er,
Nor pain, nor death shall e’er afflict thee more.
Receive these joys my streaming blood procur’d,
When for thy infant soul I death endur’d;
Among my virgin-train now take thy place,
And shout the wonders of redeeming grace!

“He ceas’d; and round his throne the radiant throng,
In hallelujahs rais’d a lofty song:
Unbounded joys o’erflow’d my ravish’d heart,
And in his endless praise I gladly bore my part.

“Cease then your grief—by humble faith and pray’r,
While you have life, for this bless’d place prepare;
In smallest joys no angel-tongue can tell:
Prepare to meet me here—till then farewell.”

Farewel blest shade! I see thy beauties rise;
The pleasing scene out-soars my gazing eyes:
Instructed thus I kiss the chast’ning rod,
And freely own thy kindness, O my God!
Thy power, thy goodness may I ever see,
And wholly dedicate, myself, my all to thee!

Bless my whole house; prepare us all to stand
With joy among the sheep at thy right hand:
There with our babe behold thy lovely face,
Bask in the beams divine, and triumph in thy grace.

The Benefit of Affliction, Job v. 6, 7, 8.⁵⁵

- [1.] When huge afflictions press me down,
And sorrows make my nature groan,
Where shall I find relief?
I'll bow myself before my God
And humbly kiss the sacred rod,
Till he asswage my grief.
- [2.] My num'rous sins will I confess,
And own in ev'ry sore distress
The Lord is good and just:
For by experience I have found
Afflictions spring not from the ground,
Nor troubles from the dust.
- [3.] So sure as sparks from burning fire,
By native force will still aspire,
And upward wing their way;
So surely man is born to pain;
Our common lot is to complain,
While here on earth we stay.
- [4.] Nor is the cause so hard to tell,
Since from the Lord we basely fell,
And left the source of bliss:
How can we hope for joys serene,
While sin, the monster lurks within,
That parent of distress?
- [5.] To Jesus then I make my moan:—
O, plead my cause before the throne!
Thou hast the Father's ear:
Since thou for me didst undertake,
My suit is gain'd—thy blood did make
Atonement at his bar.

⁵⁵No prior publication or details on author for this poem have been located.

POETRY.

The Messiah.

A Sacred Eclogue, written in imitation of Virgil's *Pollio*.⁵⁶

Ye nymphs of Solyma! begin the song,
To heav'nly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains, and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus, and th' 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 flow'r with fragrance fills the skies;

⁵⁶Alexander Pope, *Miscellany Poems* (London: Bernard Lintot, 1726), 1:27–32. This poem was a favorite of Wesley, found in his MS Poetry Miscellany, 121–24; and published previously in *MSP* (1744, 1:281–85).

Th' ethereal Spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descend the mystic dove.
Ye heav'ns! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly show'r!
The sick and weak, the healing plant shall aid,
From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail;
Returning justice lift aloft her scale.
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-rob'd innocence from heav'n descend.

Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn!
O spring to light, auspicious babe, be born!
See! nature hastes her earli'st 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 flow'ry top perfumes 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 th' approaching deity.
Lo! earth receives him from the bending skies!
Sink down ye mountains, and ye vallies rise!
With heads declin'd ye cedars homage pay!
Be smooth ye rocks, ye rapid floods give way!
The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold:
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 th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm th' 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 ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear.
In adamant chains shall death be bound,
And hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.

As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pastures and the purest air:
Explores the lost, the wand'ring 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 promis'd father of the future age.

No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes;
Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad faulchion in a plough-share end.

Then palaces shall rise: the joyful son
Shall finish what his short-liv'd 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 lillies 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 vallies once perplex'd with thorn,
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn;
To leafless shrubs the flow'ring palms succeed,
And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed.

The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flow'ry bands the tyger 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;
Pleas'd, the green lustre of the scales survey,
And with their forky tongues shall innocently play.

Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem rise!
Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes!
See! a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
See! future sons and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on ev'ry side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
See! barb'rous 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 Sabaeen springs!
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See! heav'n its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day!

No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her silver horn;
But lost, dissolv'd 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 pow'r remains,
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns.

Adoration.⁵⁷

Let praise to thee, all sov'reign pow'r, arise,
Who fix'd the mountains, and who form'd the skies!
Who o'er thy works extend'st a Father's care;
Whose kind protection all thy works declare.

⁵⁷Edward Perronet, *Occasional Verses, Moral and Sacred* (London: J. Buckland & T. Scollick, 1785), 13–14.

From the glad climes, where morn, in radiance drest,
Starts forth refulgent—to the furthest west,
On thee alone the whole dependant lies,
And thy rich boon all nature's want supplies.

Hail! thou great Author of the extended whole!
Revolving seasons bless thee as they roll:
The rising sun points out thy pathless way,
And smiling moons thy midnight paths betray;
The spangling stars in heaven's ethereal frame,
Shine to thy praise, and sparkle into flame!

By thee, spring, summer, autumn, winter, rise;
Thou giv'st the smiling, thou the frowning skies:
At thy command the soft'ning showers distil,
Till genial rays the teeming furrows fill;
Thy fostering suns o'er all the globe extend,
And, blest by thee, the verdant spires ascend!

See next the product of returning spring:
With joy the woods, with joy the vallies ring!
Alternate each resound his praise aloud;
And dumb creation shouts th' incumbent God!

Thy parent bounty swells the golden ear,
And bids the harvest crown the fruitful year:
The fruitful year repairs the labourer's pain,
The peasant's comfort, and the master's gain.

The winter hoard supplies the winnowing floor,
The beast with fodder, and with bread the poor.
Each from thy hand his destin'd boon receives,
Feeds at thy board, and on thy bounty lives!

Thus all thy works conspicuous worship raise,
And nature's whole proclaims her Maker's praise:
Tells out his acts, and spreads his fame abroad—
Creation's fountain! and the creatures God!

POETRY.

The Juggler.⁵⁸

A juggler long through all the town,
Has rais'd his fortune and renown;
You'd think (so far his art transcends)
The d[e]v[i]l at his finger-ends.

Vice heard his fame, she read his bill:
Convinc'd of his inferior skill,
She sought his booth, and from the crowd
Defy'd the man of art aloud.
Is this then he so fam'd for slight?
Can this slow bungler cheat your sight?

⁵⁸John Gay, *Fables* (London: J. Tonson & J. Watts, 1727), 158–62.

Dare he with me dispute the prize?
I leave it to impartial eyes.

Provok'd, the juggler cried, 'tis done,
In science I submit to none.
Thus said, the cups and balls he play'd,
By turns, this here, that there convey'd:
The cards obedient to his words,
Are by a fillip turn'd to birds:
His little boxes change the grain,
Trick after trick deludes the train.
He shakes his bag, he shews all fair;
His fingers spreads, and nothing there;
Then bids it rain with show'rs of gold,
And now his iv'ry eggs are told,
But when from thence the hen he draws,
Amaz'd spectators hum applause.

Vice now stept forth and took the place,
With all the forms of his grimace.
This magic looking-glass, she cries,
(Here hand it round) 'twill charm your eyes:
Each eager eye the sight desir'd,
And ev'ry man himself admir'd.
Next to a senator addressing,
See this bank-note, observe the blessing,
Breathe on the bill. Heigh, pass, 'tis gone,
Upon his lips a padlock shone;
A second puff the magic broke,
The padlock vanish'd, and he spoke.
Twelve bottles rang'd upon the board,
All full with heady liquor stor'd,
By clean conveyance disappear,
And now two bloody swords are there,
A purse she to the thief expos'd,
At once his ready fingers clos'd.

He opes his fist, the treasure's fled,
He sees a halter in its stead.
She bids ambition hold a wand,
He grasps a hatchet in his hand.
A box of charity she shews;
Blow here, and a church-warden blows;
'Tis vanish'd with conveyance neat,
And on the table smokes a treat.
She shakes the dice, the board she knocks,
And from all pockets fills her box.
She next a meagre rake address,
This picture see, her shape, her breast,
What youth, and what inviting eyes!
Hold her and have her. With surprise
His hand expos'd a box of pills;
And a loud laugh proclaim'd his ills.
A counter in a miser's hand,
Grew twenty guineas at command;
She bids his heir the sum retain,
And 'tis a counter now again.
A guinea with her torch you see,
Takes ev'ry shape but charity:
And not one thing you saw or drew,
But chang'd from what was first in view.

The juggler now in grief of heart,
With this submission owns her art:
Can I such matchless slight withstand?
How practice hath improv'd your hand!
But now and then I cheat the throng,
You ev'ry day, and all day long.

The Vision.
(From the Fourth Chapter of Job.)⁵⁹

'Twas at the dark and silent hour of night,
When airy visions skim before the sight,
When men entranc'd in balmy sleep are laid,
And deeper slumbers ev'ry sense invade;
A voice, shrill sounding, pierc'd my list'ning ear,
The solemn accent still methinks I hear.
And lo! arose before my wond'ring eyes,
A shapeless spectre of stupendous size;
Sullen, it me approach'd with awful grace,
And frowning dreadful star'd me in the face.
Deep sunk my heart, my hair erected stood,
And sweaty drops my shaking limbs bedew'd.
At length a voice the solemn silence broke,
And thus, in hollow tone, the phantom spoke.

What art thou, mortal man! thou breathing clod?
Thou daring rival of thy author, God?
Is then this heap of animated dust
Pure as his maker? as his maker, just?
What are the gifts to human nature giv'n,
That man usurps the attributes of heav'n?
Th' angelic hosts, that on the Godhead wait,
And issue forth his ministers of fate;
Not of themselves perform his great command,
But own his guidance and o'er-ruling hand.
Shall then presumptuous man his actions sway,
This lordly tenant of a lump of clay?
Who from a sordid mass derives his birth,
And drops again into his mother earth;
Whose carcase mould'ring in the silent tomb,
Devouring reptiles mangle and consume.

⁵⁹Published in *Gentleman's Magazine* 11 (1741): 606 (by 'Philographos'); and other collections prior to this setting; no details on author have been located.

Look round the surface of this earthly ball;
See grandeur vanish, and ev'n nations fall!
What millions die, the race of being run,
Between the rising and the setting sun!
See man each hour resign his fleeting breath,
And sink unheeded in the jaws of death!
Thus falls thy boasted wisdom, mortal man,
A cloud its substance, and its date a span!
Thy short perfection on thy life depends,
At death's great period all thy knowledge ends.

On Sleep.⁶⁰

Emblem of death! as is its couch, the grave;
Doom'd to contain the coward and the brave;
In⁶¹ sleep reclin'd, the guilty and the pure,
Alike intomb'd—sequester'd and secure;
Reserv'd alike in that dread hour to wake,
Destin'd to stand—and each their destine take.
Peace to the last—while judgment marks the first,
Ere yet arraign'd—accursing, and accurst.
Rais'd from their bed, to wrap in sleep no more,
Reviv'd they gaze, and horribly adore.
Oh, fatal sleep! that thus awak'd to woe,
No longer ease—no longer rest shall know!
E'en here a foretaste of that keener steel,
That living fools have mock'd, and dying fools must feel.

E[dward] P[erronet]

**Death,
An Epigram.**⁶²

That you must die, not truth itself more true;
Nor less is this, that unprepar'd are you
Who careless live, although to-morrow's sun
May fix your fate, as changeless as undone!

⁶⁰Edward Perronet, *Occasional Verses, Moral and Sacred* (London: J. Buckland & T. Scollick, 1785), 39.

⁶¹Orig., “Where”; changed by JW in his personal copy of *AM*.

⁶²Edward Perronet, *Occasional Verses, Moral and Sacred* (London: J. Buckland & T. Scollick, 1785), 156.

POETRY.

On the Death of an Infant.⁶³

“I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me.”
—2 Sam. xii. 23.

- [1.] Blooming innocence adieu!
 Quickly ended is thy race!
Thee caught up to heaven we view,
 Clasp'd in Jesu's soft embrace;
Far from sorrow, grief, and pain,
There for ever to remain.
- [2.] Lovely innocent farewell!
 All our pleasing hopes are o'er:
Form'd in person to excel,
 Thee we call our own no more:
Death hath snatch'd thee from our arms,
Heav'n shall give thee brighter charms.
- [3.] Transient sojourner thou wast,
 Born to travel to the sky;
Just the Saviour's cup to taste,
 Just to suffer and to die,

⁶³No prior publication or further details on author for this poem have been located. While it begins with the same first line as Charles Wesley's MS Death of Charles Worgan, it is not found in this form among his manuscripts and is not reminiscent of Wesley in its overall tone.

Then thy spirit took its flight,
Soaring to the plains of light.

[4.] Ended is thy short-liv'd hour,
Lodg'd within the mould'ring tomb—
But the fair Elysian flower,
Rises to perpetual bloom,
Youth's engaging beauties now,
Smile eternal on thy brow.

[5.] Angels bear thee on the wing,
To th' ethereal bright abode;
Kindred cherubs shout and sing,
Greet the new-born child of God,
Hail thine entrance to the skies,
Welcome thee to paradise.

[6.] Rank'd with the celestial bands,
Glowing with seraphic fire,
Waving there thy plausive hands,
Warbling to thy golden lyre,
In the Saviour's dazzling train,
Join the never-ceasing strain.

[7.] Thou canst never suffer more,
Thou in rapturous bliss dost live,
Bliss, that never shall be o'er,
Pleasure, we can ne'er conceive,
Till we all triumphant rise,
Meet thee in yon radiant skies.

[8.] O my happy infant-friend!
Shall I thee again behold?
Jesus, now this warfare end,
Come, and take me to thy fold;
Let me then, matur'd in love,
Kiss my little friend above.

**A Paraphrase on the last Words of David,
2 Sam. xxiii. 1–7.⁶⁴**

- [1.] Thus hath the son of Jesse said,
When Israel's God had rais'd his head
To high imperial sway,
Struck with his last poetic fire,
He tun'd his own harmonious lyre
To this majestic lay.
- [2.] Through inspiration from above,
The trembling strings concordant move,
While the sweet psalmist sung:
Be God's eternal name ador'd,
Who gave his own prophetic word
To my responsive tongue.
- [3.] Thus hath the God of Israel spoke,
And thus did Israel's sacred Rock
To me his mind declare:
He that assumes the regal rein,
Must rule with justice over men,
And make the Lord his fear.
- [4.] Thus shall my co-eternal Son,
Who sits collateral on the throne,
And who in future days
Will from the heaven of heavens descend,
With justice rule, and wide extend
The sceptre of his grace.
- [5.] His light on barbarous lands shall rise,
Dispel their mists, and on their eyes
Pour sweet celestial day;
As when thick glooms have wrapt the night
The sun returns with radiance bright,
And paints creation gay.

⁶⁴Phillip Doddridge, *Hymns founded on Various Texts in the Holy Scriptures* (Salop: J. Eddowes and J. Cotton, 1755), 319–20. Wesley may have been taking from a secondary reprint.

- [6.] As withering plants by gentle showers,
Erect their heads, and spread their flowers,
 Enam'ling all the ground,
So shall my great Messiah raise
The drooping heads of men, while praise
 Shall ring through nature's round.
- [7.] Shall not my house this honour boast?
When fallen low and much reduc'd,
 Then from my loins shall spring,
Jesus, the great new-covenant head,
The banner of whose love display'd,
 In prospect now I sing.
- [8.] What though I must resign my breath,
And yield my body to the earth,
 Yet here I rest secure;
Nor shall my spirit be afraid,
Since God with me his cov'nant made,
 Well order'd, firm and sure.
- [9.] The meek, the humble and opprest,
With his salvation shall be blest,
 And rais'd to endless life;
But Belial's sons, though thick beset
With prickly thorns, beneath his feet
 Shall perish in the strife.
- [10.] The noxious briars infest the ground,
The man incas'd with iron round,
 May with his massy blade
Cut down and burn the baneful plants;
Thus wicked men who spurn the saints
 Before his wrath shall fade.

POETRY.

**A Letter to the Rev. Mr. _____,
on the Faith of Assurance.⁶⁵**

Rev. Sir,

I make no doubt, in this we shall agree,
That since the grace of God for all is free,
That all who seek the precious gift shall find,
The faith, which leaves no doubt or fear behind.

⁶⁵No prior publication or further details on author for this poem have been located.

Thousands of souls who fear the living God,
And wait obedient to his every nod,
Who would not for the world their Lord offend,
May still have doubts and fears on them attend.

But why is this? sure not for want of love
In him whose bowels o'er his creatures move,
Who cannot take delight in human woe,
Nor please himself to see us mourning go.

Would Jesus blame our doubts, if 'twas his will,
That we, his followers should be doubting still?
"O thou of little faith, why dost thou doubt?
Have I not said, I'll cast no sinner out?
Behold my loving arms extended wide;
Behold the cross, on which thy Saviour died?
Behold for thee the fountain opened wide;
Behold my wounded feet, my hands and side!
Behold the rage of my malignant foes;
Behold my soul opprest with mighty woes!
Behold me bow my princely head and die!
Why dost thou doubt my love? say, sinner, why?"

I doubt (replies the sinner) not thy love,
But this, that I have nought thy grace to move;
I doubt myself, and my deceitful heart;
I doubt I never shall perform my part!
"Your every work which lies on you to do,
Is to believe, and bring obedience due.
Then watch and pray: use ev'ry means of grace,
Any humbly wait on me; and I will chase
Your proud insulting foes from off the field,
And you shall triumph by my power upheld."

Sure here's enough to silence doubt and fear,
Since Christ our mighty head is always near
His people's side, and to the fight leads on,
Nor ever leaves them till their work is done.

Come, then, my friend, and let us both adore
The power and love of Christ; and never more
Conceive his favours partial to mankind;
But preach the grace which every soul may find.

With joy unspeakable do they rejoice
Who now believe, and hear their shepherd's voice,
And follow him. On all the sons of God
The witness of the Spirit is bestow'd.

No less than three bear record here on earth,
To ascertain the man of heavenly birth;
That we may know what things are freely given
To us of God, to make us meet for heaven.

No longer then let gloomy doubt remain;
For sure these things were never wrote in vain:
This faith will peace afford; and nought but this
Can banish sorrow and create our bliss.

**To a Young Lady on her Birth-Day,
being the First of April.⁶⁶**

- [1.] Let others write for by-designs,
I seek some moral in my lines,
Which whosoever reads must bear,
Or great, or learn'd, or young, or fair:
Permit me then, with friendly lay,
To moralize your April-day.
- [2.] Checquer'd your native month appears,
With sunny gleams and cloudy tears;
'Tis thus the world our trust beguiles,
Its frowns as transient as its smiles;
Nor pain, nor pleasure long will stay;
For life is but an April-day.
- [3.] Health will not always last in bloom,
But age and sickness surely come;

⁶⁶By Samuel Wesley Jr. as published anonymously in David Lewis (ed.), *Miscellaneous Poems by Several Hands* (London: J. Watts, 1730), 279–81; and then in Samuel Wesley, *Poems on Several Occasions* (London: S. Birt, 1736), 243–44. John Wesley had published previously in *MSP* (1744), 2: 203–4.

Are friends beloved? why fate must seize
Or these from you, or you from these:
Forget not, earnest in your play;
For youth is but an April-day.

[4.] When piety and fortune move
Your heart to try the bands of love,
As far as duty gives you power,
Guiltless enjoy the present hour:
Gather your rose-buds while you may,
For love is but an April-day.

[5.] What clouds soe'er without are seen,
O may they never reach within;
But virtue's stronger fetters bind
The strongest tempest of the mind:
Calm may you shoot your setting ray,
And sunshine end your April-day.

The Weather-Cock: an Epigram.⁶⁷

Hail, versile emblem of the human mind,
True to thyself, and model of mankind;
Thy only virtue is in them a vice;
This moment thus, the next quite otherwise.

Thine an effect of nature's potent laws,
As theirs self-interest, or self-love the cause,
Thy various motions point which way inclin'd,
The fix'd or vari'd current of the wind:
Theirs only prove how fickle are their own,
How weakly grounded, and how little known.
First this, then that; then this, then that again;
Now all a-go, and now a midler strain.
Such is mankind, creation's restless heir,
Than wind less certain, and more light than air?

⁶⁷Edward Perronet, *Occasional Verses, Moral and Sacred* (London: J. Buckland & T. Scollick, 1785), 152.

POETRY.

**Written in May:
After a Seasonable Shower of Rain.⁶⁸**

- [1.] How chang'd the face of nature shows!
How gay the rural scene!
A fairer bloom the flow'rs disclose;
The meads a liveli'r green.
- [2.] While beauty clothes the fertile vale,
And blossoms on the spray,
And fragrance breathes in ev'ry gale,
How sweet the vernal day!
- [3.] And hark! the feather'd warblers sing!
'Tis nature's cheerful voice;
Soft music hails the lovely spring,
And woods and fields rejoice.
- [4.] How kind the influ'nce of the skies!
These show'rs with blessings fraught,
Bid verdure, beauty, fragrance rise,
And fix the roving thought.

⁶⁸Anne Steele, *Poems on Subjects Chiefly Devotional* (Bristol: William Pine, 1780), 3:6–7.

- [5.] O let my wond'ring heart confess,
 With gratitude and love,
The bount'ous hand that deigns to bless
 The garden, field, and grove.
- [6.] That bount'ous hand my thoughts adore,
 Beyond expression kind,
Hath sweeter, nobler gifts in store
 To bless the craving mind.
- [7.] That hand, in this hard heart of mine,
 Can make each virtue live;
And kindly showers of grace divine
 Life, beauty, fragrance give.
- [8.] O God of nature, God of grace!
 Thy heav'nly gifts impart;
And bid sweet meditation trace
 Spring blooming in my heart.
- [9.] Inspir'd to praise I then shall join
 Glad nature's cheerful song:
And love, and gratitude divine
 Attune my joyful tongue.

Written at Ocriculum in Italy.⁶⁹

Deep in a desart, solitary, wild,
Pathless of human foot, with brakes perplex;
Among recumbent, moulder'd, hoar⁷⁰ remains
Of once a city, populous, and proud!
Long I reclin'd, and with laborious hand
Figur'd in picture, of the solemn scene
The gloomy image; studious to excel,
Of fame ambitious. When, at purple eve
Her shade extending o'er the nodding tow'rs,
As long fatigue oppress'd the drowsi'd sense,
Up-rose before the eye, or awful stood,
To inward vision, in the mental sight,

⁶⁹[John Dyer (1700–58)], “Wrote at Ocriculum in Italy,” in David Lewis (ed.), *Miscellaneous Poems by Several Hands* (London: J. Watts, 1730), 145–49. Wesley had published previously in *MSP* (1744), 2:191–93.

⁷⁰Orig., “here”; changed by JW in his personal copy of *AM*.

The semblance of a seer. His open brow
 Calm wisdom smooth'd; a veil of snowy white
 Hung on his silver hairs; his form erect
 A robe impurpled wrapt, in comely folds,
 Amply declining; full to me he turn'd,
 With out-rais'd arm, his aspect; eloquence
 Spoke to the graceful act, and usher'd these
 In numbers solemn—painful is thy toil,
 Obscure and tedious; know'st thou ought of life,
 Its days and seasons? canst thou thus extend
 Thy term of youth? or shall thy sum of years
 Be with thy labours told? vain man, ev'n now
 The step of time is at thy heels, and thee,
 With these thy mimic works, a little hence,
 Will tumble to the dust; for round, behold,
 To age corrosive all submit their forms;
 The Parian statue, and the brazen bust,
 The dome superb, and column of huge size
 Prone on the ground, beneath the wand'ring weed.
 And shall the tender light and shade survive
 In the depictur'd tablet? of yon tomb
 Deep sunk in earth, with mould'ring sculpture grac'd,
 Observe the proud inscription, how it bears
 But half a tale; or turn thy curious eye
 To yonder obelisk, in ancient days
 By earthquake fallen, an acre in extent,
 Thebaic stone, from waste even yet secure,
 While hieroglyphic learn'd, inwrought; but all
 With vain intent, where nations pass away,
 Where language dies. And now the veil of night
 Sables the vault of heav'n; the busy now
 Retire to rest; with these the bitter fruits
 Of their mistaken labours: care and pain;
 And weariness, and sickness, and decay;
 Such as to-morrow shall their portion be;

To-morrow, and to-morrow: wretched man!
 Were it not better in the arms of ease
 To lie supine? or give the soul a loose,
 And frolic join in song, and riant dance,
 The sons of luxury? O yet beware!
 The sound avoid, as did in fable old
 Laertes' son, on Sylla's baleful coast:
 The Syren's incantations: there remains
 Another path, nor all things folly deem;
 But with slow, humble step, fair truth explore.
 Learn what her laws ordain; and first thyself
 Essay to know; how little truly thine,
 Is thy corpor'al! how thou shalt survive,
 (When that frail part dissolves to formless earth,
 Ages of endless time! still higher rise
 To the supreme of things, howe'er no eye
 Th' immediate beam endures; yet as the sun
 In ocean's waves, so by reflection mild
 Him in his works behold; how beaut'ous all!
 How perfect each in its peculiar state!
 How therefore wise, how just, how gracious he!
 As far as nature weak may imitate,
 So be thou just and wise, and fill thy life
 With deeds of goodness; not in trivial acts
 Attemper'd to short pomp, the praise of men,
 Vain-seeking; but contented, humble, meek,
 Humane, and cheerful, thou with pious care,
 (In due regard to thy contingent state)
 Weigh what may best be done, and what forbore:
 Thus shall thy name possess the boundless skies.
 Of all good beings ever known and lov'd;
 Thus shalt thou taste the bliss they seek on earth,
 (Vainly they seek on earth) unspotted fame,
 Untroubl'd joy, and frequent extasy,
 Through blest eternity, in visions fair,
 Beyond whate'er mortality conceives.

POETRY.

A Thought on Life and Death.⁷¹

- [1.] The cares of mortal life how vain!
How empty ev'ry joy!
While grief, and weariness, and pain
The fainting mind employ.
- [2.] But O that nobler life on high,
To which my hopes aspire!
Does it not prompt the frequent sigh,
And wake the warm desire?
- [3.] When now and then a heav'nly ray
Attracts my upward view,
Almost I hail th' approach of day
And bid this world adieu.
- [4.] Those happy realms of joy and peace,
Fain would my heart explore,
Where grief and pain for ever cease,
And I shall sin no more.
- [5.] No darkness there shall cloud my eyes,
No languor seize my frame;
But ever active vigor rise
To feed the vital flame.
- [6.] But ah! a dreary vale between,
Extends its awful gloom;
Fear spreads, to hide the distant scene,
The horrors of the tomb.
- [7.] O for the eye of faith divine!
To pierce beyond the grave;
To see that friend and call him mine,
Whose arm is strong to save!

⁷¹Anne Steele, *Poems on Subjects Chiefly Devotional* (Bristol: William Pine, 1780), 3:68–69.

[8.] That friend who left his throne above,
Who met the tyrant's dart;
And (O amazing power of love!)
Receiv'd it in his heart.

[9.] Here fix my soul—for life is here;
Light breaks amid the gloom:
Trust in the Saviour's love; nor fear
The horrors of the tomb.

To Sylvia.
(By Miss [Anne] Steele.)⁷²

[1.] Come, friendship, with thy sweetly-pleasing pow'r,
Teach me to calm my dear-lov'd Silvia's breast:
Shed thy kind influ'nce o'er the gloomy hour,
And sooth her ev'ry anxious care to rest.

[2.] Tell her, that providence, immensely kind,
Through all events its guardian care extends;
Nor can a real grief oppress her mind,
But even that grief unerring wisdom sends.

[3.] Oft, when imaginary woes oppress,
A dark cloud rises, and we shrink with fear;
Perhaps that very cloud is meant to bless,
And shed rich comforts on the coming year.

[4.] The ways of providence, how kind! how wise!
From seeming ills what real good is born!
Nor can the heart its blessings learn to prize,
That, gay and thoughtless, never knew to mourn.

[5.] O may my Silvia raise her wishes high!
With warm devotion may her bosom glow!
Pant for unmingled bliss beyond the sky,
And thankful own the gifts enjoy'd below.

⁷²Anne Steele, *Poems on Subjects Chiefly Devotional* (Bristol: William Pine, 1780), 3:97–98.

POETRY.

On the Last Judgment.⁷³

But now the mantling flames in concourse join,
And, deep descending, seize the burning mine;
Its richest treasures aid the mounting blaze,
'Twas all confusion, tumult, and amaze.
When, lo! a cloud just op'ning on the view,
Illum'd with dazzling light th' ethereal blue!
On its broad breast a mighty angel came,
His eyes were lightning, and his robes a flame,
O'er all his form the circling glories run,
And his face lighten'd as the blazing sun;
His limbs with heav'n's aerial vesture glow,
And o'er his head was hung the sweeping bow.
As shines the bright'ning steel's refulgent gleam,
When the smooth blade reflects the sparkling beam,
Its light with quicken'd glance the eye surveys,
Green, gold, and vermil, trembling as it plays;
So flam'd his wings, along th' ether'al road,
And earth's long shores resounded as he trod.
Sublime he tower'd! keen terror arm'd his eyes,
And grasp'd the redd'ning bolt that rends the skies;
One foot stood firmly on th' extended plain,
Secure, and one repell'd the bounding main;
He shook his arm—the lightning's burst away,
Through heav'n's dark concave gleam'd the paly ray,
Roar'd the loud bolt tremendous through the gloom,
And peals on peals prepare th' impending doom.

⁷³John Ogilvie, *The Day of Judgement* (Edinburgh, 1753), lines 295-351; This precise excerpt is found in Wellins Calcott, *A Collection of Thoughts, Moral and Divine* (6th edn., London, 1766), 367–68; which is quite possibly Wesley's source.

Then to his lips a mighty trump appli'd
 (The flames were ceas'd, the mutt'ring thunders di'd)
 While⁷⁴ th' revolving firmaments rebound,
 He rais'd his voice, and labour'd in the sound:
 These dreadful words he spoke:

“Be dark, thou sun, in one eternal night!
 And cease, thou moon, to rule with paler light;
 Ye planets drop from these dissolving skies,
 Rend, all ye tombs, and all ye dead arise!
 Ye winds, be still! ye tempests, rave no more!
 Nor⁷⁵ roll, thou deep, thy millions to the shore!
 Earth, be dissolv'd, with all these worlds on high!
 And time be lost in vast eternity.
 Now, by creation's dread, tremendous Sire,
 Who sweeps these stars, as atoms, in his ire;
 By heaven's omnipotent, unconquer'd King;
 By him who rides the rapid whirlwind's wing;
 Who reigns supreme in his august abode,
 Forms, or confounds, with one commanding nod;
 Who wraps in blackning clouds his awful brow,
 Whose glance, like lightning, looks all nature through:
 By him I swear!^[29] (he paus'd, and bow'd his head,
 Then rais'd aloft his flaming hand, and said:)
^[“]Attend, ye saints, who, in seraphic lays,
 Exalt his name, but tremble while ye praise:
 Ye hosts that bow to your Almighty Lord,
 Hear, all his works, th' irrevocable word!
 Thy reign, O man! and, earth! thy days are o'er!
 I swear by HIM, that time shall be no more:”
 He spoke: all nature groan'd a loud reply,
 Then took the sun, and tore him from the sky.

⁷⁴Orig., “While all”; changed by JW in his personal copy of *AM*.

⁷⁵Orig., “And”; changed by JW in his personal copy of *AM*.

POETRY.

Communion with God in Affliction.

(By Mr. John Murlin.)⁷⁶

- [1.] In mercy, gracious Lord, thou dost chastise
Thy froward children, when they go astray;
O Father, let me never more despise
Thy rod, nor wander from the narrow way!
- [2.] If in the furnace for a season tri'd,
Shew forth in me thy love's almighty pow'r:
Or with thy servant in the flames abide!
And give me patience in the trying hour.
- [3.] When throughly purg'd, let me as gold refin'd
Come forth, and shine before the fallen race:
A chosen vessel for thyself design'd,
To teach the world the lessons of thy grace.
- [4.] O draw my heart from earth, to things above,
And let my soul be ever fixt on thee:
Give me the blessing of thy perfect love;
O let me here thy great salvation see!
- [5.] Whate'er offends thine eyes I now resign,
And cheerfully with all my idols part:
O let my will for evermore incline
To love and serve thee with an upright heart!

⁷⁶John Murlin (1722–99) was one of Wesley's preachers. Wesley is apparently publishing this hymn from manuscript, as it does not appear even in the enlarged 2nd edn of Murlin's *Sacred Hymns on Various Subjects* (Bristol: Pine, 1782).

- [6.] All worldly pomp and grandeur I despise,
And look on earthly kings with pity down:
My great ambition is in death to rise;
And wear above an everlasting crown.
- [7.] O may I ever join the spotless band,
Who sav'd by gave, through tribulation came;
And round thy throne with saints and angels stand,
To sing the praise of thy exalted name!

To Silvia, pensive.⁷⁷

- [1.] Tell me, Silvia, why the sigh,
Heaves your bosom? why the tear
Steals unbidden from your eye?
Tell me what you wish or fear?
- [2.] Providence profusely kind,
Wheresoe'er you turn your eyes,
Bids you, with a grateful mind,
View a thousand blessings rise.
- [3.] Round you afflu'nce spreads her stores,
Young health sparkles in your eye,
Tend'rest, kindest friends are yours,
Tell me, Silvia, why you sigh?
- [4.] 'Tis, perhaps, some friendly voice
Softly whispers to your mind,
"Make not these alone your choice
Heaven has blessings more refin'd.
- [5.] "Thankful own what you enjoy;
But a changing world like this,
Where a thousand fears annoy,
Cannot give you perfect bliss.
- [6.] "Perfect bliss resides above,
Far above yon azure sky;
Bliss that merits all your love,
Merits every anxious sigh."

⁷⁷Anne Steele, *Poems on Subjects Chiefly Devotional* (Bristol: William Pine, 1780), 3:52–53.

[7.] What like this, has earth to give?
 O my Silvia, in your breast
 Let the admonition live,
 Nor on earth desire to rest.

[8.] When your bosom breathes a sigh,
 Or your eye emits a tear,
 Let your wishes rise on high,
 Ardent rise to bliss sincere.

A Whimsical Epitaph.

To be jocular in death is preposterous; nor is it less so to inscribe low jests on the monuments of the dead. We insert the following as a remarkable instance of this sort of buffoonery, found, in a country church-yard, on the tombstone of one Katharine Gray, who in her life-time had been a dealer in earthen-ware.

To understand this ridiculous piece, you are to follow the letters, till they make up a word; not regarding whether they be great or small; nor how they are divided, or pointed.

Bene
 AT. HT. his: ST.
 Oneli Eska
 Thari Neg Rayc
 Hang'd
 F. R
 O! mab. U. Sy li Fet
 olif. Ele
 s S. c L
 Ayb. Ye. ar
 Than
 Dcl—Ays
 Hego
 Therp. Elfa.
 n. d
 No. ws. He Stur
 n'dt. oea Rt.
 Hh? ersel. Fy.
 Ew E—E. Pin
 Gfr. I. EN
 DS L.
 etm. EA. D

VI?
 Seab AT eyo
 URG
 Rie. Fan
 D D
 Ryy O! U—Rey
 Esf, OR WH
 ATA
 Vai—Ls aflo
 O! Doft Ears. W.
 Hok No WSB
 Ut Ina Runo
 Fy Ears
 In So—Metall
 Pit—C
 Hero R broa
 D P
 Ans He I
 N H
 Ers Hopma
 Y B
 E AG—AIN.

The Explanation.

Beneath this stone lies Katharine Gray,
Chang'd from a busy life, to lifeless clay:
By earth and clay she got her pelf;
And now she's turn'd to earth herself.
Ye weeping friends, let me advise,
Abate your grief, and dry your eyes.
For what avails a flood of tears;
Who knows but in a run of years,
In some tall pitcher, or broad pan,
She in her shop may be again.

If she loved, and served God in her day and generation,
she is eternally happy before the throne: if not, she will be a
companion for devils and damned spirits for ever and ever!

An Unexpected Reward.⁷⁸

Unknowing and unknown to fame,
An honest clown, Dorus his name,
With fraudulent line, and baited hook,
Near the sea-shore his station took,
In hopes the cravings to supply
Of a large, helpless family.
But fortune, who her favour sheds,
Seldom upon deserving heads,
On Dorus glanc'd with scornful spite;
No prize, not ev'n a single bite.
Tir'd with ill-luck, he now despairs,
And for a hungry home prepares:
When, to his joy, and great surprise,
He feels a fish of monstrous size:
(So flatters smiling hope)—when lo
Fortune again appears his foe;

⁷⁸Original: James Robertson, *Poems; Consisting of Tales, Fables, Epigrams, etc.* (London: T. Slack, 1770), 55–56. Wesley was taking from Nathaniel Wanley, *The Wonders of the Little World; or, A General History of Man* (London: T. Davis, 1774), 221–22.

He drags on shore, with cautious pull
A fish? ah no! a human skull;
A ghastly and forbidding treat,
Improper food for him to eat.
What can he do? shall he again
Commit his captive to the main?
But here humanity prevails,
And piety his heart assails:

“Who knows, cries Dorus, with a sigh,
(A heart-sprung tear in either eye)
But this might once a portion be
Of some poor spouse, or sire like me;
On whose endeavours a large brood
Of little ones might hang for food;
Shipwreck'd, perhaps in sight of land!
Or murder'd by some villain's hand!
My duty, and feelings too,
Strongly evince what I should do;
The kindness which to him I show,
Perhaps to others I may owe.”

So said, away the skull he bears,
And in the woods a grave prepares:
He digs; his heart dilates with pleasure
To find a heav'n-sent golden treasure:
A treasure to his utmost wishes,
Superior to ten thousand fishes;
With which he joyous, marches home,
The skull bequeathing in its room.

Those hearts that with humanity distend,
In providence are sure to meet a friend;
And the same love we to our brethren show,
Our heav'nly Father will on us bestow.

POETRY.

To Silvia.
(By Miss [Anne] Steele).⁷⁹

- [1.] My lovely Silvia, while in blooming youth
Your mental powers are active all and gay,
Attend the voice (the voice of love and truth)
That courts your notice in the moral lay.
- [2.] Those active powers the Lord of nature gave,
To reason's rule by choice alone confin'd:
For reason's empire never knew a slave;
Her sway is gentle, and her laws are kind.
- [3.] Her subjects take their orders from her eye,
While she to each their various task assigns;
And now o'er nature's ample field they fly,
A field far richer than Peruvian-mines.
- [4.] Here with unwearied diligence they rove,
Collecting treasures to enrich the mind;
And many a plant (through nature's fragrant grove)
Of virtues rare, and fadeless bloom, they find.
- [5.] And now with treasures fraught returning home,
Before their queen display the sacred spoil:
And while arrang'd in order round her dome,
Her approbation crowns the pleasing toil.
- [6.] When chill'd by time's cold hand, those sprightly powers
Inclin'd to rest, no longer chuse to roam,
Those mental stores shall cheer the wintry hours,
And flow'rs unfading breathe their sweets at home.
- [7.] Extracting food amid the vernal bloom,
So flies th' industrious bee around the vale,
With native skill she forms the waxen-comb,
To keep for wintry-days the rich regale.

⁷⁹Anne Steele, *Poems on Subjects Chiefly Devotional* (Bristol: William Pine, 1780), 3:87–88.

**Desiring a Cheerful Resignation
to the Divine Will.**
(By the same [Miss Anne Steele]).⁸⁰

- [1.] Why breathes my anxious heart the frequent sigh?
Why from my eye-balls drops the ready tear?
Is it to mark how present blessings fly?
Is it that griefs to come awake my fear?
- [2.] O may I still with thankful heart enjoy
The various gifts indulgent heav'n bestows!
Nor let ungrateful diffidence destroy
The present good, with fears of future woes.
- [3.] Nor let me curious ask if dark or fair
My future hours; but in the hand divine,
With full affiance, leave my every care;
Be humble hope and resignation mine.
- [4.] Celestial guests! your smile can cheer the heart,
When melancholy spreads her deep'ning gloom:
O come! your animating power impart,
And bid sweet flowers amid the desert bloom.
- [5.] Yes, here and there, amid the dreary wild
A spot of verdure cheers the languid eye:
And now and then a sun-beam, warm and mild,
Sheds its kind influence from a clement sky.
- [6.] My God, my guide, be thou for ever near!
Support my steps, point out my devious way;
Preserve my heart from every anxious fear;
Gild each dark scene with thy enliv'ning ray.
- [7.] Be earth's quick changing scenes, or dark, or fair,
On thy kind arm, O bid my soul recline:
Be heaven-born hope (kind antidote of care)
And humble, cheerful resignation mine.

⁸⁰Anne Steele, *Poems on Subjects Chiefly Devotional* (Bristol: William Pine, 1780), 3:96.

POETRY.

Elegy written in a Country Church Yard.
(By Mr. [Thomas] Gray.)⁸¹

- [1.] The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.
- [2.] Now fades the glimm'ring landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:
- [3.] Save that, from yonder ivy-mantl'd tow'r,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as wandering near her secret bow'r,
Molest her ancient, solitary reign.
- [4.] Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.
- [5.] The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.
- [6.] For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her ev'ning care:
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

⁸¹Wesley would have known from Thomas Gray, *The Poems of Mr. Gray, to which are prefixed memoirs of his life and writings* (London: Dodsley, 1775), 63–68; cf. Wesley, *Journal* (Dec. 4–5, 1776), *Works*, 23:38–39.

- [7.] Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
 How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!
- [8.] Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys and destiny obscure:
Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
 The short and simple annals of the poor.
- [9.] The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Awaits alike th' inevitable hour;
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
- [10.] Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
 If mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.
- [11.] Can storied urn or animated bust
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
 Or flatt'ry sooth the dull, cold ear of death?
- [12.] Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
 Or wak'd to extasy the living lyre.
- [13.] But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
 Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unrol;
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
 And froze the genial current of the soul.
- [14.] Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
 The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

- [15.] Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.
- [16.] Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes,
- [17.] Their lot forbade; nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.
- [18.] The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the muse's flame.
- [19.] Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool, sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.
- [20.] Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhimes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.
- [21.] Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.
- [22.] For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd?
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look behind?

- [23.] On some fond breast the parting soul relies;
Some pious drops the closing eye requires:
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.
- [24.] For thee, who mindful of th' unhonour'd dead
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall enquire thy fate.
- [25.] Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.
- [26.] ^{[“}There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.
- [27.] ^{[“}Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove,
Now drooping, woeful man, like one forlorn,
Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.
- [28.] ^{[“}One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
Along the heath and near his fav'rite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;
- [29.] ^{[“}The next with dirges-due, in sad array,
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne;
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.”

The Epitaph.

- [1.] Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown;
Fair science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And melancholy mark'd him for her own.

- [2.] Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
 Heav'n did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to mis'ry all he had, a tear;
 He gain'd from heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.
- [3.] No farther seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose.)
 The bosom of his Father and his God.

The Hermit:
By Dr. [James] Beattie.⁸²

- [1.] 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 the mountain afar,
 A hermit his song of the night thus began;
No more with himself or with nature at war,
 He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man.
- [2.] "Ah, why thus abandon'd to darkness and woe,
 Why thus lonely Philomel, flows thy sad strain!
For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
 And thy bosom no trace of misfortune retain.
Yet, if pity inspire thee, ah cease not thy 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.
- [3.] "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 no change shall renew;
 Ah fool, to exult in a glory so vain!

⁸²James Beattie, *Poems on Several Subjects* (London: W. Johnston, 1766), 82–83.

- [4.] “’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,
Perfum’d with fresh fragrance, and glitt’ring 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!
- [5.] “’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,^[1] then I cry’d,
^[1]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.’
- [6.] “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.”

Compassion.⁸³

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span,
Oh! give relief, and heaven will bless your store.
These tatter’d clothes my poverty bespeak,
These hoary locks proclaim my lengthen’d years;
And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek
Has been a channel to a flood of tears.

⁸³Thomas Moss, “The Beggar,” *Poems on Several Occasions* (Wolverhampton, 1769), 1–3.
Wesley may have taken from one of the many reprints; such as *A Collection of Poems in four volumes, by several hands* (London: George Pearch, 1775), 3:322–24.

Yon house erected on the rising ground,
 With tempting aspect drew me from my road:
For plenty there a residence has found,
 And grandeur a magnificent abode.
Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor!
 Here as I crav'd a morsel of their bread,
A pamper'd menial drove me from the door,
 To seek a shelter in a humbler shed.
Oh! take me to your hospitable dome;
 Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold!
Short is my passage to the friendly tomb;
 For I am poor and miserably old.
Should I reveal the sources of my grief,
 If soft humanity e'er touch'd your breast,
Your hands would not with-hold the kind relief,
 And tears of pity would not be repress.
Heav'n sends misfortunes; why should we repine:
 'Tis heav'n has brought me to the state you see;
And your condition may be soon like mine,
 The child of sorrow and of misery.
A little farm was my paternal lot,
 Then like the lark I sprightly hail'd the morn;
But ah! oppression forc'd me from my cot,
 My cattle died, and blighted was my corn.
My daughter, once the comfort of my age,
 Lur'd by a villain from her native home,
Is cast abandon'd on the world's wide stage,
 And doomed in scanty poverty to roam.
My tender wife, sweet smoother of my care,
 Struck with sad anguish at the stern decree,
Fell, lingring fell, a victim to despair,
 And left the world to wretchedness and me.
Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
 Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span,
 Oh! give relief, and heaven will bless your store.

POETRY.

The Progress of Life.⁸⁴

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts;
His acts being seven ages. First⁸⁵ the infant,
Mewling and puking in his nurse's arms;
And then the whining school-boy with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation,
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
With fair round belly, with⁸⁶ good capon lined;
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,

⁸⁴An excerpt from William Shakespeare, *As You Like It*, Act II, Scene 9; in *The Works of Shakespeare*, edited by Alexander Pope (London: Jacob Tonson, 1725), 2:218–19; published with this title in William Enfield, *The Speaker; or, Miscellaneous Pieces* (London: Joseph Johnson, 1774), 271–72 (Wesley's likely source).

⁸⁵Orig., "At first"; changed by JW in his personal copy of *AM*.

⁸⁶Orig., "and with"; changed by JW in his personal copy of *AM*.

Full of wise saws,* and modern instances,
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side,
His youthful hose well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice
Turning again towards childish treble, pipes,
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

The Praise of Virtue.⁸⁷

Would you the bloom of youth should last?
'Tis virtue that must bind it fast;
An easy carriage, wholly free
From sour reserve, or levity;
Good-nature, and an open heart,
And looks unskill'd in any art;
Humility, enough to own
The frailties which a friend makes known,
And decent pride, enough to know
The worth that virtue can bestow.

These are the charms which ne'er decay,
Though youth and beauty fade away;
And time, which all things else removes,
Still heightens virtue and improves.

On Christ being bound to the Marble Pillar.⁸⁸

Marble the pillar; marble he that's bound;
Marble the officers that guard him round.
Marble by *nature* that; by *patience* he;
The last by unrelenting *cruelty*.
Reader, dissolve in tears; or at this view
Wonder will turn thee into marble too.

* Proverbs or grave sayings.

⁸⁷Edward Moore, "The Panther and the Horse," lines 35–48, in *Fables for the Female Sex* (London: R. Franklin, 1744), 11–12. This excerpt was reprinted in various settings that could have been Wesley's source.

⁸⁸Joseph Stennett, *The Works of the Late Reverend and Learned Mr. Joseph Stennett* (London: Darby, Midwinter, et al., 1731–32), 4:253; republished as a separate poem broadly.

POETRY.

Stanzas from the French of Malherbe.⁸⁹

At length, my soul! thy fruitless hopes give o'er,
Believe, believe the treach'rous world no more.
Shallow, yet swift, the stream of fortune flows,
While some rude wind will always discompose;
As children birds, so men their bliss pursue,
Still out of reach, though ever in their view.

In vain for all that empty greatness brings,
We lose our lives amidst the courts of kings,
 And suffer scorn, and bend the supple knee;
The monarch dies—one moment's turn destroys
Long future prospects, and short present joys:
 Oh unperforming, false mortality!

All is but dust, when once their breath is fled;
The fierce, the pompous majesty lies dead!

⁸⁹Alexander Pope, *Miscellany Poems* (London: Bernard Lintot, 1726), 1:204–5. This is Pope's translation of Francois de Malherbe's paraphrase of Psalm 145. Wesley published previously in *MSP* (1744), 1:279–80.

The world no longer trembles at this power!
Ev'n in those tombs, where their proud names survive,
Where still in breathing brass they seem to live,
That very dust the impartial worms devour.

The lofty styles of happy, glorious, great,
The lords of fortune, arbiters of fate,
And gods of war, lie lost within the grave!
Their mighty minions then come tumbling down;
They lose their flatt'ers, as they lose their crown:
Forgot of ev'ry friend, and ev'ry slave!

**On the Monument of the Honourable Robert Digby,
and of his Sister Mary: erected by their Father,
Lord Digby, in the Church of Sherborne, in Dorsetshire.⁹⁰**

Go! fair example of untainted youth,
Of modest wisdom, and pacific truth:
Compos'd in sufferings, and in joy sedate,
Good without noise, without pretensions great!
Just to thy word, in every thought sincere,
Who knew no wish, but what the world might hear;
Of softest manners, unaffected mind,
Lover of peace, and friend of human kind.
Go live! for heaven's eternal year is thine,
Go! and exalt thy moral to divine!

And thou blest maid! attendant on his doom,
Pensive hast follow'd to the silent tomb;
Steer'd the same course, to the same quiet shore,
Not parted long, and now to part no more!
Go then! where only bliss sincere is known,
Go! where to love and to enjoy are one.

Yet take these tears, mortality's relief,
And till we share your joys, forgive our grief:
These little rites, a stone, a verse receive,
'Tis all a father, all a friend can give!

⁹⁰Alexander Pope, *The Works of Alexander Pope* (London: Bernard Lintot, 1736), 2:156–57.
Wesley published previously in *MSP* (1744), 1:291.

Wishing for Real Pleasure.⁹¹

How long, forgetful of thy heav'nly birth,
 Wilt thou, my soul, so fondly cleave to earth?
 How long, low-hov'ring o'er these seats of pain,
 Wilt thou expect felicity in vain?
 The joys of time could never be design'd
 A portion worthy of th' immortal mind.
 What is it then detains these wretched eyes,
 Detains my heart whene'er it seeks to rise,
 And holds back half my wishes from the skies?

}

When soothing fancy paints, with mimic art,
 Her pictur'd joys, to catch my cheated heart,
 So fair, so bright the vari'd colours glow,
 They more than half disguise the blended woe;
 But soon the momentary forms decay,
 Steal from my gaze, and vanish quite away.
 Convinc'd the flatt'ring scenes are empty air,
 Beneath my thought, unworthy of my care,
 Can I pronounce the gay delusions fair?

}

Earth's fairest pleasures, which allure my sight,
 Are but the fleeting shadows of delight!
 Shall airy phantoms then my powers employ,
 Pow'rs design'd to grasp substantial joy?
 Shall vanity enslave this free-born mind,
 And chains of sense my nobler passions bind?
 Alas! in vain I strive, in vain I sigh,
 In vain my fetter'd thoughts attempt to fly,
 And weakly flutt'ring mean the distant sky!

}

O thou whose eye surveys my inmost heart,
 Thy grace, thy all-prevailing grace impart;
 Dissolve these chains which keep my soul from thee,
 And bid this wretched, struggling heart be free!

⁹¹Anne Steele, *Poems on Subjects Chiefly Devotional* (Bristol: William Pine, 1780), 3:89–90.

O come thou bright, thou everlasting fair,
Thou only worthy object of my care!
Thy dazzling beauties to my view display,
And earth shall vanish at the blissful ray,
Like night's dark shades before the rising day.

]

The Blind Man's Petition.⁹²

“Jesus thou Son of David have mercy on me!”

—Luke xviii. 38, &c.

- [1.] Great Saviour, born of David's race,
O look! with pity look this way!
A helpless wretch implores thy grace,
Implores thy mercy's healing ray!
- [2.] Jesus, thou Lord of life divine,
To whom the sons of woe complain:
Is not unbounded mercy thine?
And can I ask, and ask in vain?
- [3.] Did ever supplicating sigh
In vain to thee its grief impart?
Or mournful object meet thine eye,
That did not move thy melting heart?
- [4.] Around thee crowd a plaintive throng,
I hear their importuning cries;
And now from every thankful tongue
I hear the glad hosannahs rise.
- [5.] O look, with pity look on me,
Wrapt in the mournful shades of night!
My hope depends alone on thee;
Speak Lord, thy word shall give me light!
- [6.] 'Tis mercy, mercy I implore!
Speak, Lord; thy humble suppliant raise!
Then shall my heart thy grace adore;
Then shall my tongue resound thy praise.

⁹²Anne Steele, *Poems on Subjects Chiefly Devotional* (Bristol: William Pine, 1780), 3:118.

**A Reflection on the Close of the Year:
Occasioned by Hearing the Bells at Midnight.⁹³**

- [1.] Ye creatures of a day! can you rejoice
That all-important time so swiftly flies?
And scorn reflection's monitory voice,
That calls, that warns, that woos you to be wise?
- [2.] For ever ye departed months, adieu!
What heart that knows your value can be gay?
Who mourns,⁹⁴ yet by reflection forc'd to view,
How unimprov'd the hours are fled away!
- [3.] Yet oft her warning voice (before they past)
Cried, "Seize the precious minutes! make them thine!
Ah! how wilt thou account for so much waste
Of treasure, lent for purposes divine?"
- [4.] Thy voice, reflection, now resolved I hear,
To thee the solemn midnight hour I give:
And ask, while musing on the finish'd year,
How have I spent my time—and why I live?
- [5.] How I have spent my time? reflection say;
She answers, "Wasted many a precious hour,
And thrown, in careless indolence away
The days which claim'd for God each active pow'r."
- [6.] Why do I live? "Past errors to deplore,
And humbly at thy Saviour's cross to bow,
To ask his aid, and all his grace implore,
To dedicate to him the present now."
- [7.] Then, O my Lord, to thy atoning blood,
For pardon, peace, and power I meekly fly:
Forgive my follies past; then O my God,
Instruct me how to live—and how to die!

⁹³Anne Steele, *Poems on Subjects Chiefly Devotional* (Bristol: William Pine, 1780), 3:94–95; with some significant revisions made (apparently) by Wesley.

⁹⁴Orig., "loath"; changed by JW in his personal copy of *AM*.

POETRY.

To Mr. Addison.⁹⁵

See the wild waste of all devouring years!
How Rome her own sad sepulchre appears!
With nodding arches, broken temples spread,
The very tombs now vanish'd like their dead!
Imperial wonders, rais'd on nations spoil'd,
Where mix'd with slaves, the groaning martyr toil'd:
Huge theatres, that now unpeopl'd woods,
Now drain'd a distant country of her floods;
Fanes which admiring gods with pride survey;
Statues of men, scarce less alive than they.

⁹⁵Alexander Pope, *The Works of Alexander Pope* (London: Bernard Lintot, 1736), 2:64–66.
Wesley published previously in *MSP* (1744), 1:287–89.

Some felt the silent stroke of mould'ring age,
Some, hostile fury, some religious rage;
Barbarian blindness, Christian zeal conspire,
And papal piety, and gothic fire;
Perhaps, by its own ruins sav'd from flame;
Some buri'd marble half preserves a name;
That name, the learn'd, with fierce disputes pursue,
And give to Titus, old Vespasian's due.

Ambition sigh'd! she found it vain to trust
The faithless column, and the crumbling bust;
Huge moles, whose shadow stretch'd from shore to shore,
Their ruins ruin'd, and their place no more!
Convinc'd, she now contracts her vast design,
And all her triumphs shrink into a coin:
A narrow orb each crowded conquest keeps,
Beneath her palm here sad Judea weeps.
Now scantier limits the proud arch confine,
And scarce are seen the prostrate Nile or Rhine,
A small Euphrates through the piece is roll'd,
And little eagles wave their wings in gold.

The medal, faithful to its charge of fame,
Through climes and ages bears each form and name:
In one short view subjected to our eye,
Gods, emp'rors, heroes, sages, beauties lie.
With sharpen'd sight pale antiquaries pore,
Th' inscription value, but the rust adore;
This the blue varnish, that the green endears,
The sacred rust of twice ten hundred years!
To gain Pescennius one employs his schemes,
One grasps a Cecrops in extatic dreams;
Poor Vadius, long with learned spleen devour'd,
Can taste no pleasure since his shield was scour'd;

And Curio, restless by the fair one's side,
Sighs for an Otho; and neglects his bride.

Theirs is the vanity, the learning thine:
Touch'd by thy hand, Rome's faded glories shine;
Her gods, and godlike heroes rise to view,
And all her faded garlands bloom anew.
Nor blush these studies thy regard engage,
These pleas'd the fathers of poetic rage;
The verse and sculpture bore an equal part,
And art reflected images to art.

O when shall Britain, conscious of her claim,
Stand emulous of Greek and Roman fame,
In living medals see her wars enroll'd,
And vanquish'd realms supply recording gold!
Here, rising bold, the patriot's honest face;
There warriors frowning in historic brass:
Then future ages with delight shall see
How Plato's, Bacon's, Newton's looks agree;
Or in fair series laurell'd bards be shown,
A Virgil there, and here an Addison.

Then shall thy Craggs (and let me call him mine)
On the cast ore, another Pollio shine;
With aspect open shall erect his head,
And round the orb in lasting notes be read,
"States-man, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honour clear;
Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,
Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend,
Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,
And prais'd, unenvi'd, by the muse he lov'd."

**Epistle to
James Craggs, Esq.;**
Secretary of State.⁹⁶

A soul as full of worth as void of pride,
Which nothing seeks to shew, or needs to hide,
Which not to guilt, nor fear, its caution owes,
And boasts a warmth that from no passion flows:
A face untaught to feign! a judging eye,
That darts severe upon a rising lie,
And strikes a blush through frontless flattery. }

All this thou wert, and being this before,
Know, kings and fortunes cannot make thee more.
Then scorn to gain a friend by servile ways,
Nor wish to lose a foe these virtues raise;
But candid, free, sincere, as you began,
Proceed—a minister, but still a man;
Be not (exalted to whate'er degree)
Asham'd of any friend, not ev'n of me.
The patriot's plain, but untrod path pursue;
If not, 'tis I must be asham'd of you.

The Happiness of God's Children.⁹⁷

**“And I will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons
and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty.”—2 Cor. vi. 18.**

- [1.] Extensive promise! O what hopes divine,
What rich delight, the gracious words impart!
My Father! when my faith can call thee mine,
A ray of heaven illuminates my heart.
- [2.] Lord, if thy word confirms my heav'nly birth,
And bids me say, “My Father,” then I live;
Not all the tend'rest, dearest names on earth,
Can half the pleasure, half the transport give.

⁹⁶Alexander Pope, *The Works of Alexander Pope* (London: Bernard Lintot, 1736), 2:63. Wesley published previously in *MSP* (1744), 1:286.

⁹⁷Anne Steele, *Poems on Subjects Chiefly Devotional* (Bristol: William Pine, 1780), 3:58–60.

- [3.] The Lord Almighty deigns (amazing thought!)
To call us children (once the heirs of woe:)
Sweet words of consolation, richly fraught
With all the blessings mercy can bestow.
- [4.] His eye, attentive marks his children's way,
He guides them safe, though dangers lurk unseen:
Though sorrow's gloomy clouds o'ershade the day,
Secure on his almighty arm they lean.
- [5.] His ear, indulgent to their feeble prayer,
Receives each rising wish, each plaintive sigh;
His kind, companionate, paternal care
Knows all their wants, and will those wants supply.
- [6.] When foes unnumber'd rise, and fear alarms,
His constant love immediate succour lends;
Encircl'd in their father's guardian arms,
Foes rise in vain—omnipotence defends.
- [7.] All, all they want on earth his hand provides!
But what their future portion? angels tell,
(For mortal language fails) where he resides,
What blooming joys, what boundless raptures dwell!
- [8.] O could those distant seats of joy impart,
A moment of their bliss! how would it raise,
How would it animate this languid heart,
In these dark regions to begin his praise!
- [9.] Yet from his word a bright, enliv'ning ray
Shines on my heart, while all my powers adore;
Jesus, whose wond'rous love mark'd out the way,
Jesus, the heav'nly friend, is gone before.

- [10.] Fair mansions in his Father's blest abode,
That heav'nly friend prepares, and joys unknown:
By him presented to their Father God,
His children bow before th' eternal throne.
- [11.] In his prevailing, his accepted name,
Father, my soul adores beneath thy feet;
Let his full merits plead my humble claim,
And raise my hope to joy divinely sweet.

An Ode.⁹⁸

- [1.] No glory I covet, no riches I want,
Ambition is nothing to me:
The one thing I ask of kind heaven to grant,
Is a mind independent, and free.
- [2.] With passion unruffl'd, untainted with pride,
By reason my life let me square;
The wants of my nature are cheaply suppli'd,
And the rest is but folly and care.
- [3.] The blessings which providence freely has lent
I'll justly, and gratefully prize,
Whilst sweet meditation and cheerful content,
Shall make me both healthy and wise.
- [4.] In th' pleasures the great man's possessions display,
Unenvi'd I challenge my part;
For ev'ry fair object my eyes can survey,
Contributes to gladden my heart.
- [5.] How vainly through infinite trouble and strife
The many their labours employ!
Since all that is truly delightful in life,
Is what all, if they will, may enjoy.

⁹⁸Thomas Fitzgerald, *Poems on Several Occasions* (London: J. Watts, 1733), 12. Wesley published previously in *MSP* (1744), 2:142.

POETRY.

A Real Character.⁹⁹

And has the solitary shade confest,
How much he long'd for an eternal rest?
The pomp of death, the op'ning grave appears,
Weakness and pain, amid his blooming years:
The pale consumption, with the fever's rage,
Alternate strove to push him off the stage:
Mature in grace, though immature in days,
His pallid lamp sent forth a struggling blaze;
Each painful vigil prophesi'd he must
Ere long repose upon a bed of dust.

At length—the ling'ring writ of ease appear'd,
The mortal mandate, which he calmly heard:
“One hour determines thy afflicted days,
That hour improve, in patience, love and praise.”
His flutt'ring soul, the mighty comfort heard,
And all-collected for his change prepar'd.

Now strong convulsions rend the tott'ring clay,
And snatch the reasoning faculty away;
His lips yet vibrate, in the throes of death,
And clammy damps arrest his less'ning breath:
The silver cord a weak'ning slackness takes,
The golden bowl in shiv'ring atoms breaks;
Nor e'er again the broken wheel shall ply,
For now, alas! the human cistern's dry;
Each glassy orb is fix'd in gloom and death,—
The struggle ends, with—that expiring breath!

Behold his meagre corpse,—but also see
His better part absorb'd in deity!
And though all spent, and motionless the clay,
His more essential form shall ne'er decay;

⁹⁹Published anonymously in a collection titled *The Great Review* (Dublin: William & Henry Whitestone, 1780), 144–53.

But like th' unfading rose of Eden bloom;
Nor pain emaciate, nor decay consume.

Still would I gaze to see th' amazing sight,
Which rushes forward in a flood of light,
Through dazzling files he gains the blest abode,
And—prostrate falls before the throne of God!
“Rise happy spirit, the Redeemer saith,
Let love supply the place of hope and faith,
Yon golden harp, already tun'd, shall raise
The grateful accents of thy Saviour's praise!”
He heard,—he gaz'd,—he join'd the tuneful choir,
And sung redemption on his golden lyre.
The heav'nly arches echo'd to the sound,
He gaz'd—and sung,—and sung—and gaz'd around;
Myriads of raptur'd spirits caught the flame,
While all heav'n rung with Jesu's saving name!

Until mortality that sight can bear,
My soul fall prostrate in unweari'd pray'r;
Let each desire, and ev'ry action prove
A patient hope,—a faith that works by love:
And, if divinely conscious of thy want,
Of what this world can neither take nor grant;
That blood bought consciousness, still dare to keep,
And watch, and pray, and persevere and weep;
Indulge the sweet distress, the healing pain,
And view this proffer'd world with calm disdain.

When strong temptations shake thy inmost frame,
Look from thyself,—and call upon his name;
That name so dear, to ev'ry soul opprest,
Which heals the sick, and lulls the weak to rest!

“O let me die his death,” fond nature faith,
—First live his life of secret pray'r and faith.
“His life!”—say some, “a desert life he led,
A monkish, solitary life indeed;

[“Nor company, nor conversation sought,
He was a living sepulchre of thought:
But that I knew his grace, another cri’d,
I’d almost say, his loneliness was pride.”

But not the solitary life alone
Engross’d his time—he was the dut’ous son;
Journeys of filial love made him repair
To see the parent of his tender care;
Explore her thoughts, explain her asking eye,
Help her to live—and shew her how to die.

Like youthful Samuel, see, his non-age show
His early call, his gifts and graces too;
Like that prophetic child, he could not tell
His Saviour call’d him, to call souls from hell:
The second call his soul with trembling heard,
Receiv’d the tidings—but the office fear’d:
“Lord, send by whom thou wilt, but not by me,
My inexperience’d age, is known to thee:
My weakness,—ignorance,—and youth declare
I’m all unfitness such a weight to bear.”

Thus reason seem’d to speak, but spoke in vain,
Unerring providence had laid the plan;
Forc’d out the stripling, ’midst his num’rous fears,
O’er-aw’d his doubts;—his doubts the message hears:
“Go quickly; stand amidst the various crowd,
Let love and pity raise thy voice aloud,
Assure mankind their Saviour waits to save
The chief of sinners, from th’ infernal grave.

[“Shew the poor formal painted Pharisee,
That thieves and harlots are as good as he;
Assure the man, who says his pray’rs, he may
Say them a thousand times, and yet not pray:

[“]Assure him also, he may give his store
To feed and clothe the melancholy poor,
Yea, all his riches, all he has, yet be
Still destitute of gospel charity.

[“]Tell him, he may the sacrament partake,
And yet in vain the sacred symbol break;
Unless in that commemorative feast,
He earnest seeks from sin to be releas'd.
Tell such as feel their guilt and helplessness,
I came their weary wand'ring souls to bless;
And he who knows himself already lost,
By true repentance stript of every boast;
Let such with faith's strong evidence believe,
I lov'd his soul, and di'd that he might live.”

Commission'd thus, the youth was carried forth,
With sweet reluctance, and a modest worth;
The list'ning crowd for life attentive hear,
The grosser sinner drops a balmy tear;
The once self-righteous seek to be forgiv'n,
The self-condemn'd presume to ask for heav'n;
The rich, awhile forget their birth and state,
The poor find out the secret to be great.

Hear the pale preacher, with an awful grace,
Declare God's mercy to the fallen race;
Hear him with strength of argument proceed
To scan that short, but comprehensive creed,
The fall and rise of once thrice happy man;
How grace and wisdom form'd th' amazing plan;
How God's eternal Son became a child;
How truth and mercy, love and justice smil'd.

But when that highest point of love, became
The wondrous topic of his tragic theme,

See him pursue his suff'ring Master's fate,
Hear him expatiate on the bloody sweat,
The bitter cup, the agonizing pray'rs,
Th' extorted cry, the energy of tears,
The scourges,—pillar,—cross,—and pondrous nails,
The pomp of death,—here all description fails!
The last deep groan,—the heavens in mourning clad,
The gen'ral earthquake,—and the starting dead,
The sacred veil, miraculously tore,
The dreary tomb,—the rising conqueror!

Upon these topics as the preacher dwelt,
Th' attentive audience rapturously felt;
They felt,—admir'd,—and owned the doctrine true;
For heav'n rush'd in upon their weeping view:
Just as the kindly drops of genial rain,
Which cheer the herbage on the sickly plain,
Or as the balmy dew upon the rose,
Which though the leaves in soft meanders flows;
So thrilling tears, spontaneous found their way,
And they who came to gaze,—began to pray!

Thus in the glorious cause the youth went on;
But his meridian,—was his setting sun:
For pain and languor, quite his frame unstrung,
Yet still the gospel dwelt upon his tongue.
Oft interrupted,—yet he still essay'd
Till, all exhausted,—spun unto a thread,
His work then done, he quietly retir'd
And in his Master's arms with joy expir'd!

An Epitaph on an Infant.¹⁰⁰

- [1.] To the dark and silent tomb,
Soon I hasted from the womb;
Scarce the dawn of life began,
Ere I measur'd out my span.

¹⁰⁰[Anonymous], "Epitaph on an Infant," in David Lewis (ed.), *Miscellaneous Poems by Several Hands* (London: J. Watts, 1726), 158–60. Wesley published previously in *MSP* (1744), 2:165–66.

- [2.] I no smiling pleasures knew;
I no gay delights could view:
Joyless sojourner was I,
Only born to weep, and die.
- [3.] Happy infant! early blest!
Rest, in peaceful slumber rest;
Early rescu'd from the cares
Which increase with growing years.
- [4.] No delights are worth thy stay,
Smiling as they seem, and gay;
All our gaiety is vain,
All our laughter is but pain.
- [5.] Are then all your pleasures vain?
Is there none exempt from pain?
Is there no delight or joy;
But your fondest hopes will cloy?
- [6.] Short and sickly are they all:
Hardly tasted, ere they pall:
Lasting only, and divine,
Is an innocence like thine.
- [7.] Sickly pleasures all adieu!
Pleasures which I never knew:
I'll enjoy my early rest,
Of my innocence possest;
Happy, happy! from the womb
That I hasted to the tomb.

**On the Death of
Alexander the Great.**¹⁰¹

Is then that hero number'd with the dead!
That mighty chief whom all the world obey'd!
Great Ammon's son! th' invincible! O why,
Why did he ever condescend to die!

¹⁰¹[Unidentified author], "On the Death of Alexander the Great," in David Lewis (ed.), *Miscellaneous Poems by Several Hands* (London: J. Watts, 1726), 99. Wesley published previously in *MSP* (1744), 2:163.

POETRY.

**Liberty.
Part I.**¹⁰²

- [1.] With swift descent the flaming sun
To other worlds had just begun
 To dart his peerless light;
The western clouds, enfring'd with gold,
Spontan'ous all their pomp unfold,
 And usher'd in the night.

¹⁰²Published anonymously in a collection titled *The Great Review* (Dublin: William & Henry Whitestone, 1780), 1–6 (st. 1–25).

- [2.] Powder'd with stars, the vaulted blue,
The full-orb'd moon, reveal'd to view,
Who took her silent tour;
Not even a breath encurl'd the stream,
The whole expanse was all serene;
'Twas nature's balmy hour.
- [3.] The gliding Shannon, by my side,
Translucent roll'd its sweeping pride,
And in meanders play'd;
When instantaneously there stood,
Upon the margin of the flood,
A form in light array'd.¹⁰³
- [4.] With silent tread, and heav'nly state,
She seem'd above the vulgar great;
My soul was eye and ear!
No female arts abused her form,
Her looks and robes combin'd to scorn
Corinna's dress and leer.
- [5.] "Mortal," she said, "I'm Liberty,
Which all pursue, yet millions flee,
So strange a bubble man!
The court, and camp, and senate rise,
Yea, slaves and monarchs, fools and wise,
To grasp me with their span.
- [6.] "To most I'm nominally their's,
But only so;—for, 'midst the cares
Which crowd man's little life,
Few, very few, my nature see,
Yet all cry out for Liberty!
And loose me in the strife.
- [7.] "With anger fir'd, or envy pin'd,
While soul intemp'rance clouds the mind,

¹⁰³Orig., "arry'd"; a misprint.

["Enervating the pow'rs:
Can slaves, like these, of freedom boast?
To reason, truth, and virtue lost,
In bondage all their hours!

[8.] "The num'rous crowd all point at me,
While Chatham, Wilkes and Liberty,
Besiege the royal ear:
Affairs of councils, nations, states,
Aloud anxiety creates
Through all the clamorous sphere.

[9.] "But, ah! how little do the crowd
(With all this patriot fire endow'd)
Suspect a war within:
A war, 'gainst wisdom, goodness, truth,
The hoary sire, the rising youth,
Are both in league with sin.

[10.] "Sin! dreadful conqu'ror, ties the chain,
Man, foolish man! doth not complain,
But talks of liberty!
Though pride, self-will, and base desire,
Point out the slave, and then conspire
To tell him he is free!

[11.] "'Tis sin that holds the poisonous bowl,
Enchants the mind, deforms the soul,
And pours the deadly draught.
Lull'd with the opiate's dozing steam,
He raves by turns, by turns doth dream,
Expos'd to ev'ry shaft.

[12.] "See the Assyrian monarch stand,
'Midst captive kings on either hand,

^[44]And nations at his feet;
^[4]Is not this Babylon* (he said)
My kingdom's house, the world's great head,
Where pow'r and grandeur meet?

[13.] ^[45]I rais'd this fabric by my might,
The whole of this stupendous sight
Is for my majesty:
This grand magnificent extent,
Entirely for my honour meant
T' indulge my liberty.^[1]

[14.] "While yet he spake,—an awful sound
From heav'n, did all his pride confound,
Amid his waking dream:
The king's transform'd into a beast,
The grass becomes his brutal feast,
And man is not his name!

[15.] "Behold, another libertine,
See hell and lust in one combine
To form a Nero's soul:
Who dar'd but hesitate that he
Was not the son of Liberty,
Must die without controul.

[16.] "Indeed, with unrestrain'd desire,
He rose through each gradation higher,
That appetite could feel:
No wish flew off unsatisfi'd,
The world with ev'ry nod compli'd,
Nor dar'd one bliss conceal.

[17.] "But this indulgence only fir'd
Th' imperial monster, and inspir'd

* Daniel iv. 30.

[“Schemes big with cruelty:
Designs unparallel’d he show’d,
'Gainst nature’s laws, and nature’s God,
And call’d it Liberty!

- [18.] “This royal brute begins the scene,
The Christians bleed in ev’ry vein,
And carnage stains the land:
Nero and hell, are at a loss
To pain the martyrs of the cross,
With ev’ry dire command.
- [19.] “Racks, fires and gibbets are too small;
Wild beasts, as supplements, they call,
And all the Roman state
Is delug’d with the Christian’s gore;
The milder Lyons stamp and roar
For Nero’s human meat.
- [20.] “His calm preceptor next must die;
Nor dare propound the question, ‘Why?’
Enough, the fiat’s past!
And aged Seneca must feel
Th’ insinuating lancet’s steel:
He faints and breathes his last!
- [21.] “But see!—or must I turn my eye
From his infernal cruelty,
His horrid matricide!
Various manoeuvres were employ’d;
His mother’s life must be destroy’d,
And Satan be out-vi’d!
- [22.] “At length the mortal stab is giv’n,
Her soul, to either hell or heav’n
Wings its eternal way!
Her son, now petrifi’d with guilt,
Ensanguin’d, with the blood he spilt,
Reviews his parent’s clay.

[23.] “Thus, ev’ry hint that hell could give
The devil’s representative
With Liberty pursu’d:
Not one uncheck’d desire could find,
But, with undeviated mind
The pois’nous bliss renew’d.”

(To be concluded in our next.)¹⁰⁴

A Contemplation on Night.
(By Mr. [John] Gay.)¹⁰⁵

Whether amid the gloom of night I stray,
Or my glad eyes enjoy revolving day,
Still nature’s various face informs my sense
Of an all-wise, all-powerful providence.

When the gay sun first breaks the shades of night,
And strikes the distant eastern hills with light,
Colour returns, the plains their livery wear,
And a bright verdure clothes the smiling year;
The blooming flowers with opening beauty flow,
And grazing flocks their milky fleeces show;
The barren cliffs with chalky fronts arise,
And a pure azure arches o’er the skies.
But when the gloomy reign of night returns,
Strip of her fading pride, all nature mourns;
The trees no more their wonted verdure boast,
But weep in dewy tears their beauty lost,
No distant landscapes draw our curious eyes,
Wrapt in night’s robe the whole creation lies:
Yet still, even now, while darkness clothes the land,
We view the traces of th’ almighty hand;
Millions of stars in heav’n’s wide vault appear,
And with new glories hang the boundless sphere:

¹⁰⁴Continues beginning on p. 220.

¹⁰⁵John Gay, *Poems on Several Occasions* (Dublin: S. Powell, 1730), 2:262–64. Wesley may have been taking from Thomas Tomkins (ed.), *Poems on Various Subjects; Selected to Enforce the Practice of Virtue* (London: J. Wallis, 1780), 33–35.

The silver moon her western couch forsakes,
And o'er the skies her nightly circles makes;
Her solid globe beats back the sunny rays,
And to the world her borrow'd light repays.

Whether those stars that twinkling lustre send
Are suns, and rolling worlds those suns attend,
Man may conjecture, and new schemes declare,
Yet all his systems but conjectures are.
But this we know, that heaven's eternal King
Who bade this universe from nothing spring,
Can at his word bid num'rous worlds appear,
And rising worlds th' all-pow'rful word shall hear.

When to the western main the sun descends,
To other lands a rising day he lends;
The spreading dawn another shepherd spies,
The wakeful flocks from their warm folds arise;
Refresh'd, the peasant seeks his early toil,
And bids the plough correct the fallow soil.
While we in sleep's embraces waste the night,
The climes oppos'd enjoy meridian light.
And when those lands the busy sun forsakes
With us again the rosy morning wakes:
In lazy sleep the night rolls swift away,
And neither clime laments his absent ray.

When the pure soul is from the body flown,
No more shall night's alternate reign be known
The sun no more shall rolling light bestow,
But from th' Almighty, streams of glory flow.
O! may some nobler thought my soul employ,
Than empty, transient, sublunary joy.
The stars shall drop, the sun shall lose his flame,
While God for ever lives, and shines the same.

POETRY.

**Liberty.
Part II.**¹⁰⁶

(Concluded from page 167.)

- [1.] “Enough. The tyrant* ran his race;
His soul is gone to its own place,
 Beyond thy world of strife.
But, son of Adam, let thy mind
Unbiass’d view all human kind,
 And take a tour through life.
- [2.] [¹⁰⁶]In ev’ry empire, town and street,
See pride, and self, and envy meet,
 In ominous array!
Except a few, but thinly sown,
Who dare their God and Saviour own,
 While millions fall a prey.
- [3.] [¹⁰⁶]Go to the regal domes and see
Are they the fount of liberty?
 Doth meanness dirt these shrines?
Ev’n at Versailles was there a peer
Who sold his conscience ev’ry year,
 To drudge on base designs?
- [4.] [¹⁰⁶]Attend the lower class of life,
There, parents, children, husband, wife,
 Desert each social tie:
Domestic broils, and curses show,
The lisping babes proficient too
 In hellish liberty.^[107]

* Nero.

¹⁰⁶Published anonymously in a collection titled *The Great Review* (Dublin: William & Henry Whitestone, 1780), 6–11 (st. 26–50).

- [5.] Shall I exempt the hallow'd fane?
Do none the awful task prophane?
Are all the priesthood free
From filthy lucre, pomp and show?
Do their examples, doctrines flow
From Christian liberty?
- [6.] O what a contrast to behold
A modern preacher, and his fold,
In pleasure's downy road!
And then, to view an earnest Paul,
Despising grandeur, riches—all,
To gain mankind to God!
- [7.] But there are some exceptions here,
Who th' apostolic character
Adorn with humble zeal;
Whose lives are comments on the creed,
Whose words, from heterodoxy freed,
Declare the truths they feel.
- [8.] Child of the dust, if thou wouldst be
A candidate for liberty,
Attend my words with care:
Consider well thy natural state;
Could God, all purity, create
Mankind just as they are?
- [9.] Not so,—for human nature show'd
A transcript of the triune God,
In its primaeval state:
Then genuine liberty became
A holy purifying flame,
And man stood forth complete.
- [10.] But soon the portraiture divine
Was clouded,—did no longer shine

Through thy forefather's¹⁰⁷ frame:
Thy gen'ral parents disobey'd
That sacred will which angels sway'd,
And mis'ry was their name!

- [11.] One easy positive command
Determin'd them to fall or stand;
Death edg'd the penalty:
When lo! the angel-fiend appear'd,
Whose sophistry our Eve ensnar'd
In devilish liberty.
- [12.] Creation's fairest work comply'd;
That moment, morally she dy'd
To peace and innocence!
As yet, the sire of human race,
Untainted held his sacred place,
Nor dar'd the dire offence.
- [13.] Not long!—his other self began
To practice on the faultless man,
And lur'd him into sin!
The fatal present soon she gave,
As she his temptress, he her slave
Drank all the poison in!
- [14.] Thus, death in all its pomp took place,
And sin, its cause, enthrall'd thy race:
Nay, nature's vast machine
Groan'd to its centre, and confess'd,
In heaving pangs of strong un-rest,
The lamentable scene!
- [15.] As streams, through all their mazy course
Are poison'd, from their pois'nous source,
So all of human-kind,
Proceeding from the foed'ral head,
Like him, emphatically dead,
In chains of guilt confin'd.

¹⁰⁷Orig., "ancestor's"; changed by JW in his personal copy of *AM*.

- [16.] But see! the great deliv'rer see!
Inshrin'd in thy humanity,
 See heav'n's eternal Son!
Divested of his Godhead's rays,
While angels with amazement gaze
 At God and man in one.
- [17.] He lays his robes of state aside,
And pours contempt on moral pride—
 (O hear his infant cries!)
And God with God, was man with man,
To finish the redeeming plan,
 He weeps, and bleeds, and dies!
- [18.] He dies for all the ruin'd race;
But only those receive his grace,
 Who feel their hapless state;
Who, conscious of their guilt and sin,
With humble penitence begin
 The stroke to deprecate.
- [19.] To such, th' almighty suff'rer cries,
Who on my merit now relies,
 Shall feel the sprinkl'd blood:
Who dare despair themselves to save
From falling lower than the grave,
 Shall find a pardoning God.
- [20.] Shall feel, from faith's strong evidence,
An instantan'ous change commence
 Through all the human pow'rs;
Shall see the Christian jubilee,
The evangelic liberty,
 Which man again restores.

[21.] She paus'd.—But still with awe I gaz'd,
As towards the vault of heav'n she rais'd
Her form divinely fair.
And must I then return, said I,
To hear the voice of clamour cry,
And drop the human tear!

**An Argument in Favour of the Immortality of the Soul,
Taken from its Activity in Sleep.¹⁰⁸**

When downy-sleep its soft dominion spreads,
What though my soul *fantastic* measures treads
O'er fairy fields, or climbs the craggy steep,
Or headlong sweeps along the foaming deep,
Or scales the cliff, or dances on the breeze,
Or quiv'ring tumbles from the waving trees,
Or plays with goblins on the midnight plain,
With antic shapes, wild natives of the brain;
Her ceaseless flight, though devious, speaks her birth,
Of subtler essence than the trodden earth:
Unfetter'd, by her gross companion's fall,
She lives, aerial, tow'ring over all.

Thus night and sleep th' immortal soul proclaim,
And speak aloud her great Creator's name:
Who husbands all events to make us wise;
Since ev'n our dreams evince, a soul that never dies!

A Paraphrase on the Following Latin Couplet on Sleep.¹⁰⁹

*Sex horas quivis poscit, septemque scholaris;
Octo viator habet; nebulo quisque novem.*

Six hours for sleep the human frame requires;
Hard students may to sev'n incline;
To eight the men whom toil or trav'ling tires;—
But lazy knaves will all have nine.

¹⁰⁸A revised excerpt from Edward Young, *The Complaint*, Night 1; no prior publication or details on who made the revision have been located.

¹⁰⁹John Wesley quotes this traditional Latin couplet in his "Thoughts on Nervous Disorders," *AM* 9, sec. 7. The identity of translator here is unknown.

POETRY.

Hymn to Humanity.
(By Dr. [John] Langhorne.)¹¹⁰

Parent of virtue, if thine ear
Attend not now to sorrow's cry;
If now the pity-streaming tear
Should haply on thy cheek be dry;
Indulge my votive strain, O sweet humanity!

Come, ever welcome to my breast!
A tender, but a cheerful guest;
Nor always in the gloomy cell
Of life-consuming sorrow dwell;
For sorrow, long indulg'd and slow,
Is to humanity a foe;
And grief, that makes the heart its prey,
Wears sensibility away.
Then comes, sweet nymph, instead of thee,
The gloomy fiend stupidity.

O may that fiend be banish'd far,
Though passions hold eternal war!
Nor ever let me cease to know
The pulse that throbs at joy or woe;

¹¹⁰John Langhorne, *The Effusions of Friendship and Fancy* (London: Becket & De Hondt, 1763), 1:123–28; Wesley was most likely taking from Thomas Tomkins (ed.), *Poems on Various Subjects; Selected to Enforce the Practice of Virtue* (London: J. Wallis, 1780), 11–14.

Nor let my vacant cheek be dry,
When sorrow fills a brother's eye;
Nor may the tear that frequent flows
From private, or from social woes,
E'er make this pleasing sense depart;
Ye cares, O harden not my heart!

If the fair star of fortune smile,
Let not its flatt'ring power beguile;
Nor, borne along the favouring tide,
My full sails swell with bloating pride.
Let me from wealth but hope content,
Rememb'ring still it was but lent;
To modest merit spread my store,
Unbar my hospitable door;
Nor feed with pomp, an idle train,
While want unpiti'd pines in vain.

If heav'n, in ev'ry purpose wise,
The envi'd lot of wealth denies;
If doom'd to drag life's painful load
Through poverty's uneven road,
And, for the morsels of the day,
Destin'd to toil as well as pray;
To thee, humanity, still true,
I'll wish the good I cannot do,
And give the wretch that passes by
A soothing word—a tear—a sigh.

Howe'er exalted or deprest,
Be ever mine the feeling breast.
From me remove the stagnant mind
Of languid indolence declin'd;
The soul that one long sabbath keeps,
And through the sun's whole circle sleeps;
Dull peace, that dwells in folly's eye,
And self-attending vanity.

Alike the foolish and the vain
Are strangers to the sense humane.

O for that sympathetic glow
Which taught the holy tear to flow,
When the prophetic eye survey'd
Sion in future ashes laid!
Or, rais'd to heav'n, implor'd the bread
That thousands in the desert fed!
Or, when the heart o'er friendship's grave
Sigh'd, and forgot its power to save!

It comes: it fills my labouring breast;
I feel my beating heart oppress.
I hear that lonely widow wail!
See her dim eye! her aspect pale!
To heav'n she turns in deep despair,
Her infants wonder at her pray'r;
And, mingling tears they know not why,
Lift up their little hands, and cry.
O God! their moving sorrows see!
Support them, sweet humanity!

Life, fill'd with grief's distressful train,
For ever asks the tear humane.
Behold in yon unconscious grove,
The victims of ill-fated love!
Heard you that agonizing throe?
Sure 'tis no romantic woe!
The golden day of joy is o'er;
And now they part to meet no more.
Assist them, hearts from anguish free!
Assist them, sweet humanity.

Parent of virtue, if thine ear
Attend not now to sorrow's cry;
If now the pity-streaming tear
Should haply on thy cheek be dry,
Indulge my votive strain, O sweet humanity!

**A Father to His Son:
Sent with his Nursing-Chair.¹¹¹**

Accept, dear Jem, this humble chair,
As earnest of thy father's care;
Who toils to see his boy suppli'd
With whatsoe'er he wants beside.

May each disease the learned name,
That shakes the little infant's frame,
Far from this chair, my dear one, fly,
Far as the centre from the sky;
Far as from peace the haughty breast,
Far as the troubl'd sea from rest;
Far as from indolence the bee,
Far as my heart from slighting thee!

May nothing vex thy little mind!
May to thy wish thy nurse be kind,
Fondly thy infant wants supply,
And watch thee with a mother's eye.

No hours of anguish may'st thou see!
May health and joy play round thy knee,
And cheerful smiles for ever grace
The manly beauties of thy face;
Till time has ripen'd thee to man,
And wasted is thy father's span.

Then to my age may'st thou repay
The cares I shew'd thy op'ning day!
May thy strong arm support thy sire
When feebly tott'ring round the fire:
Then place him in his wicker chair,
And guard him as he slumbers there,
Till nature no more life supplies,
And weeping thou shalt close his eyes!

¹¹¹Emanuel Collins, *Miscellanies in Prose and Verse* (Bristol: Felix Farley, 1762), 100–101; Wesley may be taking from a reprint, as in *The Weekly Entertainer* 1 (1783), 574–75.

[A Prayer Written for Mrs. Sarah Bulgin.]¹¹²

- [1.] Jesus, in whose name I trust,
Nearest those who need thee most;
See, thy helpless creature see,
Touch'd with my infirmity.
- [2.] While I sensibly decline,
Unassur'd that thou art mine,
Pain'd in life, of death afraid,
Let me feel thy present aid.
- [3.] Calmly with submission mourn,
For the Comforter's return;
For the reconciling kiss,
Seal of my eternal bliss.
- [4.] When his coming from above,
Re-assures me of thy love,
Stamps thy image on my heart,
Ready am I to depart.

¹¹²By Charles Wesley, MARC, MA 1977/583/24—see MS Sarah Bulgin on this site. Sarah and William Bulgin were active Methodists in Bristol. William was a printer, who served as a trustee of the New Room chapel. Sarah died on March 14, 1787. John Wesley preached her funeral sermon (see *Works*, 24:8) and published an extract from an account of her Christian experience and “happy death” in the *AM* 10 (1787): 301–303, 351–54, 410–12. At some point prior to her death, while she was in a state of decline, Charles Wesley composed this hymn requesting God’s support, which he likely sent to Sarah.

- [5.] Or if so my Lord ordain,
Still I in the flesh remain,
Neither life, nor death request;
Sure whate'er thou wilt is best.
- [6.] Till thy welcome will is done,
Hang I on my Lord alone;
Happy thine in life to be,
Happi'r still to die in thee!

POETRY.

The Dove and the Ant.¹¹³

Is there an eye that never flows
From sympathy of others woes?
Is there an ear that still doth fail
To tingle at a mournful tale?
When scenes of sore distress are nigh,
Hard is the heart that checks a sigh.
 If with neglect, or fierce disdain,
We look on others grief, or pain;
Or can suppress the rising groan.
For ev'ry suff'ring, not our own;
In human shapes such souls that dwell,
A hedge-hog's form would suit as well.
 By sympathising with distress,
We shall not find our comfort less;
For with the anguish 'twill impart
A pleasure to the feeling heart:
How sweet the joys, the peace, and rest
That reign in ev'ry tender breast!
The meanest in distress, the wise
Will freely serve, and not despise.

 A labouring ant, who half a league
Had dragg'd his load with vast fatigue,
As trailing from a distant barn
A most prodigious grain of corn!
Tott'ring beneath the burden bent,
Dissolv'd in sweat, his strength quite spent;
As many a weary step he took,
Along the margin of a brook,

¹¹³Thomas Marryat (1730–92), *Sentimental Fables. Design'd Chiefly for the Use of Ladies* (Belfast: for the author, 1771), 161–68; Wesley was likely taking from a reprinted excerpt like in *The Monthly Review* 47 (1772): 58–60

He homeward trudg'd through thick and thin,
But miss'd a step, and tumbled in:
The dashing waves around him fly,
And foam and thunder to the sky!

So have I seen the planks that bear
Britannia's eager sons to war,
Rush from the stocks with fury down,
To distant view, a falling town,
Lash the hoarse waves, and stem the tide,
And o'er the billows proudly ride.

Ev'n so the ant with toil and strife,
Panted, and struggl'd hard for life:
The waves come booming o'er his head,
His powers are gone, his hopes are fled;
He flounces, plunges, strives in vain!
He sinks, then rising floats again!
Resists the stream, and holds his breath,
Despairs of help, and waits for death!

When, lo! a dove, with pity mov'd,
"For every living thing she lov'd,"
Beheld, with deep concern oppress'd,
The honest rustic thus distress'd;
Just where she saw him gasping lie,
She pluck'd a twig, and dropp'd it nigh,
He mounts, like sailor on an oar,
Securely perch'd, and reach'd the shore;
Then shook his limbs, and rais'd his head,
And thus to his deliv'rer said,

"To one unask'd who could bestow
Such service! more than thanks I owe:
Receive, devoid of skill or art,
Th' effusion of a grateful heart;
You may partake of all I hoard,
Sure of a welcome at my board."

The gentle dove with smiles replies,
And meekness beaming from her eyes:
“The highest joys on earth we find,
Spring from a tender, feeling mind;
The soft sensations rising there,
Repay with int’rest all our care:
Where kindness is to others shown,
Imparting bliss we form our own,
Sweet is the infelt joy that flows
From kind relief of others woes;
The bosom that with pity burns,
Bless’d in itself, wants no returns.”

She spoke: and mounting, spreads her wings,
And wheels aloft in airy rings,
Seeking the well known shady grove,
To nurse her young, and bless her love.
When winter’s snows deform’d the year,
And food was scarce, the frost severe,
The grateful ant, who had with pain
Amass’d a monstrous load of grain;
And as the dove might want, he thought,
To find his benefactor sought.

Long had he rov’d the forest round,
Before the gentle dove he found;
At distance seen, too far to hear
His voice; a sportsman much too near,
With lifted tube, and lev’ling eye,
The fatal lead, prepar’d to fly;
The trigger just began to move,
His aim was pointed at the dove.
With horror struck, the ant beheld:
By gratitude and love impell’d,
He mounts, and to his ankle clings,
With all his force the fowler stings,

That moment was his piece discharg'd;
He starts, miss'd aim; the dove's enlarg'd.
Pleas'd with the thought of service done,
The man's revenge he strives to shun;
In haste the flying dove pursu'd,
As wand'ring through the leafless wood;
Till settling on a tree he finds her,
And of their mutual help reminds her.
We wisely act, my worthy friend,
Says he, when we assistance lend;
And when for that the meanest call,
The joy resulting is not all;
It's prudent too, there's none so low
To whom we may not favours owe:
Freedom, and life itself oft springs
From small and despicable things.
He that is wise will ne'er refuse
Others with tenderness to use:
Whene'er we lend to others aid,
We surely shall be well repaid.

On Happiness.¹¹⁴

- [1.] O happiness! thou bliss divine!
An humble vot'ry at thy shrine,
I tune the grateful lay:
Thine empire o'er the world extends;
To thee each knee with rev'rence bends,
And gladly owns thy sway.
- [2.] For thee, within her dark abode,
Pale av'rice keeps her useless load,
And toils for thee alone:

¹¹⁴Published anonymously in prior settings like *Scots Magazine* 34 (1772): 208; and *Weekly Miscellany* (1778), 623.

The bare worn trav'ler's bosom glows
For thee, midst Lapland's live-long snows,
Or India's burning zone.

[3.] For thee, war sounds her dread alarms,
And bids the hero's conqu'ring arms
The vengeful weapon wield:
Inspir'd by thee, nought chills her breast,
Though death in awful terror dress'd,
Ravage the bloody field.

[4.] Ardent I seek the flow'ry road,
That leads to thy divine abode;
O deign to be my guide!
Waft my low bark with prosp'rous sail,
Through ev'ry rough and boist'rous gale
That swells life's rapid tide:

[5.] And steer me to that happy shore,
Where no rude tempest's sullen roar
Disturbs thy blissful reign:
There, with thy genial influ'nce bless'd,
Sweet smiling peace shall fill my breast,
And pleasure banish pain.

On Contentment.¹¹⁵

[1.] Farewel, aspiring thoughts, no more
My soul shall leave the peaceful shore,
To sail ambition's main;
Fallacious as the harlot's kiss,
You promise me uncertain bliss,
But give me certain pain.

[2.] A beaut'ous prospect first you shew,
Which ere survey'd, you paint anew,
And paint it wondrous pleasant:

¹¹⁵Stephen Duck, *The Beautiful Works* (London: s.n., 1753), 130–32; and reprinted in settings like *A Collection of Poems*, edited by Robert Dodsley (London: R. & J. Dodsley, 1763), 3:138–40; and *Christian's Magazine* 5 (1764): 138.

This in a third is quickly lost;
Thus future good we covet most,
But ne'er enjoy the present.

- [3.] Deluded on from scene to scene,
We never end, but still begin,
By flatt'ring hope betray'd:
I'm weary of the painful chace,
Let others run this endless race,
To catch a flying shade.
- [4.] Let others boast their useless wealth;
Have I not honesty and health,
Which riches cannot give?
Let others to preferment soar,
And changing liberty for power,
In golden shackles live.
- [5.] 'Tis time at length I should be wise,
'Tis time to seek substantial joys,
Joys out of fortune's pow'r:
Wealth, honours, dignity, and fame,
Are joys the blind capricious dame
Takes from us ev'ry hour.
- [6.] Come, conscious virtue fill my breast,
And bring content, thy daughter, drest
In ever smiling charms.
Let sacred friendship too attend,
A friendship worthy of my friend,
Such as my Lelius warms.
- [7.] With these I'll in my bosom make
A bulwark fortune cannot shake,
Though all her storms arise:
Look down and pity gilded slaves,
Despise ambition's giddy knaves,
And wish the fools were wise.

POETRY.

**The Forty-Third Chapter of Ecclesiasticus:
Paraphrased by the Rev. Mr. [William] Broome.¹¹⁶**

The sun that rolls his beamy orb on high,
Pride of the world, and glory of the sky,
Illustrious in his course, in bright array,
Marches along the heav'ns, and scatters day,
O'er earth, and o'er the main, and through th' ethereal way.]
He in the morn renews his radiant round,
And warms the fragrant bosom of the ground;
But ere¹¹⁷ the noon of day, in fiery gleams
He darts the glory of his blazing beams;
Beneath the burnings of his sultry ray,
Earth to her centre pierc'd admits the day;

¹¹⁶William Broome, *Poems on Several Occasions* (London: Bernard Lintot, 1727), 151–60.
Wesley included in MS Poetry Miscellany, 94–98; and published previously in *MSP* (1744), 2: 95–99.

¹¹⁷Orig., “e’er”; but clearly used in sense of “before.”

Huge vales expand, where rivers rolled before,
And lessen'd seas contract within their shore.

O power supreme! O high above all height!
Thou gav'st the sun to shine, and thou art light!
Whether he falls or rises in the skies,
He by thy voice is taught to fall or rise;
Swiftly he moves, refulgent in his sphere,
And measures out the day, the month, the year;
He drives the hours along with slower pace,
While the quick minutes nimbly run their race;
He wakes the flow'rs that sleep within the earth,
And calls the fragrant infants out to birth;
The fragrant infants paint th' enamell'd vales,
And native incense loads the balmy gales;
The balmy gales the fragrancy convey
To heav'n, and to their God an offering pay.

By thy command the moon, as day-light fades,
Lifts her broad circle in the deep'ning shades;
Array'd in glory, and enthron'd in light,
She breaks the solemn terrors of the night;
Sweetly inconstant in her varying flame,
She changes still, another, yet the same!
Now in decrease, by slow degrees she shrouds
Her fading lustre in a veil of clouds;
Now at increase, her¹¹⁸ gathering beams display
A blaze of light, and gives a paler day;
Ten thousand stars adorn her glitt'ring train,
Fall when she falls, and rise with her again;
And o'er the desarts of the sky unfold
Their burning spangles of sidereal gold:
Through the wide heav'ns she moves serenely bright,
Queen of the gay attendants of the night;
Orb above orb in sweet confusion lies,
And with a bright disorder paints the skies.

¹¹⁸Orig., "in"; changed by JW in his personal copy of *AM*.

The Lord of nature fram'd the show'ry bow,
Turn'd its gay arch, and bade its colours glow;
Its radiant circle compasses the skies,
And sweetly the rich tinctures faint, and rise;
It bids the horrors of the storm to cease,
Adorns the clouds, and makes the tempest please.

He when embattled clouds in black array,
O'er the wide heav'ns their gloomy fronts display;
Pours down a wat'ry deluge from on high,
And opens all the sluices of the sky;
The rushing torrents drown the floated ground,
The mountains tremble, and the plains resound:
Mean time from ev'ry region of the sky,
Red burning bolts in forky vengeance fly;
Dreadfully bright o'er seas and earth they glare,
And bursts of thunder rend th' encumber'd air;
At once the thunders of the Almighty sound,
Heav'n low'rs, descends the torrent, rocks the ground.
He gives the furious whirlwind wings to fly,
To rend the earth, and wheel along the sky;
In circling eddies whirl'd, it roars aloud,
Drives wave on wave, and dashes cloud on cloud;
Where'er it moves, it lays whole forests low,
And at the blast, eternal mountains bow;
While tearing up the sands, in drifts they rise,
And half the desert mounts the burthen'd skies.

He from aerial treasures downward pours
Sheets of unsulli'd snow in lucid show'rs,
Flake after flake, through air thick wav'ring flies,
Till one vast shining waste all nature lies;
Then the proud hills a virgin whiteness shed,
A dazzling brightness glitters from the mead;
The hoary trees reflect a silver show,
And groves beneath the lovely burthen bow.

When stormy winter from the frozen north
Borne on his icy chariot issues forth;
Sharp blows the rigour of the piercing winds,
And the broad floods as with a breast-plate binds;
E'en the proud seas forget in tides to roll
Beneath the freezings of the Northern Pole;
There waves on waves in solid mountains rise,
And Alps of ice invade the wond'ring skies;
While gulphs below, and slipp'ry valleys lie,
And with a dreadful brightness pain the eye;
But if warm winds a warmer air restore,
And softer breezes bring a genial show'r,
The genial show'r unbinds the secret chain,
And the huge hills flow down into the main.

When the seas rage, and loud old ocean roars,
When foaming billows lash the sounding shores;
If he in thunder bids the waves subside,
The waves obedient sink upon the tide,
A sudden peace controls th' unfolded deep,
And the still waters in soft silence sleep.
Then heav'n lets down a golden-streaming ray,
And all the broad expansion flames with day:
In the clear glass the mariners descry
A sun inverted, and a downward sky.

They who advent'rous plow the watry way,
The dreadful wonders of the deep survey;
Familiar with the storms their sails unbind,
Tempt the rough blast, and bound before the wind:
Now high they mount, now shoot into a vale,
Now smooth their course, and scud before the gale:
There huge Leviathan unweildy moves,
And through the waves a living island roves:
Where'er he turns the hoary deeps divide,
He breathes a tempest, and he spouts a tide.

Thus, Lord, the wonders of earth, sea, and air,
Thy boundless wisdom, and thy pow'r declare;
Thou high in glory, and in might serene,
Seest and mov'st all, thyself unmov'd, unseen:
Should men and angels join in songs to raise
A grateful tribute, equal to thy praise,
Yet far thy glory would their praise outshine,
Though men and angels in the song combine;
For though this earth with skill divine is wrought,
Though wondrous far beyond the reach of thought,
Yet in the spacious regions of the skies
New scenes unfold, and worlds, on worlds arise;
There¹¹⁹ other orbs round other suns advance,
In ether float, and run their mystic dance;
And yet the power of thy almighty hand,
Can build another world, from every sand.

Hymn to Adversity:
by [Thomas] Gray.¹²⁰

- [1.] Daughter of Jove, relentless pow'r!
 Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge, and torturing hour,
 The bad affright, afflict the best!
Bound in thy adamant chain,
The proud are taught to taste of pain;
And purpl'd tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpiti'd and alone.
- [2.] When first thy sire to send on earth
 Virtue (his darling child) design'd,
To thee he gave the heav'nly birth,
 And bade thee form her infant mind.
Stern, rugged nurse! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year she bore:

¹¹⁹Orig., "Their"; corrected by JW in his personal copy of *AM*.

¹²⁰Thomas Gray, "Ode to Adversity," *Poems* (Dublin: Thomas Ewing, 1771), 13–15; Wesley was likely taking from Thomas Tomkins (ed.), *Poems on Various Subjects; Selected to Enforce the Practice of Virtue* (London: J. Wallis, 1780), 60–62, where it appears titled "Hymn to Adversity."

What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
And from her own she learn'd to melt at others woe.

- [3.] Scar'd at thy frown terrific, fly
 Self-pleasing folly's idle brood,
Wild laughter, noise, and thoughtless joy,
 And leave us leisure to be good.
Light they disperse and with them go
The summer-friend, and flatt'ring foe;
By vain prosperity receiv'd:
To her they vow their truth, and are again believ'd.
- [4.] Wisdom, in sable garb array'd,
 Immers'd in rapt'rous thought profound,
And melancholy, silent maid,
 With leaden eye that loves the ground;
Still on thy solemn steps attend,
Warm charity, the gen'ral friend,
With justice to herself severe,
And pity, dropping soft the sadly pleasing tear.
- [5.] O gently on thy suppliant's head,
 Dread goddess, lay thy chast'ning hand!
Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
 Nor circled with the vengeful band,
(As by the impious thou art seen,)
With thund'ring voice, and threat'ning mein,
With screaming horror's fun'ral cry,
Despair, and fell disease, and ghastly poverty.
- [6.] Thy form benign, O goddess wear!
 Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philosophic train be there,
 To soften; not to wound my heart:
The gen'rous spark extinct revive,
Teach me to love and to forgive;
Exact my own defects to scan,
What others are to feel, and know myself a man.

POETRY.

The Wish.

(By Mr. [James] Merrick.)¹²¹

- [1.] How short is life's uncertain space!
Alas! how quickly done?
How swift the wild precarious chase!
And yet how difficult the race,
How very hard to run!
- [2.] Youth stops at first its wilful ears
To wisdom's prudent voice;
Till now arriv'd to riper years,
Experienc'd age, worn out with cares,
Repents its earlier choice.
- [3.] What though its prospects now appear
So pleasing and refin'd;
Yet groundless hope, and anxious fear,
By turns the busy moments share,
And prey upon the mind.

¹²¹James Merrick, available in several collections. Wesley was likely taking from Thomas Tomkins (ed.), *Poems on Various Subjects; Selected to Enforce the Practice of Virtue* (London: J. Wallis, 1780), 144–45.

- [4.] Since then false joys our fancy cheat,
 With hopes of real bliss;
Ye guardian pow'rs that rule my fate,
The only wish that I create
 Is all compris'd in this:
- [5.] May I through life's uncertain tide,
 Be still from pain exempt;
May all my wants be still suppli'd,
My state too low t' admit of pride,
 And yet above contempt!
- [6.] But should kind providence divine
 A greater bliss intend;
May all those blessings you design
 Be center'd in a friend!*

Hymn to Benevolence.
(By Mr. [Thomas] Blacklock.)¹²²

- [1.] Hail! source of transport ever new;
While I thy strong impulse pursue
 I taste a joy sincere;
Too vast for little minds to know,
Who on themselves alone bestow
 Their wishes and their care.
- [2.] Daughter of God! delight of man!
From thee felicity began;
 Which still thy hand sustains:
By thee sweet peace her empire spread,
Fair science rais'd her laurell'd head,
 And discord gnash'd in chains.

* Or rather, in a heart-felt acquaintance with the friend of sinners. Without this, the most perfect friendship, added to an exemption from pain and want, is, at the best, but poor enjoyment.

¹²²Thomas Blacklock, *Poems on Several Occasions* (Glasgow, for the author, 1746), 17–19. Wesley was likely taking from Thomas Tomkins (ed.), *Poems on Various Subjects; Selected to Enforce the Practice of Virtue* (London: J. Wallis, 1780), 158–59. Wesley omits stanza 4.

- [3.] And¹²³ as the pointed sun-beam flies
Through peopl'd earth and starry skies,
All nature owns thy nod;
We see its energy prevail
Through being's ever-rising scale,
From nothing—up to God.
- [4.] By thee inspir'd, the gen'rous breast,
In blessing others only blest,
With goodness large and free,
Delights the widow's tears to stay,
To teach the blind their smoothest way,
And aid the feeble knee.
- [5.] O come! and o'er my bosom reign,
Expand my heart, inflame each vein,
Through ev'ry action shine;
Each low, each selfish wish controul;
With all thy essence warm my soul,
And make me wholly thine.
- [6.] If from thy sacred paths I turn,
Nor feel their griefs, while others mourn,
Nor with their pleasures glow;
Banish'd from God, from bliss, and thee,
My own tormentor let me be,
And groan in hopeless woe.

To the Memory of the Immortal Ptolemy.¹²⁴

- [1.] Rest learned sage, whose sacred name
Still memory holds dear;
Secure of an immortal fame,
And freed from ev'ry care.

¹²³Orig., "For"; changed by JW in his personal copy of *AM*.

¹²⁴Appeared anonymously in *Vox Stellarum; or, a Loyal Almanack ... 1786* (London: Company of Stationers, 1786), 39.

- [2.] Prophet of fate, thy skill divine
The rolling planets show,
And tell us mortals as they shine,
How much to thee we owe.
- [3.] Nor ever may unhallow'd feet
On thee regardless tread;
But pass with awe, and rev'rence meet,
The mansions of the dead.
- [4.] No more dost thou thy vigils keep,
Thy watchings now are o'er;
O peaceful may thy ashes sleep,
Till stars shall shine no more!
- [5.] Ere long must we ourselves betake
Each to his darksome bed;
And lie till the last trump shall wake
The nations of the dead.
- [6.] O then may I triumphant rise,
And joyfully repair,
To meet the sage in cloudless skies,
And scan his lectures there!

The Thracian.¹²⁵

The Thracian infant ent'ring into life,
Both parents mourn for, both receive with grief:
The Thracian-infant, snatched by death away,
Both parents to the grave with joy convey.
This (Greece and Rome) you with derision view;
This is mere Thracian ignorance to you:
But if you weigh the custom you despise,
The Thracian ignorance may make you wise.

¹²⁵In David Lewis (ed.), *Miscellaneous Poems by Several Hands* (London: J. Watts, 1726), 275. Lewis gives in Latin (by Vincent Bourne; cf. *Poematia* [1734], 122) then this translation, possibly by Samuel Wesley Jr. John Wesley had published previously in *MSP* (1744), 2:175.

POETRY.

Edwin and Angelina.
(By Dr. [Oliver] Goldsmith.)¹²⁶

- [1.] Turn gentle hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way,
To where yon taper cheers the vale,
With hospitable ray.
- [2.] For here forlorn and lost, I tread
With fainting steps and slow,
Where wilds, immeasurably spread,
Seem length'ning as I go.
- [3.] Forbear, my son the hermit cries,
To tempt the dang'rous gloom;
For yonder faithless phantom flies
To lure thee to thy doom.
- [4.] Here, to the houseless child of want
My door is open still;
And though my portion is but scant,
I give it with good will.

¹²⁶Oliver Goldsmith, "The Hermit," *Poems* (Manchester: G. Nicholson, 1748), 37–41; Wesley was likely taking from Thomas Tomkins (ed.), *Poems on Various Subjects; Selected to Enforce the Practice of Virtue* (London: J. Wallis, 1780), 4–10.

- [5.] Then turn to night, and freely share
 Whate'er my cell bestows;
My rushy couch and frugal fare
 My blessing and repose.
- [6.] No flocks that range the valley free
 To slaughter I condemn:
Taught by that power that pities me,
 I learn to pity them.
- [7.] But from the mountain's grassy side
 A guiltless feast I bring;
A scrip with herbs and fruits suppli'd,
 And water from the spring.
- [8.] Then, pilgrim turn, thy cares forego;
 All earth-born cares are wrong:
Man wants but little here below,
 Nor wants that little long.
- [9.] Soft as the dew from heav'n descends
 His gentle accents fell;
The modest stranger lowly bends,
 And follows to the cell.
- [10.] Far in a wilderness obscure
 The lonely mansion lay,
A refuge to the neighbouring poor,
 And strangers led astray.
- [11.] No stores beneath its humble thatch
 Requir'd a master's care;
The wicket, opening with a latch,
 Receiv'd the harmless pair.
- [12.] And now when busy crowds retire
 To take their evening rest,
The hermit trimm'd his little fire,
 And cheer'd his pensive guest;

- [13.] And spread his vegetable store,
 And gaily prest and smil'd,
And, skill'd in legendary lore,
 The ling'ring hours beguil'd.
- [14.] Around in sympathetic mirth
 Its tricks the kitten tries;
The cricket cherups in the hearth,
 The crackling faggot flies.
- [15.] But nothing could a charm impart
 To sooth the stranger's woe;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
 And tears began to flow.
- [16.] His rising cares the hermit spy'd
 With answering care opprest,
And whence unhappy youth, he cried,
 The sorrows of thy breast?
- [17.] From better habitation spurn'd
 Reluctant dost thou rove;
Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
 Or unregarded love?
- [18.] Alas the joys that fortune brings
 Are trifling, and decay;
And those who prize the paltry things,
 More trifling still than they.
- [19.] And what is friendship but a name,
 A charm that lulls to sleep;
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
 But leaves the wretch to weep.
- [20.] And love is still an empti'r sound
 The modern fair one's jest,
On earth unseen, or only found
 To warm the turtle's nest.

- [21.] For shame, fond youth, thy sorrow hush,
And spurn the sex, he said:
But, while he spoke, a rising blush
His love-lorn¹²⁷ guest betray'd:
- [22.] Surpris'd he sees new beauties rise
Swift mantling to the view,
Like colours o'er the morning skies,
As bright, as transient too.
- [23.] The bashful look, the rising breast,
Alternate spread alarms,
The lovely stranger stands confest
A maid in all her charms.
- [24.] And ah! forgive a stranger rude,
A wretch forlorn, she cried,
Whose feet unhallow'd thus intrude
Where heaven and you reside.
- [25.] But let a maid thy pity share,
Whom love has taught to stray:
Who seeks for rest, but finds despair,
Companion of her way.
- [26.] My father liv'd beside the¹²⁸ Tyne,
A wealthy lord was he;
And all his wealth was mark'd as mine,
He had but only me.
- [27.] To win me from his tender arms,
Unnumber'd suitors came;
Who prais'd me for imputed charms
And felt or feign'd a flame.
- [28.] Each hour a mercenary crowd
With richest proffers strove:
Among the rest young Edwin bow'd
But never talk'd of love.

¹²⁷Orig., "love-torn"; a misprint.

¹²⁸Orig., "thy"; corrected by JW in his personal copy of *AM*.

- [29.] In humble, simplest habit clad,
 No wealth nor power had he;
 Wisdom and worth were all he had,
 But these were all to me.
- [30.] The blossom opening to the day,
 The dews of heav'n refin'd
 Could nought of purity display
 To emulate his mind.
- [31.] The dew, the blossom on the tree,
 With charms inconstant shine;
 Their charms were his; but woe to me!
 Their contrary¹²⁹ was mine.
- [32.] For still I tri'd each fickle art,
 Importunate and vain:
 And, while his passion touch'd my heart,
 I triumph'd in his pain:
- [33.] Till quite dejected with my scorn,
 He left me to my pride,
 And sought a solitude forlorn
 In secret, where he di'd.
- [34.] But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
 And well my life shall pay:
 I'll seek the solitude he sought,
 And stretch me where he lay.—
- [35.] And there, forlorn, despairing hid,
 I'll lay me down and die;
 'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
 And so for him will I.
- [36.] Forbid it, heaven! the hermit cry'd,
 And clasp'd her to his breast:
 The wondering fair-one turn'd to chide,
 'Twas Edwin's self that prest.

¹²⁹Orig., “constancy”; changed by JW in his personal copy of *AM*.

POETRY.

Bedlam.

... *major parcas insane minori*.¹³⁰

(By the Rev. Mr. [Thomas] Fitzgerald.)¹³¹

Where proud Augusta, blest with long repose,
Her ancient wall and ruin'd bulwark shows;
Close by a verdant plain, with graceful height,
A stately fabric rises to the sight.
Yet though its parts all elegantly shine,
And sweet proportion crowns the whole design,
Though art, in strong expressive sculpture shown,
Consummate art informs the breathing stone;
Far other views than these within appear,
And woe and horror dwell for ever here.
For ever from the echoing roofs rebounds
A dreadful din of het'rogen'ous sounds;
From this, from that, from every quarter rise
Loud shouts, and sullen groans, and doleful cries;
Heart-soft'ning plaints demand the pitying tear,
And peals of hideous laughter shock the ear.

¹³⁰Cf. Horace, *Satires*, II.iii.326, "*O major tandem parcas insane minori*"; "O greater madman, pray have mercy on a lesser one."

¹³¹Thomas Fitzgerald, *Poems on Several Occasions* (London: J. Watts, 1733), 1–11. Wesley had published previously in *MSP* (1744), 2:135–41.

Thus, when in some fair human form we find
The lusts all rampant, and the reason blind,
Griev'd we behold such beauty given in vain,
And nature's fairest work survey with pain.

Within the chambers which this dome contains,
In all her frantic forms distraction reigns;
For when the sense from various objects brings,
Through organs craz'd, the images of things;
Ideas, all extravagant and vain,
In endless swarms crowd in upon the brain:
The cheated reason true and false confounds,
And forms her notions from fantastic grounds.
Then, if the blood impetuous swells the veins,
And choler in the constitution reigns,
Outrag'ous fury straight inflames the soul,
Quick beats the pulse, and fierce the eye-balls roll;
Rattl'ing his chains the wretch all raving lies,
And roars, and foams; and earth and heav'n defies.

Not so, when gloomy the black bile prevails,
And lumpish phlegm the thicken'd mass congeals:
All lifeless then is the poor patient found,
And sits for ever moping on the ground;
His active pow'rs their uses all forego,
Nor senses, tongue, nor limbs their functions know:
In melancholy lost, the vital flame
Informs, and just informs the listless frame.

If brisk the circulating tides advance,
And nimble spirits through the fibres dance,
Then all the images delightful rise,
The tickled fancy sparkles through the eyes;
The mortal, all to mirth and joy resign'd,
In ev'ry gesture shews his freakish mind;
Frolic, and free, he laughs at fortune's pow'r,
And plays ten thousand gambols in an hour.

Now ent'ring in, my muse, thy theme pursue,
And all the dome, and each apartment view.

Within this lonely lodge, in solemn port,
A shiv'ring monarch keeps his awful court,
And far and wide, as boundless thought can stray,
Extends a vast imaginary sway:
Utopian princes bow before his throne,
Lands unexisting his dominion own,
And airy realms, and regions in the moon.
The pride of dignity, the pomp of state,
The darling glories of the envi'd great,
Rise to his view, and in his fancy swell,
And guards and courtiers crowd his empty cell.
See how he walks majestic through the throng!
(Behind he trails his tatter'd robes along)
And cheaply blest, and innocently vain,
Enjoys the dear delusion of his brain,
In this small spot expatiates unconfi'd,
Supreme of monarchs, first of human kind.

Such joyful ecstasy as this possest
On some triumphal day great Caesar's breast;
Great Caesar, scarce beneath the gods ador'd,
The world's proud victor, Rome's imperial lord.
With all his glories in their utmost height,
And all his power display'd before his sight;
Unnumber'd trophies grace the pompous train,
And captive kings indignant drag their chain.
With laurell'd ensigns glitt'ring from afar,
His legions, glorious partners of the war,
His conqu'ring legions march behind the golden car:
Whilst shouts on shouts from gather'd nations rise,
And endless acclamations rend the skies.
For this to vex mankind with dire alarms,
Urging with rapid speed his restless arms.

From clime to clime the mighty madman flew,
Nor tasted quiet, nor contentment knew;
But spread wild ravage all the world abroad,
The plague of nations, and the scourge of God.

Poor Cloe—whom yon little cell contains
Of broken vows and faithless man complains:
Her heaving bosom speaks her inward woe,
Her tears in melancholy silence flow.
Yet still her fond desires tumultuous rise,
Melt her sad soul, and languish in her eyes;
And form her wild ideas as they rove,
To all the tender images of love;
And still she soothes and feeds the flatt'ring pain,
False as he is, still, still she loves her swain,
To hopeless passion yields her heart a prey;
And sighs, and sings the live-long hours away.
So mourns th' imprison'd lark his hapless fate,
In love's soft passion ravish'd from his mate,
Fondly fatigues his unavailing rage,
And hops and flutters round and round his cage,
And moans and droops,¹³² with pining grief opprest,
Whilst sweet complainings warble from his breast.

Lo! here a wretch to avarice resign'd,
'Midst gather'd scraps, and shreds, and rags confin'd;
His riches these—for these he rakes and spares,
These rack his bosom, these engross his cares;
O'er these he broods, for ever void of rest,
And hugs the sneaking passion of his breast.
See, from himself the sordid niggard steals,
Reserves large scantlings from his slender meals;
Scarce to his bowels half their due affords,
And starves his carcase to increase his hoards,
Till to huge heaps the treasur'd offals swell,
And stink in ev'ry corner of his cell.

¹³²Orig., “drops”; a misprint.

And thus with wond'rous wisdom he purveys
Against contingent want and rainy days;
And scorns the fools that dread not to be poor,
But eat their morsel, and enjoy their store.

Behold a sage! immers'd in thought profound:
For science he, for various skill renown'd.
At no mean end his speculations aim,
(Vile pelf he scorns, nor covets empty fame)
The public good, the welfare of mankind
Employ the gen'rous labour of his mind.
For this his rich imagination teems
With rare inventions, and important schemes;
All day his close attention he applies,
Nor gives he midnight slumbers to his eyes;
Content if this his toilsome studies crown,
And for the world's repose neglects his own.
All nature's secret causes he explores,
The laws of motion, and mechanic pow'rs:
Hence e'en the elements his art obey,
O'er earth and fire, he spreads his wondrous sway,
And through the liquid sky, and o'er the wat'ry way. }
Hence ever pregnant with some vast design,
He drains the moorland, or he sinks the mine,
Or levels lofty mountains to the plain,
Or stops the roaring torrents of the main;
Forc'd up by fire he bids the water rise,
And points its¹³³ course reverted to the skies.
His ready fancy still supplies the means,
Forges his tools and fixes his machines,
Erects his sluices, and his mounds sustains,
And whirls perpetual wind-mills in his brains.
All problems has his lively thought subdu'd,
Measur'd the stars, and found the longitude,

¹³³Orig., "his"; changed by JW in his personal copy of *AM*.

And squar'd the circle, and the tides explain'd:
The grand arcanum once he had attain'd,
Had quite attain'd, but that a pipkin broke,
And all his golden hopes expir'd in smoke.
And once, his soul inflam'd with patriot zeal,
A scheme he finish'd for his country's weal.
This, in a private conference made known,
A statesman stole, and us'd it as his own,
And then, O baseness! the deceit to blind,
Our poor projector in this gaol¹³⁴ confin'd.

The muse forbears to visit ev'ry cell,
Each form, each object of distress to tell;
To shew the fopling, curious in his dress,
Gayly trick'd out in gaudy raggedness:
The poet ever wrapt in glorious dreams
Of pagan gods, and Heliconian¹³⁵ streams:
The wild enthusiast, that despairing sees
Predestin'd wrath, and heaven's severe decrees:
Through these, through more sad scenes, she grieves to go,
And paint the whole variety of woe.

Mean time, on these reflect with kind concern,
And hence this just, this useful lesson learn:
If strong desires thy reasoning pow'rs control;
If arbitrary passions sway thy soul;
If pride, if envy, if the lust of gain,
If wild ambition in thy bosom reign,
Alas! thou vaunt'st thy sober sense in vain.
In these poor Bedlamites thyself survey,
Thyself less innocently mad than they.

}

¹³⁴Orig., "goal"; a misprint.

¹³⁵Orig., "Heleconian"; corrected by JW in his personal copy of *AM*.

POETRY.

The Fire-Side.

(By Dr. [Nathaniel] Cotton.)¹³⁶

- [1.] Dear Chloe, while the busy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
 In folly's maze advance;
Though singularity and pride
Be call'd our choice, we'll step aside,
 Nor join the giddy dance.
- [2.] From the gay world we'll oft retire
To our own family and fire,
 Where love our hours employs;
No noisy neighbours enter here;
No intermeddling stranger near
 To spoil our heart-felt joys.
- [3.] If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies;
 And they are fools who roam:
The world has nothing to bestow,
From our own selves our joys must flow,
 And that dear hut, our home.
- [4.] Of rest was Noah's dove bereft,
When with impatient wing she left
 That safe retreat, the ark;
Giving her vain excursion o'er,
The disappointed bird once more
 Explor'd the sacred bark.

¹³⁶Nathaniel Cotton, available in several collections. Wesley was likely taking from Thomas Tomkins (ed.), *Poems on Various Subjects; Selected to Enforce the Practice of Virtue* (London: J. Wallis, 1780), 90–92.

- [5.] Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle pow'rs,
We, who improve his golden hours,
 By sweet experience know,
That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good
 A paradise below.
- [6.] Our babes shall richest comforts bring:
If tutor'd right, they'll prove a spring
 Whence pleasures ever rise:
We'll form their minds, with studious care,
To all that's manly, good, and fair,
 And train them for the skies.
- [7.] While they our wisest hours engage,
They'll joy our youth, support our age,
 And crown our hoary hairs:
They'll grow in virtue every day,
And thus our fondest loves repay,
 And recompense our cares.
- [8.] No borrow'd joys! they're all our own,
While to the world we live unknown,
 Or by the world forgot:
Monarchs, we envy not your state,
We look with pity on the great,
 And bless our humbler lot.
- [9.] Our portion is not large indeed,
But then, how little do we need!
 For nature's calls are few:
In this the art of living lies,
To want no more than may suffice,
 And make that little do.

- [10.] We'll therefore relish with content
Whate'er kind providence has sent,
Nor aim beyond our pow'r;
For if our stock be very small,
'Tis prudence to enjoy it all,
Nor lose the present hour.
- [11.] To be resign'd, when ills betide,
Patient, when favours are deni'd,
And pleas'd with favours giv'n,
Dear Chloe, this is wisdom's part,
This is that incense of the heart,
Whose fragrance reaches heav'n.
- [12.] We'll ask no long protracted treat
(Since winter life is seldom sweet;)
But when our feast is o'er,
Grateful from table we'll arise,
Nor grudge our sons, with envious eyes,
The relics of our store.
- [13.] Thus hand in hand, through life we'll go,
Its checker'd paths of joy and woe
With cautious steps we'll tread;
Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
Without a trouble or a fear,
And mingle with the dead:
- [14.] While conscience, like a faithful friend,
Shall through the gloomy vale attend,
And cheer our dying breath;
Shall, when all other comforts cease,
Like a kind angel whisper peace,
And smooth the bed of death.

The Miser and Plutus.
(A Fable by [John] Gay.)¹³⁷

The wind is high, the window shakes,
With sudden start the miser wakes!
Along the silent room he stalks,
Looks back, and trembles as he walks;
Each lock, and ev'ry bolt he tries,
In ev'ry creek and corner pries,
Then opes the chest with treasure stor'd,
And stands in rapture o'er his hoard.
But now, with sudden qualms possest,
He wrings his hand! he beats his breast:
By conscience stung he wildly stares,
And thus his guilty soul declares:

Had the deep earth her stores confin'd,
This heart had known sweet peace of mind.
But virtue's sold. Good God! what price
Can recompense the pangs of vice!
O bane of good! seducing cheat!
Can man, weak man, thy power defeat?
Gold banish'd honour from the mind,
And only left the name behind;
Gold sow'd the world with ev'ry ill;
Gold taught the murd'rer's sword to kill:
'Twas gold instructed coward hearts
In treach'ry's more pernicious arts.
Who can recount the mischiefs o'er?
Virtue resides on earth no more!
He spoke, and sigh'd. In angry mood
Plutus, his God before him stood.

¹³⁷John Gay, *Fables* (London: J. Tonson & J. Watts, 1727), 21–24. Wesley was likely taking from Thomas Tomkins (ed.), *Poems on Various Subjects; Selected to Enforce the Practice of Virtue* (London: J. Wallis, 1780), 194–96.

The miser, trembling, lock'd his chest;
The vision frown'd, and thus address'd:

Whence is this vile ungrateful rant,
Each sordid rascals' daily cant?
Did I, base wretch! corrupt mankind?
The fault's in thy rapacious mind,
Because my blessings are abus'd,
Must I be censur'd, curs'd, accus'd?
Ev'n virtue's self by knaves is made
A cloak to carry on the trade;
And pow'r (when lodg'd in their possession)
Grows tyranny and rank oppression.
Thus, when the villain crams his chest,
Gold is the canker of the breast;
'Tis avarice, insolence, and pride,
And ev'ry shocking vice beside:
But when to virtuous hands 'tis giv'n,
It blesses like the dews of heav'n:
Like heav'n it hears the orphan's cries,
And wipes the tears from widow's eyes.
Their crimes on gold shall misers lay,
Who pawn'd their sordid souls for pay?
Let bravoës, then, when blood is spilt,
Upbraid their passive sword with guilt.

The Lawyer's Prayer.¹³⁸

Ordain'd to tread the thorny ground,
Where few, I fear, are faithful found,
Mine be the conscience void of blame,
The upright heart, the spotless name.

¹³⁸Found with this title, among other places, in Samuel Whyte, *The Shamrock; or Hiberian Cresses* (Dublin: R. Marchbank, 1772), 91–92.

The tribute of the widow's pray'r
The righted orphan's grateful tear;
To virtue and her friends a friend,
Still may my voice the weak defend.
Ne'er may my prostituted tongue
Protect the oppressor in his wrong,
Nor wrest the spirit of the laws,
To sanctify the villain's cause.
Let others with unsparing hand,
Scatter their poison through the land;
Inflame dissension, kindle strife,
And strew with ills the path of life.
On such her gifts let fortune show'r,
Add wealth to wealth, and pow'r to pow'r:
On me my fav'ring heav'n bestow
That peace which good men only know;
The joy of joys, by few possess'd,
Th' eternal sun-shine of the breast.
All earthly good I here resign,
The praise of honesty be mine;
That friends may weep, the worthy sigh,
And poor men bless me when I die.

On the Shortness of Human Life.¹³⁹

Like as a damask rose you see,
Or like the blossoms on a tree,
Or like the fragrant flowers in May,
Or like the morning to the day,
Or like the sun, or like the shade,
Or like the gourd which Jonah had:

¹³⁹Published anonymously, with this title, in *Christian's Magazine* 4 (1764): 279. Attributed by some to Francis Quarles.

E'en such is man, whose thread is spun,
Drawn out, and cut, and so its done;
Withers the rose, the blossom blasts,
The flower fades, the morning hastes,
The sun doth set, the shadows fly,
The gourd consumes, and mortals die!

Like to the grass that's newly sprung,
Or like the tale that's just begun,
Or like a bird that's here to-day,
Or like the pearled dew of May,
Or like an hour, or like a span,
Or like the singing of a swan:
E'en such is man, who lives by breath,
Is here; is there; in life; in death!
The grass decays, the tale doth end,
The bird is flown, the dews ascend,
The hour is short, the span not long,
The swan's near death! man's life is done!

Like to a bubble on a brook,
Or (in a mirror) like a look,
Or like a shuttle in the hand,
Or like a writing on the sand,
Or like a thought, or like a dream,
Or like the gliding of a stream:
E'en such is man, whose life is breath,
Is here; is there; in life in death!
The bubble's burst; the look's forgot;
The shuttle's flung; the writing blot;
The thought is past; the dream is gone;
The water glides—man's life is done!

POETRY.

**The Second Satyr of Persius.
(Translated by Mr. [John] Dryden.)¹⁴⁰**

The Argument.

This satyr had its original from one of Plato's dialogues, called the *Second Alcibiades*. Our author takes his rise from the birthday of his friend; on which occasion many prayers were made, and sacrifices offered. Persius first commending the purity of his friends, bows, then descends to the impious and immoral requests of others.

Let this auspicious morning be exprest,
With a white stone,* distinguish'd from the rest:
White as thy fame, and as thy honour clear;
And let new joys attend on thy new added year.
Pray; for thy pray'rs the test of heaven will bear;
Nor need'st thou take the gods aside to hear:
While others, e'en the mighty men of Rome,
Big swell'd with mischief, to the temples come,
And in low murmurs, and with costly smoke,
Heav'n's help, to prosper their black vows, invoke.
So boldly to the gods mankind reveal
What from each other they, for shame, conceal.
"Give me good fame, ye powers, and make me just";
Thus much the rogues to public ears will trust:

* White stone.] The Romans were used to mark their fortunate days, or any thing that luckily befel them, with a "white stone" which they had from the island Crota;¹⁴¹ and their unfortunate days with a coal.

¹⁴⁰John Dryden, *The Satires of Decimus Junius Juvenalis ... with the Satires of Aulus Persius Falccus, Translated into English Verse by Mr. Dryden, and Several Other Eminent Hands* (London: Jacob Tonson, 1693), Section III, pp. 20–26. Wesley published previously in *MSP* (1744), 2:35–38

¹⁴¹I.e., "Crete."

In private:—"When wilt thou mighty Jove,
 My wealthy uncle from this world remove?"
 Or—"O thou thund'rer's son, great Hercules,[†]
 That once thy bount'ous deity could please
 To guide my rake, upon the chinking sound
 Of some vast treasure, hidden under ground!
 This is my neighbour Norius' his third spouse,
 Of whom in happy time he rids his house.
 But my eternal wife!—grant heav'n I may
 Survive to see the fellow of this day!"
 Thus that thou may'st the better bring about
 Thy wishes, thou art wickedly devout:
 But prythee tell me ('tis a small request)
 With what ill thoughts of Jove art thou possest?
 Wouldst thou prefer him to some man? suppose
 I dipp'd among the worst, and Statius chose?
 Which of the two would thy wise head declare
 The trusti'r tutor to an orphan heir?
 Or put it thus:—unfold to Statius, strait
 What to Jove's ear thou didst impart of late:
 He'll stare, and O good Jupiter! will cry,
 Canst thou indulge him in this villany!
 And think'st Jove himself with patience then
 Can hear a prayer condemn'd by wicked men?
 That, void of care, he lolls supine in state,
 And leaves his business to be done by fate?
 Because his thunder splits some sturdy tree,
 And is not darted at thy house and thee?
 What well-fed off'ring to appease the god
 What pow'rful present to procure a nod,
 Hast thou in store? what bribe hast thou prepar'd;
 To pull him, thus unpunish'd, by the beard?

[†] Hercules was thought to have the power of
 bestowing all hidden treasure.

Should I present thee with rare-figur'd plate,
Or gold as rich in workmanship as weight;
O how thy rising heart would throb and beat,
And thy left side with trembling pleasure sweat!
Thou measur'st by thyself the pow'rs divine;
Thy gods are burnish'd, gilded¹⁴² is their shrine.
O souls, in whom no heav'nly fire is found,
Fat minds, and ever grov'ling on the ground!
We bring our manners to the blest abodes,
And think what pleases us, must please the gods.
Of oil and cassia one th' ingredients takes,
And of the mixture, a rich ointment makes:
Another finds a way to dye in grain;
And makes Calabrian wool receive the Tyrian stain;
Or from the shells their orient treasure takes,
Or, for the golden ore, in rivers rakes.
Tell me, vain man! if I may be so bold,
What are the gods the better for this gold?
The wretch that offers from his wealthy store
These presents, bribes the pow'rs to give him more.

But let us all for heaven a gift prepare,
Which the great man's great charges cannot bear:
A soul, where laws both human and divine,
In practice more than speculation shine:
A genuine virtue, of a vigorous kind,
Fixt in the last recesses of the mind:
When with such off'rings to the gods I come;
A cake thus given, is worth a hecatomb.

Thus far *heathenism* could go: "Be truly
righteous, and thou shalt be accepted of God." But
how wide is even this from "Unto him that believeth,
his *faith* is counted for righteousness?"¹⁴³

¹⁴²I.e., "gilded."

¹⁴³A paraphrase of Rom. 4:5.

**An Ode,
 Inscribed to the Memory of the
 Hon. Col. G[eorge] Villiers,
 Drowned in the River Piava, in the
 Country of Friuli, 1703,
 In Imitation of Horace. Ode 28. Lib. 1.¹⁴⁴**

Say, dearest Villiers, poor departed friend,
 (Since fleeting life thus suddenly must end,)
 Say, what did all thy busy hopes avail,
 That anxious thou, from pole to pole didst sail;
 Ere¹⁴⁵ on thy chin the springing beard began,
 To spread a doubtful down, and promise man?
 What profited thy thoughts, and toils, and cares,
 In vigour more confirm'd and riper years?
 To wake ere¹⁴⁶ morning-dawn to loud alarms,
 And march till close of night in heavy arms;
 To scorn the summer suns and winter snows,
 And search through every clime thy country's foes!
 That thou might'st fortune to thy side engage;
 That gentle peace might quell Bellona's rage:
 And Anna's bounty crown her soldier's hoary age?

In vain we think that free-will'd man has pow'r,
 To hasten or protract th' appointed hour.
 Our term of life depends not on our deed:
 Before our birth our fun'ral was decreed.*
 Nor aw'd by foresight, nor misled by chance,
 Imperious death directs his ebon lance;
 Peoples great Henry's tomb, and leads up Holben's dance.
 Alike must every state, and ev'ry age,
 Sustain the universal tyrant's rage:
 For neither William's power, nor Mary's charms,
 Could or repel, or pacify his arms.

* Not so; for the wicked do not (always) live out half
 their days.

¹⁴⁴Matthew Prior, *Poems on Several Occasions. A New Edition, with some additions* (London: T. Johnson, 1720), 162–65. Wesley published previously in *MSP* (1744), 1:83–86.

¹⁴⁵Orig., “E'er”; but used in sense of “before.”

¹⁴⁶Orig., “e'er”; but used in sense of “before.”

Young Churchill fell, as life began to bloom:
And Bradford's trembling age expects the tomb.
Wisdom and eloquence in vain would plead
One moment's respite for the learn'd head:
Judges of writings and of men have di'd;
Mecenas, Sackville, Socrates, and Hyde:
And in their various turns the sons must tread
Those gloomy journeys, which their sires have led.

The ancient sage, who did so long maintain,
That bodies die, but souls return again,
With all the births and deaths he had in store,
Went out Pythagoras, and came no more.
And modern Asgyll, whose capricious thought,
Is yet with stores of wilder notions fraught,
Too soon convinc'd, shall yield that fleeting breath,
Which play'd so idly with the darts of death.

Some from the stranded vessel force their way;
Fearful of fate, they meet it in the sea:
Some who escape the fury of the wave,
Sicken on earth, and sink into the grave:
In journeys or at home, in war or peace,
By hardships many, many fall by ease.
Each changing season does its poison bring;
Rheums chill the winter, agues blast the spring:
Wet, dry, cold, hot, at the appointed hour,
All act subservient to th' Almighty's pow'r:
And when obedient nature knows his will,
A fly, a grapestone, or a hair can kill.

For restless Proserpine for ever treads
In paths unseen, o'er our devoted heads;
And on the spacious land, and liquid main,
Spreads slow disease, or darts afflictive pain:
Variety of deaths confirm her endless reign.

]

On sad Piava's banks the goddess stood,
Shew'd her dire warrant to the rising flood;
When what I long must love, and long must mourn,
With fatal speed was urging his return;
In his dear country, to dispense his care,
And arm himself by rest for future war;
To chide his anxious friend's officious fears,
And promise to their joys his elder years.

Oh, destin'd head! and oh, severe decree!
Nor native country thou, nor friend shalt see;
Nor war hast thou to wage, nor year to come,
Impending death is thine, and instant doom.

Hark! the imperious goddess is obey'd:
Winds murmur; snows descend; and waters spread:
Oh, kinsman! friend.—Oh, vain are all the cries
Of human voice! strong destiny replies.
Weep you on earth; for he shall weep below:
Thence none return; and thither all must go.

Whoe'er thou art, whom choice or business leads
To this sad river, or the neighbouring meads;
If thou may'st happen, on the dreary shores,
To find the object which this verse deplores,
Cleanse the pale corpse, with a religious hand,
From the polluting weed, and common sand;
Lay the dead hero graceful in the grave;
(The only honour he can now receive.)
And fragrant mould upon his body throw;
And plant the warrior-lawrel o'er his brow;
Light lie the earth, and flourish green the bough. }

So may just heav'n secure thy future life
From foreign dangers, and domestic strife:
And when th' infernal judge's dismal pow'r,
From the dark urn shall throw thy destin'd hour;

When yielding to the sentence, breathless thou,
And pale shalt lie, as what thou buri'st now;
May some kind friend the piteous object see,
And equal rites perform, to that which once was thee.

Death and Eternity.¹⁴⁷

- [1.] My thoughts, that often mount the skies,
 Go, search the world beneath,
Where nature all in ruin lies,
 And owns her sov'reign, death.
- [2.] The tyrant how he triumphs here!
 His trophies spread around!
And heaps of dust and bones appear,
 Through all the hollow ground.
- [3.] These skulls, what ghastly figures now!
 How loathsome to the eyes!
These are the heads we lately knew,
 So beaut'ous, and so wise.
- [4.] But where the souls, those deathless things,
 That left this dying clay?
My thoughts, now stretch out all your wings,
 And trace eternity.
- [5.] O that unfathomable sea!
 Those deeps without a shore!
Where living waters gently play,
 Or fi'ry billows roar!
- [6.] Thus must we leave the banks of life,
 And try this doubtful sea;
Vain are our groans, and dying strife
 To gain a moment's stay.

¹⁴⁷Isaac Watts, *Horae Lyricae* (London: Humfreys, 1709), 28–30. Wesley published previously in *MSP* (1744), 1: 194–96.

- [7.] There we shall swim in heav'nly bliss,
Or sink in flaming waves;
While the pale carcass thoughtless lies,
Among the silent graves.
- [8.] Some hearty friend shall drop his tear
On our dry bones, and say,
"These once were strong, as mine appear,
"And mine must be as they."^[7]
- [9.] Thus shall our mould'ring members teach
What now our senses learn:
For dust and ashes loudest preach
Man's infinite concern.

An Ode, from the Second Book of Horace.¹⁴⁸

- [1.] Ah! no, 'tis all in vain, believe me 'tis,
This pious artifice;
Not all these pray'rs and alms can buy
One moment tow'rd eternity.
Eternity! that boundless race,
Which time himself can never run:
(Swift as he flies with an unweari'd pace)
Which, when ten thousand, thousand years are done,
Is still the same, and still to be begun.
Fix'd are those limits, which prescribe
A short extent to the most lasting breath;
And though thou couldst for sacrifice lay down
Millions of other lives to save thy own,
'Twere fruitless all; not all would bribe
One supernumerary gasp from death.
- [2.] In vain's thy inexhausted store
Of wealth, in vain thy pow'r,

¹⁴⁸William Congreve, in John Dryden, ed., *Examen Poeticum; being the third part of Miscellany Poems*, 2nd edn. (London: Jacob Tonson, 1706), 229–33. Wesley published previously in *MSP* (1744), 1:65–67.

The rich, the great, the innocent and just,
 Must all be huddl'd to the grave,
With the most vile and ignominious slave,
 And undistinguish'd lie in dust.
 In vain the fearful flies alarms;
In vain he is secure from wounds of arms,
 In vain avoids the faithless seas,
 And is confin'd to home and ease,
Bounding his knowledge to extend his days,
 In vain are all those arts we try,
All our evasions, and regret to die:
 From the contagion of mortality,
 No clime is pure, no air is free:
 And no retreat
Is so obscure, as to be hid from fate.

[3.] Thou must, alas! thou must, my friend:
 (The very hour thou now dost spend
In studying to avoid, brings on thine end:)
 Thou must forego the dearest joys of life;
 Leave the warm bosom of thy tender wife,
 And all the much-lov'd offspring of her womb,
To moulder in the cold embraces of a tomb.
 All must be left, and all be lost;
Thy house, whose stately structure so much cost,
 Shall not afford
Room for the stinking carcase of its lord.
Of all thy pleasant gardens, grotts and bow'rs,
Thy costly fruits, thy far-fetch'd plants and flowers,
 Nought shalt thou save;
Unless a sprig of rosemary thou have,
 To wither with thee in thy grave:
The rest shall live and flourish to upbraid
 Their transitory master dead.

End of Vol. X.

POETRY.

**Ode to the New Year.
(By Cunningham.)¹⁴⁹**

- [1.] Aquarius rules the frozen skies,
Deep frowning clouds on clouds arise,
 Fraught with the thunder's roar;
With fury heaves the raging main,
While roaring¹⁵⁰ billows lash in vain
 The hoarse resounding shore.

¹⁴⁹Apparently John Cunningham (1729–73). Wesley taking from Thomas Tomkins (ed.), *Poems on Various Subjects; Selected to Enforce the Practice of Virtue* (London: J. Wallis, 1780), 121–24.

¹⁵⁰Orig., “flaming”; changed by JW in his personal copy of *AM*.

- [2.] No flow'ry vale now charms the eye,
No tuneful warblers of the sky
 Now cheers the ling'ring hours;
No genial rays the groves illumine,
No zephyrs waft their mild perfume,
 Or sigh¹⁵¹ o'er vernal flow'rs.
- [3.] Though blooming scenes are now no more,
That aid the raptur'd soul to soar,
 Poetic thoughts refine;
Yet still the moralizing page,
To warn an unattentive age,
 These hoary scenes combine.
- [4.] With this I hail the op'ning year,
Address the God, whose works appear
 Through each harmonious round;
Who rules, serenely rules the storm,
Who gave the lurid lightnings form,
 Whose thunders rock the ground.
- [5.] O thou! alike where perfect day,
In bright refulgent glories play
 Around thy awful throne!
Where seraphs glow with sacred fires,
Where angels tune celestial lyres,
 To hymn thy praise alone.
- [6.] Still may thy providential care
With blessings crown the rising year,
 Impending ills restrain!
Thy wisdom guide my youthful muse!
Thy sacred eloquence diffuse,
 And consecrate my strain!
- [7.] While thus revolving seasons roll,
Obsequious to thy wise controul,
 Obedient to thy plan;

¹⁵¹Orig. "From sighs"; changed by JW in his personal copy of *AM*.

With silent eloquence they preach,
The most important lessons teach,
To cold, unthinking man.

A Hermit's Meditation.¹⁵²

- [1.] In lonesome cave
Of noise and interruption void,
His thoughtful solitude
A Hermit thus enjoy'd.
- [2.] His choicest book,
The remnant of a human head
The volume was, whence he
This solemn lecture read.
- [3.] Whoe'er thou wert,
Partner of my retir'ment now,
My nearest intimate,
My best companion thou.
- [4.] On thee to muse
The busy, living world I left;
Of converse all but thine,
And silent that, bereft.
- [5.] Wert thou the rich,
The idol of a gazing crowd?
Wert thou the great, to whom
Obsequious thousands bow'd?
- [6.] Was learning's store
E'er treasur'd up within this shell?
Did wisdom e'er¹⁵³ within
This empty hollow dwell?

¹⁵²“A Hermit's Meditation,” in David Lewis (ed.), *Miscellaneous Poems by Several Hands* (London: J. Watts, 1730), 118–23. Note: This poem was published later by George Huddesford (1749–1809); it may have been written by his father, George Huddesford (1699?–1776). Wesley published previously in *MSP* (1744), 2:187–91.

¹⁵³Orig., “e'en”; corrected by JW in his personal copy of *AM*.

- [7.] Did youthful charms
 E'er redden on this ghastly face?
Did beauty's bloom these cheeks,
 This forehead ever grace.
- [8.] If on this brow
 E'er sat the scornful, haughty frown,
Deceitful pride! where now
 Is that disdain?—'tis gone.
- [9.] If cheerful mirth
 A gayness o'er this baldness cast,
Delusive, fleeting joy!
 Where is it now?—'tis past.
- [10.] To deck this scalp
 If tedious long-liv'd hours it cost,
Vain, fruitless toil! where's now
 That labour seen?—'tis lost.
- [11.] But painful sweat,
 The dear-earn'd price of daily bread,
Was all perhaps that thee
 With hungry sorrows fed.
- [12.] Perhaps, but tears
 Surest relief of heart-sick woe
Thine only drink from down
 These sockets used to flow.
- [13.] Oppress'd, perhaps,
 With aches, and pains, and aged cares,
Down to the grave thou brought'st
 A few, and hoary hairs.
- [14.] 'Tis all perhaps!
 No marks, no tokens can I trace:
What on the stage of life
 Thy rank, or station was.

- [15.] Nameless, unknown!
Of all distinction stript and bare,
In nakedness conceal'd,
Oh, who shall thee declare!
- [16.] Nameless, unknown!
Yet fit companion thou for me,
Who hear no human voice;
No living visage see.
- [17.] From me, from thee,
The glories of the world are gone;
Nor yet have either lost
Ought we could call our own.
- [18.] What we are now,
The great—the wise—the fair—the brave,
Shall all hereafter be;
All Hermits in the grave.

On Death.¹⁵⁴

- [1.] 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 thy way;
When time shall be eternity, and thou
Shall be thou know'st not what! and live thou know'st not how.
- [2.] 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.

¹⁵⁴By John Norris. Found in *A Collection of Miscellanies* (Oxford: J. Crosely, 1687), 31–32. Wesley published previously, under its original title “The Meditation,” in *MSP* (1744), 1:74–75.

- [3.] Some court'ous 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 die?
But you, having shot the gulph, delight to see
Succeeding souls plunge in with like uncertainty.
- [4.] When life's close knot, by writ from destiny,
Disease shall cut, or age untie;
When after some delays, some dying strife,
The soul stands shiv'ring on the ridge of life;
With what a dreadful curiosity
Does she launch out into the sea of vast eternity!
- [5.] So when the spacious globe was delug'd o'er,
And lower holds could save no more,
On th' utmost bough th' astonish'd sinner stood,
And view'd the advances of th' encroaching flood:
O'r-topt at length, by th' elements increase,
With horror they resign'd to the untri'd abyss.

Dr. Doddridge's Epigram on his Family Vault.¹⁵⁵

Dum vivimus vivamus.

Live, while you live, the epicure would say,
And seize the pleasures of the present day.
Live, while you live, the sacred preacher cries,
And give to God each moment as it flies.
Lord, in my views let both united be,
I live in pleasure, when I live to thee.

¹⁵⁵By Philip Doddridge, published in several settings prior to this.

POETRY.

A Night-Piece on Death.¹⁵⁶

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 readi'r 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 slumb'ring breeze forgets to breathe,
The lake is smooth and clear beneath,
Where once again the spangl'd 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.¹⁵⁷
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.

¹⁵⁶Thomas Parnell, *Poems on Several Occasions* (London: Bernard Lintot, 1721), 152–57.
Wesley published previously in *MSP* (1744), 1:261–64.

¹⁵⁷Orig., “leaves”; a misprint, as seen by comparison to *MSP* (1744), 1:262.

Those graves 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 chissel's slender help to fame,
Which ere¹⁵⁸ 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 sculptur'd stones,
Arms, angels, epitaphs, and bones,
These (all the poor remains of state)
Adorn the *rich*, or praise the *great*.

Ha! while I gaze, pale Cynthia fades,
The bursting earth unveils her shades!
All slow, and wan, and wrapp'd with shrouds,
They rise in visionary crouds,
And all with sober accents cry,
"Think mortal, what it is to die."

Now from yon black and fun'ral yew,
That bathes the charnel-house with dew,
Me thinks 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.

¹⁵⁸Orig., "e'er"; but used in sense of "before."

When man 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 provok'd 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 of ease
From the rough rage of swelling seas.

Why then thy flowing sable stoles,
Deep pendant cypress, mourning poles,
And plumes of black, that as they tread,
Nod o'er the 'scutcheons 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,
When e'er their suff'ring years are run,
Spring forth to greet the glitt'ring sun.
Such joy, though far transcending sense,
Have pious souls at parting hence.
On earth, and in the body plac'd,
A few, and evil years they waste:
But when their chains are cast aside,
See the bright scene unfolding wide,
Clap their glad wings, and tow'r away,
And mingle with the blaze of day.

The Resignation.¹⁵⁹

'Tis done! the darling idol I resign,
 Unfit to share a heart so justly thine;
 Nor can the heav'nly call unwelcome be,
 That still invites my soul more near to thee:
 Thou dost but take the dying lamp away,
 To bless me with thy own unmingled day.
 Ye shades, ye phantoms, and ye dreams, adieu!
 With smiles I now your parting glories view.
 I see the hand; I worship; I adore,
 And justify the great disposing pow'r.
 Divine advantage! O immortal gain!
 Why should my fond, ungrateful heart complain?
 Whate'er of beauty in his ample round
 The sun surveys, in thee is brighter found;
 Whate'er the restless mind of man desires;
 Whate'er an angel's vaster thought admires:
 In thee 'tis found in its unchanging height,
 Thou first great spring of beauty and delight!
 What have I lost of excellent, or fair,
 Or kind, or good, that thou can'st not repair?
 What have I lost of truth or amity,
 But what deriv'd its gentle source from thee?
 At one kind look, one sparkling glance of thine,
 Created pride must languish and decline.
 'Tis done, at last, the great deciding part!
 The world's subdu'd, and thou hast all my heart:
 It pants for joys which that can ne'er bestow;
 And spreads itself too wide for all below;
 It leaves the vast creation far behind,
 And presses forward, free and unconfin'd.
 I see a boundless prospect still before,
 And dote upon my former joys no more;
 Celestial passions kindle in my soul,
 And ev'ry low, inglorious thought control.

¹⁵⁹Elizabeth Singer Rowe, *The Miscellaneous Works in Prose and Verse of Mrs. Elizabeth Rowe*, 2 vols. (London: R. Hett & R. Dodsley, 1739), 1:118–20. Wesley published previously in *MSP* (1744), 1:231–33.

O come! ye sacred gusts, ye pure delights,
Ye heav'nly sounds, ye intellectual sights;
Ye gales of paradise, that lull to rest,
And fill with silent calms the peaceful breast;
With you, transporting hopes that boldly rise,
And swell in blissful torrents, to the skies;
That soar with angels on their splendid wings,
And search th' *arcana* of celestial things.
Here let me dwell, and bid the world adieu,
And still converse, ye glorious scenes, with you.
Keep far away, for ever far from hence,
Ye gaudy shews, and flatt'ring snares of sense;
Ye gay varieties on earth, adieu!
However soft, and pleasing to the view.
And all ye dazzling wonders of the skies,
Ev'n you my now aspiring thoughts despise;
No more your blandishments my heart detain,
Beauty and pleasure make their court in vain;
Object divine, and infinite in view,
Seize all my powers, ye fading toys, from you.

'Tis finish'd now, the great deciding part!
The world's subdu'd, and thou hast all my heart;
It triumphs in the change, it fixes here,
Nor needs another separation fear.
No various scenes to come, no change of place
Shall e'er thy image, from my soul efface;
Nor life, nor death, nor distant height above,
Nor depths below shall part me from thy love.

**Flying Fowl, and Creeping Things,
Praise Ye the Lord.¹⁶⁰**

- [1.] Sweet flocks, whose soft enamell'd wing
 Swift and gently cleaves the sky;
Whose charming notes address the spring,
 With an artless harmony.
Lovely minstrels of the field,
 Who in leafy shadows sit,
And your wond'rous structures build,
 Awake your tuneful voices with the dawning light;
To nature's God your first devotions pay,
 Ere¹⁶¹ you salute the rising day,
'Tis he calls up the sun, and gives him every ray.
- [2.] Serpents, who o'er the meadows slide,
 And wear upon your shining back
Num'rous ranks of gaudy pride,
 Which thousand mingling colours make;
Let the glancings of your eyes
 Rebate their baleful fire;
In harmless play twist and unfold
 The volumes of your scaly gold:
That rich embroid'ry of your gay attire,
 Proclaims your Master kind and wise.
- [3.] Insects and mites, of mean degree,
 That swarm in myriads o'er the land,
Moulded by wisdom's artful hand,
 And curl'd and painted with a various dye;
In your innumerable forms
 Praise him that wears th' ethereal crown,
And bends his lofty councils down
 To despicable worms.

¹⁶⁰Isaac Watts, *Horae Lyricae* (London: Humfreys, 1709), 71–72. Wesley published previously in *CPH* (1738), 76–77.

¹⁶¹Orig., “e’er”; but used in sense of “before.”

POETRY.

Know Thyself.¹⁶²

- [1.] O ignorant poor man! what dost thou bear,
 Lock'd up within the casket of thy breast!
What jewels, and what riches hast thou there!
 What heav'nly treasure in so weak a chest!
- [2.] Look in thy soul, and thou shalt beauties find,
 Like those which drown'd Narcissus in the flood:
Honour and *pleasure* both are in thy mind,
 And all that in the world is counted *good*.
- [3.] Think of her worth, and think that God did mean,
 This worthy mind should worthy things embrace:
Blot not her beauties with thy thoughts unclean,
 Nor her dishonour with thy passions base.
- [4.] Kill not her *quick'ning power* with surfeitings;
 Mar not her *sense* with sensuality:
Cast not her serious *wit* on idle things;
 Make not her *free-will* slave to vanity.
- [5.] And when thou think'st of her *eternity*,
 Think not that *death* against our nature is;
Think it a *birth*: and when thou go'st to die,
 Sing like a swan, as if thou went'st to bliss.
- [6.] And if thou, like a child, didst fear before,
 B'ing in the dark where thou didst nothing see;
Now I have brought the *torch-light*, fear no more;
 Now when thou di'st, thou canst not hood-wink'd be.

¹⁶²John Davies (1569–1626), *The Original, Nature, and Immortality of the Soul, a poem: with an introduction concerning human knowledge* (London: W. Rogers, 1697), 106–8. Wesley published previously in *MSP* (1744), 1:21–22.

- [7.] And thou, my *soul*, which turn'st with curious eye,
To view the beams of thine own form divine,
Know, that thou can'st know nothing perfectly,
While thou art clouded with this flesh of mine.
- [8.] Take heed of *over-weening*, and compare
Thy *peacock's* feet with thy gay *peacock's* train:
Study the best and highest things that are,
But of thyself an humble thought retain.
- [9.] Cast down thyself, and only strive to raise
The glory of thy Maker's sacred name:
Use all thy pow'rs, that blessed pow'r to praise,
Which gives thee pow'r to *be*, and *use the same*.

The Character of a Good Parson.
(Imitated from Chaucer.)¹⁶³

A parish-priest was of the pilgrim-train,
An awful, rev'rend and religious man.
His eyes diffus'd a venerable grace,
And charity itself was in his face.
Rich was his soul, though his attire was poor: }
(As God had cloth'd his own ambassador) }
For such on earth, his bless'd Redeemer bore. }
Of sixty years he seem'd, and well might last
To sixty more, but that he liv'd too fast:
Deny'd himself so far, to curb his sense,
He made almost a sin of abstinence.
Yet, had his aspect nothing of severe,
But such a face as promis'd him sincere.
Nothing reserv'd or sullen was to see: }
But sweet regards; and pleasing sanctity: }
Mild was his accent, and his action free.

¹⁶³John Dryden, "The Character of a Good Parson," in *Fables Ancient and Modern, Translated into Verse* (London: Jacob Tonson, 1700), 531–36.

With eloquence innate his tongue was arm'd;
 Though harsh the precept, yet the preacher charm'd.
 For, letting down the golden chain from high,
 He drew his audience upward to the sky:
 And oft, with holy hymns, he charm'd their ears:
 (A music more melodious than the spheres)
 For David left him, when he went to rest,
 His lyre; and after him, he sung the best.
 He bore his great commission in his look:
 But sweetly temper'd awe; and soften'd all he spoke.
 He preach'd the joys of heav'n, and pains of hell;
 And warn'd the sinner with becoming zeal: }
 But on eternal mercy lov'd to dwell.
 He taught the gospel rather than the law:
 And forc'd himself to drive; but lov'd to draw.
 For fear but freezes minds, but love, like heat,
 Exhales the soul sublime, to seek her native seat.
 To threats, the stubborn sinner oft is hard,
 Wrapp'd in the crimes, against the storm prepar'd;
 But, when the milder beams of mercy play,
 He melts, and throws his cumb'rous cloak away.

Lightning and thunder heaven's artillery
 As harbingers before th' Almighty fly:
 Those but proclaim his stile,¹⁶⁴ and disappear;
 The stiller sound succeeds, and God is there.

Still of his little, he had some to spare,
 To feed the famish'd, and to clothe the bare:
 For mortifi'd he was to that degree,
 A poorer than himself he would not see.
 For priests, he said, and preachers of the word,
 Were only stewards of their sov'reign Lord;
 Nothing was theirs; but all the public store,
 Intrusted riches, to relieve the poor.

¹⁶⁴I.e., "style."

Who, should they steal, for want of his relief,
He judg'd himself accomplice with the thief.

Wide was his parish; not contracted close
In streets, but here and there a straggling house;
Yet still he was at hand, without request,
To serve the sick, to succour the distress'd;
Tempting on foot alone, without affright,
The dangers of a dark tempestuous night.
All this, the good old man perform'd alone,
Nor spar'd his pains; for curate he had none.
Yet duly watch'd his flock, by night and day,
And from the prowling wolf redeem'd the prey,
And hungry sent the wily fox away.

}

The proud he tam'd, the penitent he cheer'd:
Nor to rebuke the *rich* offender fear'd.
His preaching much, but more his practice wrought;
(A living sermon of the truths he taught;)
For this by rules severe his life he squar'd:
That all might *see* the doctrine which they *heard*.
For priests, he said, were patterns for the rest:
(The gold of heaven who bear the God impress'd)
But when the precious gold is kept unclean,
The Sov'reign's image is no longer seen.
If they be foul, on whom the people trust,
Well may the baser brass contract a rust.
The prelate, for his holy life, he priz'd;
The worldly pomp of prelacy despis'd,
His Saviour came not with a gaudy show;
Nor was his kingdom of the world below.
Patience in want, and poverty of mind,
These marks of church and churchmen he design'd,
And living-taught; and dying left behind.

}

The crown he wore was of the pointed thorn:
In purple he was crucifi'd, not born.
Those who contend for place and high degree,
Are not his sons, but those of Zebedee.

Such was the saint; who shone with every grace,
Reflecting, Moses-like, his Master's face.
God saw his image lively was express'd;
And his new work, as in creation, bless'd.

Fools make a Mock at Sin.—Prov. xiv. 18.¹⁶⁵

- [1.] Who laugh at sin, laugh at their Maker's frowns,
Laugh at the sword of vengeance o'er their head;
Laugh at the great Redeemer's tears and wounds,
Who, but for sin had never wept or bled.
- [2.] Who laugh at sin, laugh at the num'rous woes,
Which have the guilty world so oft befel;
Laugh at the whole creation's groans and throes,
At all the spoils of death, and pains of hell.
- [3.] Who laugh at sin, laugh at their own disease,
Welcome approaching torments with a smile;
Dare at their soul's expence their fancy please,
Affront their God, themselves of bliss beguile.
- [4.] Who laugh at sin, sport with their guilt and shame,
Laugh at the errors of their senseless mind;
For so absurd a fool there wants a name,
Expressive of a folly so refin'd.

¹⁶⁵Joseph Stennett, *The Works of the Late Reverend and Learned Mr. Joseph Stennett* (London: Darby, Midwinter, et al., 1731–32), 4:251–52; republished as a separate poem broadly.

POETRY.

Hymn to Contentment.¹⁶⁶

Lovely, lasting peace of mind!
Sweet delight of human-kind!
Heav'nly born and bred on high,
To crown the fav'rites of the sky:

¹⁶⁶Thomas Parnell, *Poems on Several Occasions* (London: Bernard Lintot, 1721), 158–63.
Wesley published previously in *MSP* (1744), 1:265–67.

With more of happiness below,
Than victors in a triumph know!
Whither, O whither art thou fled,
To lay thy meek contented head!
What happy region dost thou please
To make the seat of calm and ease!
Ambition searches all its sphere
Of pomp and state to meet thee there.
Encreasing avarice would find
Thy presence in its gold enshrin'd.
The bold advent'rer ploughs his way
Through rocks amidst the foaming sea,
To gain thy love; and then perceives
Thou wert not in the rocks and waves.
The silent heart which grief assails,
Treads soft and lonesome o'er the vales,
Sees daisies open, rivers run,
And seeks (as I have vainly done)
Amusing thought, but learns to know
That solitude's the nurse of woe.
No real happiness is found
In trailing purple o'er the ground:
Or in a soul exalted high,
To range the circuit of the sky;
Converse with stars above and know
All nature in its forms below:
The rest it seeks, in seeking dies,
And doubts at last for knowledge rise.

Lovely, lasting peace, appear!
This world itself if thou art here,
Is once again with Eden blest,
And man contains it in his breast.

'Twas thus as in the shade I stood,
I sung my wishes to the wood,
And lost in thought, no more perceiv'd
The branches whisper as they wav'd:
It seem'd, as all the quiet place
Confess'd the presence of the grace.
When thus she spoke—Go rule thy will;
Bid thy wild passions all be still,
Know God—and bring thy heart to know,
The joys that from religion flow:
Then ev'ry grace shall prove its guest,
And I'll be there to crown the rest.

O! by yonder mossy seat,
In my hours of sweet retreat;
Might I thus my soul employ,
With sense of gratitude and joy:
Rais'd as ancient prophets were
In heav'nly vision, praise and prayer;
Pleasing all men, hurting none,
Pleas'd and blest with God alone:
Then while the gardens take my sight,
With all the colours of delight;
While silver waters glide along,
To please my ear and court my song:
I'll lift my voice and tune my string,
And thee, great *source of nature* sing.

The sun that walks his airy way,
To light the world, and give the day.
The moon that shines with borrow'd light;
The stars that gild the gloomy night:
The sea that rolls unnumber'd waves;
The wood that spreads its shady leaves;

The field whose ears conceal the grain,
The yellow treasure of the plain;
All of these, and all I see,
Should be sung, and sung by me:
They speak their nature as they can,
But want and ask the tongue of man.

Go search among your idle dreams,
Your *busy*, or your *vain* extremes,
And find a life of equal bliss,
Or own the *next* begun in *this*.

**An Extract from an Elegiac Poem on the Death of Mr. Grey:
who died, July 31, 1771, aged 55.¹⁶⁷**

- [1.] 'Tis done, 'tis done—the iron hand of pain,
 With ruthless fury, and corrosive force,
Racks every joint, and seizes every vein;
 He sinks, he groans, he falls a lifeless corse!
- [2.] Thus fades the flow'r, nipp'd by the frozen gale,
 Though once so sweet, so lovely to the eye!
Thus the tall oaks, when boist'rous storms assail,
 Torn from the earth, a mighty ruin lie.
- [3.] Ye sacred sisters of the plaintive verse,
 Now let the stream of fond affection flow;
Or pay your tribute o'er the slow drawn hearse,
 With all the manly dignity of woe.
- [4.] Oft when the curfew tolls its parting knell,
 With solemn pause yon church-yard's gloom survey,
While sorrow's sighs, and tears of pity tell,
 How just the moral of the poet's lay.
- [5.] O'er his lov'd grave, in contemplation's guise,
 Oft let the pilgrim drop a silent tear;
Oft let the shepherd's louder accents rise,
 Big with the sweets of each revolving year.

¹⁶⁷The extract is the last five stanzas of John Tait's "Tears of Genius—An Ode to the Memory of Mr. [Thomas] Gray," which was first published in the 1778 edition of *Poems by Mr. Gray* (London: J. Murray), xxxiii–xxxix. This specific extract is found in Robert Blair (1699–1746), *The Grave* (London: John Fielding, 1785), iv.

**The Following Verses were Addressed
to His Royal Highness Prince Adolphus Frederick,
on His Birth Day, Feb. 24, 1787.
(By the English Gentlemen at Gottingen.)¹⁶⁸**

Hail honour'd youth! of native worth possest,
With wit, with sense, with manly virtue blest;
Accept our tribute, nor refuse the praise
Which merit claims, and justice freely pays.

Thy verdant spring, which softly steals away,
Mild blessings shedding on each passing day,
Breathes joy and hope, whilst health with cheerful train,
And pleasures triumph unalloy'd with pain:
These are the halcyon days, when blooming youth
Exults in lovely innocence and truth.

Year rolls on year, and soon swift flying time
Must bear thee to the world's temp'etuous clime;
Rude passions there, and pleasure's quicksands wait,
To urge thee on, to all the ills of fate.
There flatt'ry with her fair delusive smile
Tells her false tale, and labours to beguile.
Ah! hear her not, attend to reason's voice,
In every action let her guide thy choice.
So safely borne on life's imp'etuous tide,
Shall all thy future years with honour glide.

When war with loud and horrid cry alarms,
And the shrill clarion sounding calls to arms,
Then may thy ripen'd virtue lead thee forth
To prove to an expecting world thy worth.
Strong may ambition in thy bosom glow,
And pluck fresh laurels to adorn thy brow.

¹⁶⁸*To His Royal Highness Prince Adolphus Frederick the following verses on his birthday Febr. 24th. 1787 are Addressed as a Tribute of Respect by the English Gentlemen at Gottingen. [Göttingen, 1787]; reprinted in *Gentleman's Magazine* 62 (1787): 1177.*

Thy name recorded in historic page,
Fam'd by the Swede, the hero of his age,
Who thunder'd through the land, and on his shield
Engrav'd a conquest, ere he took the field,
Shall gain new glory, and with lustre shine
Pure as the brilliant jewel in the mine.

No ruin'd walls shall own thy fatal hand,
Or mark thy progress through a ravag'd land;
But mourning peasants blest by thee shall smile,
And the worn labourer forget his toil.

No wretch oppress'd by poverty and pain,
Shall tell his melting tale to thee in vain;
With pity's warmth thy gen'rous breast shall glow,
And soft compassion wipe the tear from woe:
Thy country's foes shall then with wonder own,
Another Scipio in our Sov'reign's son.
With such fair views illustrious youth proceed,
To grace thy country by each noble deed;
Tread in thy honour'd father's steps, and feel
His ardent passion for the public weal.

In thee Adolphus, may the world admire
All that is worthy of thy royal Sire,
In every action, every virtue shine,
Honour and truth, benevolence be thine.
Proceed lov'd Prince! pursue thy chosen plan,
And "dare do all that may become a man."

On Riches.¹⁶⁹

- [1.] What man in his wits had not rather be poor,
Than for lucre his freedom to give?
Ever busy the means of life to secure,
And so ever neglecting to live.

¹⁶⁹[Samuel Wesley Jr.], "Song," in David Lewis (ed.), *Miscellaneous Poems by Several Hands* (London: J. Watts, 1726), 5–6 [cf. Wesley, *Poems on Several Occasions* (2nd edn.; Cambridge: Bentham, 1743), 80]. John Wesley published previously in *MSP* (1744), 2:159–60.

- [2.] Inviron'd from morning to night in a crowd,
Not a moment unbent, or alone,
Constrain'd to be abject, though never so proud,
And at every one's call, but his own!
- [3.] Still repining, and longing for quiet each hour,
Yet studiously flying it still;
With the means of enjoying his wish in his power;
But accurst with his wanting the will.
- [4.] For a year must be past, or a day must be come,
Before he has leisure to rest:
He must add to his store this or that pretty sum;
And then wilt have time to be blest.
- [5.] But his gains, more bewitching the more they increase,
Only swell the desire of his eye,
Such a wretch, let mine enemy live, if he please;
Let not even mine enemy die.

Epitaph
On a Man and his Wife.¹⁷⁰

- [1.] Here sleep, whom neither life, nor love,
Nor friendship's strictest tye,
Could in such close embrace as thou,
Thou faithful grave ally.
- [2.] Preserve them, each dissolv'd in each,
For bonds of love divine,
For union only more complete,
Thou faithful grave than thine.

¹⁷⁰[Unidentified author], "Epitaph on a Man and His Wife," in David Lewis (ed.), *Miscellaneous Poems by Several Hands* (London: J. Watts, 1726), 116. Wesley published previously in *MSP* (1744), 2:163.

POETRY.

**An Ode Sung at the Anniversary Meeting
of an Ancient Fraternity.¹⁷¹**

I.

To endless rounds of hopes and fears,
Our glory we betray;
And toils on toils, and cares on cares,
Consume our lives away.

The fond desire, and flatt'ring view,
But lead us to despair;
With pain we all our ends pursue;
And all our ends are air.

Chorus.

Then lose we care, and baulk we toil,
Our sorrows well deceiving;
And wisely now, a little while,
Devote we life to living!

II.

Our better part, the human mind,
(’Tis reason’s cheerful voice)
Ally’d to angels, was designed
Like them for social joys.

Chorus.

’Tis thus we live, and thus we’ll rise
Above all worldly measure;
Assert our kindred to the skies,
And grasp immortal pleasure.

¹⁷¹[Unidentified author], “An Ode sung at the Anniversary . . .,” in David Lewis (ed.), *Miscellaneous Poems by Several Hands* (London: J. Watts, 1730), 295–88. It appears in John Wesley’s *MS Poetry Miscellany*, 86–87, under the title “Ode to the Grand Khaibar, 1726”. It may have been written in response to *An Ode to the Grand Khaibar* (London: J. Roberts, 1725), which was a satire on Free Masonry. Wesley published previously in *MSP* (1744), 2:205–7.

III.

The good and brave the virtues own,
To gen'rous converse due;
And they're the good and brave alone
That can, and dare be true.

They're such who feel the steady rays
Of friendship's purest flame;
And, clear or cloudy be their days,
For ever love the same.

Chorus.

So friend with¹⁷² friend we'll nobly close,
While all around us wonder,
There should be formed in nature those
Whom fortune cannot sunder.

IV.

What though the many wholly bend
To things beneath our state,
Some poorly to be rich contend,
And others meanly great.

There liv'd a few through every space,
Since first our kind began,
Who still maintain'd, with better grace,
The dignity of man.

Chorus.

For this, as met our sires, meet we,
With brother join we brother:
With¹⁷³ souls, from pride and avarice free,
Were form'd for one another.

¹⁷²Orig., "and"; changed by JW in his personal copy of *AM*.

¹⁷³Orig., "And"; changed by JW in his personal copy of *AM*.

The Day of Judgment.
Attempted in the Manner of Dr. Watts.¹⁷⁴

- [1.] At that great day when Christ appears,
Enrob'd with shining light,
To judge the facts of many years,
And set the injur'd right.
- [2.] The trump celestial loudly sound,
"Imprison'd dust arise!
Awake ye nations under ground,
Unseal your long clos'd eyes!"
- [3.] Then earth and seas shall open wide,
The dead to view appear;
Both friends and foes stand side by side,
O'rwhelm'd with guilty fear.
- [4.] The just in precious words like these,
Obtain their promis'd due,
"Repair my sons to endless ease,
That was prepar'd for you."
- [5.] The wicked then oppress'd with grief,
Receive their horrid doom;
Destruction vast beyond relief,
Cast in eternal gloom.
- [6.] "Depart ye curs'd where flame meets flame,
And fires eternal roll,
Where loud and piercing shrieks proclaim
The torments of the soul."
- [7.] Then fiery oceans burst with pow'r,
And swallow up this world;
Whole ages in that fatal hour,
Shall be in chaos hurl'd.

¹⁷⁴No prior publication or further details on author for this poem have been located.

Epitaph.¹⁷⁵

A pleasing form, a firm, yet cautious mind,
Sincere, though prudent; constant, yet resign'd;
Honour unchang'd; a principle profest,
Fixt to one side, but mod'rate to the rest:
An honest courtier, and a patriot too,
Just to his prince, and to his country true;
Fill'd with the sense of age, the fire of youth,
A scorn of wrangling, yet a zeal for truth;
A generous faith, from superstition free;
A love to peace, and hate of tyranny;
Such this man was; who now from earth remov'd,
At length enjoys that liberty he lov'd.

**Epigram:
From the Greek.**¹⁷⁶

On Stygian banks, Diogenes the wise
Bursts into laughter when he Croesus spies;
And thus bespeaks, in thread-bare cloak and old,
The monarch famous for his gather'd gold:
I, nothing leave, I all to Charon bear,
Thou, Croesus, rich on earth, hast nothing here.

On the Foregoing Epigram.¹⁷⁷

The Lydian prince is blamed for wealth alone,
Though greater in his virtues than his throne.
The cynick churl is prais'd, of fame secure,
Though void of every grace but being poor.
No wonder whence this partial judgments springs,
Such crowds are envious, and so few are kings.

¹⁷⁵Alexander Pope, "On Sir William Trumball," *Miscellany Poems* (London: Bernard Lintot, 1726), 1:200. Wesley published previously in *MSP* (1744), 1:279.

¹⁷⁶[Samuel Wesley Jr], "Epigram from the Greek," in David Lewis (ed.), *Miscellaneous Poems by Several Hands* (London: J. Watts, 1726), 283 [cf. Wesley, *Poems on Several Occasions* (2nd edn.; Cambridge: Bentham, 1743), 126]. John Wesley published previously in *MSP* (1744), 2:176.

¹⁷⁷[Samuel Wesley Jr], "On the Foregoing Epigram," in David Lewis (ed.), *Miscellaneous Poems by Several Hands* (London: J. Watts, 1726), 283 [cf. Wesley, *Poems on Several Occasions* (2nd edn.; Cambridge: Bentham, 1743), 126]. John Wesley published previously in *MSP* (1744), 2:176.

POETRY.

The Progress of Error.

[Part I.]¹⁷⁸

Sing muse (if such a theme so dark, so long,
May find a muse to grace it with a song)
By what unseen and unsuspected arts
The serpent error twines round human hearts,
Tell where she lurks, beneath what flow'ry shades,
That not a glimpse of genuine light pervades,

¹⁷⁸William Cowper, *Poems* (London: J. Johnson, 1782), 41–62 (with many elisions).

Not all whose eloquence the fancy fills,
 Musical as the chime of tinkling rills,
 Weak to perform, though mighty to pretend,
 Can trace her mazy windings to their end,
 Discern the fraud beneath the specious lure,
 Prevent the danger, or prescribe the cure.
 The clear harangue, and cold as it is clear,
 Falls soporific on the listless ear,
 Like quicksilver, the rhet'ric they display,
 Shines as it runs, but grassp'd at slips away.
 Plac'd for his trial on this bustling stage,
 From thoughtless youth to ruminating age,
 Free in his will to chuse or to refuse,
 Man may improve the crisis¹⁷⁹ or abuse.
 Else, on the fatalist's unrighteous plan,
 Say, to what bar amenable were man?
 With nought in charge, he could betray no trust,
 And if he fell, would fall because he must;
 If love reward him, or if vengeance strike,
 His recompence in both, unjust alike.
 Divine authority within his breast
 Brings ev'ry thought, word, action to the test,
 Warns him or prompts, approves him or restrains,
 As reason, or as passion, takes the reins.
 Heaven from above, and conscience from within,
 Cry in his startled ear, abstain from sin.
 The world around solicits his desire,
 And kindles in his soul a treach'rous fire,
 While all his purposes and steps to guard
 Peace follows virtue as its sure reward,
 And pleasure brings as surely in her train,
 Remorse and sorrow, and vindictive pain.
 Man thus endu'd with an elective voice,
 Must be suppli'd with objects of his choice.

¹⁷⁹Orig., "iris"; a misprint.

Where'er he turns, enjoyment and delight,
 Or present, or in prospect, meet his sight;
 These open on the spot their honey'd store,
 Those call him loudly to pursuit of more.
 His unexhausted mine,¹⁸⁰ the sordid vice,
 Avarice shews, and virtue is the price.
 Here various motives his ambition raise,
 Pow'r, pomp, and splendor, and the thirst of praise;
 There beauty woes him with expanded arms,
 E'en Bacchanalian madness has its charms.
 Grey dawn appears, the sportsman and his train
 Speckle the bosom of the distant plain,
 'Tis he, the Nimrod of the neighbouring lairs,
 Save that his scent is less acute than theirs,
 For persevering chase, and headlong leaps,
 True beagle as the staunchest hound he keeps,
 Charg'd¹⁸¹ with the folly of his life's mad scene,
 He takes offence, and wonders what you mean;
 The joy, the danger, and the toil o'er pays,
 'Tis exercise and health and length of days,
 Again impetuous to the field he flies,
 Leaps every fence but one, there falls and dies;
 Like a slain deer, the tumbrel brings him home,
 Unmiss'd but by his dogs, and by his groom.

Ye clergy, while your orbit is your place,
 Lights of the world, and stars of human race—
 But if eccentric ye forsake your sphere,
 Prodigious ominous, and view'd with fear.
 The comet's baneful influence is a dream,
 Yours real, and pernicious in th' extreme.
 What then—are appetites and lusts laid down,
 With the same ease a man puts on his gown.
 Will av'rice and concupiscence give place,
 Charm'd by the sounds, your rev'rence, or your grace?

¹⁸⁰Orig., "mind"; a misprint.

¹⁸¹Orig., "Chang'd"; a misprint.

No. But his own engagement binds him fast,
 Or if it does not, brands him to the last,
 What atheists call him, a designing knave,
 A mere church juggler, hypocrite and slave.
 Oh laugh, or mourn with me, the rueful jest,
 A cassock'd huntsman, and a fiddling priest;
 He from Italian songsters takes his cue,¹⁸²
 Set Paul to music, he shall quote him too.
 He takes the field, the master of the pack
 Cries well done Saint—and claps him on the back.
 Is this the path of sanctity? is this
 To stand a way-mark in the road to bliss?
 Himself a wand'rer from the narrow way,
 His silly sheep, what wonder if they stray?
 Go, cast your orders at your Bishop's feet,
 Send your dishonour'd gown to Monmouth-Street
 The sacred functions, in your hands is made,
 Sad sacrilege! No function, but a trade.

Of manners rough, and coarse athletic cast,
 The rank debauch suits Clodio's filthy taste.
 Ruffillus, exquisitely form'd by rule,
 Not of the moral, but the dancing-school,
 Wonders at Clodio's follies in a tone
 As tragical, as others in his own.
 He cannot drink five bottles, bilk the score,
 Then kill a constable, and drink five more;
 But he can draw a pattern, make a tart,
 And has the ladies' etiquette by heart.
 Go fool, and arm in arm with Clodio, plead
 Your cause, before a bar you little dread;
 But know, the law that bids the drunkard die
 Is far too just to pass the trifler¹⁸³ by.
 Pleasure admitted in undue degree,
 Enslaves the will, nor leaves the judgment free.

¹⁸²Orig., "hue"; a misprint.

¹⁸³Orig., "trifle"; a misprint.

'Tis not alone the grapes enticing juice,
 Unnerves their moral powers, and mars their use,
 Ambition, av'rice, and the lust of fame,
 And women, lovely women, do the same.
 The heart surrender'd to the ruling¹⁸⁴ pow'r
 Of some ungovern'd passion ev'ry hour,
 Finds by degrees, the truth, that once bore sway,
 And all their deep impressions wear away.
 So coin grown smooth in traffic current pass'd,
 Till Caesar's image is effac'd at last.
 Ye writers of what none with safety reads,
 Footing it in the dance that fancy leads,
 Ye novellists who marr what ye would mend,
 Sniv'ling and driv'ling folly without end,
 Whose corresponding misses fill the ream
 With sentimental frippery and dream,
 Caught in a delicate soft silken net
 By some lewd Earl, or rake-hell Baronet;
 Ye pimps, who under virtue's fair pretence,
 Steal to the closet of young innocence,
 And teach her unexperienc'd yet and green,
 To scribble as you scribbled at fifteen;
 Oh that a verse had pow'r and could command
 Far, far away, these flesh-flies of the land,
 Who fasten without mercy on the fair,
 And suck, and leave a craving maggot there.
 But the muse eagle pinion'd has in view
 A quarry more important still than you,
 Down, down the wind she swims and sails away,
 Now stoops upon it, and now grasps the prey.
 Petronius! all the muses weep for thee,
 But ev'ry tear shall scald thy memory.
 The graces too, while virtue at their shrine
 Lay bleeding under that soft hand of thine,

¹⁸⁴Orig., "reeling"; a misprint.

Felt each a mortal stab in his own breast
 Abhorr'd the sacrifice and curs'd the priest.

Thou polish'd and high finish'd foe to truth,
 Grey beard corrupter of our list'ning youth,
 To purge away and skim the filth of vice,
 That so refin'd it might the more entice,
 Then pour it on the morals of thy son
 To taint his heart was worthy of *thine own*.
 Now while the poison all high life pervades,
 Write if thou canst one letter from the shades,
 One, and one only, charg'd with deep regret,
 That thy worst part, thy principles live yet;
 One sad epistle thence, may cure mankind,
 Of the plague spread by bundles left behind.
 'Tis granted, and no plainer truth appears,
 Our most important are our earliest years,
 The mind impressible and soft, with ease
 Imbibes and copies what she hears and sees,
 And through life's labyrinth hold fast the clue
 That education gives her, false or true.
 Plants rais'd with tenderness are seldom strong,
 Man's coltish¹⁸⁵ disposition asks the thong,
 And without discipline the fav'rite child,
 Like a neglected forester runs wild.
 But we, as if good qualities would grow
 Spontaneous, take but little pains to sow,
 We give some Latin and a smatch of Greek,
 Teach him to fence and figure twice a week,
 And having done we think, the best we can,
 Praise his proficiency, and dub him man.
 From school to Cam or Isis, and thence home,
 And thence with all convenient speed to Rome,
 With rev'rend tutor clad in habit lay,
 To teaze for cash and quarrel with all day,

¹⁸⁵Orig., "cottish"; a misprint.

With memorandum-book for ev'ry town,
And ev'ry post, and where the chaise broke down,
His stock, a few French phrases got by heart,
With much to learn, but nothing to impart,
The youth obedient to his sire's commands,
Sets off a wand'rer into foreign lands:
Surpriz'd at all they meet the gosling pair
With aukward gait, stretch'd neck, and silly stare,
Discover huge cathedrals built with stone,
And steeples tow'ring high much like our own.
But show peculiar light by many a grin
At Popish practices observed within.
Accomplishments have taken virtue's place,
And wisdom falls before exterior grace;
We slight the precious kernel of the stone,
And toil to polish its rough coat alone.
A just deportment, manners grac'd with ease,
Elegant phrase, and figure form'd to please,
Are qualities that seem to comprehend
Whatever parents, guardians, schools intend;
Hence an unfurnish'd and a listless mind,
Though busy, trifling; empty, though refin'd;
Hence all that interferes, and dares to clash
With indolence and luxury, is trash;
While learning, once the man's exclusive pride,
Seems verging far towards the female side.

(To be concluded in our next.)

The Believer's Portion.¹⁸⁶

- [1.] Come, ye aspiring mortals, see
What glories wait for you and me!
Though you enjoy and grasp at all,
To me no less a share will fall.

¹⁸⁶N. P. "A Contrast to the World's Three Temptations," in *Divine, Moral, and Historical Miscellanies* (London: J. Fuller, 1763), 3:100 (altered). In his personal copy of *AM*, JW writes by the title of this poem "Doggerel."

- [2.] Are you for pleasures? Here they flow,
Pure and unmix'd from every woe;
In ample rivers here they glide,
Issuing from a Saviour's side.
- [3.] If 'tis a pleasure to be free
From guilt, and pain, and misery;
Freedom from these are but a part
Of those that flow from Jesus' heart.
- [4.] Joys overflowing, ever new,
Rise here to our transported view;
Pleasures of pardon, love, and peace,
Run freely with a large increase.
- [5.] Talk ye of wealth—To what is here
Ten thousand Indies can't compare;
Such riches we may here enjoy,
As will endure eternally.
- [6.] Treasures of grace we here unfold,
Of which a thousandth part's not told;
These, Christ our Saviour doth impart,
With gen'rous hands and open heart.
- [7.] See in the smiles of Jesu's face,
Riches of wisdom, love, and grace:
Though poor and naked, he'll bestow
These heav'nly gifts on worms below.
- [8.] Doth honour tempt!—Here such are shown,
As ne'er in earthly courts were known;
Though earthly monarchs pass you by,
Each here a kingdom doth enjoy.
- [9.] But such poor realms as these below,
Jesus will not on us bestow;
These fading crowns are paltry toys,
Compar'd with everlasting joys.

[10.] A crown unfading and secure,
A kingdom that's for ever sure,
Jesus, our God, will freely give,
To all who here his grace receive.

The Monument.¹⁸⁷

A monster, in a course of vice grown old,
Leaves to his gaping heir, his ill-gain'd gold:
Streight breathes his bust, streight are his virtues shown,
Their date commencing with the sculpter'd stone.
If on his specious marble we rely,
Pity a worth like his should ever die!
If credit to his real life we give,
Pity a wretch like him should ever live!

Doggerel: or a Good Story Badly Told.

The following is an Inscription on a Tomb, in the
Church-Yard of St. Giles's, in the Fields, London.

Preserver and conductor of His Majesty, King Charles
the Second, after his escape from Worcester fight, in the
year 1651, who died, Feb. 8, 1671.

Hold passenger, here's shrouded in this hearse,
Unparallel'd Pendrell through the universe.
Like when the eastern star, from heaven gave light,
To three lost kings, so he in such dark night,
To Briton's monarch lost, by adverse war,
On earth appear'd a second eastern star,
A pole astern in her rebellion main,
A pilot to her royal sov'reign came:
Now to triumph in heaven's eternal sphere,
He is advanc'd, for his just steerage here,
Whilst Albion's Chronicle with matchless fame,
Embalms the story of great Pendrell's name.

¹⁸⁷[Samuel Wesley Jr.], "The Monument," in David Lewis (ed.), *Miscellaneous Poems by Several Hands* (London: J. Watts, 1726), 290 [cf. Wesley, *Poems on Several Occasions* (2nd edn.; Cambridge: Bentham, 1743), 133]. John Wesley published previously in *MSP* (1744), 2:177.

POETRY.

The Progress of Error.
(Concluded from page 334.)

[Part II.]¹⁸⁸

Patient of contradiction as a child,
Affable, humble, diffident and mild,
Such was Sir Isaac, and such Boyle and Locke;
Your blund'rer is as sturdy as a rock.
The creature is so sure to kick and bite,
A muleteer's the man to set him right.
First appetite enlists him truth's sworn foe,
Then obstinate self-will confirms him so.
Tell him he wanders, that his error leads
To fatal ills, that though the path he treads
Be flow'ry, and he sees no cause to fear
Death and the pains of hell attend him there;

¹⁸⁸William Cowper, *Poems* (London: J. Johnson, 1782), 68– (with many elisions, including skipping pp. 62–67).

In vain; the slave of arrogance and pride,
 He has no hearing on the prudent side.
 His still refuted quirks he still repeats,
 New rais'd objections with new quibbles meets.
 Till sinking in the quicksand he defends,
 He dies disputing, and the contest ends.
 But not the mischiefs: they still left behind,
 Like thistle-seeds are sown by every wind.
 Thus men go wrong with an ingenious skill,
 Bend the streight rule to their own crooked will,
 And with a clear and shining lamp supplied,
 First put it out, then take it for a guide.
 Halting on crutches of unequal size,
 One leg by truth supported, one by lies,
 They sidle to the goal with aukward pace,
 Secure of nothing, but to lose the race.
 Faults in the life, breed errors in the brain,
 And these, reciprocally, those again.
 The mind and conduct mutually imprint,
 And stamp their image in each other's mint.
 Each sire, and dame, of an infernal race,
 Begetting and conceiving all that's base.
 None sends his arrow to the mark in view,
 Whose hand is feeble, or his aim untrue,
 For though e'er yet the shaft is on the wing,
 Or when it first¹⁸⁹ forsakes th' elastic¹⁹⁰ string,
 It errs but little from th' intended line,
 It falls at last, far wide of his design.
 So he that seeks a mansion in the sky,
 Must watch his purpose with a steadfast eye,
 That prize belongs to none but the sincere,
 The least obliquity is fatal here.
 Some dream that they can silence when they will
 The storm of passion, and say, *Peace be still*;

¹⁸⁹Orig., "fires"; a misprint.

¹⁹⁰Orig., "elestic"; a misprint.

But “thus far and no farther” when address’d
 To the wild wave, or wilder human breast,
 Implies authority that never can,
 That never ought to be the lot of man.
 But muse forbear, long flights forebode a fall,
 Strike on the deep-toned chord the sum of all.
 Hear the just law, the judgment of the skies;
 He that hates truth shall be the dupe of lies.
 And he that *will* be cheated to the last,
 Delusions, strong as hell, shall hold him fast.
 But if the wand’rer his mistake discern,
 Judge his own ways and sigh for a return,
 Bewilder’d once, must he bewail his loss
 For ever and for ever? No—the cross.
 There and there only (though the deist rave
 And atheist,¹⁹¹ if earth bear so base a slave) }
 There and there only is the pow’r to save.
 There no delusive hope invites despair,
 No mock’ry meets you, no deception there.
 The spells and charms that blinded you before,
 All vanish there and fascinate no more.
 I am no preacher let this hint suffice,
 The cross once seen is death to ev’ry vice:
 Else he that hung there, suffer’d all his pain,
 Bled, groan’d and agoniz’d and died in vain.

Time: an Elegy.

**Written near the Ruins of Elgin-Cathedral:
 (By Robert Alves, A.M.)¹⁹²**

Part I.

- [1.] ’Twas at the sober hour of closing day,
 When night fast-falling, wraps the world in shade,
 Musing I bent my solitary way,
 For yon pale mansions of the silent dead.

¹⁹¹Orig., “athiest”; a misprint.

¹⁹²[Robert Alves,] *Time, an Elegy, by a student of Marischal College* (Aberdeen: J. Chalmers, 1766). Wesley was likely taking from an edition of *Poems* (Edinburgh, 1782) which Alves published in his own name.

- [2.] Hard by yon ancient pile, with ivy crown'd,
 (Memorial sad of Time's resistless sway,)
Here towers to heaven, there cumpers all the ground,
 With vast unweildy heaps of old decay.
- [3.] To solemn thought invites the solemn scene,
 The earth wide-hush'd, and heaven's refulgent fires;
And Cynthia, riding in her car serene,
 Affections gentle as herself inspires.
- [4.] When thus the muse: "Be scenes like these thy theme,
 Man's life, how vain, his joys, his labours all!"—
I heard, and felt the soft inspiring flame,
 And wept to see the mould'ring columns fall.
- [5.] —Such is the fate of all the works of pride,
 Rear'd to adorn our life, or name to save;
They shine their hour, then whelming seek the tide,
 Buried for ever in Oblivion's wave.
- [6.] Thus Salem's Fane of gold is now no more,
 That once was Architecture's mighti'st boast:
See old Palmyra frown in grandeur hoar,
 Each hideous thundering ruin roll'd in dust.
- [7.] Thus Painting—Sculpture—weep their wonders gone,
 Where labour'd Art with easy Nature strove;
The glowing picture, or the living stone;
 A Zeux's Helen, or a Phidian Jove.
- [8.] Hence too the sadly-pensive Muses mourn
 Of poets sweet the ill-rewarded toil;
Down, down to endless night those labours borne,
 That else had reign'd in day's eternal smile.
- [9.] Yet to console the loss there still remain
 Works blest of Genius, works of noblest lay;
Homer's bold fire, and Virgil's lofty strain,
 Tibullus' weeping muse, and Horace gay.

- [10.] —Nor Arts alone: see Nature's charms decay,
The joyless prospect with'ring ev'n the soul;
Though flam'd with ruddy light this op'ning day,
Lo night's dim shades prevail, and hide the pole.
- [11.] At Time's command retires the beaut'ous Spring,
Her dimpling cheek with orient blushes spread:
High o'er the dawn no more the wild larks sing,
Nor song of cuckow cheers the evening shade.
- [12.] Summer comes on, in lucid vesture bright,
With flow'rets crown'd; with flowers the ground she strows;
Awhile she holds her reign, till length'ning night
Mellows the year, and deep the fruitage glows.
- [13.] Then Autumn pours her plenty-teeming horn;
But soon a tear bedews her gentle eye:
For lo a cloud o'erspreads the face of morn,
And sounds arise, and gain upon the sky.
- [14.] 'Tis Winter calls his storms the skies along,
Th' unruly storms obey his dread control,
Wind, rain, and snow, a black and blustering throng,
Rush all abroad, and thunder from the pole.
- [15.] As fierce they scour along the flow'ry mead,
Shrinks Nature's face before the brushing sweep;
Till bleak and bare he sits in tarnish'd weed,
And all her sympathetic votaries weep.

(To be continued.)

**On Edward VIth Statue, in St. Thomas's Hospital,
London are the following Lines.¹⁹³**

On Edward's brow no lawrels cast a shade,
Nor at his feet are warlike spoils display'd,
Yet here since first his bounty rais'd the pile,
The lame grow active, and the languid smile!
See this, ye Chiefs, and struck with envy, pine,
To *kill* is brutal, but to *save* divine.

¹⁹³Wesley was almost certainly taking from Richard Graves (ed.), *The Festoon: A Collection of Epigrams* (London: Robinson & Roberts, 1766), 9.

POETRY.

Time: an Elegy.
Written near the Ruins of Elgin-Cathedral:
(By Robert Alves, M.A.)¹⁹⁴

Part I.
(Continued from page 392.)

- [16.] But why bemoan Creation's with'ring bloom,
When Man, Creation's pride, calls forth my tears;
From youth to age gay-rip'ning for the tomb,
A prey to ruthless Time, and wasting years?
- [17.] In youth he buds like flow'rets in their prime,
And moves triumphant like the vigorous day;
No wintry blast deforms the smiling clime,
But health and pleasures bland around him play.
- [18.] But O ye wise-instructed sages, tell
When age invades, shall man his prime renew;
With recent blood, and bones, and fibres swell,
And shine with sparkling eyes and rosy hue!
- [19.] Ah! no. The flow'rs that strew the winter plain,
Though shrunk their leaves, and wither'd all their dyes;
Warm'd by the breath of Spring drink life again,
And taste the balmy bounties of the skies.
- [20.] Cynthia again her dying lamp resumes,
And Phoebus sets to rise with fairer day;
Again Jove's bird repairs his ruffled plumes,
And cleaves with swifter speed th' etherial way.

¹⁹⁴[Robert Alves,] *Time, an Elegy, by a student of Marischal College* (Aberdeen: J. Chalmers, 1766). Wesley was likely taking from an edition of *Poems* (Edinburgh, 1782) which Alves published in his own name.

- [21.] But ah! Man's youth once o'er, is ever o'er,
And with the season all its transports fly;
Like birds of passage, seek a warmer shore,
And bask and flutter in a brighter sky.
- [22.] The smiles and loves once fled, are ever fled,
And fled each blithsome hour that first had shone,
When jocund fancy, like some buxom maid,
Before them danc'd, and led them sporting on.
- [23.] These are Time's triumphs; while his black compeer,
Death, writhes his ghastly visage to a smile;
And, grimly-pleas'd, surveys the conquer'd year,
Exulting in the partner of his toil.

(The following verses were written by the late Rev. Charles Wesley,
a little before his death.)

“Take away all iniquity, and give good.”

Hosea [x]iv. 2.¹⁹⁵

- [1.] How long, how often shall I pray
Take all iniquity away,
And give the plenitude of good,
The blessing bought by Jesu's blood,
Concupiscence and pride remove,
And fill me, Lord, with humble love.
- [2.] Again I take the words to me
Prescrib'd, and offer them to thee,
Thy kingdom come to root out sin,
And perfect holiness bring in,
And swallow up my will in thine,
And human change into divine.

¹⁹⁵The manuscript original of this hymn survives: MARC, MA 1977/583/32, #19. JW makes several minor editorial revisions.

- [3.] So shall I render thee thine own,
And tell the wonders Thou hast done,
The power and faithfulness declare
Of God, who hears and answers prayer,
Extol the riches of thy grace,
And spend my latest breath in praise.
- [4.] O that the joyful hour was come
Which calls thy ready servant home,
Unites me to the church above
Where angels chant the song of love,
And saints eternally proclaim
The glories of the heavenly Lamb!

**The Presence of God,
the Only Comfort in Affliction.**¹⁹⁶

- [1.] Thou only center of my rest,
Look down with pitying eye,
While with protracted pain opprest
I breathe the plaintive sigh.
- [2.] Thy gracious presence, O my God,
My every wish contains,
With this beneath affliction's load
My heart no more complains.
- [3.] This can my every care controul,
Gild each dark scene with light;
This is the sunshine of the soul:
Without it all is night.
- [4.] My Lord, my life, O cheer my heart
With thy reviving ray!
And bid these mournful shades depart,
And bring the dawn of day!

¹⁹⁶Anne Steele, "The Happiness of the Children of God," *Poems on Subjects Chiefly Devotional* (Bristol: William Pine, 1780), 3:65–66.

- [5.] O happy scenes of pure delight!
Where thy full beams impart
Unclouded beauty to the sight,
And rapture to the heart.
- [6.] Her part in those fair realms of bliss
My spirit longs to know:
My wishes terminate in this,
Nor can they rest below.
- [7.] Lord, shall the breathings of my heart
Aspire in vain to thee?
Confirm my hope, that where thou art
I shall for ever be.
- [8.] Then shall my cheerful spirit sing
The darksome hours away;
And rise on faith's expanded wing
To everlasting day.

The Ant turned into a Gem.
(From Martial.)¹⁹⁷

A drop of amber, from the weeping plant,
Fell, unexpected, and embalm'd an ant:
The little insect, we so much contemn,
Is, *from a worthless ant*, become a *gem*.

On God's Omnipotence.¹⁹⁸

When Egypt's host God's chosen tribe pursu'd,
In crystal walls th' admiring waters stood:
When through the dreary waste they took their way,
The rocks relented, and pour'd forth a sea.
What limits can th' Almighty goodness know,
If seas can harden—and if rocks can flow!

¹⁹⁷From Bk. 6, Ep. 15 of Martial. Wesley was almost certainly taking from Richard Graves (ed.), *The Festoon: A Collection of Epigrams* (London: Robinson & Roberts, 1766), 5.

¹⁹⁸Wesley was almost certainly taking from Richard Graves (ed.), *The Festoon: A Collection of Epigrams* (London: Robinson & Roberts, 1766), 6.

POETRY.

Time: an Elegy.
Written near the Ruins of Elgin-Cathedral:
(By Robert Alves, M.A.)¹⁹⁹

Part II.
(Continued from page 446.)

- [1.] To mark th' unweari'd flight of rolling years:
The vanities of life; the wastes of time;
To point Man's happiest hopes; to alarm his fears;
The Muse again awakes the moral rhyme.
- [2.] She marks those states alternate rise and fall,
That once o'er all th' imperial sceptre bore:
She marks those heroes drop that shook the ball,
Whom Fame, and flaming Victory, slew before.
- [3.] What cannot Time destroy? Those dazzling thrones
Of Syria, Persia, or of Egypt old,
Where are they now? They rest with royal bones,
In the same moulder'd dust with heroes roll'd.
- [4.] Where now is Greece? Whose sons unrivall'd trode
In arts or arms, the boast of human-kind:
Here reign'd the Muses, and their laurell'd god;
Here Truth ennobled whom each Grace refin'd.
- [5.] Where now is Rome? Whose conqu'ring eagle flew,
Like the bold bird of Jove, with lightning arm'd;
From pole to pole the heart-struck panic grew;
Shook trembling kingdoms, and the world alarm'd.

¹⁹⁹[Robert Alves,] *Time, an Elegy, by a student of Marischal College* (Aberdeen: J. Chalmers, 1766). Wesley was likely taking from an edition of *Poems* (Edinburgh, 1782) which Alves published in his own name.

- [6.] Yet awful Wisdom led each conquest on,
Valour untam'd, and persevering toil;
Perhaps such deeds, where heavenly Virtue shone,
Assign'd the guilty nations for her spoil.
- [7.] But now, alas! (her warlike honour's lost)
Pensive she sits 'midst thousand ruins drear;
And o'er her worthless sons, and desert coast,
She pours the sad, but unavailing tear.
- [8.] No more I see her range th' ensanguin'd field,
While lightning flashes from her awful eye;
She quits the glittering spear, and sounding shield,
And lays the crested helm for ever by.
- [9.] Like some decaying storm, or dying blast,
Which faint we hear, or only seem to hear,
The thund'ring wars of old, though long o'erpast,
Still seem to murmur on Reflection's ear.
- [10.] —But now behoves to change the sorrowing scene,
From heroes, kingdoms, empires, worlds o'erthrown:
Who can such sights behold unmov'd, serene!
I melt for others,—others more our own.
- [11.] Lo where Philander's recent ashes sleep,
The Loves and Graces in sad concert mourn!
Behold the friend, the parent, sister weep!
And bathe with many a tear, th' untimely urn.
- [12.] But not their tears, nor all the wiles of art,
Can ope the iron chambers of the tomb:
Not Virtue's self can move Death's flinty heart,
Nor Youth, nor Age, nor Beauty's angel-bloom.
- [13.] Behold what crowding graves! what emblems round!
What living lectures breathe from every stone!
No airy boast of grandeur marks the ground;
These humble teachers talk of Death alone.

- [14.] “Come ye (they cry) in Fortune’s trappings drest,
Ye sick for power, ye sticklers for a name;
Behold where you must take your endless rest,
A bed of earth is all that ye can claim.”
- [15.] Perhaps some scutcheon, or some stately bust,
Some sculptur’d urn with marble strong unstay’d,
May crown your grave,—yet these shall fall to dust,
And crumbling mingle with the bones they shade.
- [16.] Deep in yon awful tomb,* with roof so high,
Where light just glimmers on the dark’ning floor,
The great, the noble, and the puissant lie;
But are they now ought greater than the poor?
- [17.] Say, does not worth preserve the good man’s fame?
Even in the dust, (his sanctifi’d repose!)
And round his grave, though poor in life his name,
The violet blooms, the wall-flower sweeter blows.
- [18.] Behold these graves! the young, the vain, the gay!
How silent all! their sport now put to flight!
No voice of mirth is heard! no cheerful play
Awakes the slumber of eternal night.
- [19.] Beneath that moss-grown stone now mouldering lie
Those heavenly charms that bade the world adore;
The faultless shape, soft air, and sparkling eye,
Were Celia’s once—but Celia’s now no more.
- [20.] Yet thus shall fade the fairest charms below,
Of art or nature, body or of soul
Like northern lights, or like the painted bow,
So swift of human life the meteors roll.
- [21.] But see! ’tis past the silent noon of night,
And Cynthia falls from her meridian tour;
While, as she slow withdraws her paler light,
The shadows lengthen of yon cypress-bower.

* The burial-place of the family of Gordon.

- [22.] Though time, O Muse! with Cynthia to retire,
O'er graves and hoary piles no more to roam!
Yet, yet a while, the weeping verse inspire,
And weave the dark-green ivy round my tomb.

The Indian Philosopher.²⁰⁰

- [1.] Why should our joys transform to pain?
Why gentle Hymen's silken chain
A plague of iron prove?
Bendish, 'tis strange that charm that binds
Millions of hands, should leave their minds
At such a loose from love.
- [2.] In vain I sought the wondrous cause,
Rang'd the wide field of nature's laws,
And urg'd the schools in vain;
Then deep in thought, within my breast
My soul retir'd, and slumber dress'd
A bright instructive scene.
- [3.] O'er the broad lands, and cross the tide,
On fancy's airy horse I ride,
(Sweet rapture of the mind!)
Till on the banks of Ganges' flood,
In a tall ancient grove I stood,
For sacred use design'd.
- [4.] Hard by a venerable priest,
Ris'n with his god, the sun, from rest,
Awoke his morning song;
Thrice he conjur'd the murmuring stream;
The birth of souls was all his theme,
And half divine his tongue.
- [5.] He sang th' eternal rolling flame,
That vital mass, that still the same
Does all our minds compose:

²⁰⁰Isaac Watts, *Horae lyricaе. Poems chiefly of the lyric kind, in three books*, 2nd edition (London: N. Cliff, 1709), 238–41.

But shap'd in twice ten thousand frames,
Thence diff'ring souls of diff'ring names,
And jarring tempests rose.

- [6.] The mighty power that form'd the mind
One mould for ev'ry two design'd,
And bless'd the new-born pair;
This be a match for this (he said,)
Then down he sent the souls he made
To seek them bodies here.
- [7.] But parting from their warm abode,
They lost their fellows on the road,
And never join'd their hands:
Ah, cruel chance, and crossing fates,
Our eastern souls have lost their mates
On Europe's barbarous lands.
- [8.] Happy the youth that finds the bride
Whose birth is to his own allied,
The sweetest joy of life:
But oh the crouds of wretched souls,
Fetter'd to minds of diff'rent moulds,
And chain'd to eternal strife!
- [9.] Thus sang the wondrous Indian bard;
My soul with vast attention heard
While Ganges ceas'd to flow;
Sure then, I cried, might I but see
That gentle nymph that twinn'd with me,
I may be happy too.
- [10.] Some courteous angel, tell me where,
What distant lands this unknown fair
Or distant seas detain?
Swift as the wheel of nature rolls,
I'd fly to meet, and mingle souls
And wear the joyful chain.

POETRY.

Time: an Elegy.
Written near the Ruins of Elgin-Cathedral:
(By Robert Alves, M.A.)²⁰¹

Part III.
(Continued from page 503.²⁰²)

- [1.] Shall then these eyes no more the sun behold?
Must I too sleep in Death's all-darksome shade?
"His mortal race is run," the tale be told,
"Low lies his name in yonder dusty bed."
- [2.] So when the destin'd years their course have run,
And mortals trod the path they trod before;
My name or birth-place shall no more be known,
Eras'd like figures on the sandy shore.
- [3.] Yet why complain, "Our short-spun lives expire;"
When Nature fades, and stars their darkness mourn;
Since all alike partake th' eternal fire,
And all alike must languish in their turn?
- [4.] The earth hath bloom'd; the clouds dropt fatness down;
The self-same sun hath shone with annual ray;
And rivers seen, eternal as they run,
One generation rise, and one decay.
- [5.] Yet all must fade, and suns²⁰³ grow dim with years,
Till brighter suns, and purer ether shine;
Till, at the last loud trump, that morn appears,
When heaven's eternal day, O Man! is thine!

²⁰¹[Robert Alves,] *Time, an Elegy, by a student of Marischal College* (Aberdeen: J. Chalmers, 1766). Wesley was likely taking from an edition of *Poems* (Edinburgh, 1782) which Alves published in his own name.

²⁰²Orig., "446"; a misprint.

²⁰³Orig., "some"; changed by JW in his personal copy of *AM*.

- [6.] Meanwhile full seventy years are given, to taste
 Life's pleasing joys, or graver duties bear;
Then sated, tired,—to take our needful rest,
And yield to others all terrestrial care.
- [7.] Let others build, or plant, or plough the deep,
 More wealth atchieve, or better strike the lyre;
Oft like ourselves at disappointments weep,
 And weary like ourselves at last expire.
- [8.] —Yet why not mourn awhile our transports gone,
 And grieve our youthful hearts must beat no more;
No more to love an easy conquest won,
 When beauty charm'd, and led each golden hour?
- [9.] Then call to view the banquet or the ball,
 Where sparkling bowls, and cheerful talk flew round;
Where songs of youth our vanish'd years recal,
 And dance and music to the roofs resound.
- [10.] Alas, like magic, life's gay scenes decoy;
 Of banquets rich we dream, and pleasures fair;
Of gorgeous halls, and airs of heavenly joy;
 Then wake to disappointment and despair!
- [11.] Even while the visionary glories shine,
 And Fancy smiles to find them in her eye,
Lo Death, the dread magician, gives the sign,
 And all the airy charms for ever fly.
- [12.] —Must I too call the scenes no longer mine,
 Where warbling fountains play, and rivers roll;
The shady woods, the breezy lawns resign,
 And the sweet rural scenes²⁰⁴ that cheer my soul?

²⁰⁴Orig., “scents”; changed by JW in his personal copy of *AM*.

- [13.] Must I no longer mark at early morn,
The flocks wide bleating o'er the clov'ry vale;
Nor hear at even the shepherd's drowsy horn,
When sleep and silence hush both hill and dale?
- [14.] Must I no longer seek the noon-tide shade,
Where silver-footed Naiads pace along;
Or on their banks, 'midst balmy flow'rets laid,
Sleep to the murmurs of their chiming song?
- [15.] Must I no more on midnight-splendors gaze,
Nor woo fair Cynthia's sweetly-pensive beam;
Must, O ye stars! your thousand golden rays,
And heaven's blue concave vanish as a dream?
- [16.] —Hail then, Religion, with thy comforts hail!
Hail holy Faith, that feeds on joys to come,
Whose eagle-eyes can pierce th' involving vail
That hides in darkness all beyond the tomb!
- [17.] Come, pleasures lasting as th' eternal soul,
As heaven itself sublime, and sweet as love!
Come, radiant climes! where streams Elysian roll,
O melting move my heart, and more than move!
- [18.] Yes,—in some future scenes beyond the skies,
If pious here, our souls shall fairer shine;
Through all the heights sublime of Virtue rise,
And flourish still, and drink the life divine.
- [19.] There Love and Truth speak forth the Sire supreme,
Eternal source of life, and boundless joy!
“Here mortals hang your hopes, adore the name;”—
Go court the bliss which nothing can destroy.

On the Death of the Rev. Charles Wesley.
(By Miss A. C. in the Thirteenth year of her Age.)²⁰⁵

- [1.] Ah happy man! thy griefs are pass'd away;
Thy struggling soul to heav'n has took its flight:
To bliss eternal wing'd its wondrous way,
And safely lodg'd in realms of pure delight.
- [2.] Summon'd by God to join the heav'nly band,
And dwell with him in everlasting rest,
Thou now art happy in Immanuel's land,
Where grief and pain shall never more molest.
- [3.] But ah! how many will thy loss deplore?
Unmindful that 'tis thy eternal gain;
They mourn their friend so quickly gone before,
Forgetting he is gone from toil and pain:
- [4.] Forgetting he is gone to joys on high,
And join th' angelic hosts in heav'nly lays
Far, far above yon bright ethereal sky
To aid the concert of eternal praise.
- [5.] And now for every pang he felt below,
His soul receives a full, and sure reward;
While heav'nly joys in streams of glory flow,
And Jesus crowns him with divine regard.
- [6.] Then why should death appear so great a foe?
Why with such terror is the subject fraught?
Since he relieves the just from every woe,
And brings them bliss, beyond the reach of thought!

²⁰⁵By Agnes Collinson (later Agnes Bulmer); see John Wesley's letter to her (Mar. 28, 1788), *Letters* (Telford), 8:50.

An Extract from a Poem on Slavery.
(By Miss Hannah More.)²⁰⁶

If heaven has into being deign'd to call
Thy light, O Liberty! to shine on all;
Bright intellectual Sun! why does thy ray
To earth distribute only partial day?
While the chill North with thy bright ray is blest,
Why should fell darkness half the South invest?
Was it decreed, fair Freedom! at thy birth,
That thou should'st ne'er irradiate *all* the earth?
While Britain basks in thy full blaze of light,
Why lies sad Afric quench'd in total night?
O, plaintive Southerne!* whose impassion'd strain
So oft has wak'd my languid Muse in vain!
Now, when congenial themes her cares engage,
She burns to emulate thy glowing page;
Her failing efforts mock her fond desires,
She shares thy feelings; not partakes thy fires.
Strange pow'r of song! the strain that warms the heart
Seems the same inspiration to impart;
Touch'd by the kindling energy alone,
We think the flame which melts us is our own;
Deceiv'd, for genius we mistake delight,
Charm'd as we read, we fancy we can write.
Though not to me, sweet bard, thy pow'rs belong,
Fair Truth, a hallow'd guide! inspires my song.
Here Art would weave her gayest flow'rs in vain,
For Truth the bright invention would disdain.
For no fictitious ills these numbers flow,
But living anguish and substantial woe:
No individual griefs my bosom melt,
For millions feel what Oronoko felt:
Fir'd by no single wrongs, the countless host
I mourn, by rapine dragg'd from Afric's coast.

* Author of the Tragedy of Oronoko.

²⁰⁶Hannah More, *Slavery: a Poem* (London: T. Cadell, 1788), with many elisions.

Perish th' illiberal thought which would debase
The native genius of the sable race!
Perish the proud philosophy, which sought
To rob them of the pow'rs of equal thought!
Does then th' immortal principle within
Change with the casual colour of a skin?
Does matter govern spirit! or is mind
Degraded by the form to which 'tis join'd?

No: they have heads to think, and hearts to feel,
And souls to act, with firm, though erring zeal;
For they have keen affections, kind desires,
Love strong as death, and active patriot fires;
All the rude energy, the fervid flame,
Of high-soul'd passion, and ingenuous shame:
Strong, but luxuriant virtues boldly shoot
From the wild vigour of a savage root.

Whene'er to Afric's shores I turn my eyes,
Horrors of deepest, deadli'st guilt arise;
I see, by more than Fancy's mirror shown,
The burning village, and the blazing town;
See the dire victim torn from social life,
The shrieking babe, the agonizing wife!
She, wretch forlorn! is dragg'd by hostile hands;
To distant tyrants sold, in distant lands!
Transmitted mis'ries, and successive chains,
The sole sad heritage her child obtains!
Ev'n this last wretched boon their foes deny,
To weep together, or together die!
By felon hands, by one relentless stroke,
See the fond links of feeling Nature broke!
The fibres twisting round a parent's heart,
Torn from their grasp, and bleeding as they part.

Hold, murd'ers, hold! not aggravate distress;
Respect the passions you yourselves possess;
Ev'n you, of ruffian heart, and ruthless hand,
Love your own offspring, love your native land.

Ah! leave them holy Freedom's cheering smile,
The heav'n-taught fondness for the parent soil;
Revere affections mingled with our frame,
In every nature, every clime the same;
In all, these feelings equal sway maintain;
In all the love of Home and Freedom reign:
And Tempe's vale, and parch'd Angola's sand,
One equal fondness of their sons command.
Th' unconquer'd Savage laughs at pain and toil,
Basking in Freedom's beams which gild his native soil.

Does thirst of empire, does desire of fame,
(For these are specious crimes) our rage inflame?
No: sordid lust of gold their fate controls,
The basest appetite of basest souls;
Gold, better gain'd, by what their ripening sky,
Their fertile fields, their arts* and mines supply.

What wrongs, what injuries does Oppression plead
To smooth the horror of th' unnatural deed?
What strange offence, what aggravated sin?
They stand convicted—of a darker skin!
Barbarians, hold! th' opprobrious commerce spare,
Respect *his* sacred image which they bear:
Though dark and savage, ignorant and blind,
They claim the common privilege of kind;
Let Malice strip them of each other plea,
They still are men, and men should still be free.
Insulted Reason loaths th' inverted trade—
Dire change! the agent is the purchase made!
Perplex'd, the baffled Muse involves the tale;
Nature confounded, well may language fail!
The outrag'd goddess with abhorrent eyes
Sees Man the traffic, Souls the merchandize!

* Besides many valuable productions of the soil, cloths and
carpets of exquisite manufacture are brought from the coast of
Guinea.

(To be concluded in our next.)

POETRY.

**An Extract from a Poem on Slavery.
(By Miss Hannah More.)²⁰⁷**

(Concluded from page 560.)

Plead not, in reason's palpable abuse,
Their sense of feeling callous and obtuse:
From heads to hearts lies Nature's plain appeal,
Tho' few can reason, all mankind can feel.
Tho' polish'd manners may fresh wants invent,
And nice distinctions nicer souls torment;
Tho' these on finer spirits heavier fall,
Yet natural evils are the same to all.
Tho' wounds there are which reason's force may heal,
There needs no logic sure to make us feel.
The nerve, howe'er untutor'd, can sustain
A sharp, unutterable sense of pain;
As exquisitely fashion'd in a slave,
As where unequal fate a sceptre gave.
Sense is as keen where Congo's sons preside,
As where proud Tiber rolls his classic tide.
Rhetoric or verse may point the feeling line,
They do not whet sensation, but define.
Did ever slave less feel the galling chain,
When Zeno prov'd there was no ill in pain?

²⁰⁷Hannah More, *Slavery: a Poem* (London: T. Cadell, 1788), with many elisions.

Their mis'ries philosophic quirks deride,
Slaves groan in pangs disown'd by Stoic pride.

When the fierce Sun darts vertical his beams,
And thirst and hunger mix their wild extremes;
When the sharp iron wounds his inmost soul,
And his strain'd eyes in burning anguish roll:
Will the parch'd negro find, ere he expire,
No pain in hunger, and no heat in fire?

For him, when fate his tortur'd frame destroys,
What hope of present fame, or future joys?
For *this*, have heroes shorten'd nature's date;
For *that*, have martyrs gladly met their fate;
But him, forlorn, no hero's pride sustains,
No martyr's blissful visions sooth his pains;
Sullen, he mingles with his kindred dust,
For he has learn'd to dread the Christian's trust;
To him what mercy can that Pow'r display,
Whose servants murder, and whose sons betray?
Savage! thy venial error I deplore,
They are *not* Christians who infest thy shore.

O thou sad spirit, whose prepost'rous yoke
The great deliv'rer Death, at length, has broke!
Releas'd from mis'ry, and escap'd from care,
Go meet that mercy man deni'd thee here.
In thy dark home, sure refuge of th' oppress'd,
The wicked vex not, and the weary rest.
And, if some notions, vague and undefin'd,
Of future terrors have assail'd thy mind;
If such thy masters have presum'd to teach,
As terrors only they are prone to preach;
(For shou'd they paint eternal Mercy's reign,
Where were th' oppressor's rod, the captive's chain?)
If, then, thy troubled soul has learn'd to dread
The dark unknown thy trembling footsteps tread;

On HIM, who made thee what thou art, depend;
 HE, who withholds the means, accepts the end.
 Not *thine* the reckoning dire of LIGHT abus'd,
 KNOWLEDGE disgrac'd, and LIBERTY misus'd;
 On *thee* no awful judge incens'd shall sit
 For parts perverted, and dishonour'd wit.
 Where ignorance will be found the surest plea;
 How many learn'd and wise shall envy *thee*!

And thou WHITE SAVAGE! whether lust of gold,
 Or lust of conquest rule thee uncontrol'd!
 Hero, or robber!—by whatever name
 Thou plead thy impious claim to wealth or fame:
 Whether inferior mischiefs be thy boast,
 A petty tyrant rifling Gambia's coast:
 Or bolder carnage track thy crimson way,
 Kings dispossess'd, and Provinces thy prey;
 Panting to tame wide earth's remotest bound;
 All Cortez murder'd, all Columbus found;
 O'er plunder'd realms to reign, detested Lord,
 Make millions wretched, and thyself abhorr'd;—
 In Reason's eye, in Wisdom's fair account,
 Your sum of glory boasts a like amount;
 The means may differ, but the end's the same;
 Conquest is pillage with a nobler name.
 Who makes the sum of human blessings less,
 Or sinks the stock of gen'ral happiness,
 No solid fame shall grace, no true renown
 His life shall blazon, or his memory crown.

Had those advent'rous spirits who explore
 Thro' ocean's trackless wastes, the far-sought shore;
 Whether of wealth insatiate, or of pow'r,
 Conqu'rors who waste, or ruffians who devour:
 Had these possess'd, O COOK! thy gentle mind,
 Thy love of arts, thy love of humankind;
 Had these pursu'd thy mild and liberal plan,
 DISCOVERERS had not been a curse to man!

Then, bless'd Philanthropy! thy social hands
Had link'd dissever'd worlds in brothers bands;
Careless, if colour, or if clime divide;
Then, lov'd and loving, man hath liv'd, and died.

The purest wreaths which hang on glory's shrine,
For empires founded, peaceful PENN! are thine;
No blood-stain'd laurels crown'd thy virtuous toil,
No slaughter'd natives drench'd thy fair-earn'd soil.
Still thy meek spirit in thy flock survives,
Consistent still, *their* doctrines rule their lives;
Thy followers only* have effac'd the shame,
Inscrib'd by SLAVERY on the Christian name.

Shall Britain, where the soul of Freedom reigns,
Forge chains for others she herself disdains?
Forbid it, Heaven! O let the nations know
The liberty she loves she will bestow;
Not to herself the glorious gift confin'd,
She spreads the blessing wide as humankind;
And, scorning narrow views of time and place,
Bids all be free in earth's extended space.

What page of human annals can record
A deed so bright as human rights restor'd?
O may that god-like deed, that shining page,
Redeem OUR fame, and consecrate OUR age!

And see, the cherub Mercy from above,
Descending softly, quits the sphere of love!
On feeling hearts she sheds celestial dew,
And breathes her spirit o'er th' enlighten'd few;
From soul to soul the spreading influ'nce steals,
Till every breast the soft contagion feels.
She bears, exulting to the burning shore
The loveli'st office Angel ever bore:
To vindicate the pow'r in Heav'n ador'd,
To still the clank of chains, and sheathe the sword;

* Not so. Vast multitudes in Great Britain and Ireland are,
at present, as great enemies to slavery as ever the Quakers were.

To cheer the mourner, and with soothing hands
From bursting hearts unbind th' Oppressor's bands;
To raise the lustre of the Christian name,
And clear the foulest blot that dims its fame.

As the mild Spirit hovers o'er the coast,
A fresher hue the wither'd landscapes boast;
Her healing smiles the ruin'd scenes repair,
And blasted Nature wears a joyous air.
She spreads her blest commission from above,
Stamp'd with the sacred characters of love;
She tears the banner stain'd with blood and tears,
And, LIBERTY! thy shining standard rears!
As the bright ensign's glory she displays,
See pale OPPRESSION faints beneath the blaze!
The giant dies! no more his frown appals,
The chain untouch'd, drops off; the fetter falls.
Astonish'd echo tells the vocal shore,
Oppression's fall'n, and Slav'ry is no more!
The dusky myriads crowd the sultry plain,
And hail that mercy long invoc'd in vain.
Victorious Pow'r! she burst their two-fold bands,
And FAITH and FREEDOM spring from Mercy's hands.

An Epitaph on Mr. Elijah Fenton.²⁰⁸

This modest stone, what few vain marbles can,
May truly say, "Here lies an honest man;"
A poet, blest beyond the poet's fate,
Whom heav'n kept sacred from the proud and great:
Foe to loud praise, and friend to learned ease,
Content with science in the vale of peace.
Calmly he look'd on either life, and here
Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;
From nature's temp'rate feast rose satisfi'd,
Thank'd heav'n that he had liv'd, and that he di'd.

²⁰⁸Alexander Pope, *The Works of Alexander Pope* (London: Bernard Lintot, 1736), 2:158–59. Wesley had published previously in *MSP* (1744), 1:292. This time he is apparently taking from Richard Graves (ed.), *The Festoon: A Collection of Epigrams* (London: Robinson & Roberts, 1766), 138.

POETRY.

Time: an Elegy.

Written near the Ruins of Elgin-Cathedral:

(By Robert Alves, M.A.)²⁰⁹

Part IV.

(Concluded from page 556.)

- [1.] How frail our bliss on life's uncertain coast!
How vain our trust in all beneath the pole!
From care to care with fruitless anguish tost,
Till to th' eternal boundless sea we roll.
- [2.] What more than madness thus to sport with fate,
To hang our fortunes o'er the rocky steep,
When the least breath of air may end their date,
And whelm for ever in the roaring deep!
- [3.] But hark! what sound invades my startl'd ear,
Slow—pealing from yon turret's stately height!
—Again it tolls! resounds death's caverns drear,
And distant echoes fill the silent night.
- [4.] Methinks to reason's sober ear it calls,
“Be wise, and snatch the swift departing hour!”
It bids gay Florio quit the midnight-balls,
And court fair wisdom in her sacred bower.

²⁰⁹[Robert Alves,] *Time, an Elegy, by a student of Marischal College* (Aberdeen: J. Chalmers, 1766). Wesley was likely taking from an edition of *Poems* (Edinburgh, 1782) which Alves published in his own name.

- [5.] It bids Avarus quit his earthly schemes,
His houses, lands, and all his world of gain:
“Awake, ambition, from thy golden dreams,
“Nor treasure to thyself a world of pain.”
- [6.] It warns us now; ere long shall warn no more,
Till the last knell proclaim our endless doom:
Then ev’ry trial, ev’ry hope is o’er
We take our long, long mansion in the tomb.
- [7.] Methinks I hear the awful, silent dead
Echo assent through all their murmuring cells;
Them darkness covers with eternal shade,
While smiling hope in mortal mansions dwells.
- [8.] —See the sun labour in his course for man,
The air breath balm, the earth her bounty pour!
Year wait on year, to see him change his plan,
But finds him idling on a barren shore.
- [9.] Vain man! already half thy years are past:
Life’s little morning gone, the noon comes on;
It comes; the evening hastens on us fast,
But oh how little of thy work is done!
- [10.] —Say, why did heaven such active powers bestow,
Progressive still, and boundless in their aim?
Was it to grasp the paltry things below,
And waste in vain their never-dying flame?
- [11.] Was it to barter peace for golden ore;
To toil; and count the rich the only great?
Or still more wretched, sigh for pomp and power,
And all the weary pageantry of state?

- [12.] Was it to pass in thoughtless joy the morn,
 To dress, to bow, to speak and smile with art?
Then flaunt abroad, through whirling pleasures borne,
 Nor steal one secret hour to mend the heart?
- [13.] Go, then, let all thy lease of life expire
 In earth-born cares, and life's great end, forget;
Disclaim the skies; renounce thy heavenly Sire;
 Leave nought undone to aggravate thy fate.
- [14.] To live to heaven, thy eager will confin'd,
 (Virtue's high praise,) let ne'er thy soul annoy;
But never hope the double transport thine,
 Of present bliss, or heav'n's eternal joy.
- [15.] How sweet the joys that to the good belong!
 (While vice to mis'ry leads, remorse, and pain;)
Collected, cool—far from the giddy throng,
 Those walk with virtue, and ensure their gain.
- [16.] The god-like bliss in making others blest
 They boast to feel, and with the wretched weep:
Each day some deed of pity moves their breast,
 As sighing zephyrs stir the yielding deep.
- [17.] Hail to the tears, than Hybla-drops more sweet,
 Than gold more precious to the heart of woe!
Hail to the joys, that wisdom may repeat,
 And virtue find still sweeter as they flow!
- [18.] Oft too at rising morn, or setting day,
 They woo from heav'n's devotion's holy fire:
Around them angels wait in bright array,
 Smooth all their steps, and all their thoughts inspire.

- [19.] Let fortune rage, yet mid the storm, serene
They smile, their stedfast anchor fix'd on high;
They see th' Eternal rule life's troublous scene,
And trust their safety to a Father's eye.
- [20.] Let death approach, still leaning on their God,
I see them firm, that last sad combat brave;
See death, their friend, to life direct the road,
And dipt in balm his shafts, but wound—to save.
- [21.] But see night's dreary shadows deeper fall;
Black, and more black, each object frowns around;
The wanning moon has sunk beneath the ball,
And hov'ring darkness broods o'er all the ground.
- [22.] Lo Philomel hath ceas'd her midnight-song,
A tender tale like mine, a tale of woes;
Like mine renew'd her strain, and warbl'd long;
—Now sleep hath hush'd the mourner to repose.
- [23.] Sleep on, sweet bird! I go to court the same:
How sweet the hour to meditation giv'n!
Now sleep's soft dews weigh down my weary frame;
Then peace, my woes! and leave the rest to heav'n.

A Night-Piece on a Sick Bed.²¹⁰

*Where now, ye lying vanities of life,
Ye ever tempting, ever cheating train!
Where are ye now? and what is your amount?
Vexation, disappointment, and remorse.*

Thomson's *Seasons*.²¹¹

- [1.] How slowly on the minutes roll!
When pains oppress the drooping soul,
Inclos'd in sable night;

²¹⁰No prior publication or details on author for this poem have been located. It is possibly by Rev. Joshua Gilpin, from manuscript (see note at 13:166 below).

²¹¹I.e., James Thomson, *Seasons* (London: J. Millan, 1730), Winter, p. 15.

When sick and panting o'er the bed,
We restless turn an aching head,
How mournful is the sight!

[2.] When no bright ray dispels the gloom,
But languid tapers o'er the room,
Shed forth a sickly blaze;
When nothing cheerful can be found,
But solemn silence reigns around,
How doleful is the place?

[3.] Hark! how the clock with tedious beat,
That tiresome pendulum's repeat—
Lingers the time away;
Whilst with impatient groan we cry,
How dull! how slow! the moments fly
To bring th' enliv'ning day.

[4.] Thus we incessant sorrows pour,
And count each long delaying hour,
Till Phoebus breaks the cloud;
When round we cast our earnest eyes,
To catch the glimmerings from the skies,
And bless the rising god.

[5.] Then how delightful is the ray,
That drives the sullen shades away,
And the sad prospects clears;
Our anxious bosom finds relief,
Abates, if not dispels the grief,
And calms tormenting fears.

[6.] Think now, my soul, how would'st thou bear
An everlasting dwelling where
No spark of pleasure streams;
Where raging sorrows are the couch,
And all the craving senses touch,
Are unextinguish'd flames.

- [7.] Where darkness ever veils the skies,
Nor warning blaze of tapers rise,
 To cheer the horrid gloom;
Where all a hideous scene appears,
Where ceaseless groans distract the ears,
 And speak the dreadful doom.
- [8.] No fleeting clock with equal chime,
There measures out an endless time,
 To get the soul repriev'd;
But sunk in unremitting pain,
To sigh, and wish, and sigh again,
 Yet never be reliev'd.
- [9.] No kind associate, child, or friend,
Can to thy fruitless cries attend,
 Or ease thy mind forlorn;
All hopes for ever chas'd away,
Nor ever shall a rising day
 Bestow one cheerful morn.
- [10.] Oh fearful thought! Oh dismal fate!
Reflect, my soul, ere 'tis too late,
 And make thy heav'n secure!
Let troubles here true wisdom teach
Eternal horrors ne'er shall reach
 A soul refin'd and pure.

**An Imitation of Horace's fourteenth Ode.
Book II.**²¹²

See, see, my friend, the fleeting years
How swift they glide away;
Nor virtue, piety, nor tears,
 Their rapid course can stay.
In vain we wish, in vain we crave
 T' extend our short-liv'd doom;
Since die we must; the king, the slave
 Must fill alike the tomb.

²¹²Published first in *The Student; or, The Oxford and Cambridge Monthly Miscellany* 1 (1750): 389–90; signed C. J. and addressed to M. W. Esq. Republished in *Gentleman's Magazine* 22 (1752): 473.

What though we shun the stormy sea,
 Or autumn's sickly breath?
 What though, where thundring cannons play,
 The coward sculks from death?
 In vain—for death, a subtle foe,
 Pursues where'er he flies;
 And, where he least expects the blow,
 Ev'n there the dastard dies.
 Then must we leave those social joys,
 Which form'd our bliss before;
 Our tender wife, our prattling boys,
 Must greet us then no more.
 Naked we left our parent's womb,
 And naked must return;
 Cyprus alone shall grace our tomb,
 And deck its owner's urn.
 While some new Lord, with wanton mirth,
 Shall reap those joys we leave;
 And, as we moulder into earth,
 Shall riot o'er our grave.

**An Epitaph
 on Mr. Gay,
 in Westminster-Abbey, 1732.²¹³**

Of manners gentle, and affections mild;
 In wit, a man; simplicity, a child:
 With native humour, temp'ring virtuous rage,
 Form'd to delight, at once, and lash the age:
 Above temptation in a low estate,
 And uncorrupted e'en among the great!
 A safe companion, and an easy friend,
 Unblam'd through life, lamented in thy end.
 These are thy honours! not that here thy bust
 Is mix'd with heroes, or with kings thy dust;
 But that the worthy and the good shall say,
 Striking their pensive bosoms—Here lies GAY!

²¹³Alexander Pope, *The Works of Alexander Pope* (London: Bernard Lintot, 1736), 2:159–60. Wesley had published previously in *MSP* (1744), 1:292–93. This time he is apparently taking from Richard Graves (ed.), *The Festoon: A Collection of Epigrams* (London: Robinson & Roberts, 1766), 138.

POETRY.

The Character of Paulinus.²¹⁴

- [1.] Paulinus shines with lustre bright,
In life's declining ray;
With every gracious temper blest,
And blessing spends the day!
- [2.] His comely mein and kind regard,
Extend to silver age:
His soul with purest wishes glows,
While sliding from the stage.

²¹⁴Benjamin Rhodes, *Poems Divine and Experimental* (Edinburgh: David Paterson, 1781), 7–8.

- [3.] None in his presence gloomy stand,
Oppress'd with grief and fear:
His lib'ral hand and cheering voice
Prevent the rising tear.
- [4.] No bigot here;—their rules he scorns;
His heart is unconfin'd:
With gen'rous love his soul expands,
Embracing all mankind!
- [5.] Who bear his Master's image most
Are most divinely dear:
These are the friends he'll clasp above,
When Jesus shall appear.
- [6.] In early days, with pious awe,
His God he fear'd and lov'd:
And all the tend'rest care of heaven,
His soul exulting prov'd.
- [7.] Enrich'd with all the precious stores
Of wisdom, love and grace;
His Master's will and work perform'd,
And fill'd the sacred place.
- [8.] He stretch'd his hand the lengthen'd day,
Inviting all to come:
And press'd the vagrants to the feast,
While Jesus makes them room.
- [9.] To be dismiss'd, the graceful sire,
Now waits the kind release:
Resign'd to stay,—prepar'd to go,
And close his eyes in peace.

- [10.] Ye dear companions of his life,
 No longer hold him here;
Bid him go share his vast reward,
 You soon shall meet him there!

The Character of Paulina.²¹⁵

- [1.] Paulina! with superior charms
 Above her fellows bless'd!
In whom angelic virtues meet,
 And shine,—by all confess'd.
- [2.] Wisdom with purest rays adorns
 Her mild majestic face;
The genuine sweetness of her mind
 Gives all her actions grace!
- [3.] With precious fruits abounding still,
 Her leaf is ever green:
Celestial smiles her steps attend
 In ev'ry changing scene!
- [4.] Her friendly love from fountains pure,
 Flows in a gentle stream;
Or, like the sun, diffusing good
 With ev'ry cheering beam!
- [5.] From vanity and meanness free,
 From envy, rage, and spleen;
With kind affection blesses all,
 And shines on all serene!
- [6.] With those that sing angelic strains
 She joins the tuneful choir:
Bright flaming seraphs warm her breast
 With ever-living fire!

²¹⁵Benjamin Rhodes, *Poems Divine and Experimental* (Edinburgh: David Paterson, 1781), 8–9.

- [7.] Such sterling worth well pleas'd I view;
Oh that I could attain!
Redemption's mighty prize embrace,
And paradise regain!

The Sweet Passion.²¹⁶

- [1.] For thee, my Redeemer, I languish and pine,
(My object is glorious, my passion divine)
I faint with desire! O when shall I prove!
Redemption's sweet pleasure, redemption and love!
- [2.] Wealth, grandeur, and fame, for thee I disdain,
The charms of thy love can ease all my pain:
All meaner enjoyments that vainly I try
Increase but my sorrow—For Jesus I die!
- [3.] If weary and faint, with trouble oppress'd,
My pains are reliev'd to lean on thy breast:
In vain then the tempter my soul seeks to move,
'Tis more than victorious in Jesus's love!
- [4.] When earth melts away, and time is no more,
While ages roll endless, thy name I'll adore!
Unfading thy beauties,—thy glories still shine,
I'll triumph for ever that Jesus is mine!

What is Conscience?²¹⁷

The mildest *balsam*, or the sharpest *steel*,
That wounds can wish, or the unwounded feel,
The softest *pillow*, or the sharpest *rod*,
The balm of blessing, or the scourge of God.

²¹⁶Benjamin Rhodes, *Poems Divine and Experimental* (Edinburgh: David Paterson, 1781), 11–12.

²¹⁷Edward Perronet, *Occasional Verses, Moral and Sacred* (London: J. Buckland & T. Scollick, 1785), 86.

POETRY.

The Vale and Lake of Keswick.²¹⁸

Where Keswick-Vale extends its vast domain,
Awful magnificence and beauty reign;
Hills upon hills in stately grandeur rise,
In wond'rous heights encroaching on the skies.

Should architecture here exalt his scale,
These structures rude in all their pomp assail
And turret upon turret swell her size,
Thus in the majesty of greatness rise;
The vanity of haughty men erect,
A second babel here in each respect,
With scorn these lofty mountains would look down,
And on its highest elevation frown;
Whose princely summits, monarchs of the air,
Beyond the clouds like pyramids appear,
While lower cliffs, with venerable brow,
O'erlook the watery expanse below.

Romantic scene, where hanging forests nod
From promontories human feet ne'er trod;
Bold strokes of nature free and unconfin'd,
With pleasing horror fills th' astonish'd mind;
Splendent cataracts glittering to the day,
Mid verdant dales, their ample waters play.

²¹⁸This verse is apparently by William Collins, the Methodist preacher assigned to Bradford in 1788, and was not previously published.

From crag to crag irregularly bound,
Forming a quick variety of sound,
To rural music distant echoes wake,
Till last they mingle with the peaceful lake;
On whose bright bosom mirror-like transcrib'd
Surrounding beauty floats in native pride,
The concave skies their azure tints diffuse,
Th' enamel'd banks their variegated hues,
Richly adorn'd, with various wooded isles,
It with the treasure of each season smiles.
There the sublime of nature wakes surprise,
While here the gentle charms attract the eyes,
Where from the margin, cultivated ground
Ascends the side, with softest verdure crown'd,
Full harvests waving with the golden ear,
And groves of oak all picturesque appear:
Where sweetly interspers'd the vales disclose,
The humble cots of poverty's repose,
Above the rich and great divinely blest,
With calm content (that sunshine of the breast)
Whose meek simplicity, and humble lays,
Demand our high esteem, and sweet affections raise.

W. C.

Bradforth,²¹⁹ July 21, 1788.

On Parting with a Friend.²²⁰

Duty has called, and instant to obey
The faithful servant flies—the hasty kiss
Snatched from the lip of friendship, racks the heart,
Which feels at parting, agonizing pangs,
And silent, sinking deep, dissolves in woe.

²¹⁹“Bradforth” is an alternative spelling of “Bradford.”

²²⁰No prior publication or details on author for this poem have been located. It is possibly by Rev. Joshua Gilpin, from manuscript (see note at 13:166 below).

Say ye, who taste the luxuries of grief,
Ye tender few, who know with soft delight
To wipe the drops from sorrow's melting eye,
To feel the sighs, which rend the bursting breast,
Redoubled on the sympathizing mind:
And quite forgetful of all outward views,
With pity's look, upon the struggling soul—
A soul opprest—but not to be o'ercome;
A soul resolved—though storms of anguish blow;
A soul approving—though the task severe;
A soul submitting—though the spirit mourns;
A soul expecting—never-ending peace;
A soul exulting—though the body dies!
Such is the soul of him, from whom I'm torn!
Such is the man, I must behold no more!

I ask, can such an union of the mind
Be rent by distance, loosed by hoary time?
No, no, it cannot: worlds cannot untie
The cord which friendship twisted round the hearts
Of those, whose sympathetic feelings draw
The knot still closer, as they farther go.
Be calm my heart; thou foolish flutter'r
Rest; and on th' almighty arm of God
Cast all thy wond'rous cares; he cares for thee,
He loves thee, cheers thee, bears thee in his breast;
His eyes rain pity, and his lips drop balm,
He bids thee rise, rise from the couch of grief,
And drink pure joys, that flow from him alone.—

He'll not condemn, the softness of the heart,
The tenderness of love, the milder strokes
Of pure, unmix'd affection: for our God
Commands to love him, and our brethren too—
For God is love, and love shall be our theme
Whilst here on earth, and when we mount to heaven.—

Though oceans roll between us, yet my friend
Is present with me, ever in my mind;
I see the living martyr die each day,
I see his raptur'd soul, on wing for heaven;
And leaving all below, he soars on high,
To gaze transported, on that blissful seat
Where (grief and toil being ov'r) he soon shall sit
Enrob'd in white, near to the Saviour's side.
His secret springs of action brought to light
Shall meet a vast reward, from heaven's high King.
Meantime, in expectation to receive
Him in their number, the celestial choirs
Renew their songs of unexhausted joy,
Praise and thanksgivings, issue from the harps
Of burning seraphs, while in calmer sounds
Of permanent delight, the souls of saints
Join in the chorus, and each spirit pure
Beckons my brother, to his long sought rest.

But where am I?—still in this world of pain,
And yet fair hope supports my patient steps
To a far happier clime—I wait the time
When my Redeemer shall pronounce the word,
And call, “Arise, arise my love, and come away!”

The Necessity of Renewing Grace.²²¹

- [1.] How helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of its load!
The heart unchang'd can never rife
To happiness and God.

²²¹Anne Steele, *Poems on Subjects Chiefly Devotional* (Bristol: William Pine, 1780), 3:141.

- [2.] The will perverse, the passions blind,
In paths of ruin stray:
Reason debas'd can never find
The safe, the narrow way.
- [3.] Can ought beneath a power divine
The stubborn will subdue?
'Tis thine, almighty Saviour, thine
To form the heart anew.
- [4.] 'Tis thine the passions to recal,
And upwards bid them rise,
And make the scales of error fall
From reason's darken'd eyes.
- [5.] To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live!
A beam of heaven, a vital ray
'Tis thine alone to give.
- [6.] O change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine!
Then shall our passions and our powers
Almighty, Lord, be thine.

To Belinda.²²²

- [1.] Belinda to her utmost wish is blest!
But stay my friend—that hasty thought review—
New wishes yet will rise to break your rest;
And if not lasting, can your bliss be true?

²²²Anne Steele, *Poems on Subjects Chiefly Devotional* (Bristol: William Pine, 1780), 2:7–8.

- [2.] True happiness is not the growth of earth,
The toil is fruitless if you seek it there:
'Tis an exotic of celestial birth,
And never blooms but in celestial air.
- [3.] Sweet plant of paradise, its seeds are sown
In here and there a mind of heavenly mould;
It rises slow, and buds, but ne'er is known
To blossom here, the climate is too cold.
- [4.] Ah no, Belinda, you have only found
Some flower that charms your fancy, gaily drest
In shining dyes, a native of the ground.
And think you are of happiness possest.
- [5.] But mark its date, to-morrow you may find
The colours fade, the lovely form decay:
And can that pleasure satisfy the mind;
Which blooms and fades, and withers in a day?
- [6.] O may your erring wishes learn to rise
Beyond the transient bliss which fancy knows,
Search not on earth, explore its native skies;
There happiness in full perfection grows.

Prior on Himself.²²³

To me 'twas giv'n to die, to thee 'tis giv'n
To live: alas! one moment sets us even:
Mark, how impartial is the will of heav'n!

²²³Matthew Prior, *Poems on Several Occasions. A New Edition, with some additions* (London: T. Johnson, 1720), 267.

POETRY.

Retirement.

[Part I.]²²⁴

Hackney'd in business, weari'd at that oar
Which thousands once fast chain'd to, quit no more,
But which when life at ebb runs weak and low,
All wish, or seem to wish they could forego.
The statesman, lawyer, merchant, man of trade,
Pants for the refuge of some rural shade,
Where all his long anxieties forgot
Amid the charms of a sequester'd spot,
Or recollected only to gild o'er,
And add a smile to what was sweet before,
He may possess the joys he thinks he sees,
Lay his old age upon the lap of ease,
Improve the remnant of his wasted span,
And having lived a trifler, die a man.
Thus conscience pleads her cause within the breast,
Though long rebell'd against, not yet suppress'd,

²²⁴William Cowper, *Poems* (London: J. Johnson, 1782), 258–63 (with elisions).

And calls a creature form'd for God alone,
 For heaven's high purposes, and not his own,
 Calls him away from selfish ends and aims,
 From what debilitates, and what inflames,
 From cities humming with a restless croud,
 Sordid as active, ignorant as loud,
 Whose highest praise is that they live in vain,
 The dupes of pleasure, or the slaves of gain,
 Where works of man are cluster'd close around,
 And works of God are hardly to be found.
 To regions where in spite of sin and woe,
 Traces of Eden still are seen below,
 Where mountain, river, forest, field and grove,
 Remind him of his Maker's pow'r and love.
 'Tis well if look'd for at so late a day,
 In the last scene of such a senseless play,
 True wisdom will attend his feeble call,
 And grace his actions ere²²⁵ the curtain fall.
 Souls that have long despis'd their heav'nly birth,
 Their wishes all impregnated with earth,
 For threescore years employ'd with ceaseless care,
 In catching smoke, and feeding upon air,
 Conversant only with the ways of men,
 Rarely redeem the short remaining ten.
 Invet'rate habits choak th' unfruitful heart,
 Their fibres penetrate its tend'rest part,
 And draining its nutritious pow'rs to feed
 Their noxious growth, starve ev'ry better seed.

Happy if full of days—but happier far
 If ere²²⁶ we yet discern life's evening star,
 Sick of the service of a world that feeds
 Its patient drudges with dry chaff and weeds,
 We can escape from custom's ideot sway,
 To serve the Sov'reign we were born to obey.

²²⁵Orig., "e'er"; but used in sense of "before."

²²⁶Orig., "e'er"; but used in sense of "before."

Then sweet to muse upon his skill display'd
(Infinite skill) in all that he hath made!
To trace in nature's most minute design,
The signature and stamp of power divine,
Contrivance intricate express'd with ease
Where unassisted sight no beauty sees,
The shapely limb and lubricated joint,
Within the small dimensions of a point,
Muscle and nerve miraculously spun,
His mighty work who speaks and it is done,
Th' invisible in things scarce seen reveal'd,
To whom an atom is an ample field.
Then with a glance of fancy to survey,
Far as the faculty can stretch away,
Ten thousand rivers pour'd at his command
From urns that never fail through ev'ry land,
These like a deluge with impetuous force,
Those winding modestly a silent course,
The cloud-surmounting Alps, the fruitless vales,
Seas on which ev'ry nation spreads her sails,
The sun, a world whence other worlds drink light,
The crescent moon, the diadem of night,
Stars countless, each in his appointed place,
Fast anchor'd in the deep abyss of space—
At such a sight to catch the poet's flame,
And with a rapture like his own exclaim,
These are thy glorious works, thou Source of good,
How dimly seen, how faintly understood!—
Thine, and upheld by thy paternal care,
This universal frame, thus wondrous fair;
Thy pow'r divine and bounty beyond thought,
Ador'd and prais'd in all that thou hast wrought,
Absorb'd in that immensity I see,
I shrink abas'd, and yet aspire to thee:

Instruct me, guide me to that heav'nly day,
Thy words, more clearly than thy works display,
That while thy truths my grosser thoughts refine,
I may resemble thee, and call thee mine.

(To be continued.)

To Mrs. R. S. on her Recovery from a Dangerous Illness.²²⁷

[Part I.]

And does my Beck still draw her vital breath:
Just barely rescu'd from the jaws of death?
Methought, indeed, you'd left me here behind,
And gain'd that harbour which I wish to find:
Had left your friend, still toiling on this sea,
And safe in port, were looking back on me:
Were looking back to see if I steer'd right
'Midst dang'rous rocks, oft hidden from my sight:
That then you cried to him who rules the winds,
Who limits ocean, and in fetters binds:
To lend his aid, to reach me out his hand,
Lest I should sink when just in sight of land:
That land of rest, where toil and labour cease,
Where all is joy, tranquility, and peace.

If spirits think, then sure our friends above,
Who drink the streams of God's unbounded love;
Cannot forget their brethren here below,
But all the signs of sympathy will show.
'Tis true they weep not, for no tears are there,
Where all is sunshine, all are free from care.
They see our dangers, and perhaps they feel,
But how they do it, who that's here can tell?

You're spar'd a little in this vale of tears,
But still you tremble, and are full of fears,

²²⁷This verse is by Rev. James Creighton, one of Wesley's associates; and addressed to Mrs. Rebecca Stubbs. Wesley was publishing from manuscript prior to its appearance in James Creighton, *Poetic Miscellanies* (London: s.n., 1791), 34–40.

Your fears encrease whene'er you look around,
For, where you stand, you know is slipp'ry ground.
You fear the men who bear the Christian name,
Yet by their deeds put Christ to open shame:
You fear the world with its enchanting snares,
You fear its smiles, but more its thorny cares:
You fear the devil roaring for his prey,
You fear yourself, and fain would be away.
But here again you stop, and call to mind
The darling babes, you now must leave behind:
Ah! there's the task!—how hard it is to part
With tender babes so twisted round your heart!
Your bowels yearn, you look, and look again,
And whilst you gaze, awhile forget your pain.
“My babes! you cry, how can I leave you here,
To combat storms, through boist'rous waves to steer!
Ah! who shall guide you in your giddy youth,
Improve your minds, or point you to the truth?
Will you be cloth'd, or find a piece of bread,
When I go hence, and mingle with the dead?
Or must you bear the savage ruffian's hand,
And on him wait to hear his stern command?
Must ye be scoff'd, and ridicul'd, and scorn'd;
Be by the vilest of the rabble spurn'd?
Oh! how my heart-strings rend at this dire thought:
I feel the ills to which ye *may* be brought!”

(To be continued.)

On Content.²²⁸

Hence learn the cause and reason of thy want;
'Tis ceaseless care, and graceless discontent.
But hold thy murmuring, and from envy cease;
Be but contented, and you must have peace.

²²⁸Edward Perronet, *Occasional Verses, Moral and Sacred* (London: J. Buckland & T. Scollick, 1785), 161.

POETRY.

To Mrs. R. S. on her Recovery from a Dangerous Illness.²²⁹

[Part II.]

(Concluded from page 168.)

Enough!—my sister, let me stop you here,
And dry up, if I can, that trickling tear,
Your yearnings are my own, I felt them too,
And having felt can sympathize with you:
I've trod the path, which you have lately trod,
And know how creatures wean us from our God.
Ah! creature-loves, and idols all be gone!
And let me love my God, and him alone!
To steer through life, as I have found the clew,
I stop awhile to point it out to you;
This maze of life, yea rather vale of death,
For we are dying since we drew our breath.
Faith, mighty *faith*, this, sister, is the clew;
By faith the just shall live, and conquer too.
Yes, *faith o'ercomes the world*, dispels our fear,
Disarms the monster Death, or blunts his spear.
By faith we trust our God with all we have,
And to his wise disposal all things leave.

²²⁹This verse is by Rev. James Creighton, one of Wesley's associates; and addressed to Mrs. Rebecca Stubbs. Wesley was publishing from manuscript prior to its appearance in James Creighton, *Poetic Miscellanies* (London: s.n., 1791), 34–40.

We know Elijah's God can all things do,
 Who feeds the fowls will feed our children too.
 Who decks the lily with that beaut'ous vest,
 Will give us raiment, or what he sees best.
 Whilst clogg'd with flesh, and matter here below,
 We see but *darkly*, almost nothing know:
 The ways of God to us mysterious seem,
 But faith cries out, "pray leave it all to him;
 To him commit your cause, who's wise and just,
 And where you can't unriddle, learn to trust."*
 Besides, my sister, when you take a view
 Of all that God hath strangely done for you;
 How he hath led you through this desert land,
 And all your wants suppli'd with lib'ral hand:
 O can you for a moment once give way
 To unbelief, or doubt what God doth say?
 The God of truth, the God that cannot lie,
 That freely pours his blessings from the sky?
 Who counts your hairs, who's mighty still to save,
 And hath so lately snatch'd you from the grave?
 No—no—you cannot, *dare* not disbelieve:
 But *now* resolve his Spirit ne'er to grieve.
 Be faithful then,—to all your ways take heed,
 And God will pour his blessing on your seed:
 Be faithful unto death, and view the prize,
 By Christ prepar'd, a mansion in the skies;
 A *crown of life* not subject to decay,
 With all the bliss of an eternal day.
 Behold he comes! whose promises are sure,
 To crown the just, who to the end endure.
 Behold he comes! the great Jehovah comes!
 To wake the saints out of their yawning tombs.
 The saints who *sleep in him* shall then awake;
 And slumb'ring dust shall soon new forms partake:

* See Parnell's "Hermit."²³⁰

²³⁰Thomas Parnell (1679–1718), "The Hermit," was one of the more popular poems published in the 18th century.

Yes, brilliant forms, far brighter than the sun,
 Which through immensity with ease shall run,
 Shall fly at his command who gives them wing,
 And pay their homage to their sov'reign King.
 No pain they feel in that celestial sphere,
 And scarce remember that they suffer'd here.
 Transporting thought!—Oh! how it lifts me up!
 For, now I seem to stand on Pisgah's top.
 My eager spirit fain would take its flight,
 And soaring mingle with the *saints in light*.
 My dear departed friends who're gone before,
 Shall greet me when I land on Zion's shore:
 And you amongst the rest I hope to find,
 Either before me, or perhaps behind.

O thou, to whom at parting once I gave
 That soul in charge, believing thou wouldst save;
 Wouldst save her in each trial, save at last,
 And be her covert from the furious blast:
 I trusted her with thee, and still I trust;
 Thy word is sure, and thou art ever just:
 Return, I ask, return her safe to me,
 Purg'd from all sin, from all impurity:
 My sister let me see a *glorious* bride
 Array'd in white, and seated by thy side!
 'Midst blood-wash'd saints O may I meet her there!
 In tribulation she's my sister here.
 The earth shall cease to move, the sun to shine,
 And all those orbs that shew the hand divine:
 The heav'ns too, thou say'st, shall not endure,
 But still thy truth, thy promises are sure.
 On these I build my hopes, on these rely;
 By these upborn all dangers I defy:
 Yes, Death itself I'll meet, if thou art near,
 With calm repose, and even void of fear.

O then my God, my Father, and my Friend,
Still nigh me stand, and save me to the end.
Yea, save my sister too, and let us meet
In blissful rapture both at Jesu's feet;
Where we shall join the saints' melodious choir;
And with eternal praises tune our lyre!

Sept. 24, 1785.

Retirement.

[Part II.]²³¹

(Continued from page 167.)

Oh blest proficiency! surpassing all
That men erroneously their glory call,
The recompence that arts or arms can yield,
The bar, the senate, or the tented field.
Compar'd with this sublimest life below,
Ye kings and rulers what have courts to show!
Thus studied, used and consecrated thus,
Whatever *is*, seems formed indeed for us,
Not as the playthings of a froward child,
Fretful unless diverted and beguil'd,
Much less to feed and fan the fatal fires
Of pride, ambition, or impure desires;
But as a scale by which the soul ascends
From mighty means to more important ends,
Securely, though by steps but rarely trod,
Mounts from inferior beings up to God,
And sees by no fallacious light or dim,
Earth made for man, and man himself for him.

Op'ning the map of God's extensive plan,
We find a little isle, this life of man,
Eternity's unknown expanse appears
Circling around and limiting his years;

²³¹William Cowper, *Poems* (London: J. Johnson, 1782), 263–66 (with elisions).

The busy race examine and explore
Each crack and cavern of the dang'rous shore,
With care collect what in their eyes excels,
Some, shining pebbles, and some, weeds and shells.
Thus laden dream that they are rich and great,
And happy's he that groans beneath his weight;
The waves o'ertake them in their serious play,
And ev'ry hour sweeps multitudes away,
They shriek and sink, survivors start and weep,
Pursue their sport, and follow to the deep;
A few forsake the throng, with lifted eyes
Ask wealth of heav'n, and gain a real prize,
Truth, wisdom, grace, and peace like that above,
Seal'd with his signet whom they serve and love;
Scorn'd by the rest, with patient hope they wait
A kind release from their imperfect state,
And unregretted are soon snatch'd away
From scenes of sorrow into glorious day.

[To be continued.]

On Good Friday.²³²

Dies he that lives!—does then th' immortal die!
Can Reason hear, nor ask the reason why?
Does he expire like frail mortality,
Whose breath is life—his days eternity?
He does—but why?—look, infidel, within;
Offended justice, and uncancel'd sin,
Each now no more—the debt eternal paid,
And full redemption—full atonement made.
“Father, forgive”—“forgive,” the Spirit cries:
“’Twas man that sinn'd; but 'tis thy Son that dies!”

²³²Edward Perronet, *Occasional Verses, Moral and Sacred* (London: J. Buckland & T. Scollick, 1785), 38.

POETRY.

Retirement.

[Part III.]²³³

(Continued from page 224.)

Nor these alone prefer a life recluse,
Who seek retirement for its proper use,
The love of change that lives in ev'ry breast,
Genius, and temper, and desire of rest,
Discordant motives in one center meet,
And each inclines it's votary to retreat.
Some minds by nature are averse to noise,
And hate the tumult half the world enjoys,
The lure of av'rice, or the pompous prize,
That courts display before ambitious eyes,
The fruit that hangs on pleasure's flow'ry stem,
Whate'er enchants them are no snares to them.
To them the deep recess of dusky groves,
Or forests where the deer securely roves,
The fall of waters and the song of birds,
And hills that echo to the distant herds,
Are luxuries excelling all the glare
The world can boast, and her chief fav'rites share.
With eager step, and carelessly array'd,
For such a cause the poet seeks the shade,

²³³William Cowper, *Poems* (London: J. Johnson, 1782), 267–78 (with a major elision).

From all he sees he catches new delight,
 Pleas'd fancy claps her pinions at the sight,
 The rising or the setting orb of day,
 The clouds that flit, or slowly float away,
 Nature in all the various shapes she wears,
 Frowning in storms, or breathing gentle airs,
 The snowy robe her wintry state assumes,
 Her summer heats, her fruits, and her perfumes,
 All, all alike transport the glowing bard,
 Success in rhyme his glory, his reward.
 Oh Nature! whose Elysian scenes disclose
 His bright perfection, at whose birth they rose,
 Next to that power who form'd thee and sustains
 Be thou the great inspirer of my strains.
 Still as I touch the lyre, do thou expand
 Thy genuine charms, and guide an artless hand,
 That I may catch a fire but rarely known,
 Give useful light though I should miss renown,
 And poaring on thy page, whose ev'ry line
 Bears proof of an intelligence divine,
 May feel a heart enrich'd by what it pays,
 That builds its glory on its Maker's praise.

Ye groves (the statesman at his desk exclaims,
 Sick of a thousand disappointed aims)
 My patrimonial treasure and my pride,
 Beneath your shades your gray possessor hide:
 Receive me languishing for that repose
 The servant of the public never knows.
 Ye saw me once (ah those regretted days
 When boyish innocence was all my praise)
 Hour after hour²³⁴ delightfully allot
 To studies then familiar, since forgot,
 And cultivate a taste for ancient song,
 Catching its ardour as I mus'd along;

²³⁴Orig., "Honour after honour"; a possible misprint; restored to Cowper's original.

Now seldom, as propitious heav'n might send,
What once I valued and could boast, a friend,
Were witnesses how cordially I prest,
His undissembling virtue to my breast:
Receive me now, not uncorrupt as then,
Nor guiltless of corrupting other men;
But vers'd in arts that while they seem to stay
A falling empire, hasten its decay.
To the fair haven of my native home,
The wreck of what I was, fatigu'd I come,
For once I can approve the patriot's voice,
And make the course he recommends, my choice,
We meet at last in one sincere desire,
His wish and mine both prompt me to retire.
'Tis done—he steps into the welcome chaise,
Lolls at his ease behind four handsome bays,
That whirl away from business and debate,
The disencumber'd atlas of the state.

[To be continued.]

To The Reader.

My brother has left several manuscript volumes of short hymns, upon various passages of scripture: particularly on the four gospels and the Acts of the Apostles. Many of these are no ways inferior to those that have been already published. A specimen of them I purpose to publish in the ensuing magazines.²³⁵ The whole will probably see the light in some future period.

J. W.

Hymn I. on Matt. i. [ver.] 16.—“Who is called Christ.”²³⁶

1. Christ, the anointed Seer
 Messenger from the Most High,
Thy prophetic character
 To my conscience signify;

²³⁵John Wesley apparently did not recognize that Charles had incorporated the relevant hymns from *Scripture Hymns* (1762) into his larger manuscript collections on the gospels. Thus some of the hymns that John includes in following issues of the *Arminian Magazine* had been published previously.

²³⁶Charles Wesley, MS Matthew, 2–3.

Signify thy Father's will,
By that unction from above,
Mysteries of grace reveal,
Teach my heart that God is Love.

2. Thou who didst for all atone
Dost for all incessant pray,
Make thy priestly office known,
Take my cancel'd sin away;
Let me innocence regain,
Right'ousness from thee receive;
Through thy meritorious pain,
Through thy intercession live.
3. Sov'reign universal King,
Every faithful soul's desire,
Into me thy kingdom bring
Into me thy Spirit inspire;
From mine inbred foes release,
Here erect thy gracious throne,
King of right'ousness and peace,
Reign in ev'ry heart alone.
4. O that all were taught of God,
All anointed by thy grace,
Kings, and priests, redeem'd with blood
Born again to sound thy praise;
An elect, peculiar seed,
Offspring of the deity,
Christians both in name and deed,
One, entirely one with thee!

POETRY.

Short Hymns.
(By the late Rev. C. Wesley.)

Hymn II.

**On Matt. i. [ver.] 21.—“Thou shalt call his name Jesus,
for he shall save his people from their sins.”²³⁷**

1. Jesus *from*, not *in* our sins
Doth still his people save:
Him our Advocate and Prince,
Our Priest and King we have:
Strength in him, with righteousness,
With pardon, purity we gain,
Priests, his praying Spirit possess,
And kings triumphant reign.

2. Sav'd from sin, through faith we found
Ourselves by grace forgiven:
Jesus' grace doth more abound,
And makes us meet for heaven:
The full virtue of his name
Our hallow'd souls at last shall prove,
To the utmost sav'd proclaim
His pure, almighty love.

(To be continued.)

Retirement.

[Part IV.]²³⁸
(Continued from page 279.²³⁹)

Ask not the boy, who when the breeze of morn
First shakes the glitt'ring drops from ev'ry thorn,
Unfolds his flock, then under bank or bush
Sits linking cherry-stones, or plating rush,

²³⁷Stanza 1 = *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:126, NT #5; and Stanza 2 = *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:126, NT #4. Being taken here from Charles Wesley, MS Matthew, 3–4.

²³⁸William Cowper, *Poems* (London: J. Johnson, 1782), 278–82 (with elisions).

²³⁹Orig., “224”; a misprint.

How fair is freedom? he was ever free—
 To carve his rustic name upon a tree,
 To snare the mole, or with ill fashion'd hook
 To draw th' incautious minnow from the brook,
 Are life's prime pleasure in his simple view,
 His flock the chief concern he ever knew:
 She shines but little in his heedless eyes,
 The good we never miss, we rarely prize.
 But ask the noble drudge in state-affairs,
 Escap'd from office and its constant cares,
 What charms he sees in freedom's smile express'd,
 In freedom lost so long, now repossess'd?
 The tongue whose strains were cogent as commands,
 Revered at home, and felt in foreign lands,
 Shall own itself a stamm'rer in that cause,
 Or plead its silence as its best applause.
 He knows indeed that whether drest or rude,
 Wild without art, or artfully subdu'd,
 Nature in ev'ry form inspires delight,
 But never mark'd him with so just a sight.
 Her hedge-row shrubs, a vari'gated store,
 With wood-bine and wild roses mantl'd o'er,
 Green baulks and furrow'd lands, the stream that spreads
 Its cooling vapour o'er the dewy meads,
 Dawns that almost escape th' enquiring eye,
 That melt and fade into the distant sky,
 Beauties he lately slighted as he past,
 Seem all created since he travell'd last.
 Master of all the enjoyments he design'd,
 No rough annoyance rankling in his mind.
 What early philosophic hours he keeps?
 How regular his meals? how sound he sleeps?
 The tide of life, swift always in its course,
 May run in cities with a brisker force;

But no where with a current so serene,
 Or half so clear as in the rural scene.
 Yet how fallacious is all earthly bliss?
 What obvious truths the wisest heads may miss?
 Some pleasures live a month, and some a year,
 But short the date of all we gather here.
 No happiness is felt, except the true,
 That does not charm the more for being new.
 This observation, as it chanc'd, not made,
 Or if the thought occur'd, not duly weigh'd,
 He sighs—for after all, by slow degrees,
 The spot he lov'd has lost the pow'r to please;
 To cross his ambling pony day by day,
 Seems at the best, but dreaming life away;
 The prospect, such as might enchant despair,
 He views it not, or sees no beauty there.
 With aching heart, and discontented looks,
 Returns at noon, to billiards or to books,
 But feels while grasping at his faded joys,
 A secret thirst of his renounc'd employs,
 He chides the tardiness of ev'ry post
 Pants to be told of battles won or lost:
 Blames his own indolence, observes though late,
 'Tis criminal to leave a sinking state,
 Flies to the levee, and receiv'd with grace,
 Kneels, kisses hands, and shines again in place.

[To be continued.]

Inconstancy.²⁴⁰

I can't, I mayn't, I won't, and yet I will;
 I'll have it all, and yet have nothing still.
 Thus tost, I fix; and fixt, I toss again;
 A stone in air, a bubble on the main.
 Such is my life, and such 'tis like to be,
 Till snatch'd from idols, and transform'd by thee.

²⁴⁰Edward Perronet, *Occasional Verses, Moral and Sacred* (London: J. Buckland & T. Scollick, 1785), 174.

POETRY.

Short Hymns.
(By the late Rev. C. Wesley.)

Hymn III.

**On Matt. i.²⁴¹ [ver.] 23.—“They shall call his name
Emmanuel, which being interpreted is, God with us.”²⁴²**

1. Celebrate Immanuel’s name,
The Prince of life and peace!
God with us our lips proclaim,
Our faithful hearts confess;
God with in our flesh reveal’d!
Earth and heaven in Jesus join,
Mortal with immortal fill’d,
And human with divine!
2. Fulness of the deity
In Jesu’s body dwells,
Dwells in all his saints and me,
When God his Son reveals:
Father, manifest thy Son,
And conscious of th’ incarnate Word,
In our inmost souls make known
The presence of the Lord.
3. Let the Spirit of our Head
Through ev’ry member flow,
By our Lord inhabited
We then Immanuel know,
Then he doth his name express,
And God-in-us we truly prove,
Fill’d with all the life of grace,
And all the power of love.

(To be continued.)

²⁴¹Orig., “v.”; corrected by JW in his personal copy of *AM*.

²⁴²Charles Wesley, MS Matthew, 4–5; stanza 1 = *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:126, NT #6.

Retirement.

[Part V.]²⁴³

(Continued from page 336.²⁴⁴)

Anticipated rents, and bills unpaid,
Force many a shining youth into the shade,
Not to redeem his time, but his estate,
And play the fool, but at a cheaper rate.
There hid in loath'd obscurity, remov'd
From pleasures left, but never more belov'd,
He just endures, and with a sickly spleen
Sighs o'er the beauty of the charming scene.
Nature indeed looks prettily in rhyme,
Streams tinkle sweetly in poetic chime,²⁴⁵
The warblings of the black-bird, clear and strong,
Are musical enough in Thomson's song,
And Cobham's groves, and Windsor's green retreats,
When Pope describes them, have a thousand sweets,
He likes the country, but in truth must own,
Most likes it when he studies it in town.
 'Tis easy to resign a toilsome place,
But not to manage leisure with a grace,
Absence of occupation is not rest,
A mind quite vacant is a mind distress'd.
The vet'ran steed excus'd his task at length,
In kind compassion of his failing strength,
And turn'd into a park or mead to graze,
Exempt from future service all his days,
There feels a pleasure perfect in its kind,
Ranges at liberty, and snuffs the wind.
But when his lord would quit the busy road,
To taste a joy like that he has bestow'd,
He proves less happy than his favour'd brute,
A life of ease a difficult pursuit.

²⁴³William Cowper, *Poems* (London: J. Johnson, 1782), 286–92 (skipped from 282 to 286, and elisions in remainder).

²⁴⁴Orig., “335”; a misprint.

²⁴⁵Orig., “clime”; corrected by JW in his personal copy of *AM*.

Whence, and what are we? to what end ordain'd?
 What means the drama by the world sustain'd?
 Business or vain amusements, care or mirth,
 Divide the frail inhabitants of earth,
 Is duty a mere sport, or an employ?
 Life an intrusted talent, or a toy?
 Is there as reason, conscience, scripture say,
 Cause to provide for a great future day,
 When earth's assign'd duration at an end,
 Man shall be summon'd and the dead attend?
 The trumpet—will it sound? the curtain rise?
 And show th' august tribunal of the skies,
 Where no prevarication shall avail,
 Where eloquence and artifice shall fail,
 The pride of arrogant distinctions fall,
 And conscience and our conduct judge *us* all?
 Pardon me, ye that give the midnight oil,
 To learned cares or philosophic toil,²⁴⁶
 Though I revere your honourable names,
 Your useful labours, and important aims
 And hold the world indebted to your aid,
 Enrich'd with the discoveries ye have made,
 Yet let me stand excused, if I esteem
 A mind employ'd on so sublime a theme,
 Pushing her bold enquiry to the date,
 An outline of the present transient state,
 And after poising her advent'rous wings,
 Settling at last upon eternal things,
 Far more intelligent, and better taught
 The strenuous use of profitable thought,
 Than ye when happi'st and enlighten'd most,
 And highest in renown, can justly boast.

(To be concluded in our next.)

²⁴⁶Orig., “toils”; corrected by JW in his personal copy of *AM*.

POETRY.

Short Hymns.
(By the late Rev. C. Wesley.)

Hymn IV.

**On Matt. ii. ver. 2.—“We have seen his star in the east
and are come to worship him.”²⁴⁷**

[1.] Mine eyes have seen his orient star,
And sweetly drawn I come from far,
Leaving the world behind;

²⁴⁷Charles Wesley, MS Matthew, 6.

His Spirit gently leads me on,
A stranger in a land unknown,
The new-born King to find.

[2.] The word of thy all-powerful grace,
Marks out the Saviour's natal place;
And follower of the word
I keep his glimm'ring star in sight,
Which by its sure unerring light
Conducts me to my Lord.

Retirement.

[Part VI.]²⁴⁸

(Concluded from page 392.)

A mind unnerv'd, or indispos'd to bear
The weight of subjects, worthi'st of her care,
Whatever hopes a change of scene inspires,
Must change her nature, or in vain retires.
An idler is a watch that wants both hands,
As useless if it goes as when it stands.
Books therefore, not the scandal of the shelves,
In which lewd sensualists print out themselves;
But such as learning without false pretence,
The friend of truth, th' associate of sound sense;
And such as in the zeal of good design,
Strong judgment lab'ring in the scripture mine,
All such as manly and great souls produce,
Worthy to live, and of eternal use.
Behold in these what leisure hours demand,
Amusement and true knowledge hand in hand.

²⁴⁸William Cowper, *Poems* (London: J. Johnson, 1782), 292–98 (with elisions).

Luxury gives the mind a childish cast,
 And while she polishes, prevents²⁴⁹ the taste,
 Habits of close attention, thinking heads,
 Become more rare as dissipation spreads,
 Till authors hear at length one gen'ral cry,
 Tickle and entertain us or we die.
 Friends (for I cannot stint as some have done
 Too rigid in my view, that name to one,
 Though one, I grant it, in the gen'rous breast
 Will stand advanc'd a step above the rest,
 Flow'rs by that name promiscuously we call,
 But one the rose, the regent of them all.)
 Friends, not adopted with a school boy's haste,
 But chosen with a nice discerning taste,
 Well-born, well-disciplin'd, who plac'd apart²⁵⁰
 From vulgar minds, have honour much at heart,
 And (though the world may think th' ingredients odd)
 The love of virtue, and the fear of God!
 Such friends prevent what else would soon succeed,
 A temper rustic as the life we lead,
 And keep the polish of the manners clean,
 As theirs who bustle in the busi'st scene.
 For solitude, however some may rave,
 Seeming a sanctuary, proves a grave,
 A sepulchre in which the living lie,
 Where all good qualities grow sick and die.
 I praise the Frenchman,* his remark was shrewd,
 How sweet, how passing sweet is solitude!
 But grant me still a friend in my retreat,
 Whom I may whisper, solitude is sweet.
 Yet neither these delights, nor aught beside
 That appetite can ask, or wealth provide,
 Can save us always from a tedious day,
 Or shine the dullness of still life away;

* [Jean De La] Bruyère.

²⁴⁹Possibly a misprint; Cowper original has "perverts."

²⁵⁰Orig., "pleas'd a part"; a misprint.

Divine communion carefully enjoy'd,
Or sought with energy, must fill the void.
Oh sacred art! to which alone life owes
Its happiest seasons, and a peaceful close,
Scorn'd in a world, indebted to that scorn
For evils daily felt and hardly borne,
Not knowing thee, we reap with bleeding hands,
Flow'rs of rank odour upon thorny lands,
And while experience cautions us in vain,
Grasp seeming happiness, and find it pain.
Despondence, self-deserted in her grief,
Lost by abandoning her own relief,
Murmuring and ungrateful discontent,
That scorns afflictions mercifully meant,
Those humours tart as wines upon the fret,
Which idleness and weariness beget,
These, and a thousand plagues that haunt the breast
Fond of the phantom of an earthly rest,
Divine communion chases as the day,
Drives to their dens th' obedient beasts of prey.

Religion does not censure or exclude
Unnumber'd pleasures harmlessly pursu'd.
To study culture, and with artful toil
To moderate and tame the stubborn soil,
To give dissimilar, yet fruitful lands
The grain or herb or plant that each demands,
To cherish virtue in an humble state,
And share the joys your bounty may create,
To mark the matchless workings of the pow'r,
That shoots within its seed the future flow'r,
Bids these in elegance of form excel,
In colour these, and those delight the smell,
Sends nature forth the daughter of the skies,
To dance on earth and charm all human eyes,

To teach the canvass innocent deceit,
 Or lay the landscape on the snowy sheet,
 Then these are arts pursu'd without a crime,
 That leave no stain upon the wing of time.
 Me poetry (or rather notes that aim
 Feebly and vainly at poetic fame)
 Employ, shut out from more important views,
 Fast by the banks of the slow-winding Ouse.
 Content if thus sequester'd I may raise
 A monitor's, though not a poet's praise.
 And while I teach an art too little known,
 To close life wisely, may not want my own.

**Verses Found on a Tablet in the Temple of Venus,
 in Lord Jersy's Wood.²⁵¹**

Whoe'er thou art, whom chance ordains to rove
 A youthful stranger to this fatal grove;
 Oh! if thy breast can feel too soft a flame,
 And with thee wanders some unguarded dame,
 Fly, fly the place—each object through the shade
 Persuades to love, and in this cottage laid,
 What cannot, may not, will not love persuade?
 See to yon oak how close the woodbine cleaves,
 And twines around its luxury of leaves.
 Above, the boughs a pleasing darkness shed,
 Beneath, a downy couch soft fleeces spread.
 Do spies approach? shrill bells the sound repeat,
 And from the entrance screams the conscious gate.
 Nor from these walls do rigid bustos frown,
 Or philosophic censors threat in stone:
 But Venus' self does her own rites²⁵² approve,
 In naked state, and through the raptur'd grove,
 Breathes the curs'd madness²⁵³ of excessive love.

²⁵¹William Whitehead, *Poems of Several Occasions* (London: R. & J. Dodsley, 1754), 123;
 Wesley is likely taking from *Annual Register ... 1766* (London: Dodsley, 1767), 267–68 (where it appears
 with the title as above, which differs from in Whitehead).

²⁵²Orig., “rights”; a misprint.

²⁵³Whitehead original read “sweet madness.”

**On the Tomb of Mrs. Mary Voguell, in Camberwell Church,
who died, February 28, 1775, aged eighteen years.²⁵⁴**

- [1.] Say then did bount'ous heav'n dispense
Such beauty, wit, and social sense,
To meet an early doom;
How soon the purest soul is fled,
To join the visionary dead,
And share the silent tomb!
- [2.] Fond man thy vain complaints give o'er,
Frail as the blossom of an hour
The shadowy term is giv'n;
Yet God his favourite vot'ry knows,
Contracts the span, replete with woes,
And calls the saint to heaven.

**An Epitaph
On a Man who was Drowned by Bathing in
the Sea at Brighthelmstone.²⁵⁵**

- [1.] To live each moment, reader, be thy care;
To live as seeing him that sees unseen:
Live so prepar'd that when he calls thee²⁵⁶ hence,
Thy soul may spotless stand on Zion's hill.
- [2.] Who lives by faith, who ev'ry moment hangs,
With firm reliance on the suff'ring God,
Can never be surpris'd by sudden death,
Or heedless launch into a world unknown.
- [3.] What though his mortal part, may sink in waves,
Or sleeping lie to moulder in the dust;
The particle divine ascends on high,
To swim in oceans of eternal bliss.

²⁵⁴This is a shortened form of an anonymous poem "On the Death of the Lady Sir John Griffith Boynton," *Gentleman's Magazine* 38 (1768):136.

²⁵⁵This verse is by Rev. James Creighton, one of Wesley's associates. Wesley was publishing from manuscript prior to its appearance in James Creighton, *Poetic Miscellanies* (London: s.n., 1791), 45–46.

²⁵⁶Orig., "the"; a misprint.

POETRY.

**Short Hymns.
(By the late Rev. C. Wesley.)**

Hymn V.²⁵⁷

**On Matt. iii. ver. 9.—“Think not to say within yourselves,
We have Abraham to our father.”**²⁵⁸

- [1.] Sons of the church yourselves who deem
The temple of the Lord,
Awake out of your fatal dream,
And tremble at the word;

²⁵⁷Orig., “IV”; a misprint.

²⁵⁸Charles Wesley, MS Matthew, 10.

Howe'er your privilege ye boast,
On outward helps rely,
Ye all must finally be lost
Who unconverted die.

2. Long as the things of earth ye love,
Nor will from sin depart,
Your own pretensions ye disprove,
Poor heathens still in heart;
Members of th' true church in vain,
Unchang'd and unforgiv'n,
Unless ye all are born again,
Ye cannot enter heav'n.

To Sappho: a Young Lady of Thirteen Years of Age.²⁵⁹

While yet no am'rous youths around thee bow,
Nor flatt'ring verse conveys the faithless vow;
To graver notes will Sappho's soul attend,
And ere she hears the lover, hear the friend.
Let maids less bless'd employ their meaner arts,
To reign proud tyrants o'er unnumber'd hearts;
May Sappho learn (for nobler triumphs born)
Those little conquests of her sex to scorn!
To form thy bosom to each gen'rous deed,
To plant thy mind with every useful seed;
Be these thy arts; nor spare the grateful toil,
Where nature's hand has bless'd the happy soil.
So shalt thou know, with pleasing skill to blend
The lovely mistress, and instructive friend:
So shalt thou know, when unrelenting time
Shall spoil those charms, now²⁶⁰ opening to their prime;
To ease the loss of beauty's transient flower,
While reason keeps, what nature²⁶¹ gave before.

²⁵⁹William Melmouthe, *Letters on Several Subjects* (London: Dodsley, 1749), 2:65–67. Wesley may have taken from one of the many reprints; such as *A Collection of Poems in four volumes, by several hands* (London: George Pearch, 1775), 2:137–38.

²⁶⁰Orig. “now”; changed by JW in his personal copy of *AM*.

²⁶¹Orig. “rapture”; changed by JW in his personal copy of *AM*.

And, oh! whilst wit, fair dawning, spreads its ray,
Serenely rising to a glorious day;
To hail thy growing lustre oft be mine,
Thou early fav'rite of the sacred nine!
Then shall the muse with blameless boast pretend,
In youth's gay bloom that Sappho call'd me friend.
That, urged by me, she shunn'd the dang'rous way
Where heedless maids in endless error stray:
That, scorning soon her sex's idler art,
Fair praise inspir'd, and virtue warm'd her heart:
That, fond to reach the distant paths of fame,
I taught her infant genius where to aim.

Thus, when the feather'd choir first tempt the sky,
And, all unskill'd, their feeble pinions try,
Th' experienc'd sire attends th' advent'rous height,
Guides the young wing, and pleas'd attends the flight.

**On St. Ardalio, who from a Stage-Player
became a Christian, and Suffered Martyrdom.²⁶²**

- [1.] Ardalio jeers, and in his comick strains
The mysteries of our bleeding God profanes,
While his loud laughter shakes the painted scenes.
- [2.] Heaven heard, and around the Almighty's awful throne²⁶³
The kindling lightnings in thick flashes shone,
And vengeful thunders murmur'd to be gone.
- [3.] Mercy stood near, and with a smiling brow
Calm'd the loud thunders; "There's no need of you;
Grace shall descend, and the weak man subdue."

²⁶²Isaac Watts, *Horae lyricae. Poems chiefly of the lyric kind, in three books*, 2nd edition (London: N. Cliff, 1709), 141. Wesley published previously in *MSP* (1744), 1:213.

²⁶³Orig. "Heaven heard, and strait around the smoaking throne"; changed by JW in his personal copy of *AM*.

- [4.] Grace leaves the skies, and he the stage forsakes,
And bows his head beneath²⁶⁴ the martyring ax,
And as he bows, this gentle farewell takes:
- [5.] “So goes the comedy of life away;
Vain earth, adieu, heaven will applaud to day:
Strike, courteous tyrant, and conclude the play.”

The Duel Recanted.²⁶⁵

Two sons of Galen,²⁶⁶ high in fame,
Untaught to bear a rival's name,
With pill, nor bolus take the field,
But each a dreadful pistol wield.
Just in the moment big with fate,
Apollo enter'd Claudio's pate,
And whisper'd thus, “What madness, friend,
Has urged you here to seek your end?
Why should you die *secundum Martem*?²⁶⁷
Go, safely kill *secundum artem*.”²⁶⁸
Pluto, his interests to maintain,
That moment mounts the doctor's brain;
On pineal gland he takes his station,
And utters his august oration:
“If you my wrath, or favour heed;
Peace, brethren, peace, be well agreed!
Throw, throw those murd'rous arms away,
Spare but yourselves, your thousands slay;
Your arms medicinal extend,
Yourselves enrich, my power befriend.
Ev'n Charon wishes you to spare
Yourselves, and not abridge his fare.”
He spake, and sought the realms of night;
The doctor took the matter right,
Propos'd to let the quarrel die;
The harmless bullet mounts the sky.

²⁶⁴Orig. “down to”; changed by JW in his personal copy of *AM*.

²⁶⁵*Gentleman's Magazine* 54 (1783): 871–72; signed W. B. In his personal copy of *AM* JW draws a line through this item, labeling it ‘doggerel’.

²⁶⁶I.e., two physicians.

²⁶⁷“According to Mars,” the Roman god of war; or “according to battle.”

²⁶⁸“According to the art” (of medicine).

POETRY.

Short Hymns.
(By the late Rev. C. Wesley.)

Hymn VI.²⁶⁹

**On Matt. iii. ver. 17.—“Lo, a voice from heaven saying,
This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well-pleased.”**

- [1.] Father, in thy beloved Son
Thou art well-pleas'd; in Christ alone
Thou find'st thy joy supreme:
Yet doth thy soul in man delight
If loving faith to Christ unite,
And makes us part of him.
- [2.] Not one of our rebellious race
Could e'er obtain thy pardoning grace,
Or good from thee receive,
Hadst thou not him on all bestow'd,
That all who trust the dying God
Might in thy favour live.
- [3.] That thou may'st kindly smile on me,
Father, I bring thy Son to thee,
With him approach thy throne:
His death my powerful plea I make;
Accept me for the only sake
Of thy beloved Son.
- [4.] Nothing I ask but in his name,
Nothing but through his merits claim
Who pleads my cause above:

²⁶⁹Charles Wesley, (combining two hymns in) MS Matthew, 13–15.

My feeble prayers to his I join;
Regard my advocate divine,
And me in Jesus love.

[5.] Who in his Spirit walk and live,
My works as Jesu's works receive,
And all I have and am,
With him, that all my works hath wrought,
Be mine to full perfection brought,
Mysteriously the same.

[6.] Father thy heavenly voice I own,
Propitious through thy favourite Son
I know thou art to me;
Cloth'd with his blood and righteousness,
Accepted in his work I bless
Thy gracious majesty.

[7.] But did he not our nature take,
Thy grace and favour for his sake
That every soul might find!
To Jesus our whole race unite,
And then eternally delight
In all the ransom'd kind.

[On] Truth.

[Part I.]²⁷⁰

Man on the dubious waves of error toss'd,
His ship half founder'd, and his compass lost,
Sees far as human optics may command,
A sleeping fog, and fancies it dry land:
Spreads all his canvass, ev'ry sinew plies,
Pants for, and aims at, enters it, and dies.

²⁷⁰William Cowper, *Poems* (London: J. Johnson, 1782), 73–83 (with elisions).

Then farewell all self-satisfying schemes,
 His well-built systems, philosophic dreams,
 Deceitful views of future bliss, farewell!
 He reads his sentence at the flames of hell.
 Hard lot of man! to toil for the reward
 Of virtue, and yet lose²⁷¹ it—wherefore hard?
 He that would win the race, must guide his horse
 Obedient to the customs of the course,
 Else though unequal'd to the goal he flies,
 A meaner than himself shall gain the prize.
 Grace leads the right way, if you chuse the wrong,
 Take it and perish; but restrain your tongue:
 Charge not, with light sufficient and left free,
 Your wilful suicide on God's decree.

Oh how unlike the complex works of man,
 Heav'n's easy, artless unincumber'd plan!
 No meretricious graces to beguile;
 No clust'ring ornaments to clog the pile,
 From ostentation as from weakness free
 It stands like the caerulean arch we see, }
 Majestic in its own simplicity.
 Inscrib'd above the portal from afar
 Conspicuous as the brightness of a star,
 Legible only by the light they give,
 Stand the soul-quick'ning words, believe and live.
 Too many shock'd at what should charm them most,
 Despise the plain direction, and are lost.
 Heav'n on such terms! they cry with proud disdain,
 Incredible, impossible, and vain—
 Rebel because 'tis easy to obey,
 And scorn for its own sake the gracious way.
 These are the sober, in whose cooler brains
 Some thought of immortality remains;
 The rest too busy, or too gay, to wait
 On the sad theme, their everlasting state,

²⁷¹Orig., "loose"; a misprint.

Sport for a day, and perish in a night,
The foam upon the waters not so light.

Artists, attend—your brushes and your paint—
Produce them—take a chair—now draw a saint.
Oh sorrowful and sad! the streaming tears
Channel her cheeks, a Niobe appears.
Is this a saint? throw tints and all away,
True piety is cheerful as the day,
Will weep indeed, and heave a pitying groan,
For others woes, but smiles upon her own.

What purpose has the king of saints in view?
Why falls the gospel like a gracious dew?
To call up plenty from the teaming earth,
Or curse the desert with a tenfold dearth?
Is it that Adam's offspring may be sav'd
From servile fear, or be the more enslav'd?
To loose the links that gall'd mankind before,
Or bind them faster on, and add still more?
The free-born Christian has no chains to prove,
Or if a chain, the golden one of love;
No fear attends to quench his glowing fires,
What fear he feels his gratitude inspires.
Shall he for such deliv'rance freely wrought,
Repentance ill? he trembles at the thought:
His masters int'rest and his own combin'd,
Prompt ev'ry moment of his heart and mind;
Thought, word, and deed, his liberty evince,
His freedom is the freedom of a prince.
Man's obligations infinite, of course
His life should prove that he perceives their force,
His utmost he can render is but small,
The principle, and motive, all in all.

(To be continued.)

POETRY.

Short Hymns.
(By the late Rev. C. Wesley.)

Hymn VII.

On Matt. iv. ver. 5.—“Then the devil taketh him into the holy city, and setteth him upon a pinnacle of the temple.”²⁷²

[1.] When Satan fails the souls to shake,
Who in their God confide,
Sudden he changes his attack,
And urges them to pride:
He tempts them in the holy place,
That lifted up with joy,

²⁷²Charles Wesley, MS Matthew, 17–18.

And trusting in their gifts and grace,
They may themselves destroy.

[2.] Still to the pinnacle he brings
The men who Jesus know,
Superior to all earthly things
Who see the world below:
Disciples of a tempted Lord
He sets them up on high,
That those, who cannot doubt the word,
May by presumption die.

On Truth.

[Part II.]²⁷³

(Continued from page 560.)

You have two servants: Tom, an arch, sly rogue,
From top to toe the Geta now in vogue;
Genteel in figure, easy in address,
Moves without noise, and swift as an express;
Reports a message with a pleasing grace,
Expert in all the duties of his place:
Say, on what hinge does his obedience move?
Has he a world of gratitude and love?
No: not a spark:—'tis all mere sharper's play;
He likes your house, your housemaid and your pay:
Reduce his wages, or get rid of her,
Tom quits you, with "your most obedient, Sir."—
The dinner's serv'd, Charles takes his usual stand,
Watches your eye, anticipates command;
Sighs, if perhaps your appetite should fail,
And, if he but suspects a frown, turns pale;
Consults all day your int'rest, and your ease,
Richly rewarded, if he can but please;

²⁷³William Cowper, *Poems* (London: J. Johnson, 1782), 83–86.

And proud to make his firm attachment known;
 To save your life, would nobly risque his own.
 Now, which stands highest in your serious thought?
 "Charles, without doubt," say you,—and so he ought;
 One act, that from a thankful heart proceeds,
 Excels ten thousand mercenary deeds.
 Thus heav'n approves, as honest and sincere,
 The work of gen'rous love, and filial fear;
 But, with averted eyes, th' Omniscient Judge
 Scorns the base hireling, and the slavish drudge.
 "Where dwell these matchless saints?" old Curio cries:
 Ev'n at your side, Sir, and before your eyes,
 The favour'd few, th' enthusiasts you despise.
 And pleas'd at heart, because on holy ground,
 Sometimes a canting hypocrite is found;
 Reproach a people with his single fall,
 And cast his filthy raiment at them all.
 Attend: an apt similitude shall shew,
 Whence springs the conduct that offends you so.

See where it smoaks along the sounding plain,
 Blown all aslant, a driving, dashing rain;
 Peal upon peal, redoubling all around,
 Shakes it again, and faster to the ground;
 Now flashing wide, now glancing as in play,
 Swift beyond thought, the lightnings dart away;
 Ere yet it came, the trav'ler urg'd his steed,
 And hurried, but with unsuccessful speed;
 Now drench'd throughout, and hopeless of his case,
 He drops the rein, and leaves him to his pace;
 Suppose, unlook'd for in a scene so rude,
 Long hid by interposing hill or wood;
 Some mansion, neat and elegantly dress'd,
 By some kind hospitable heart possess'd,
 Offer him warmth, security and rest;

(To be continued.)

POETRY.

Short Hymns.

(By the late Rev. C. Wesley.)

Hymn VIII.

On Matt. iv. ver. 6.—“Then the devil saith, It is written.”²⁷⁴

One by his hellish father taught
May take the tempter’s place,
(His head with scripture notions fraught
His mouth with scripture-phrase)
May carry on the fiend’s design
The faithful to pervert,
And talk with language most divine,
With Satan at his heart.

On Truth.

[Part III.]²⁷⁵

(Continued from page 616.²⁷⁶)

Think with what pleasure, safe and at his ease,
He hears the tempest howling in the trees;
What glowing thanks his lips and heart employ,
While danger past is turn’d to present joy!

²⁷⁴Charles Wesley, MS Matthew, 19.

²⁷⁵William Cowper, *Poems* (London: J. Johnson, 1782), 86–93 (with elisions).

²⁷⁶Orig., “516”; a misprint.

So fares it with the sinner, when he feels
A growing dread of vengeance at his heels;
His conscience like a glassy lake before,
Lash'd into foaming waves begins to roar;
Then welcome refuge, and a peaceful home;
Oh for a shelter from the wrath to come!
"Crush me, ye rocks, ye falling mountains hide,
Or bury me in ocean's angry tide;
The scrutiny of those all-seeing eyes
I dare not!" and "you need not," God replies;
The remedy you want I freely give,
The book shall teach you: read, believe, and live;
'Tis done: the raging storm is heard no more,
Mercy receives him on her peaceful shore,
And justice, guardian of the dread command,
Drops the red vengeance from his willing hand.
A soul redeem'd demands a life of praise;
Hence the complexion of his future days.

Yon cottager who weaves at her own door,
Pillow and bobbins all her little store;
Content, though mean, and chearful, if not gay,
Shuffling her threads about the live-long day;
Just earns a scanty pittance, and at night
Lies down secure, her heart and pocket light;
She, for her humble sphere by nature fit,
Has little understanding, and no wit;
Receives no praise, but (though her lot be such,
Toilsome and indigent) she renders much;
Just knows, and knows no more, her bible true,
A truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew;
And in that charter reads, with sparkling eyes,
Her title sure to treasure in the skies.

Not many wise, rich, noble, or profound
In science, win one inch of heav'nly ground:

And is it not a mortifying thought,
The poor should gain it, and the rich should not?
No: the voluptaries, who ne'er forget
One pleasure lost, lose heav'n without regret;
Regret would rouse them, and give birth to pray'r,
Pray'r would add faith, and faith would fix them there.

Not that the Former of us all, in this,
Or ought he does, is governed by caprice;
The supposition is replete with sin,
And bears the brand of blasphemy burnt in.
Not so: the silver trumpet's heav'nly call
Sounds for the poor: but sounds alike for all:
Kings are invited, and would kings obey,
No slaves on earth more welcome were than they:
But royalty, nobility, and state,
Are such a dead preponderating weight;
That endless bliss (how strange soe'er it seem)
In counterpoise, flies up and kicks the beam.
'Tis open, and ye cannot enter: why?
"Because ye will not," Conyers would reply:
And he says much, that many may dispute,
And cavil at with ease, but none refute.
Oh bless'd effect of penury and want;
The seed sown there, how vig'rous is the plant!
No soil like poverty for growth divine,
As leanest land supplies the richest wine.
Earth gives too little, giving only bread,
To nourish pride, or turn the weakest head:
To them, the sounding jargon of the schools,
Seems what it is, a cap and bells for fools:
The light, they walk by, kindled from above,
Shews them the shortest way to life and love:
They, strangers to the controversial field,
Where deists, though they're foil'd, yet scorn to yield;

And never check'd by what impedes the wise,
Believe, rush forward, and possess the prize.

How readily upon the gospel plan,
That question has its answer; "what is man?"
Sinful and weak, in every sense a wretch,
An instrument, whose chords upon the stretch,
And strain'd to the last screw that he can bear,
Yields only discord in his Maker's ear:
Once the blest residence of truth divine,
Glorious as Solyma's interior shrine;
Where, in his own oracular abode,
Dwelt visibly the light-creating God;
But made long since, like Babylon of old,
A den of mischiefs, never to be told:
And she, once mistress of the realms around,
Now scatter'd wide, and no where to be found;
As soon shall rise and re-ascend the throne,
By native pow'r and energy her own;
As nature, at her own peculiar cost,
Restore to man the glories he has lost.
Go, bid the winter cease to chill the year;
Replace the wandring comet in his sphere;
Then boast (but wait for that unhop'd-for hour)
The self-restoring arm of human pow'r.

(To be continued.)

On Plutarch's Statue.
(By Mr. Dryden.)²⁷⁷

Wise, honest Plutarch! to thy deathless praise,
The sons of Rome this grateful statue raise:
For why? both Greece and Rome thy fame have shar'd;
(Their heroes written, and their lives compar'd)
But thou thyself couldst never write thy own;
Their lives had parallels; but thine has none.

End of Vol. XII.

²⁷⁷John Dryden; this excerpt with this title appears in Richard Graves (ed.), *The Festoon: A Collection of Epigrams* (London: Robinson & Roberts, 1766), p. 1.

POETRY.

Short Hymns.
(By the late Rev. C. Wesley.)

Hymn IX.

On Matt. iv. ver. 6.—“He shall give his angels charge concerning thee, and in their hands they shall bear thee up.”²⁷⁸

- [1.] Us in their hands the angels bear
In all our lawful ways:
But shall we from his precepts err,
And tempt the God of grace?

²⁷⁸Charles Wesley, MS Matthew, 19.

Ourselves as from the summit cast,
Th' appointed means neglect,
And think we hold his promise fast,
Who his commands reject?

[2.] In vain the promise of our Lord
The disobedient pleads;
God never contradicts his word,
Or wills what he forbids:
Father, thy whole recorded will
Doth every part explain;
And none, but who the terms fulfil,
The promis'd good shall gain.

On Truth.

[Part IV.]²⁷⁹

(Continued from Vol. XII, page 672.²⁸⁰)

What shall the man deserve of human kind,
Whose happy skill and industry combin'd,
Shall prove (what argument could never yet)
The bible an imposture and a cheat?
The praises of the libertine profess'd,
The worst of men, and curses of the best.
Where should the living, weeping o'er his woes,
The dying, trembling at their awful close;
Where the betray'd, forsaken, and oppress'd,
The thousands, whom the world forbids to rest;
Where should they find, (those comforts at an end
The scripture yields) or hope to find a friend?
Sorrow might muse herself to madness then,
And, seeking exile from the sight of men,
Bury herself in solitude profound,
Grow frantic with her pangs, and bite the ground.
Thus, often, unbelief, grown sick of life,
Flies to the tempting pool, or felon knife;

²⁷⁹William Cowper, *Poems* (London: J. Johnson, 1782), 95–99 (after skipping from 93).

²⁸⁰Orig., “671”; a misprint.

The jury meet, the coroner is short,
And lunacy the verdict of the court:
Reverse the sentence: let the truth be known;
Such lunacy is ignorance alone:
They knew not, what some bishops may not know,
That scripture is the only cure of woe:
That field of promise, how it flings abroad
Its odour o'er the Christian's thorny road!
The soul reposing on assur'd relief,
Feels herself happy amidst all her grief;
Forgets her labour, as she toils along,
Weeps tears of joy, and bursts into a song.

 But the same word, that, like the polish'd share,
Ploughs up the roots of a believer's care;
Kills too the flow'ry weeds where'er they grow,
That bind the sinner's Bacchanalian brow.
Oh! that unwelcome voice of heav'nly love,
Sad messenger of mercy from above;
How does it grate upon his thankless ear,
Crippling his pleasures with the cramp of fear!
His will and judgment at continual strife;
That civil war imbitters all his life;
In vain he points his pow'rs against the skies,
In vain he closes, or averts his eyes;
Truth will intrude: she bids him yet beware;
And shakes the sceptic in the scorner's chair.
Though various foes against the truth combine,
Pride above all opposes her design;
Pride, of a growth superior to the rest,
The subtlest serpent, with the loftiest crest,
Swells at the thought, and kindling into rage,
Would hiss the cherub mercy from the stage.

 And is the soul indeed so lost, she cries,
Fall'n from her glory, and too weak to rise:

Torpid and dull, beneath a frozen zone,
Has she no spark, that may be deem'd her own?
Grant her indebted to, what zealots call
Grace undeserv'd; yet surely not for all;
Some beams of rectitude she yet displays,
Some love of virtue, and some pow'r to please;
Can lift herself above corporeal things,
And, soaring on her own unborrow'd wings,
Possess herself of all that's good or true;
Assert the skies, and vindicate her due.
Past indiscretion is a venial crime,
And if the youth, unmellow'd yet by time,
Bore, on his branch luxuriant then, and rude,
Fruits of a blighted size, austere, and crude;
Maturer years shall happier stores produce,
And meliorate the well-concocted juice.
Then conscious of her meritorious zeal,
To justice she may make her bold appeal;
And leave to mercy, with a tranquil mind,
The worthless, and unfruitful of mankind.
Hear then, how mercy, slighted and defied,
Retorts th' affront against the crown of pride.
Perish the virtue, as it ought, abhorr'd,
And the fool with it, that insults the Lord!
Th' atonement a Redeemer's love has wrought
Is not for you; the righteous need it not.
Seest thou yon harlot, wooing all she meets,
The worn-out nuisance of the public streets;
Herself from morn to night, from night to morn,
Her own abhorrence, and as much your scorn!
The gracious show'r, unlimited and free,
Shall fall on her, when heav'n denies it thee.
Of all that wisdom dictates, this the drift,
That man is dead in sin; and life a gift.

(To be concluded in our next.)

POETRY.

Short Hymns.
(By the late Rev. C. Wesley.)

Hymn X.

On Matt. iv. ver. 7.—“Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God.”²⁸¹

- [1.] O may I tempt my God no more,
Or wantonly demand
Unneeded²⁸² tokens of thy power,
And thy protecting hand;
But humbly safe in all my ways
On thee my Lord attend,
And through the channels of thy grace
Expect the promis'd end.
- [2.] No powers extraordinary I claim
To help me in my need,
Assur'd I in thy favour am,
And by thy Spirit led:
A child of providence divine
Thy constant care I prove,
Nor ask a miracle or sign
To shew that God is love.

#13. ²⁸¹Charles Wesley, MS Matthew, 20; incorporates parts of *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:128, NT

²⁸²Orig., “Unheeded”; likely a misprint.

[3.]²⁸³ Who teach their children to admire
The pomp which earth displays,
And bid them from their birth aspire
To riches, power, and praise:
They blindly take the murderer's part,
To him their offspring sell;
Poison their unexperienc'd heart,
And train them up for hell.

On Truth.

[Part V.]²⁸⁴

(Concluded from page 56.)

Is virtue then, unless of Christian growth,
Mere fallacy, or foolishness, or both?
Ten thousand sages lost in endless woe,
For ignorance of what they could not know?
That speech at once betrays a bigot's tongue;
Charge not a God with such outrageous wrong.
Truly not I—the partial light men have,
My creed persuades me, well employ'd may save:
While he, that scorns the noon-day beam, perverse,
Shall find the blessing, unimprov'd, a curse.
Let heathen worthies, whose exalted mind,
Left sensuality, and dross behind;
Possess for me their undisputed lot,
And take unenvied the reward they sought:
But still, in virtue of a Saviour's plea:
Not blind by choice; yet could not clearly see.
Their fortitude and wisdom were a flame
Celestial, though they knew not whence it came.
Deriv'd from the same source of light and grace,
That guides the Christian in his swifter race;

²⁸³Charles Wesley, MS Matthew, 22; a separate hymn on Matthew 4:8, though presented here as a third stanza on Matthew 4:7.

²⁸⁴William Cowper, *Poems* (London: J. Johnson, 1782), 99–102.

Their judge was conscience, and her rule their law;
 That rule pursu'd with rev'rence and with awe,
 Led them, however fault'ring, faint, and slow,
 From what they knew, to what they wish'd to know;
 But let not him, that shares a brighter day,
 Traduce the splendor of a noon-tide ray;
 Prefer the twilight of a darker time,
 And deem his base stupidity no crime;
 The wretch that slights the bounty of the skies,
 And sinks, while favour'd with the means to rise,
 Shall find them rated at their full amount;
 The good he scorn'd all carried to account.

Marshalling all his terrors as he came,
 Thunder and earthquake and devouring flame,
 From Sinai's top Jehovah gave the law,
 Life for obedience, death for ev'ry flaw.
 When the great Sov'reign would his will express,
 He gives a perfect rule; what can he less?
 And guards it with a sanction, as severe,
 As vengeance can inflict, or sinners fear:
 Else his own glorious rights he would disclaim,
 And man might safely trifle with his name:
 He bids him glow, with unremitting love,
 To all on earth, and to himself above;
 Condemns th' injurious deed, the sland'rous tongue,
 The thought that meditates a brother's wrong;
 Brings not alone the more conspicuous part,
 His conduct, to the test, but tries his heart.
 Hark! universal nature shook and groan'd!
 'Twas the last trumpet!—see the judge enthron'd!
 Rouse all your courage, at your utmost need,
 Now summon ev'ry virtue, stand and plead.
 What, silent? is your boasting heard no more?
 That self-renouncing wisdom learn'd before,
 Had shed immortal glories on your brow:
 That all your virtues cannot purchase now.

All joy to the believer! he can speak,—
 Trembling, yet happy; confident, yet meek.
 Since the dear hour that brought me to thy foot,
 And cut up all my follies by the root:
 I never trusted in an arm but thine,
 Nor hop'd, but in thy righteousness divine:
 My prayers, and alms, imperfect and defil'd,
 Were but the feeble efforts of a child;
 Howe'er perform'd, it was their brighter part,
 That they proceeded from a grateful heart:
 Cleans'd in thine own all-purifying blood,
 Forgive their evil, and accept their good;
 I cast them at thy feet:—my only plea
 Is what it was, dependence upon thee;
 While struggling in the vale of tears below,
 That never fail'd, nor shall it fail me now.
 Angelic gratulations rend the skies
 Pride falls unpity'd, never more to rise;
 Humility is crown'd, and faith receives the prize!]

Epigram, on the Ministry.²⁸⁵

Unhappy, let your choice have been,
 With publick hate accurst:
 When out of place, *the best of men*,
 When in—*the very worst!*
 So, if from heav'n an angel came,
 Our laws and rights to save:
 Give him a ministerial name,
 And he'll be deemed a *knave*.

Epigram, on Players and Ballad-Singers.
 (By Fran. Quarles.)²⁸⁶

They're like the priest and clerk at Belial's altar;
 One makes the sermon; t' other tunes the psalter.

²⁸⁵No prior publication or further details on author for this poem have been located.

²⁸⁶Francis Quarles, *Divine Fancies* (London, 1722), 83; reprinted widely.

POETRY.

Short Hymns.
(By the late Rev. C. Wesley.)

Hymn XI.

**On Matt. iv. ver. 18.—“Jesus saw two brethren casting
a net into the sea.”²⁸⁷**

The schools of scribes, and courts of kings,
The learn'd and great he passes by;
Chuses the weak and foolish things,
His truth and grace to testify:
Plain, simple men his call endues
With power and wisdom from above;
And such he still vouchsafes to use,
Who nothing know but Jesu's love.

²⁸⁷Charles Wesley, MS Matthew, 24–25.

An Epistle from Laura to her Seducer.
(By the Rev. Mr. G.)²⁸⁸

From these black regions, these infernal plains,
Where God's just wrath in dreadful triumph reigns;
To thee, accurs'd! these doleful lines I write,
Lost as I am, and plung'd in endless night.
Thus will I vent my unrelenting rage,
And pour my curses on the blacken'd page:
And, while my woe-born numbers grating roll,
Give a full loose to all my fiend-like soul;
Think not, detested wretch, t' escape thy doom;
Hell moves to meet thee; hell thy destin'd home.

While yet from these distracting torments free,
I liv'd a stranger to myself, and thee;
Thy guileful arts allur'd me first astray,
And turn'd my steps from virtue's flow'ry way;
Taught me through labyrinths of sin to run,
And form'd my heart a picture of thy own.
Snar'd by thy wiles, impassion'd by thy song,
With heedless haste, I madly press'd along;
A threatening God, with blasphemies, deni'd,
His precepts slighted, and his power defi'd.
To thee, Lorenzo, all these pangs I owe,
And tears of blood, that must for ever flow.
In an ill moment snatch'd from earth away,
A guilty exile from the realms of day.

Ye powers! seize him, send your lightnings forth:
And instant sweep him shrieking from the earth;
In these blue flames immerse his blacken'd soul,
Where I may see him writhe, and hear him howl:
This comfort on my tortur'd soul bestow:
His cries shall somewhat mitigate my woe.

²⁸⁸Rev. Joshua Gilpin, Vicar of Wrockwardine, Shropshire; published from manuscript. Gilpin was friends with John Fletcher in nearby Madeley. A letter from John Wesley to Gilpin survives, dated Sept. 30, 1787 [MARC, MAM JW 3/30; cf. *WHS* 19 (1934): 127–28] in which Wesley thanks Gilpin for sending copies of verse he had written and proposes to put some in the *Arminian Magazine*. The only other known published verse of Gilpin is his *Verses Written at the Fountain of Vauclose* (London: T. Bensley, 1799), which exhibit strong similarity in style.

Didst thou not teach me once to scorn these chains,
And laugh at "hell's imaginary pains?"
O could I but one dismal glance impart,
And pour a flaming torrent to thy heart!
My fellow-ghosts your awful doom declare,
And howl, in horrid notes, the pains ye bear;
Unfold your anguish, all your tortures tell,
And paint a dreadful picture of this hell.

But, why would my infernal pen reveal
What my impenitent companion's feel?
Let me my own sad destiny relate,
And thou, Lorenzo, tremble at my fate!
Amid distracting tortures, racks and chains,
Incessant howlings, and eternal pains;
With grim despair, I make my dark abode,
Beneath the terrors of an angry God;
Whose flaming shafts transfix my trembling soul,
While lightnings blaze around, and thunders roll.
In everlasting darkness here confin'd,
A thousand sad reflections haunt my mind;
And vex my self-tormented spirit more
Than all the racks on this detested shore.
Here groupes of hideous demons round me wait,
Sport with my pangs, and ridicule my fate.
Now, full before my sick'ning sight they place
The record of my sins, and my disgrace:
Now, offered mercies to my mind recall,
And tell me, how I madly scorn'd them all.
Then pierce my bosom with a fiery dart,
Or, with sharp talons tear my bleeding heart;
Mock my tormented soul, with anguish wrung,
"And toss my infamy from tongue to tongue;"
While stung with the insufferable wound,
Furious I rave, and bite the burning ground.

Still to imbitter all the woes I feel,
And aggravate the cruel pains of hell;
Far from my gloomy cavern I behold
Heav'n's glorious frontiers, bright with burnish'd gold;
Where, God, in grandeur, all his pomp displays,
And high-born seraphs swell the song of praise.

I too, with them, had trod yon shining plain,
Where endless joy, and peace celestial reign;
Had not my youth, by thy false friendship led,
Pursu'd thy steps!—perdition on thy head!
When will the hour arrive, to waft thee o'er,
And give thy spirit to this doleful shore?
May thronging demons round thy bed appear,
And breathe their curses in thy tingling ear;
Whisper the horrid secrets of thy doom,
Then furious drag thee to thy loathsome home!

And, when arriv'd on this terrific plain,
Thou hear'st me clash my adamant chain;
Before my ghost thy frightened soul shall flee,
And find no fury half so fierce as me.
Swift I'll pursue thee to thy dark retreat,
And tear thy heart from its unhallow'd seat;
Thrice dip it deep where flaming billows roar,
And thrice I'll dash it on the glowing shore;
Then fling it blazing on the furies' scorn,
'Midst clouds of suffocating sulphur borne;
Whose ready hands, warn'd by my vengeful look,
Shall fix it quivering to some burning rock;
That every passing fiend may hurl his dart,
And pierce it with unutterable smart:
While I pursue thee through the dreary shade,
And pour my keen reproaches on thy head;
Blast thy sick sight, sting thee with fiercest pain,
And furious dash thee with my sparkling chain.
Where'er thou turn'st, my angry ghost shall fly,
And haunt and curse thee through eternity.

POETRY.

Short Hymns.
(By the late Rev. C. Wesley.)

Hymn XII.

**On Matt. iv. ver. 22.—“They immediately left the ship,
and followed him.”²⁸⁹**

- [1.] The sacred charge who undertakes,
Th’ Apostles’ genuine successor;
He all his earthly hopes forsakes,
With all his fond attachments here;
Puts off his nature’s soft excess,
And only lives his God to please.

²⁸⁹Charles Wesley, MS Matthew, 27.

- [2.] Lord we thy Spirit's call obey,
The servants of thy church below;
Without regret, without delay,
Our friends, our all for thee forego;
And, enrich'd by poverty,
Our more than all restor'd in thee.

On the Death of Mrs. Joanna Turner.
(By Miss C.)²⁹⁰

- [1.] Weep on, ye friends: indulge the pious tear:
The pious tear, to worth and virtue due!
Let fall the precious drops, and bathe the bier
Of her, who oft has wept and pray'd for you!
- [2.] Let souls of adamant their firmness boast:
(Unfeeling sons of apathy, their name:)
To all the tender ties of nature lost:
Ye harden'd wretches, glory in your shame!
- [3.] But come, ye feeling few, who truly mourn!
Who know not yet the Stoic's pageant pride;
Bedew, with me, this consecrated urn:
But know, that death was conquer'd ere she died!
- [4.] Say not, bold man,* "'tis hopeless sinners grieve:"
Go view the tomb where favour'd Laz'rus slept:
There, O ye Christians, there your part receive:
Learn there to weep;—for, there your Jesus wept!
- [5.] Give, give your scruples to the sweeping wind:
The scruple, in effect, your God prophanes;
Observe, and copy his more gentle mind;
And pour your tribute o'er these lov'd remains.

* A gentleman of Trowbridge.

²⁹⁰Joanna Turner (1732–84) was a prominent Methodist laywoman. The poem is by Mary Cooke, her niece, written Dec. 27, 1784. It is published here from manuscript; see *The Wesley Banner and Revival Record* 1 (1849): 118–19.

- [6.] See there, ye poor, see there Joanna lies!
She, who your ev'ry want has oft reliev'd:
Your Tabitha, your benefactress, dies!
Now grieve for her, who for your sorrows griev'd!
- [7.] Ye tender objects too, come, take your share:
Ye helpless orphans, mourn around her tomb:
Once, once alas! ye prov'd her pious care:
She saw—she felt—she eas'd—your hapless doom.
- [8.] Let Zion's daughters raise their voices high!
Those daughters she with heavenly counsel fed:
Tell, tell to all; and never cease the cry:
A mother in our Israel now is dead!

The Primrose Bank.²⁹¹

When life was young, and days serene,
My heart enjoy'd the rural scene;
The primrose pale, and vi'let blue,
Had something simple, fine, and new;
And every bush and budding tree
Convey'd a world of bliss to me.

But now, since sober time has shed
His grave dominion o'er my head,
My languid spirits faint and tire,
For want of something new t' admire:
For, lo, these beauties all appear,
But only, as they did last year;
And fly as swiftly as they came,
And will, in future years, the same.

Thus, many a year, and month, and day,
I've mark'd their progress and decay:
And ever find their promise vain,
Because they bloom to die again.

Thus, in the round of mortal things,
No lasting joy or pleasure springs;
But joys, that rise in yonder sky,
For ever bloom, and never die.

²⁹¹Published in *Gentleman's Magazine* 51 (1781): 236; signed "W. O." in Marshfield.

POETRY.

Short Hymns.
(By the late Rev. C. Wesley.)

Hymn XIII.²⁹²

On Matt. iv. ver. 23.—“Jesus went about all Galilee teaching in their synagogues, and preaching the gospel of the kingdom, and healing all manner of sickness,” &c.²⁹³

- [1.] Jesus, thee thy works proclaim
 Omnipotently good!
Moses, thy forerunner, came,
 And mighty works he shew'd;
Minister of wrath divine,
 His wonders plagued the sinful race:
Works of purest love are thine,
 And miracles of grace.
- [2.] All thy cures are mysteries,
 And prove thy power to heal
Every sickness and disease,
 Which now our spirits feel:
Good Physician of mankind,
 Thou wilt repeat thy sov'reign word;
Chase the evils of our mind,
 And speak our souls restor'd.
- [3.] Who of other helps despair,
 And would thy word receive,
Us thou mak'st thy tender care,
 And kindly dost relieve;

²⁹²Orig., “XII”; a mistaken duplication; this and subsequent examples renumbered.

²⁹³Charles Wesley, MS Matthew, 27–28.

Every soul-infirmity,
And plague of heart thou dost remove;
Heal'st whoe'er apply to thee
With balm of bleeding love.

- [4.] Still thou go'st about to teach,
And desperate souls to cure;
Still thou dost the kingdom preach
Which always shall endure:
Publishest the power of grace,
Which pardon and perfection brings;
Saves our fallen, dying race,
And lifts us into kings.

The Man of Sorrow.
(By the Rev. Mr. G.)²⁹⁴

- [1.] O could my soul superior rise
To earth and every vain delight;
And soar above yon azure skies,
To happier worlds divinely bright:
Where the redeeming God is seen,
Without a dark'ning veil between.
- [2.] But my sad spirit strives in vain
To soar above these realms of woe;
I feel, I sink beneath the chain,
That binds my grov'ling soul below:
Where clouds of sorrow round me roll,
And dark temptations fright my soul.
- [3.] The joys of peace ere while were mine,
From guilt and rankling sorrow free;
Then I could ev'ry care resign,
And live to him who died for me:

²⁹⁴Rev. Joshua Gilpin, from manuscript (see note at 13:166 above).

The purchas'd heaven my soul inspir'd,
And grateful love my bosom fir'd.

- [4.] But now I mourn my absent Lord,
 My conscious heart o'erwhelm'd with grief;
No earth-born joys can peace afford,
 Nor yield my woe-fraught heart relief:
My sins have driv'n him from my breast,
And robb'd my guilty soul of rest.
- [5.] That secret voice no more I hear,
 Which whisper'd once my sins forgiv'n:
A hopeless prey to grief and fear,
 Abandon'd to the wrath of heaven;
No sacred sweets my pangs control,
But sad despair broods o'er my soul.
- [6.] No longer with the sun I rise,
 Nor hail, with joy, his chearless ray;
No more, with him, I mount the skies,
 To tune the long-forgotten lay;
But sick'ning at his hated light,
I turn and seek the dusky night.
- [7.] Yet then, while wrapt in sullen gloom,
 My devious path forlorn I tread;
Sad pictures of my hastening doom
 Fill all my trembling soul with dread:
Thus the long night and joyless day
In sad succession roll away.
- [8.] In vain to heaven for help I cry,
 To heal my deeply-wounded mind;
Swift as the passing moments fly,
 Each leaves a deadly sting behind;
Offended heaven rejects my prayer,
And leaves me sinking in despair.

The Violet.
(By the Rev. Mr. Wotey.)²⁹⁵

- [1.] Serene is the morning, the lark leaves his nest,
And sings a salute to the dawn;
The sun with his splendor embroiders the east,
And brightens the dew on the lawn:
While the sons of debauch to indulgence give way,
And slumber the prime of their hours;
Let Eve's blooming daughters the garden survey,
And make their remarks on the flow'rs.
- [2.] The gay gaudy tulip observe as you walk,
How flaunting the gloss of its vest!
How proud! and how stately it stands on its stalk,
In beauty's diversity drest:
From the rose, the carnation, the pink, and the clove,
What odours incessantly spring!
The south wafts a richer perfume to the grove,
As he brushes the leaves with his wing.
- [3.] Apart from the rest, in her purple array,
The violet humbly retreats;
In modest concealment she peeps on the day,
Yet none can excel her in sweets:
So humble, that (though with unparalell'd grace
She might e'en a palace adorn)
She oft in the hedge hides her innocent face,
And grows at the foot of the thorn.
- [4.] So beauty, ye fair ones, is doubly refin'd,
When modesty heightens its charms;
When meekness divine adds a gem to the mind,
The heart of the suitor it warms:
Let none talk of Venus, and all her proud train,
(The graces that wait at her call;)
'Tis meekness alone, which the conquest will gain;
This vi'let surpasses them all.

²⁹⁵William Woty, *Poetical Works* (London: G. Scott, 1770), 1:138–39; Wesley may well be taking from a reprint in *Gentleman's Magazine* 47 (1777): 140.

POETRY.

Short Hymns.
(By the late Rev. C. Wesley.)

Hymn XIV.²⁹⁶

**On Matt. v. ver. 14.—“A city that is set on a hill
cannot be hid.”**²⁹⁷

Can we from the world conceal
A church that's built on thee?
Seated on thy holy hill
They must the city see:
Pride may frown, and prudence chide,
Bid us keep our faith unknown:
Faith no more it's light can hide,
Than the meridian sun.

An Epistle to a Friend.
(By Miss T.)²⁹⁸

- [1.] You ask me, Philo, to describe the state
Previous to perfect love, which casts out fear:
The labours, conflicts, fervors to relate
Of those, who seek for full salvation here?
- [2.] State of desire, and of conviction keen!
The mental sense is quite awake to *see*;
To *feel* the workings of inherent sin,
In all its poisonous, latent energy.

²⁹⁶Orig., “XIII.”

²⁹⁷Charles Wesley, NT #32, *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:133; John Wesley taking here from its incorporation in MS Matthew, 34.

²⁹⁸No prior publication or further details on author for this poem have been located.

- [3.] Deep in the foldings of the mazy breast,
Mixtures of sin and vanity retire:
There “wily pride,” in artful semblance drest,
Seeking its own, bewrays the faint desire.
- [4.] Still, when it would do good, is evil there!
Still secret shame, with dire defeat, destroys
The upright purpose, and the holy fear,
And blasts the fruit of ripe internal joys.
- [5.] Commences hence the agonizing strife,
Commences hence the angel-wrestling pow’r:
The struggling spirit eyes the port of life,
And ardent asks, that it may *sin no more*.
- [6.] Ardent it asks, and weeping, fasts, and prays;
Bleeds, suffers, dies, upon the daily cross:
The power of potent friendship oft assays;
Yet friends, and life, and all things counts but loss.
- [7.] And is there dew in that fair heaven of love?
And is there love enough in Jesu’s heart,
The sin of nature fully to remove?
The mind of Jesus fully to impart?
- [8.] Yes, whilst we plead the promise, we attain,
The soul now breathes the ever-longing “Come!”
Incessant search the pearl of price will gain,
And expectation gasps to make it room.
- [9.] “O thou, who hast these sacred ardors given,
These longings, these unutterable sighs:
O thou, who art the soul’s full heaven of heaven,
Thee I conjure by all love’s sacred ties,
- [10.] “To bring me to *the sabbath* of thy love:
Thou know’st I seek it at the morning’s dawn:
When evening shades the day’s bright lamp remove,
My restless sighings are but just begun.

- [11.] "I seek thee in the temple of the skies,
And here, amidst the flowery meads pursue:
In ev'ry place I pour my tears and sighs,
O, when wilt thou create my soul anew!"
- [12.] 'Tis thus the soul, deep wounded from above,
Thirsts, as the panting hart, with strong desire:
Awaits the piercing touch of powerful love:
Elijah's God must answer it by fire.
- [13.] My Philo, have you felt this sacred flame,
Or pants your heart to Jesus thus to bow?
Say, do you *search*, or have you overcame,
And in this state begun your heaven below?
- [14.] O, what a state of friendship! what a friend!
Two walk together sweetly now agreed:
Mixtures of sin, and vanity now end:
Pure, perfect peace, and filial love succeed.
- [15.] The fiery temper, and the base desire,
The love of earth, of grov'ling low delight:
The love of fame, and creature love expire,
'Tis God, and God alone attracts the sight.
- [16.] "No more the creature's glow-worm-lustre charms,
The tongue all eloquent enchants no more;
The sun, the sun itself my bosom warms,
My ransom'd powers shall only God adore."
- [17.] What erst could tempt the soul, as good or fair,
As much to be desired, or excellent:
It spurns as bubbles in the empty air,
That cannot an immortal soul content.
- [18.] Whate'er of beauty or of wisdom shines,
Or in the human form, or in the soul;
It sees a spark struck from th' unfathom'd mines,
The beauteous, wise, originating whole.

- [19.] O what a state of friendship! what a friend!
Closest communion with the three-one God!
Then does the soul in deepest awe descend!
“A prostrate awe fills all the low abode.”
- [20.] Philo, lament with me, so very few
The sayings of the men of God receive!
Who hath believed the gospel tidings? who
The tidings of *salvation now* believe?
- [21.] Yet, seals there are to prove their mission here:
There live, who flames of purest love have known:
Who still the glorious testimony bear:
Seraphic ardor marks them for its own.
- [22.] Obedient angels let us imitate:
(His will be done on earth as 'tis in heaven)
Here in pure love to live inviolate:
The victor's meed to conquering love is given!

Anagram.²⁹⁹

If you transpose what ladies wear,	veil.
'Twill plainly shew what harlots are:	vile.
Again, if you transpose the same,	
You'll see an ancient Hebrew name:	Levi.
Change it again, and it will shew	
What all on earth desire to do:	live.
Transpose the letters yet once more,	
What bad men do, you'll then explore.	evil.

²⁹⁹This had been published in *The Wit's Magazine* 2 (1785): 116; signed “J. M. O.”

POETRY.

Short Hymns.
(By the late Rev. C. Wesley.)

Hymn XV.³⁰⁰

**On Matt. v. ver. 17.—“Think not that I am come to
destroy the law,” &c.**³⁰¹

Saviour inspire, with unknown awe,
The souls who fondly dream
Thou cam'st t' abolish thine own law,
Fulfilling it for them:
Put them in fear; and then display
The counsel of thy will;
The law thou didst *for* man obey,
In man again fulfil.

The Prodigal's Return.
(By the Rev. Mr. G.)³⁰²

Oh! where shall I fly to secure
A refuge from harrassing care?
Or must my sad spirit endure
The torments of endless despair?
If still there is mercy with thee,
Compassionate father of all!
In pity extend it to me,
While laden with sorrow I fall.

³⁰⁰Orig., “XIV.”

³⁰¹Charles Wesley, NT #35, *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:134; John Wesley taking here from its incorporation in MS Matthew, 35.

³⁰²Rev. Joshua Gilpin, from manuscript (see note at 13:166 above)

But how, in this desolate scene,
Can hope to a prodigal come,
Bewilder'd in desarts of sin,
And far from his heavenly home?
Shut out from all prospect of peace,
With tears unavailing I mourn;
O shall I be taken to grace,
If humbly at last I return?

Then let me this moment arise,
Abandon this dreadful abode,
And lift up my languishing eyes,
To plead with a merciful God:
"My heart is oppress'd, I will say;
With tender relentings I come;
O purge my transgressions away,
And take a poor wanderer home."

**On the Pope, written by Buchannan,
when he was traveling in Italy.³⁰³**

*Laus tua, non tua fraus, virtus, non copia rerum
Scandere te fecit hoc decus eximium.*

Translated.

Thy praise, not fraud, thy virtue, not thy store,
Made thee to climb that height which we adore.

**(The same read thus backward by Buchannan
when he was out of the Pope's jurisdiction.)**

*Eximium decus hoc fecit te scandere rerum
Copia, non virtus, fraus tua, non tua laus.*

Translated.

The height which we adore what made thee climb?
Not virtue, nor thy worth, rather thy crime.

³⁰³This supposed incident and text of Dugald Buchannan was published in several settings, including *The Tutor* (London: M. Cooper, 1753), 49.

POETRY.

Short Hymns.
(By the late Rev. C. Wesley.)

Hymn XVI.³⁰⁴

**On Matt. v. ver. 18.—“Till heaven and earth pass,
one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the
law, till all be fulfilled.”**³⁰⁵

Can a law from God proceed,
Useless soon, and null, and void?
No: when earth and heaven are fled,
This continues undestroy'd:

³⁰⁴Orig., “XV.”

³⁰⁵Charles Wesley, NT #36, *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:134; John Wesley taking here from its incorporation in MS Matthew, 35.

On the hearts of all mankind,
Graven by it's Author's hand,
Copy of th' eternal mind,
Firm it must for ever stand.

Elegy on the Death of Mrs. Mahony, of Cork.³⁰⁶

- [1.] Ye weeping nymphs of Zion, lead my way;
To you the painful-pleasing strains belong:
'Tis yours to swell the soft elegiac lay;
Maria claims the tribute of my song.
- [2.] We mount the stage of life, and ere we roll
Our wondring eyes, death gives the quick alarm:
So bounding arrows meet the distant goal,
When shot resistless by the nervous arm.
- [3.] The flow'ret breathes th' ambrosial breath of morn,
And bares its bosom to the orient sun:
But ere the humid shades of eve return,
It droops the head, and mourns its beauty gone.
- [4.] Ah! can ye e'er forget the heavenly smile,
That dwelt enam'ring on her modest cheek?
Who ever gaz'd, and felt not, all the while,
The living language heaven-born seraphs speak?
- [5.] As glares the meteor, through the shades of night,
And cheers the earth with instantaneous blaze:
So Mary shot the pure, but transient light,
And so the gloom of death absorp't her rays.
- [6.] Absorp't her rays! Ah no! it cannot be:
The gloom of death hath but eclips'd her beams:
Lost in the Godhead's beatific sea;
Whelm'd in the bright, immortalizing streams.

³⁰⁶No prior publication or details on author for this poem have been located.

- [7.] Lent us awhile, high heaven demands the loan,
The precious loan reluctantly we yield;
And late we find the blessing not our own,
When call'd to drink the cup his wisdom fill'd.
- [8.] Yet, dearest saint! to thy departed shade,
The heart-felt sigh, the filial tear is due:
Thy shining grace the deep impression made,
Which (though departed) holds thee to our view.
- [9.] Still we behold the dear Redeemer's mind,
His spotless mind, which shone in thee complete;
When all his hallowing graces were combin'd
In thy devoted breast, their welcome seat.
- [10.] Thy active faith, that could the mountains move,
Thy ardent hopes, and breathings now are o'er:
Plung'd in the source of everlasting love,
And all immers'd in God for evermore.
- [11.] Now Israel's flaming steeds have caught thee up;
And now thou mingl'st with the glorious blaze:
Early partaker of thy ardent hope,
On Jesu's unveil'd loveliness to gaze.
- [12.] How long'd thy spirit for a quick release,
And chid the tarrying chariot-wheel's delay!
On stretch for glory, yet resign'd in peace,
Enjoying Christ, but crying, "Come away!"
- [13.] In deepest union with the triune God,
How closely dwelt thy humble loving soul!
While Jesu's precious, all-atoning blood
Was still thy only boast—thy all in all.

- [14.] Thy constant views of God, in Jesu's face,
 Reflected all its excellence on thine;
And, Moses like, the meekest of the race,
 Unconscious thou, and simple, though divine.
- [15.] Illustrious transcript of thy dearest Lord!
 How glow'd thy heart with pure celestial fire!
To all his spotless image here restor'd,
 And fill'd thy large, thy infinite desire.
- [16.] What zeal for God! what ardour for his cause!
 Still Zion's welfare warm'd thy faithful heart!
The mourning church thy servent labour knows,
 Nor less each mourning soul that shar'd a part.
- [17.] Upheld by Jesu's all-sustaining grace,
 We saw thee walking through the lambent flame:
And heard the Christian, having run her race,
 With exultation bless his precious name.*
- [18.] Ah, happy soul! we trace thy sudden flight,
 In early life escap'd from human woe:
We trace thee lodg'd in glorious realms of light,
 No longer held a captive here below.
- [19.] O for a walk like Enoch's, and for thine,
 In deep communion with the God of love!
Adorn'd and fill'd with holiness divine,
 And meet and ready for our seats above!
- [20.] All ripe for glory, like thy pious soul,
 On eagle wings we then shall tour away;
And clasping thee, beyond the starry pole,
 Shall reign in bliss through an eternal day!

* Alluding to her last words.

**On the Happy Recovery of His Majesty.
(By a journeyman Shoe-Maker.)³⁰⁷**

- [1.] What British heart can chuse but sing,
When God restores a gracious king,
To cheer a drooping land?
What meanest bard, that knows to rhyme,
Or range his thoughts to music's time,
A mute spectator stand?
- [2.] Though small poetic gift I boast,
Perhaps a jingling sound the most
I can as tribute pay;
Yet pleas'd to act my humble part,
I add herewith a thankful heart,
And bid it speed its way.
- [3.] To see a king maturely grown,
Well qualified to fill a throne,
Most needs afford delight;—
But his bless'd reign to end so soon,
A sun so bright go down at noon,
Ah, who can bear the sight!
- [4.] But he, whose arm yon heav'ns did rear,
And hung that lamp of splendor there,
With all the twinkling throng;—
He bade the gather'd mist subside,
And light, broke forth on every side,
Did still the day prolong.
- [5.] To him all honours be address'd,
And grateful thanks from ev'ry breast,
As daily incense rise:
Let ev'ry voice, and tube, and string,
In concert join *his* praise to sing,
Who reigns through earth and skies.
- [6.] Henceforth may ev'ry murmur cease,
And plenty, join'd with downy peace,
Attend GREAT GEORGE's sway;
Till, far beyond the verge of west,
The British sun retire to rest,
And rise in endless day.

³⁰⁷No prior publication or further details on author for this poem have been located.

POETRY.

Short Hymns.
(By the late Rev. C. Wesley.)

Hymn XVII.³⁰⁸

**On Matt. v. ver. 24.—“First be reconciled to thy
brother, and then come and offer thy gift.”**³⁰⁹

In vain with angry hearts we dare
Nigh to thine altars move;
Since neither sacrifice nor prayer
Atones for want of love:
O may we each with each agree,
Through thy uniting grace:
Our gift shall then accepted be,
Our life of love and praise.

³⁰⁸Orig., “XVI.”

³⁰⁹Charles Wesley, NT #42, *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:136; John Wesley taking here from its incorporation in MS Matthew, 37.

On the Slave-Trade.³¹⁰

- [1.] Forc'd from home and all its pleasures,
Afric's coast I left forlorn;
To increase a stranger's treasures,
O'er the raging billows borne.
Men from England bought and sold me,
Paid my price in paltry gold;
But though their's they have enroll'd me,
Minds are never to be sold.
- [2.] Still in thought as free as ever,
What are England's rights, I ask,
Me from my delights to sever,
Me to torture, me to task?
Fleecy locks and black complexion
Cannot forfeit nature's claim:
Skins may differ, but affection
Dwells in white and black the same.
- [3.] Why did all-creating nature
Make the plant for which we toil?
Sighs must waft it, tears must water,
Sweat of our's must dress the soil.
Think, ye masters, iron-hearted,
Sitting at your jovial boards,
Think, how many backs have smarted,
For the sweet your cane affords.
- [4.] Is there, as ye sometimes tell us,
Is there one who reigns on high?
Has he bid you buy and sell us,
Speaking from his throne—the sky?

³¹⁰William Cowper published this under the title "The Negro's Complaint" in a new edition of his *Poems* (London: J. Johnson, 1798), 1:331–33. Its publication here is one of its earliest known settings.

Ask him if your knotted scourges,
Fetters, blood-extorting screws,
Are the means which duty urges,
Agents of his will to use?

[5.] Hark, he answers—wild tornadoes,
Strewing yonder sea with wrecks,
Wasting towns, plantations, meadows,
Is the voice with which he speaks.
He foreseeing what vexations
Afric's sons would undergo,
Fix'd their tyrants' habitations
Where his whirlwinds answer "No!"

[6.] By our blood in Afric wasted,
Where our necks receiv'd the chain;
By the miseries which we tasted,
Crossing in your barks the main:
By our sufferings since ye brought us
To the man-degrading mart,
All sustain'd by patience, taught us
Only by a broken heart:

[7.] Deem our nations brutes no longer,
Till some reason ye shall find,
Worthier of regard and stronger,
Than the colours of your kind:
Slaves of gold, whose sordid dealings
Tarnish all your boasted pow'rs,
Prove that ye have human feelings
Ere ye proudly question ours.

Address to the Summer.³¹¹

- [1.] Hail, grateful season, to all nature dear,
When vegetative sweets relieve the year;
When fragrant incense fills the leafy grove,
And nobler passions warm the breast with love.
- [2.] Hail, orient, blushing, animating morn,
By heav'n design'd to strengthen and adorn;
To vivify the stubborn, slumb'ring soil,
And bless creative nature in her toil.
- [3.] Hail, gay luxuriance of embow'ring bloom,
Whose varied hues the noon-tide suns illumine;
Whose fairest shrub its pearly pride displays,
And owes its sweetness to the summer's rays.
- [4.] Hail, silvan genii, songsters of the spray,
Heralds harmonious of the new-born day;
Hail, dearest monitors the grove can give,
Luring mankind in unison to live.
- [5.] Hail ev'ry renovating pow'r in summer's height;
The gifts of providence, our wonder and delight!

**Epitaph on Mr. Prior;
written by himself, on being upbraided
with the meanness of his Birth.**³¹²

Nobles and heralds, by your leave!
Here lie the bones of Matthew Prior;
A son of Adam and of Eve:
Let Bourbon or Nassau go higher.

³¹¹Published in *Walker's Hibernian Magazine* (July 1789): 384; signed "B."

³¹²Matthew Prior, *Poems on Several Occasions* (London: Printed for J. Tonson & J. Barber, 1721), 1:267; widely reprinted.

POETRY.

Short Hymns.
(By the late Rev. C. Wesley.)

Hymn XVIII.³¹³

On Matt. v. ver. 27.—“Thou shalt not commit adultery.”³¹⁴

Can a true follower of thine
Such horrid crimes commit?
One moment left by grace divine
We sink into the pit:
Ah, do not, dearest Lord, depart,
One moment from thine own;
But purify, and keep the heart
Which would be thine alone.

A Morning Dream.
(By Mr. W. Cowper.)³¹⁵

[1.] 'Twas in the glad season of spring,
Asleep at the dawn of the day,
I dream'd what I cannot but sing,
So pleasant it seem'd as I lay:

³¹³Orig., “XVII.”

³¹⁴Charles Wesley, NT #44, *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:136–37; John Wesley taking here from its incorporation in MS Matthew, 38.

³¹⁵William Cowper published this in a new edition of his *Poems* (London: J. Johnson, 1800), 2:405–7. It had appeared earlier in *The European Magazine* 15 (1789): 414–15.

I dream'd that on ocean afloat,
Far west from fair Albion I sail'd,
While billows high lifted the boat,
And fresh-blowing breezes ne'er fail'd.

[2.] In the steerage a woman I saw,
Such at least was the form that she wore,
Whose beauty impress'd me with awe,
Ne'er taught me by woman before:
She sat, and a shield at her side,
Shed light, like a sun on the waves,
And smiling divinely,—she cry'd,
“I go to make freemen of slaves.”

[3.] Then raising her voice to a strain,
The sweetest that ear ever heard,
She sung of the slave's broken chain,
Wherever her glory appear'd:
Some clouds, which had over us hung,
Fled, chas'd by her melody clear,
And, methought, while she liberty sung,
'Twas liberty only to hear.

[4.] Thus, swiftly dividing the flood,
To a slave-cultur'd island we came,
Where a daemon, her enemy, stood,
OPPRESSION his terrible name:
In his hand, as the sign of his sway,
A scourge, hung with lashes, he bore,
And stood, looking out for his prey
From Africa's sorrowful shore.

[5.] But, soon, as approaching the land,
That goddess-like woman he view'd,
The scourge he let fall from his hand,
With blood of his subjects embu'd:

I saw him both sicken and die;
And, the moment the monster expir'd,
Heard shouts which ascended the sky,
From thousands with rapture inspir'd.

- [6.] Awak'ning, how could I but muse,
On what such a dream might betide?
But soon my ear caught the glad news,
Which serv'd my weak thoughts for a guide;
That Britain, renown'd o'er the waves,
For hatred she ever has shewn
To black-scepter'd rulers of slaves,
Resolves to have none of her own.

**Epitaph on Mrs. Eliz. Wastfield, late of
Mile-End, near London.
(Written by her Husband.)**

- [1.] Dear shade adieu! the debt of nature's paid,
Against death's stroke, we but implor'd in vain;
The healing spring no more could send its aid,
Medicine no more could mitigate the pain.
- [2.] See, by her dying form, mild patience stand,
Hope, ease, and comfort in her train she led:
See, gentle spirits, waiting the command,
Hush her to silence on the mournful bed!
- [3.] In vain with heart-felt grief I mourn my friend,
Fair virtue's meed is bliss without alloy:
Blest change! for pain—true pleasure without end,
For sighs and moans, a pure seraphic joy.
- [4.] When death shall that new scene to me disclose,
When I shall quit on earth this dread abode;
Our free'd congenial spirits shall repose
Safe in the bosom of our Saviour-God.

POETRY.

Short Hymns.
(By the late Rev. C. Wesley.)

Hymn XIX.

On Matt. v. ver. 39.—“Resist not evil.”³¹⁶

[1.] The trodden worm will turn again,
And nature hurt resent the smart;
Unless thy gentleness restrain,
Unless thy love o’ercome my heart.

³¹⁶Charles Wesley, NT #47, *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:137; John Wesley taking here from its incorporation in MS Matthew, 40.

- [2.] The precept, and the pattern mild
Thou giv'st; but add the patient power;
And chang'd into a little child
Thy foll'wer shall resist no more.

The Winter's Night, an Elegy.
(By Robert Alves, M.A.)³¹⁷

- [1.] When now each light-wing'd hour of joy is fled,
With vernal beauty, vernal love and song;
The muse grieves pensive in the desert shade,
Her voice all silent, and her harp unstrung.
- [2.] For the lost beauty often does she sigh;
And that lost music which she holds so dear:
But all is darkness to her sorrowing eye,
And all is discord to her troubled ear.
- [3.] The sun unveils his cloud-wrapt face no more;
Fierce drives the storm through many a dismal day;
Murmurs the angry deep; the rivers roar
With swelling rage, and hurl their sweepy way.
- [4.] Meanwhile man takes him to the redd'ning fire,
Whose beams wide spreading smile at winter's gloom:
Full late at night the social bands retire,
While joyous pastimes shake the echoing room.
- [5.] There modest mirth awakes the general smile,
And brightens ev'n the sober sage's eye;
There humour grave, and wit that laughs the while,
With mild discretion, point their shafts to fly.
- [6.] Without her sacred sanction, nought were joy,
Not pleasure's queen, though drest in rosy smiles;
Nor what of graver charms the sage employ,
Whose ling'ring hours the search of truth beguiles.

³¹⁷Robert Alves, *Poems* (Edinburgh: William Creech, 1782), 65–77.

- [7.] Now inly-wrapt I view, with wond'ring mind,
The ways eternal of th' ador'd supreme;
Whose goodness operates various, unconfin'd,
To all in sea, or earth, or starry frame.
- [8.] His wondrous works, O man, 'tis thine to know;
His far more wondrous self to know is thine!
'Tis this that makes thy noblest bliss below;
'Tis this that stamps thy character divine.
- [9.] And, lo! like eagle soaring to the sun,
On thought's aspiring wing I climb the skies:
Here fancy travels far, and travels on,
The scenes wide-opening as aloft she flies.
- [10.] The sun's wide empire, every circling star,
To which he lends his life-dispensing beam,
Amaz'd I view; from Hermes' glowing car,
To where cold Saturn wheels his lazy team.
- [11.] Lo next I trace the comet's length'ning maze,
Through fields of ether whirling to the sun;
Now pass with towering flight the solar blaze,
Marking each orb enormous rolling on.
- [12.] Still, still I mount, and, in the milky way,
Round other suns see peopled planets roll;
Myriads of creatures breathe their native day,
In various climes beneath another pole.
- [13.] Haply some beings, of an earthlier mold
Than us, their Father's lower bounty share;
Or heavenlier, here their constant Edens hold,
And range with angel-wing from sphere to sphere.
- [14.] Or here the spirits of the good and wise
May after death in blest abodes remain;
Great Newton here may measure the skies,
And Boyle see God in nature's works again.

- [15.] How lessen'd now, O man, thy green abode!
Where now earth's tow'ring hills! her boundless main!
Where now her fields by bustling millions trod!
I strive to view them, but I strive in vain.
- [16.] And now from pole to pole of earth I spy;
Here rosy summer smiles, there winter frowns;
Here deserts vast fatigue the aking eye;
There verdant villas rise, and stately towns.
- [17.] Here Afric shines with iv'ry, pearls and gold;
There Asia spreads a pomp of fruits and flowers:
See fair Indostan all her wealth unfold,
And China boast her tea, and porc'lain towers.
- [18.] See in the lap of either Indian deep,*
Where round each isle refreshing breezes blow,
Kind Phoebus, bending from th' ethereal steep,
Gives the sweet cane, or spicy shrub, to grow.
- [19.] How richly garnish'd is this charming ball
With wealth's bright stores, and beauty's balmy train!
Oh! all ungrateful, to whose lot they fall,
If nature's golden bounties shine in vain.
- [20.] Mark too the working powers of plastic life,
In form each beauteous plant of Albion's shore;
What wondrous order reigns amidst the strife
Of thousand various shapes of leaf and flower!
- [21.] Sweet are thy hills, and sweet thy bosom'd vales,
Thou queen of isles, thou empress of the main!
What heavenly fragrance scents thy passing gales!
Oh! take me to thy parent-arms again!

* The seas of the West and East Indies.

[To be concluded in our next.]

POETRY.

Short Hymns.
(By the late Rev. C. Wesley.)

Hymn XX.

On Matt. v. ver. 44.—“Love your enemies.”³¹⁸

- [1.] O, could I view them with those eyes,
Which wept the bloody Salem's fall;
And echo back the Saviour's cries,
And on my heavenly Father call:
“Forgive them, O my God, forgive,
I thirst to die, that they may live!”
- [2.] Send forth the Spirit of thy Son,
Which turns the leopard to a lamb;
So shall I put his bowels on,
Who hellish hate by love o'ercame;
Who made his murderers his care,
And sav'd them through his dying prayer.

The Winter's Night, an Elegy.
(By Robert Alves, M.A.)³¹⁹
(Concluded from page 616.)

- [22.] Next hist'ry spreads her living fields anew:
See the vast scenes unfold of ancient time!
Through ev'ry downward age the worthies view,
Of many an empire rear'd, and deed sublime.

³¹⁸Charles Wesley, NT #48, *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:138; John Wesley taking here from its incorporation in MS Matthew, 41.

³¹⁹Robert Alves, *Poems* (Edinburgh: William Creech, 1782), 65–77.

- [23.] Full in mine eye the heroes stalk along,
 With hosts embattl'd, all in dread array:
Caesars and Alexanders mark the throng,
 And many modern chiefs as fam'd as they.
- [24.] But far o'er all th' illustrious Peter* shines,
 Whose fame no length of ages shall efface:
As purging fire the coarsest ore refines,
 So form'd his active soul the rugged race.
- [25.] Lo thy bright annals, Albion, in their turn,
 Some great examples shall afford from far:
Alfred behold with patriot-ardour burn,
 For arts of peace renown'd, and bold in war.
- [26.] Edwards and Henrys fill th' important page,
 And female forms their graceful mien display:
Eliza, Anna! Oh! what wars ye wage,
 And soar to fame, where conquest led the way.
- [27.] How pleasant thus rolls on the wintry night!
 (While winds blow keen, and howls the stormy blast,)
How sweet to walk, by truth's increasing light,
 Through time's fair scenes, revolving ages past!
- [28.] Next let me search the good supreme, and man,
 With sages old, in Athens' learned grove;
And, while intent the moral world they scan,
 With sweet-tongu'd Xenophon and Plato rove.
- [29.] Nor let me scorn the learn'd of Albion's coast,
 Whose gifts to verse or moral prose aspire;
Whether a Pope or Addison she boast,
 Or Milton's muse, or Shakespear's native fire.

* The Czar Peter I.

- [30.] Both skill'd alike to draw the dread sublime,
Cloud the dark heavens, or bid the thunder roll;
Or deck with beauty bright the vernant clime,
And shed a pleasing sunshine o'er the whole.
- [31.] But Shakespear's genius ampler powers exprest,
Skill'd or our joys or sorrows to beguile;
What time with tragic pains he tears the breast,
Or wakes, with humour sly, the comic smile.
- [32.] In princely Hamlet all his serious rage,
And high-wrought Lear raves madder than the storms;
But when the laughing hero* treads the stage,
What mirth ecstatic ev'ry breast informs!
- [33.] Yet oft let Milton's strains my heart inspire;
His chaos wild; his bloom of paradise;
Or when sublime he sets my soul on fire,
While wars angelic shake th' empyreal skies.
- [34.] Still do I seem to haunt the favourite bower,
Where mute attention hangs on Raphael's tongue;
Eve weaves her garland of each blushing flower,
Nor tries to reach the daring heights of song.
- [35.] Hail wedded love! hail source of true delight!
When meek discretion guides the modest fair;
With beauty bashful, sense that shuns the sight,
Her consort's secret joy, and darling care.
- [36.] Hail to the simple days! the joys of yore!
Ah! whither fled with Eden's long-lost grove!
Ah! ill exchange'd for wealth, or pomp or power!
Or all that since our guilty bosoms move!

* Sir John Falstaff.

- [37.] But cease, my muse: restrain thy wandering song;
Or sing the rage of winter's angry power;
Yet winter brings the pleasing joys along,
Both of the social and the studious hour.
- [38.] Then farewell, for a while, to Phoebus' aid:
His brighter smiles let swarthy Indians boast;
For them let summer dress the verdant shade,
And balmy flow'rets bloom through all their coast.
- [39.] May we thus still amuse the live long night
Of dreary winter; learned solace find;
And reap such joys from science' various light,
As warm the heart, and fill the boundless mind!

On Conscience.³²⁰

Hail soft companion of each guiltless breast!
Whose smile is rapture, and thy bosom rest,
No music charms, nor joy its triumph brings,
If thine be silent, or untun'd its strings:
But these attun'd, our confidence is sure,
Our sleep refreshing, and our rest secure.

**The last lines composed by the Rev. Charles Wesley, M.A.
a little before he went hence, which he dictated to his wife,
but could scarcely articulate.**³²¹

In age and feebleness extreme,
Who shall a helpless worm redeem?
Jesus! my only hope thou art,
Strength of my failing flesh and heart;
Oh! could I catch one smile from thee,
And drop into eternity!

End of Vol. XIII.

³²⁰Edward Perronet, *Occasional Verses, Moral and Sacred* (London: J. Buckland & T. Scollick, 1785), 179.

³²¹Written in Sarah Wesley's hand on the blank page (p. 25) at the end of a copy of the seventh edition of Charles Wesley's *Funeral Hymns* (MARC, MAW CW 424.10), with the preface: "The following lines I took from the Rev. Mr Charles Wesley's repeating a few days before he departed this life." Appears also in an undated letter from Sarah Wesley to Mrs. Robert Jones of Fonmon, held in MS Fonmon Letters, National Library of Wales.

POETRY.

Short Hymns.
(By the late Rev. C. Wesley.)

Hymn XXI.

**On Matt. v. ver. 45.—“He maketh the sun to rise on
the evil, and on the good, and sendeth rain,” &c.³²²**

Evil, or good, thou lov’st us all,
And dost to all the blessings give:
Thy sun doth rise, thy rain doth fall
On those who will not more receive;
Who might be watered by thy grace,
(Incessant showers of love divine)
And see that Sun of righteousness,
And bright from him for ever shine.

To Mr. _____, on the Death of his Sister.
(By the Rev. Mr. G.)³²³

In these still seats and solitary woods,
Where sweetly-pensive melancholy broods;

³²²Charles Wesley, NT #52, *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:139; John Wesley taking here from its incorporation in MS Matthew, 42–43.

³²³Rev. Joshua Gilpin, from manuscript (see note at 13:166 above).

Where powers unseen my contemplations aid,
And wait around me in the sacred shade,
Far from the city, undisturbed and free,
Thoughtful I sit retired, and think on thee.
Here, while the chrystal stream runs purling by,
The pitying tear stands trembling in my eye;
The sorrows of my friend my heart oppress,
And my sad bosom shares his deep distress.
Yet, at thy call, my sleeping lyre I take,
And touch the strings for grief or pity's sake:
My sympathetic muse, assist the strain,
Asswage his woe, and mitigate his pain.

Short is the space allowed to man below,
Replete with care, and crowded thick with woe!
Time, like a mighty torrent, fierce and strong,
With rapid billows urges us along!
The rich, the poor, the great, the young, the gay
Haste to the goal, and sink, and fade away!
O death! thy frown the stoutest heart disarms,
And the earth trembles at thy dread alarms.
Yet, let me call thee, as indeed thou art,
The last sweet cordial for the aching heart!
Thou only canst the struggling soul release,
And point her passage to eternal peace.

Where yon white turrets, pointing to the sky,
Peep o'er the hills and meet the wand'ring eye,
Beneath the mould'ring turf, in silence laid,
Unnumbered victims crowd death's awful shade.
There sleep the village-fathers, who, erewhile,
In these rich-laden fields were wont to toil;
To guide with nervous arm the plough along,
Or wake sweet echo with the harvest song.

Now lost to winter's toil, and summer's store,
Their cares all hushed, and all their labours o'er,
In peaceful slumbers they securely rest,
And the green sod lies lightly on their breast.
While we, in different scenes, are doom'd to bear
A world of anguish, and a weight of care,
On earth's soft pillow they recline their head,
And lose their sorrows in the friendly shade.

Ye dear aerial forms, that wait around,
And ever hover o'er yon hallow'd ground!
Who oft have seen me solitary stray
O'er your still dust, beneath the moon's pale ray!
You know the inmost secrets of my breast,
You can the warmth of my desires attest,
How fain my soul would bid the world adieu,
Shake off mortality and mix with you:
But life's rough surges dash me from the shore,
And whisper, "Heaven has future ills in store."
If thus thy will ordains, O power benign!
If care and pining sorrow must be mine,
Be thou my guardian through the dreary way,
And though I live to suffer, I obey.

And has Amelia, now no longer tost
On life's rough ocean, gain'd the heavenly coast?
Gladly I give thee joy, on her release,
Since now her parted spirit is at peace.
But why for her these unavailing sighs,
Who wins the race and gains the glorious prize?
Say, was her lot so far surpassing ours,
And all her path so sweetly strew'd with flowers,
That heaven itself can scarce the loss repay
With the pure joys of an eternal day?

Ah no; methinks I hear thee faintly cry,
The trickling tear had dimm'd³²⁴ her sparkling eye;
She drank the bitter draught, by fate assign'd,
And shar'd the common lot of human kind.

Then cease to pour the melancholy moan,
Suppress the tear, and stifle the big moan.
While she translated to yon blest abodes,
Enraptured stands before the God of gods;
Shall her dejected brother fondly mourn,
And with his tears bedew her happy urn?
Forbid it, hope! each piercing thought control,
And sweetly calm his agitated soul.

Friend of my heart! the various woes I bear,
The pangs I suffer, and the ills I fear,
Teach me to bless death's solitary gloom,
And gaze with pleasure on a mould'ring tomb.
Yet think not, all-inspired with gloomy zeal,
My glowing bosom has forgot to feel:
Thou know'st I have a sister fair and kind—
The tenderest ties our kindred spirits bind!
A treasure richer than the world to me,
And dear as thy Amelia was to thee!
Though now dark rivers roll, and mountains rise,
To veil her much-lov'd image from my eyes,
Her visionary form, where'er I stray,
Meets me with smiles, and cheers my weary way.

Here all the force of sympathy I feel,
And fiercer pangs than language can reveal.
Was cruel fate, the thought my heart alarms,
To snatch my lovely Anna from these arms;
If her sad brother could survive the blow,
And lag behind her in this vale of woe,

³²⁴Orig., "dimn'd"; a misprint.

'Twould only be to pour the melting lay,
Sit on her grave, and sigh my soul away:
No ray of comfort could my grief control,
No short-liv'd pleasure steal upon my soul;
Nor would I e'er her sad sepulchre leave,
Till my torn breast, at length, should cease to heave.

But oh! before that dreaded moment come,
Grant me, propitious powers! an early doom.
Since heaven, all-wise, has destin'd us to part,
And death must tear us from each other's heart;
Rather may she a brother's bier attend,
And pay the last sad duties to her friend.
Sharp are the pangs of parting, that divide
Congenial souls, and hearts so near allied.
I feel thy sorrows, and thy loss bemoan,
Join tear with tear, and mingle groan with groan.
Yet let a transient gleam of cheering hope
Dawn on thy soul, and bear thy spirit up;
And may thy friend the same sweet prospect see,
Grasping the comfort that he offers thee.
Though fate is absolute, though death is strong,
Nor death, nor fate shall separate us long.
Though tempests rage, and foaming billows roar,
Our shatter'd barks shall gain the distant shore:
There shall my friend his lost Amelia join,
And my dear Anna shall be ever mine.

On Hope.³²⁵

O hope, sweet flatt'rer! thy soft, soothing touch
Sheds on afflicted minds a balmy joy;
Relieves the load of poverty, sustains
The captive bending with the weight of bonds;
And smooths the pillow of disease and pain.

³²⁵Richard Glover, *Boadicia. A Tragedy*, Act. V, Scene 1 (London: Dodsley & Cooper, 1753), 47.
This excerpt was reprinted broadly.

POETRY.

Short Hymns.
(By the late Rev. C. Wesley.)

Hymn XXII.

On Matt. v. ver. 48.—“Be ye perfect, (Ye shall be perfect, Gr.)”³²⁶

- [1.] Would'st thou require what cannot be?
The thing impossible to me
Is possible to God:
I trust thy truth to make me just,
Th' omnipotence of love I trust,
The virtue of thy blood.
- [2.] Perfection is my calling's prize,
To which on duty's scale I rise:
And when my toils are past,

³²⁶Charles Wesley, NT #53–54, *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:139–40; John Wesley taking here from its incorporation in MS Matthew, 43–44.

And when I have the battle won,
Thou in thy precious self alone
Shalt give the prize at last.

[3.] If taught of him I understand
My Saviour's most benign command,
I shall be fully blest:
True is the promise of my Lord;
The duty is it's own reward,
And crown of all the rest.

[4.] "Ye shall be perfect here below:"
He spake it, and it must be so;
But first, he said, Be poor;
Hunger and thirst; repent and grieve;
Be humble, meek, obedient live,
And labour, and endure.

[5.] Thus, thus may I the prize pursue,
And th' appointed paths pass through
To perfect poverty;
Thus let me, Lord, thyself attain,
And give thee up thine own again,
Absorb'd and lost in thee.

An Ode to Wisdom.³²⁷

[1.] The solitary bird of night,
Through the thick shade now wings his flight,
And quits his time-shook tow'r;
Where shelter'd from the blaze of day,
In philosophic gloom he lay,
Beneath his ivy bow'r.

³²⁷By Elizabeth Carter, about 1745. Wesley published a longer version of the poem in volume 6 (558–60). He was likely drawing from *A Collection of Poems*, edited by Robert Dodsley (London: R. & J. Dodsley, 1763), 3:209–13.

- [2.] Within I hear a solemn sound,
Which midnight echoes waft around,
 And sighing gales repeat:
Fav'rite of Pallas ! I attend,
And faithful to the summons bend,
 At Wisdom's awful seat.
- [3.] She loves the cool, the silent eve,
Where no false joys of life deceive,
 Beneath the lunar ray;
Here folly drops her vain disguise,
Nor spreads her guilty colour's dyes,
 As in the blaze of day.
- [4.] The breath inspires the poet's song,
The patriot's free unbias'd tongue,
 The hero's gen'rous strife:
Thine are retirement's silent joys,
And all the sweet engaging ties,
 Of still domestic life.
- [5.] No more to fabl'd names confin'd,
To the supreme, all-perfect mind,
 My thought directs her flight;
Wisdom's thy gift, and all her force,
From thee deriv'd! eternal source
 Of intellectual light!
- [6.] O send her sure, her steady ray,
To regulate my doubtful way,
 Through life's perplexing road;
The mists of error to control,
And through its gloom direct my soul,
 To happiness and good!

On the Conversion of Galen.³²⁸

Forbear, vain man! to launch with reason's eye,
Through the vast depths of dark immensity:
Nor think thy narrow, but presumptuous mind
The least idea of thy God can find:
Thought crowding thought distracts the lab'ring brain;
For, how can finite infinite explain!
Then God adore, and conscious rest in this,
None, but himself, can paint him as he is.

Epitaph

**On the Rev. Mr. Samuel Love, M.A.,
Fellow of Baliol College, Oxford,
who died October 18, 1773, aged 29.**

(By Miss Hannah More.)³²⁹

- [1.] When worthless grandeur fills th' embellish'd urn,
No poignant grief attends the sable bier:
But when distinguish'd excellence we mourn,
Deep is the sorrow, genuine is the tear.
- [2.] Stranger! should'st thou approach this awful shrine,
The merits of the honour'd dead to seek:
The friend, the son, the Christian, the divine,
Let those who knew him, those who lov'd him, speak.
- [3.] Oh! let them, in some pause of anguish, say
What zeal inspired, what faith enlarg'd his breast;
How soon th' unfetter'd spirit wing'd its way
From earth to heaven, from blessing to be blest!

³²⁸This paraphrase of a French epigram was published in *Gentleman's Magazine* 15 (1745): 100; by "Quintuplex" (the French original is found on p. 46). In 1775 it was placed at the bottom of a printed picture titled "The Conversion of Galen" published in London by Robert Sayer (copy in the British Museum).

³²⁹This was inscribed on a monument in the Cathedral in Bristol (where More lived), and published in *The Monthly Miscellany* 3 (1775): 127.

POETRY.

Short Hymns.
(By the late Rev. C. Wesley.)

Hymn XXIII.

**On Matt. vi. ver. 6, 18.—“Thy Father shall reward thee
openly.”³³⁰**

Let heathens mock what God injoin'd,
Or fools explain away;
I find it good, I soon shall find
It glorious to obey:

³³⁰Charles Wesley, NT #68, *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:143; John Wesley taking here from its incorporation in MS Matthew, 54.

The secret fast observ'd to thee,
Who hast the precept given,
Shall openly rewarded be
With the full taste of heaven.

On the Death of Dr. Levet.
(By Doctor Johnson.)³³¹

- [1.] Condemn'd to hope's delusive mine,
As on we toil from day to day;
By sudden blasts of slow decline,
Our social comforts drop away.
- [2.] Well try'd through many a varying year,
See Levet to the grave descend!
Officious, innocent, sincere,
Of ev'ry friendless name the friend.
- [3.] Yet still he fills affection's eye,
Obscurely wise, and coarsely kind;
Nor, letter'd arrogance, deny
Thy praise to merit unrefin'd.
- [4.] When fainting nature call'd for aid,
And hov'ring death prepar'd the blow;
His vig'rous remedy displayed
The power of art without the show.
- [5.] In mis'ry's darkest caverns known,
His useful care was ever nigh,
Where hopeless anguish pour'd his groan,
And lonely want retir'd to die.

³³¹Samuel Johnson (1709–84), “The Death of Mr. Robert Levet, A Practiser in Physic,” *The Poetical Works of Samuel Johnson* (London: G. Kearsley, 1785), 184–86.

- [6.] No summons, mock'd by chill delay,
No petty gain disdain'd by pride;
The modest wants of ev'ry day
The toil of ev'ry day supplied.
- [7.] His virtues walk'd this narrow round,
Nor made a pause, nor left a void;
And sure th' Eternal Master found
The single talent well employ'd.
- [8.] The busy day, the peaceful night
Unfelt, uncounted, glided by:
His frame was firm, his pow'rs were bright,
Though now his eightieth year drew nigh.
- [9.] Then, with no throbbing fiery pain,
No cold gradations of decay;
Death broke at once the vital chain,
And forc'd his soul the nearest way.

Inconstancy.
(By a Young Lady.)³³²

Little, trifling, silly heart,
Why art thou so prone to smart?
Why art thou so apt to joy?
Why does air thy thoughts employ?
What but air, are fancy's dreams?
What but air, are worldly schemes?
What but air, is earthly pow'r,
Transient as the fleeting hour?
What but air is love, is life?
What but air, is highest strife?

³³²A Young Lady [Joanna Ballie], *Original Poems on Various Subjects* (London: T. Cadell, 1772), 18–19.

What are prospects, brightly fair,
But light puffs of empty air?
Lift thy thoughts, my heart, on high,
Search the blessings of the sky;
Seek those joys, which never fade,
Joys that need not fancy's aid:
Joys as permanent, as great,
Happy, in a lasting state.
Love, my soul, but raise thy flame
To those mansions, where no shame
Tints the cheek, or hurts the mind,
But where peace to virtue's join'd.
Then shalt thou, enraptur'd, prove,
That th' eternal is all love!

**Lines which were hung on the bough of a
venerable walnut tree, which overshadows
the burial-ground of the poet [Edmund] Waller.**³³³

Stranger, if virtue, or if verse be dear,
With pious caution pay thy visit here.
Planted by him, whose sacred dust has laid
Twice fifty summers underneath my shade;
Protector of the hallow'd spot I stand,
To guard this vault from each unhallow'd hand;
Spare then each branch that canopies the tomb,
A part of Waller feeds my verdant bloom:
Oh! spare each leaf that bowers the poet's grave,
For, in each leaf a part of him you save;
And on the fruits, which, clustring round me, grow,
A more than vulgar destiny bestow:
Taste, but with rev'ence kneeling at the shrine,
So may'st thou eat, and Waller's muse be thine:
A second *tree of knowledge* may I be,
And *unforbidden wisdom* shine in thee!

³³³Published in *The Scot's Magazine* 49 (1787): 611; identified as by Mr. [Samuel Jackson] Pratt.

POETRY.

Short Hymns.
(By the late Rev. C. Wesley.)

Hymn XXIV.

On Matt. vi. ver. 22.—“If thine eye be single thy whole body shall be full of light.”³³⁴

O for that single eye
Each moment fixt on thee!
Jesus, my want supply
Of true simplicity;
And then throughout my nature shine,
And fill my soul with light divine.

Joseph Made Known to His Brethren.
Gen. xlv. ver. 3, 4.³³⁵

- [1.] When Joseph his brethren beheld,
 Afflicted and trembling with fear;
His heart with compassion was fill'd,
 From weeping he could not forbear:
Awhile his behaviour was rough,
 To bring their past sin to their mind;
But when they were humble enough,
 He hasted to shew himself kind.
- [2.] How little they thought it was he,
 Whom they had ill-treated and sold;
How great their confusion must be,
 As soon as his name he had told:

³³⁴Charles Wesley, NT #72, *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:144; John Wesley taking here from its incorporation in MS Matthew, 56.

³³⁵John Newton, *Olney Hymns* (London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co., 1779), 16–18.

“I’m Joseph your brother,” he said,
And still to my heart ye are dear;
You sold me, and thought I was dead,
But God, for your sakes, sent me here.”

[3.] Tho’ greatly distressed before,
When charg’d with purloining the cup;
They now were confounded much more,
Not one of them dar’d to look up:
“Can Joseph, whom we would have slain,
Forgive us the evil we did?
And will he our houshold maintain,
Oh! this is a brother indeed!”

[4.] Thus dragg’d by my conscience I came,
All laden with guilt, to the Lord;
Surrounded with sorrow and shame,
Unable to utter a word:
At first he look’d stern and severe,
What anguish then pierced my heart!
Expecting each moment to hear
The sentence, “Thou cursed, depart!”

[5.] But oh! what surprize when he spoke,
While tenderness beam’d in his face;
My heart then to pieces was broke,
O’erwhelm’d and confounded by grace:
“Poor sinner, I know thee full well,
By thee I was sold and was slain;
I dy’d to redeem thee from hell,
And raise thee in glory to reign.

[6.] “I’m Jesus, whom thou hast blasphem’d,
And crucify’d often afresh;
But let me, henceforth, be esteem’d
Thy brother, thy bone, and thy flesh:

My pardon I freely bestow,
Thy wants I will fully supply;
I'll guide thee and guard thee below,
And soon will remove thee on high.

- [7.] "Go, publish to sinners around,
That they may be willing to come;
The mercy, which now you have found,
And tell them that yet there is room."
Oh! sinners, the message obey,
No more vain excuses pretend;
But come, without further delay,
To Jesus, our brother and friend!

On the Swiftness of Time.
(By a Young Lady,
when she arrived at the age of fifteen.)³³⁶

- [1.] How swift flies time on silken wings,
And leaves no trace behind;
Changes each year the face of things,
Inconstant as the wind!
- [2.] It scarce to me appears a day,
Since in my nurse's arms,
A helpless little babe I lay,
Smiling with infant charms.
- [3.] Still as in course each op'ning year
I see my native day;
The grasp of joy appears more near,
Then vanishes away.

³³⁶This was published in *Miscellaneous Poems* (Manchester: W. Shelmerdine, 1790), 85–87; where it is identified as by Miss Ann S—, only child of G. C. S— Esq, lately of York.

- [4.] On fifteen all my thoughts were bent,
Fifteen is come at last;
Alas! I am not more content,
My pleasure's all a blast.
- [5.] 'Tis giddy dissipation all,
And an elusion vain;
Of which th' enjoyment e'er so small
May cause a life of pain.
- [6.] True happiness is virtue's child,
And lives within our breast;
Join'd to a temper pure and mild,
An honest heart's best guest.
- [7.] A conscience void of all offence,
Good spirits, and good health;
Grant me but these, O providence,
I ask not power or wealth.
- [8.] Then, if next year should see me laid
A victim to the tomb;
These friends will still attend my shade,
Where joys eternal bloom.

On Envy.³³⁷

She never smiles, but where the wretched weep;
Nor lulls her malice with a moment's sleep:
Restless in spite! while watchful to destroy;
She pines and sickens at another's joy.

³³⁷Excerpt from Joseph Addison's translation of *Ovid's Metamorphoses* (London: Jacob Tonson, 1717), 1:68; frequently reprinted.

POETRY.

Short Hymns.
(By the late Rev. C. Wesley.)

Hymn XXV.

**On Matt. vi. ver. 33.—“Seek ye first the kingdom
of God, and his righteousness.”³³⁸**

I seek the kingdom first,
The gracious joy and peace;
Thou know’st, I hunger, Lord, and thirst
After thy righteousness:
My chief, my sole desire
Thine image to regain;
And then to join thine heavenly quire,
And with thine ancients reign.

On the Death of Mr. Robert Boyd.³³⁹

- [1.] Come, ev’ry friendly sympathizing heart,
And heave a sigh, and drop the silent tear;
Nor selfish passion only bears its part,
We view our common loss on Robert’s bier.
- [2.] Thou Lord, whose judgments an unfathom’d deep
To finite minds must ever, ever be;
Forgive our grief, and teach us how to weep,
And yet to trust—and still rejoice in thee.
- [3.] Religion’s purest flame he sweetly felt,
And friendship’s dearest joys were all his own;
Say, ye that knew him best, while here he dwelt,
Say all ye knew, and leave him still unknown.

³³⁸Charles Wesley, NT #74, *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:145; John Wesley taking here from its incorporation in MS Matthew, 60.

³³⁹No prior publication or details on author for this poem have been located.

- [4.] How oft with holy joy his soul was fill'd!
How oft for Zion's peace he wept and strove!
How oft his zealous heart with rapture swell'd,
While sweetly breathing, "God is *only* love."
- [5.] Each dawning Sabbath to his active soul
Produc'd new labours, open'd new delights;
Of zealous piety his days were full,
And peace and love compos'd his happy nights.
- [6.] Ah! *he* had true benevolence of soul,
And warmest charity still grac'd his mind:
In prayer he grasp'd the universal whole,
And liv'd the loving friend of human-kind.
- [7.] He's gone!—then let my humbled soul adore
The power, whose wisdom points the keenest dart;
And 'till in social bliss we join once more,
I'll wear his image in my grateful heart.
- [8.] Would pitying heav'n but let his mantle fall
On some dear mourning friend of Zion's race;
'Twould prop Jerusalem's lamented wall,
And we would bless thee, Father, for the grace.
- [9.] At each approach of Jesu's natal morn,
('Twas then his fervent prayers were heard for me)
To greet the sadly-pleasing year's return,
Dear saint, I'll drop a friendly tear for thee.

**Lines written by John Thornton, Esq; of Clapham, in
Surrey, some time before his death, upon receiving
a mourning ring for a cousin of his own name.³⁴⁰**

Welcome, thou presage of my certain doom!
I too must sink into the silent tomb:
Yes, little prophet, thus my name shall stand
A mournful record on some friendly hand.

³⁴⁰This same epigram is given as by Hannah Wakeford on a similar occasion in *Miscellaneous Pieces ... Useful for Families* (Sherborne, Eng.: R. Goadby, 1752), 286; and (just as by a woman) in the *European Magazine and London Review* 16 (1789): 384.

My name! 'tis here! the characters agree,
And every faithful letter speaks to me;
Bids me prepare to meet my nature's foe,
Serene to bear the monster's fatal blow;
Without a sigh to quit the joys of time,
Secure of glory in some happier clime;
Then mount the skies, forsake my old abode,
And gain the plaudits of a smiling God.
Receive, Lord Jesus, body, soul, and spirit!
Behold my plea, thy sufferings and thy merit.

Desiring the Presence of God.³⁴¹

- [1.] Alas! my soul, where is thy absent God!
 Arise, and search, nor languish hopeless here;
See, o'er creation's frame diffus'd abroad,
 His pow'r, his wisdom, and his love appear!
- [2.] But chiefly in his sacred word enquire,
 There faith and hope diviner glories trace;
Seek with the ardor of sincere desire,
 For nature's father is the God of grace.
- [3.] His sacred word invites me to his feet,
 Reveals forgiveness, rich, and full, and free;
The voice of mercy, how divinely sweet!
 O be the heav'nly accents spoke to me!
- [4.] God of my life, thy radiant face reveal!
 For thou art near, though clouds obstruct my sight;
Thy voice divine can ev'ry cloud dispel,
 O speak, and give me comfort, give me light!
- [5.] Thy word of grace,—rich treasures of delight!
 (O let my soul recall her comforts past!)
Not morn's fair dawn is dearer to my sight!
 Nor honey sweeter to the longing taste.

³⁴¹Anne Steele, *Poems on Subjects Chiefly Devotional* (Bristol: William Pine, 1780), 3:63–64.

- [6.] And shall those heavenly sweets no more be mine?
Return, ye blissful moments, to my heart!
Dispel the cloud; O God of mercy, shine,
And life, and peace, and happiness impart!

Advice to the Fair Sex.
(By Dr. S[amuel] Johnson.)³⁴²

The trembling mother, anxious for her race,
Begs for each birth the fortune of a face;
Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty spring,
And Sedley curs'd the form that pleas'd a king.
Ye nymphs of rosy lips, and radiant eyes,
Whom pleasure keeps too busy to be wise;
Whom joys with soft variety invite,
By day the frolic, and the dance by night;
Who frown with vanity, who smile with art,
And ask the latest fashion of the heart;
What care, what rules your heedless charms shall save?
Each nymph your rival, and each youth your slave.
Against your fame with fondness hate combines,
The rival batters, and the lover mines.
With distant voice neglected virtue calls,
Less heard and less the faint remonstrance falls;
Tir'd with contempt he quits the slipp'ry rein,
And pride and prudence take her seat in vain:
In crowd at once, where none the pass defend,
The harmless freedom, and the private friend:
The guardians yield, by force superior ply'd,
By int'rest prudence, and by flatt'ry pride:
Then beauty falls betray'd, despis'd, distress'd,
And hissing infamy proclaims the rest.

³⁴²An excerpt from Samuel Johnson, "The Vanity of Human Wishes," original 1749; Among Wesley's possible sources was *A Collection of Poems*, edited by Robert Dodsley (London: R. & J. Dodsley, 1763), 4:164–65.

POETRY.

Short Hymns.
(By the late Rev. C. Wesley.)

Hymn XXVI.

On Matt. vii. ver. 1.—“Judge not, that ye be not judged.”³⁴³

Jesus, rebuke my fiery zeal,
And bid it all depart,
This rash, censorious pride expel,
This Satan from my heart;
That only to myself severe,
When others I reprove,
My censure may to all appear
The meek result of love.

Lines inscribed to the Rev. J. Wesley.
(By Miss C.)³⁴⁴

Often with sacred joy, and sweet surprize,
Those charming words have met my longing eyes:
“I pass not by what love obedient brings,
Nor e'er despise the day of feeble things:
When lip and heart in unison agree,
To join in sacrificial harmony;
The smallest tribute shall acceptance find:
The stammering lisp—with singleness of mind.”

And is the God, who spread the ample skies,
Who bade from nothing numerous worlds arise;
Is *he* well-pleas'd to hear the contrite cry?
Loves *he* th' oblation of a rising sigh?
Amaz'd! I ask the cause of all this grace?—
Faith points my eye to Jesu's dying face:

³⁴³Charles Wesley, NT #78, *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:146; John Wesley taking here from its incorporation in MS Matthew, 61. This is the last time Wesley publishes a selection that had previously appeared in *Scripture Hymns* (1762); he apparently became aware of the duplication.

³⁴⁴By Agnes Collinson (later Agnes Bulmer); see John Wesley's letter to her (Mar. 28, 1788), *Letters* (Telford), 8:50.

An answer there I read in every line;
Grace must be rich; the purchase was divine!
Content, I cease: the wonder is no more:
I gaze—admire—with speechless love adore!—

Believing, I allow that God is kind!—
But dwells *such* love below th' eternal mind?
He knows the motive—sees the strong desire;
Accepts the *will*, when gifts can rise no higher:
But will a mortal so indulgent prove,
And deign t' accept the simple gift of love;
All unadorn'd,—nor elegance,—nor art;
The rude effusions of a grateful heart?

Thus through my mind the strong enquiry ran,
“Jesus is good:—but is it *thus* with man?”
Again I search, and in his sacred word,
I read, “the servant shall be *as* his Lord.”
That word convincing, straight before my eyes,
A long succession of examples rise:
I well remember how they sought to prove,
To my desponding soul, that “God is love.”
They felt my pain; their patience still was more,
Which with my darkness, and my folly bore.

But these I leave, they're not for present view:
Retentive love this short digression drew:
Had these ne'er been, yet still a Wesley proves,
By bearing *much*, *how* tenderly he loves:
Ambitious in his Saviour's steps to go,
And walking as his Master walk'd below;
He stoops to all the weakness of my soul,
And smiling points me to the dazzling goal:
“Press on,” he cries, “by grace a victor prove;
Behold!—attain,—the prize of perfect love.”

While yet he speaks, new vigour I obtain,
And in faith's view the steep ascent I gain:
Mountains flow down; hope looks beyond the skies,
And sees display'd my calling's glorious prize:
Mounting aloft, I tread on meaner things,
And view beneath my feet earth's grov'ling kings:
More glorious things my ransom'd soul requires,
And to a crown of righteousness aspires.—

But—how I leave my subject still behind!
A *simple welcome* was the end design'd:
To ask, will you my feeble lay receive?
And each profession of esteem believe,
Which prompts my pen with readiness to move,
To pay this tribute of my filial love?
And will you kindly take a gift so poor?—
A mite's the proffer;—but it's all my store:
Yet still my heart speaks larger than my pen:
It seeks your lasting bliss, and seals Amen!

Trowbridge, Sept. 1786.

**Imitation of the
Thirty-Seventh Ode of Anacreon.**³⁴⁵

See! see! the lovely graces bring
The rose to deck the virgin spring.
No more the billows of the deep
Insult the skies, but calmly sleep.
The duck her watery chace pursues;
His wand'ring course the crane renews:
The sun emits a brighter ray,
And adds new lustre to the day.
Look! all serene the heavens appear,
And fields proclaim the tiller's care:
Nature assumes a pregnant face,
And swelling buds the olive grace:
While spreading vines their tendrils shoot,
And happy branches teem with fruit.

³⁴⁵Richard Lely, *Original Poems and Translations* (London, 1723), 76–77; Wesley was likely taking from an unattributed republication, like in *The Hibernian Magazine* (August 1783): 440.

POETRY.

Short Hymns.
(By the late Rev. C. Wesley.)

Hymn XXVII.

**On Matt. vii. ver. 2.—“With what judgment ye judge,
ye shall be judged.”³⁴⁶**

“Shall I my righteous zeal suppress?”
Or openly the truth declare?
The rig’rous, rash, unjust excess
You must in pitying love forbear:
Your bitterness and wrath forego,
To sin severe, to sinners kind;
For mercy who refuse to shew,
Shall judgment without mercy find.

Wishing for Real Pleasure.³⁴⁷

How long, forgetful of thy heav’nly birth,
Wilt thou, my soul, so fondly cleave to earth?
How long, low-hov’ring o’er these seats of pain,
Wilt thou expect felicity in vain?

³⁴⁶Charles Wesley, MS Matthew, 61–62.

³⁴⁷Anne Steele, *Poems on Subjects Chiefly Devotional* (Bristol: William Pine, 1780), 3:89–90. Wesley published this same poem in volume 9, 686–87; though here he omits the last three lines. He may have been drawing from some shorter reprint.

The joys of time could never be design'd
A portion worthy of th' immortal mind.
What is it thus detains these wretched eyes,
Detains my heart, whene'er it seeks to rise,
And holds back half my wishes from the skies? }

When soothing fancy paints, with mimic art,
Her pictur'd joys, to catch my cheated heart;
So fair, so bright the vari'd colours glow,
Almost they can disguise the blended woe:
But soon the momentary forms decay,
Steal from my gaze, and vanish quite away.
Convinc'd the flatt'ring scenes are empty air,
Beneath my thought, unworthy of my care,
Can I pronounce the gay delusions fair? }

Earth's fairest pleasures, which allure my sight,
Are but the fleeting shadows of delight!
Shall airy phantoms thus my pow'rs employ,
Pow'rs that were form'd to grasp substantial joy?
Shall vanity enslave this free-born mind,
And chains of sense my nobler passions bind?
Alas! in vain I strive, in vain I sigh,
In vain my fetter'd thoughts attempt to fly,
And weakly flutt'ring mean the distant sky! }

O thou, whose eye surveys my inmost heart,
Thy grace, thy all-prevailing grace, impart;
Dissolve these chains, which keep my soul from thee,
And bid this wretched, struggling heart be free!
O come, thou bright, thou everlasting fair,
Thou only worthy object of my care!

Elegy
On the Death of Prince Alfred.³⁴⁸

Can a young prince from Albion's blooming plains
 'Scape to his native home, and not a Muse
 Pursue the infant stranger through the skies?
 Will all the tuneful Nine forsake thy groves,
 O Windsor, not look down with pitying eyes
 On royalty in tears? descend, sweet maid!
 Urania! oh! descend with sympathy
 To Britain's weeping fair, while I attune
 The heavenly lyre, and whisper through the vale
 His speedy course o'er yon aetherial road
 Up to the verge of heaven! with powers enlarg'd
 He felt the sacred raptures of his flight,
 And springing through those blazing worlds on high,
 Gaz'd on the confines of immortal day!
 Oh! tell her, when he burst the bands of earth
 And shook its fetters off; from paradise,
 On pinions swift, descending, the grand choir
 Of guardian spirits made the British skies,
 And hail'd him there, the new born heir of heav'n!
 Tell her of his arrival, for thou saw'st
 The glitt'ring crystal ports wide open thrown
 T' admit him to their bliss; and oh! rehearse
 The honours done to his illustrious name!
 —————Methinks I hear
 The strains high warbl'd through the groves of heaven
 From the sweet strings of ev'ry seraph's harp,
 When he the concert join'd:—Lo! there he tunes,
 With extacies unknown, th' immortal lays,
 And feels the flames which angels only feel;
 While through the happy plains are ceaseless sung
 The crown and vict'ry of the bleeding Lamb!

³⁴⁸No prior publication or details on author for this poem have been located.

Say, Muse, from his fair seat among the sons
Of glory, down to earth he deigns to look
With wishful eyes on Britain's much-lov'd pair,
And bids them patient bear their mortal toils
Through the vast maze of life's tumultuous cares;
Nor mourn his early exit from the stage,
Till they ascend to yonder bless'd abode,
Where they shall meet their Alfred with his God!

On the Departure of the Nightingale.³⁴⁹

- [1.] Sweet poet of the woods, a long adieu!
Farewel, soft minstrel of the early year!
Ah! 'twill be long ere thou shalt sing anew,
And pour thy music on the night's dull ear.
- [2.] Whether on spring thy wand'ring³⁵⁰ flights await,
Or whether silent in our groves you dwell;
The pensive muse shall "own thee for her mate,"
And still protect the song she lov'd so well.
- [3.] With cautious steps the love-lorn youth shall glide
Through the lone brake that shades thy mossy nest;
And shepherd girls from eyes profane shall hide
The gentle bird, that sings of pity best.
For still thy song shall soft affections move,
And still be dear to sorrow and to love.

**Reproach,
An Epigram.**³⁵¹

Let lying fame her blasting trumpet blow;
If I no evil nor occasion know,
'Tis but a blast to blow me to that shore,
Where scandal's breath shall sound her trump no more.

³⁴⁹Charlotte Turner Smith, *Elegiac Sonnets, and other essays* (London: J. Dodsley, 1784), 8;
Wesley could be taking from extracted reprints like in *The Hibernian Magazine* (Nov. 1784), 672–73.

³⁵⁰Orig., "wond'ring"; a misprint.

³⁵¹Edward Perronet, *Occasional Verses, Moral and Sacred* (London: J. Buckland & T. Scollick, 1785), 194.

POETRY.

Short Hymns.
(By the late Rev. C. Wesley.)

Hymn XXVIII.

**On Matt. vii. ver. 2.—“With what measure ye mete,
it shall be measured to you again.”³⁵²**

Intentions, hearts to God are known,
The judge that always judges right:
Usurp not then his awful throne
To brand the secret hypocrite;
Or God, in righteousness extreme
To mark what thou hast done amiss,
Shall thee with hypocrites condemn
To Tophet’s bottomless abyss.

An Elegy on the Rev. John Wesley, M.A.
(By Mr. Z. Cozens.)³⁵³

[1.] Spirit divine! thy pow’r, thine aid I crave;
To me one ray of light in mercy send!
Inspire, whilst I bedeck the peaceful grave,
Where rest the ashes of my much-lov’d friend.

³⁵²Charles Wesley, MS Matthew, 62.

³⁵³This is apparently Zechariah Cozens (1763–1828), an antiquarian and poet living in Margate. No other publication of this elegy has been located.

- [2.] An arduous task! it needs a bard inspir'd,
The mighty pow'r of Wesley's mind to scan:
Grace, wisdom, virtue, love and truth conspir'd
To actuate his soul, and form the man.
- [3.] The man still dear to thousands in this isle,
Who all, like me, with mournful hearts, desire
To strew with fragrant flow'rs the fun'ral pile,
Which holds the relics of our aged sire.
- [4.] Oh! had I Milton's pen! or could command
Th' elegiac strains of Gray's pathetic reed!
His noble deeds I'd publish through the land,
Exhorting all to follow him with speed!
- [5.] I'd tell how he each struggling conflict bore,
How grace refin'd his soul, how mercy shone;
How strong his faith, (scarce equall'd heretofore)
And how God influenc'd all that he hath done.
- [6.] I'd tell how he in Oxford first began
To shun the mazes fatal oft to youth;
How circumspect the gospel race he ran,
And witness bore to evangelic truth.
- [7.] When darkness had envelop'd virtue's ways,
And error's night sat brooding o'er mankind;
He shone resplendent with those borrow'd rays
Which came from God, and fill'd his humble mind.
- [8.] Like music's fabled charms, his words could bend
Minds far more stubborn than the knotted oak;
The word of truth, which caus'd their hearts to rend,
Dropp'd from his gracious lips whene'er he spoke.
- [9.] When he declar'd that God was reconcil'd,
And Jesus died that all might be forgiv'n;
The Spirit oft hath fill'd the mourner's mind,
And open'd in his heart a present heav'n.

- [10.] Thousands might still in darkness have remain'd,
Hid from the glorious blaze of gospel-day;
Who (through his mission) now have entertain'd
That grace which causeth sin to fly away.
- [11.] We need not wander far to know his worth,
For ev'ry town can witness bear to this;
And myriads now are ready to step forth,
And say,—“He pointed *us* the way to bliss.”
- [12.] Ah! who can tell the labours of his love,
And how he sympathiz'd with the distrest!
With what compassion did his bowels move
To those who sought in Christ an endless rest!
- [13.] True emblem of his dear redeeming Lord,
He led the flock to peaceful streams below;
And reaps in heav'n the glorious full reward,
Which *mercy* can with justice now bestow.
- [14.] He cloth'd the naked:—drooping souls inspir'd:—
He fed the hungry:—sooth'd the orphan's cries:
In doing good to all he ne'er was tir'd,
And thousands now can hail him in the skies.
- [15.] O gracious Lord! some faithful servants raise;
Assist them as thou didst our Father gone:
And give them wisdom and a length of days,
To finish what he hath so well begun!
- [16.] Oh! spread through Afric's hot and barren sands,
The name of Jesus powerful to save!
And break proud Mahomet's besotting bands,
Which Asia's feeble sons do still enslave!
- [17.] Diffuse the *gospel* to the north and south,
Through ev'ry continent from east to west;
'Till this delightful theme fill ev'ry mouth,
“In Jesus Christ my soul hath found her rest!”

Margate, March 10, 1791.

Epitaph.³⁵⁴

- [1.] Sigh not, ye winds, as passing o'er
The chambers of the dead ye fly:
Weep not, ye dews, for these no more
Shall ever weep, shall ever sigh.
- [2.] Why mourn the throbbing heart at rest?
How still it lies within the breast!
Why mourn? since death presents us peace,
And in the grave our sorrows cease.
- [3.] The shatter'd bark from adverse winds
Rest in this peaceful haven finds:
And when the storms of life are past,
Hope drops her anchor here at last.

Epitaph on a Miser.³⁵⁵

Here lies the scorn of infamy,
A scandal to reproach itself;
A miser of uncommon dye,
Whose very blood and bones were pelf:
And yet he had whereof to boast,
Although he gave no tythe nor tool:
He lov'd his god, and, to his cost,
So serv'd him, as to lose his soul!

Epigram.³⁵⁶

Time, life, and death, with judgment yet to come,
Demand out notice, as they fix its doom:
Why then contemn'd, when to complete the cost,
Perdition follows, and then all is lost!

³⁵⁴Anne Home (later Mrs. John Hunter), perhaps from manuscript; cf. Mrs. John Hunter, *Poems* (London: T. Bensley, 1802), 91.

³⁵⁵Edward Perronet, *Occasional Verses, Moral and Sacred* (London: J. Buckland & T. Scollick, 1785), 209.

³⁵⁶Edward Perronet, *Occasional Verses, Moral and Sacred* (London: J. Buckland & T. Scollick, 1785), 192.

POETRY.

Short Hymns.
(By the late Rev. C. Wesley.)

Hymn XXIX.

**On Matt. vii. ver. 7.—“Ask, and it shall be given
you.”³⁵⁷**

[1.] Oft have I pray'd thee to remove
The sin, through which I long have griev'd;
Oft have I ask'd thy precious love,
Nor yet the heavenly gift receiv'd:

³⁵⁷Charles Wesley, MS Matthew, 66–67.

But still in weariness and pain
I seem to plead thy truth in vain.

- [2.] Now on the verge of life I cry,
 Jesus, on me thy grace bestow;
I tremble at the point to die,
 Nor can, unless thy love I know,
Enter into that holy place,
Or stand before thy glorious face.
- [3.] Be mindful of thy promise, Lord,
 And think how short my time beneath;
Assure me by thy pardoning word
 That love hath quicker wings than death:
And speak, before I bow my head,
My soul from sin compleatly freed.

Part II.³⁵⁸

- [1.] Thou bidst me ask, and while thy word
 Conveys the power to pray;
I ask the mercy of my Lord
 To take my sins away:
The sins, with which I cannot part,
 I pray thee to remove,
And calm and purify my heart
 By thy forgiving love.
- [2.] If my obduracy impede
 The current of thy grace;
If unlamented crimes forbid,
 And will not let thee bless;
The contrite sense, the grief divine,
 Who only canst bestow,
Strike this hard rocky heart of mine,
 And let the waters flow.

³⁵⁸Charles Wesley, MS Matthew, 67–68.

- [3.] Repentance permanent and deep,
 To thy poor suppliant give;
Indulge me at thy feet to weep,
 When thou hast bid me live;
When thou record'st my sins no more,
 O may I still lament,
A sinner sav'd, thy grace adore,
 A pardon'd penitent.
- [4.] Thou will'st thy followers to request
 Fulness of joy in thee;
To covet gifts the chief, the best;
 But grief seems best for me:
My sins I never can forget,
 Ev'n when thy face appears;
Or covet but to kiss thy feet,
 And wash them with my tears.
- [5.] I ask nor ought whereof to boast,
 But let me feel appli'd
The blood that ransom'd sinners lost,
 And by thy cross abide;
Myself the chief of sinners know,
 Till all my griefs are past;
And of gracious acts below,
 Repentance be the last.

On the Sudden Death of a Friend.
(By Ann Yearsley, Milkwoman.)³⁵⁹

- [1.] "Appear thou sightless minister of death,
 Go seek the spot where guiltless joys reside;
Seize Delia's frame, suspend at once her breath,
 And from its long-lov'd home the wand'ring soul divide.

³⁵⁹Ann Yearsley, *Poems, on Several Occasions* (London: T. Cadell, 1785), 43–46. *Gentleman's Magazine* 55 (1785), 813.

- [2.] “Be deaf to all, nor heed the plaintive moan,
Of weeping husband, parent, child or friend;
'Tis my high will that she attend my throne,
Where flow those perfect joys which never shall have end.”
- [3.] So spake th' Omnipotent: the spirit heard,
With azure pinions veil'd he skims the air;
The heavenly regions quickly disappear'd,
He unperceiv'd alights beside the happy pair.
- [4.] Amaz'd he view'd this seat of humble love,
Content and joy in ev'ry breast elate;
One moment mourn'd his errand from above,
While 'midst the chearful group the thoughtless victim sate.³⁶⁰
- [5.] With eye askance, he aims the deadly blow,
Nor dares to look while he directs the dart;
No more her cheeks with purple blushes glow,
But all the spirits rush to guard the fainting heart.
- [6.] In vain, in vain! the heart refuses aid,
An iron slumber seals her heavy eyes;
She sinks in death—th' astonish'd soul dismay'd
Bursts through the doors of life, and seeks more friendly skies.
- [7.] Hail, spirit, disengag'd from cumbrous clay!
Let not our tears retard thy blissful flight:
The sigh dissolves in faith; pursue thy way,
Till heaven's full joys shall open on thy ravish'd sight.
- [8.] O, Thyrsis! raise thy low declining head,
Nor sink beneath this mighty weight of woe:
Mourn not thy love, nor think thy Delia dead;
She lives where boundless joys shall ever ever flow.

³⁶⁰Orig., “sat”; a misprint.

POETRY.

Short Hymns.
(By the late Rev. C. Wesley.)

Hymn XXX.

**On Matt. vii. ver. 8.—“Every one that asketh
receiveth.”³⁶¹**

- [1.] Have I not ask'd, and ask'd again,
And pray'd ten thousand times in vain,
For power and liberty?
A man of lips and heart unclean!
Yet still I cannot cease from sin,
Yet still I am not free.
- [2.] How can it be most gracious Lord,
If thou art faithful to thy word?
The sole exception I,
I seem of all thy ransom'd race,
Alone excluded from thy grace,
And left in sin to die.
- [3.] Do I not still for mercy pray?
Take this oppressive sin away,
This unbelief remove;
My desperate misery relieve,
And peace and power and freedom give,
By giving me thy love.
- [4.] Why do I not receive it now?
Righteous in all thy judgments thou
Explain the mystery;
Or let me still in darkness own,
Howe'er unseen, howe'er unknown
The hindrance is in me.
- [5.] Could I but ask, and ask aright,
My Saviour soon would give me light,
Would soon himself impart:
O for that supplicating power!
O might I from this happy hour,
Obtain a praying heart.

³⁶¹Charles Wesley, MS Matthew, 69–70.

[6.] Indulge me in this one request,
And lo, I trust thee for the rest,
 Thou God of faithful love;
And whilst I tarry here below,
In darkness or in light I go
 To praise thy truth above.

**A Monody, to the Memory of the Rev. Mr. Wesley.
(During the Funeral Solemnities.)³⁶²**

[Part I.]

The while to death thy dear remains descend,
My honour'd father, I may say, my friend!
While sickness cannot hear the preacher tell
How thou hast liv'd, and living—died as well:
In this still hour, the offering muse essays
To sigh her heart—or spell thy *deathless* praise!
In retrospection see thy worth best known,
There read the public loss! and feel her own!

O Ritchie! O my friend! to you 'twas giv'n
T' attend our father to the gate of heav'n!
Me too, he lov'd,—to me, my father said,
“You shall be one beside my dying bed!”
Why did I let enfeebling languor stay!
Why do I live to chide the dull delay!
I should have gone, and died with him away.

}

Expressless! O irreparable loss!
This thought will Sion's orphan heart engross!
O my associates! Sion's favour'd friends,
Say for this loss what adequate amends!
Not but we know the church's head survives,
And still the residue of spirit gives:
Not but we know he can the graces show'r
On many, or on one, as heretofore.
But Oh! we do a matchless Wesley mourn!
No common grief bedews a Wesley's urn!

³⁶²No prior publication or details on author for this poem have been located.

O who shall teach like him, to whom was giv'n
 The *various gift*, the Spirit one and seven!
 Who now shall teach like him! like him preside!
 He was our past'ral shepherd, and our guide!
 The care of all the churches was his care;
 By the Great Shepherd rais'd the weight to bear.
 When god-like Fletcher an apostle drew,
 The more abundant labourer we knew,
 And in the portrait our apostle view.

]

Mighty in word and deed, we thee record!
 Thee honour'd! O how honour'd of thy Lord,
 When thousands seal'd thy missionary word!
 To thee th' o'ercoming power of faith was giv'n,
 Elijah like, to shut and open heav'n!
 By instantaneous missive acts subdue,
 Hence sudden shafts of heav'nly light'ning flew,
 Hence sudden show'rs of heav'nly grace bedew:
 And hence elanc'd the sin-consuming fire,
 That swift effus'd the soul in pure desire.
 Yes, *well he knew*, the "word of faith is nigh,"
 That in a moment, in a twink'ling eye,
 Our Lord can work, as well as gradually.
 O, he would preach! 'twas harmony to hear!
 To wisdom's door-post he would nail the ear!
 As when in Eden the ethereal power
 Taught our first parent in the pristine bower;
 So charming was his speech, that in its end
 Adam still thought him speaking,—still did fixst attend.

]

]

]

How would our heav'n-instructed scribe unfold,
 Out of his shining treasures new and old!
 Old as the ancient lapse whence evil sprung;
 New as the strains th' apocalyptic sung:
 Deep in the kingdom's sacred mysteries,
 The works of nature, providence, and grace,
 Up to their glorious Source, he knew to trace:

]

Fair *erudition* gave him all her store,
 He had the key of learning's ample door!
 From hence he knew to clear th' involved text,
 From barbarous idioms, when it was perplex'd.
 But how well skill'd in scientific lore,
 We leave to genius justly to explore.
 My simpler muse can only *simply* do
 Her duty, love and admiration shew!
 Think o'er the gifts of nature, and of grace,
 That in our pastor eminently was,
 To the great Giver's glory, honour, praise.

}

The good gift, and the perfect gift was his;
 The power to profit, and the art to please!
 The well-tun'd instrument, and lovely song,
 Were given him to allure the soul along:
 No pompous, wordy, florid eloquence,
 That stuns with sound, and tires the mental sense.
 (Needless digression, and long episode,
 As if the preacher had mistook his road,
 But wisdom and simplicity combin'd
 To shew our Master-builder's turn of mind;
 True oratory's easy flowing vest,
 The dress of thought! and of his thought, the best.
 'Twas truth, and nature, in their own attire!
 Children might understand, the sage admire!
 'Twas truth and nature, to advantage drest,
 "What might be thought, but ne'er so well express'd."
 Concise, yet various, plain, and yet not dull,
 But glowing as the pathos of the soul.
 "The golden apples set in silver frame,"
 Elucidating as the solar beam:
 'Twas intuition rob'd with elegance,
 What critics call pure Ciceronian sense,
 The true sublime:—'twas scripture eloquence.

}

'Twas his, what ever was the varied theme,
 To suit the varied diction to the same:
 When pard'ning mercy would his mission fill,
 Soft as the silent dews o'er Hermon's hill,
 So would the sweet consoling speech distill. }
 When he would use the keen convictive sword,
 His words would cut,—the weapon of the Lord!
 When virtue's energy he would display,
 A virtue model'd by the godhead's ray:
 The calm repose through th' atoning blood,
 Transforming by the sixth beatitude:
 "The lineaments divine, perfection's plan," }
 Pure love to God, philanthropy to man:
Refin'd as was the theme, the accents ran.
 When he describ'd the sacred Elohim,
 Coeval Three! who, at the birth of time,
 In the beginning, ere³⁶³ our race began,
 In holy council said, "Let us make man:"
 Who breath'd the "breath of lives," and gave to be
 "These thoughts that wander through eternity:"
 Who from the simple elemental fire,
 Adjoin'd to dust, bade vital air respire:
 The life-inspiring principle, who reigns
 All nature through, as through the fadeless plains!
 When he the mighty Logos would make known,
 The Father's brightness! uncreated Son!
 Who in our hemisphere, once set and rose,
 Who is,—who is to come,—who was!
 Who in our nature gave a world to see }
 A God, assuming pure humanity!
 That God and man for ever one might be!
 Then inspiration would the language prove,
 And round the glowing period,—"God is love."

(To be concluded in our next.)

³⁶³Orig., "e'er"; but used in sense of "before."

POETRY.

**A Monody, to the Memory of the Rev. Mr. Wesley.
(During the Funeral Solemnities.)³⁶⁴**

[Part II.]

(Concluded from page 560.³⁶⁵)

Whence this “exact of taste”³⁶⁶ this just insight?
He read the classics much,—nay,—day and night
“The lively oracles”³⁶⁷ were his delight.
’Twas thus the sweet inspir’d Miltonic bard,
Though the Aonian streams he would regard,
Yet Siloa’s hallow’d brook he most prefer’d.
We mourn our social friend, as well as guide:
Who now in converse shall like him preside?
As when on earth his Master did incline,
(If human we may liken to divine)
To his first followers: meekly lend an ear,
And kindly all their simple converse hear,
Advise, instruct,—“As able they to bear;”
With them would freely talk and chearful sit,
Gracious partaking of the social treat,
So would the servant like his Master be
Kind, wise, and good, enlivening, and free.

Who can in correspondence write like him?
Who tell us of our faults with sweet esteem?
And thence advise with all a father’s love?
“Teach grief to smile, and ignorance t’ improve?”

³⁶⁴No prior publication or details on author for this poem have been located.

³⁶⁵Orig., “540”; a misprint.

³⁶⁶See Milton, *Paradise Lost*, when Adam says to Eve after the fall, “Eve, now I see thou art exact of taste.”

³⁶⁷See Acts 7:38.

Who point the eye of simple faith aright,
 To meet its polar star, and keep its light,
 Through gloomy paths, and error's devious night?
 In theory and experience who shall tell
 Th' aspiring mind in virtue to excel?
 And shew (like him) exactly how to walk,
 Think with the wise, and with the wise to talk?
 Who now shall chearful gild a winter's day?
 To Sion's hillocks annual visits pay?
 (Not the least favour'd here our rural seat,
 Which he would call his Newington retreat:)
 But ah! no more our angel guest we view,
 Our pastoral friend has bid a long adieu!
 His own works in the gate best speak his worth!
 Tell it, ye journals, all around the earth!
 Tell it, ye journals, through our favour'd land,
 Where Wesley annual flew from strand to strand,
 The everlasting gospel in his hand!
 Speak, ye innumerable labours of his pen,
 Speak ye to learned, and unlearned men!
 To men of *sense and reason* make th' appeal:
 His life they heard not, let his death reveal!
 O speak, ye children of his faith and prayer;
 Plants of his hand, and objects of his care!
 Living epistles, by your lives declare!

And ye unnumber'd shivering witnesses,
 The strangers, and the prisoners in distress,
 The widow'd mothers, and the fatherless!
 Ye indigent, whose better days pass'd by,
 "Whose griefs low murmuring, and whose whisper'd sigh,"
 Was felt by Wesley's heart, and seen by Wesley's eye:
 O all ye children of affliction, say
 How Wesley would attend your sorrow's day:
 Tell how through frost and snow the hoary sire
 Would bring you cloaths, would bring you food and fire:
 Would often down to your damp cellars go,
 Adventuring his precious life for you:

Or up into your airy garrets fly,
 Those attic turrets crevic'd to the sky!
 O let your tears your gratitude reveal!
 The last loud day shall second your appeal.
 Mourn I the public loss, or weep my own?
 The grief of myriads is the grief of one!
 A world has lost him!—'tis a general groan!

}

O thou Britannia! O that thou hadst known
 God's messenger! as sure thou might'st have done!
 A Wesley labouring at the gospel plough!
 Who travers'd for thy weal, the kingdom through!
 O hadst thou known, thou need'st not now have mourn'd
 (As erst Capernaum) gospel-tidings spurn'd.

And thou our Sion! hadst *thou* known, ev'n thou!
 Thy privilege: perhaps thou feel'st it now!
 O had I known, as individual, I,
 The privilege fully, for which now I sigh!
 O had thy aged, with their aged sire,
 Still brought the first ripe fruit of holy fire!
 O had thy young, and those mature in years,
 Given up their idol dress, and earth-born cares!
 And had thy poor, in spirit been truly poor!
 And had thy rich, in heart given all their store!
 O hadst thou known the utmost to improve,
 By such a mean in knowledge, faith, and love:
 Then had thy more abundant praise gone forth,
 Like the first Asian church through all the earth:
 Then might the muse with warmer glow here end;
 Then might these lines to future age pretend,
 "He was our guide, philosopher, and friend!"

}

But a bright ray beams from this setting sun!
 The promise to the first disciples known:
 Thus said their Master, when his work was done:

}

Ye now are sorrowing because I go,
 But lo! the Comforter shall come to you,
 Your faith and love, and vigour to renew. }
 Then let the mouth of fervid pure desire,
 Widely expand to catch the holy fire:
 Let faith's wide heart enlarge to make him room,
 And let the ceaseless prayer still bid him come;
 Still deeper to convict of inbred sin,
 T' erase the latent vanity within;
 To give the fix'd resolve, from nature wide,
 To die, to suffer with the crucified:
 To sink the spirit deep in humble love,
 And from that deep the graces to improve;
 The work of God t' enlarge, the work revive,
 To lengthen Sion's cords: her stakes deep drive:
 To give fresh unction to her priests, that they
 May in the choicest form of prayers,—pray:
 To satiate their souls, who oft afford
 The sacred symbols of our dying Lord:
 T' anoint our father's sons as with fresh oil,
 That "*Fratrum Unitas*" divide the spoil:
 That fellow-workers they may all combine, }
 Each in their different gifts and sphere to shine,
 And carry on the work and cause divine,
 As master-builders: or call sinners in,
 Wise as their sire, the dear-bought souls to win.

And now, thou mourning muse, fresh string thy lyre,
 And where thy Saviour is, there see thy sire!
 Surrounding seraphs sing his loud acclaim,
 And Wesley shouts the universal name:
 Compleats the accents on his lips that hung,
 (When death's swift angel stopt his ready tongue,) }
 "Our God is all."—eternity's deep song!

POETRY.

**An Elegy on the Death of the Rev. John Wesley, A.M.*
(By Mr. T. R.)³⁶⁸**

When worth unequal'd claims the noblest lay,
What muse presumptuous shall the tribute pay?
The glorious theme demands a Milton's fire,
A Watts's genius and a Wesley's lyre.†
No vulgar bard, no unharmonious tongue,
Should vilely mar the elegiac song;
Yet would *I* touch the muse's hallow'd shrine,
And feebly join the hierarchies divine.

And hark! what strains all heaven's grand concert pours,
While wide unfold the everlasting doors;
While vying cherubs form a glorious scene,
Their plumes expand and waft great Wesley in!
O! could I catch a soul transporting beam,
And glow one moment with a seraph's flame;

* We did not receive this elegy till very lately;
and as it is the last we mean to insert on the subject,
we hope our readers will not be offended with our
inserting it so late in the year.

† Mr. Charles Wesley.

³⁶⁸No prior publication or further details on author for this poem have been located.

The lofty flight my tow'ring muse might hold,
And Wesley's praise, perhaps, be justly told!
But, sweetly urg'd, I stretch a feebler wing,
And sound my numbers on a meaner string.

Oh! crown'd with cypress, rise, dejected muse!
Thy zone neglected, and thy tresses loose:
While deepest woe my trembling soul inspires,
Awake the mournful song, and brace the slacken'd wires!

Incumbent gloom, thee Zion overspreads,
While Wesley sinks amid the mortal shades!
Thy weeping children mourn their father gone!
Vanish'd thy glory! and extinct thy sun;
The burning luminary sets! to rise—
To give new lustre to th' empyreal skies!
Th' extatic joys of angel choirs to raise!
And swell the Deity's abounding praise!

When first the dawn of intellectual day,
With genial influence she her opening ray;
Religion, heav'n-born fair! disclos'd her charms,
And wooed the vot'ry to her gracious arms:
Reveal'd in nature nature's various God,
And taught his soul to mount the heav'nly road.
Nor lost these views: improv'd by grace divine,
With strong, commanding evidence they shine,
Till manhood ripens every latent seed:
Then tow'rs his ardent soul with eagle speed;
Nor seas debar, nor distant climes impede.

}

With ardor fir'd, and nerv'd with heavenly zeal,
All, all his powers the great commission feel!
Benighted realms his glorious lustre cheers!
"Prepare the way! a God, a God appears!"

His lips inspir'd the dying God proclaim!
And heathens bless the all-atoning Lamb!

But now the gospel's all-enlightning ray,
O'er favour'd Britain wins its wid'ning way:
Nor sooner truth's bright emanations shone,
Than verg'd the comet tow'rds the parent sun.
And now, relum'd with more abundant grace,
The midnight gloom he bursts, and fires the ample space!

So when th' awak'ning regent of the skies
Bedecks the morn with gold and orient dyes:
The darkling shades confounded flee away,
Pursu'd and whelm'd with floods of lucid day!

Now hell alarm'd with storming fury rose,
The glorious cause all adverse powers oppose.
Blind superstition spends her idle rage,
And persecution's thousand arms engage.
Free, universal grace is now arraign'd,
And now its precepts impiously prophan'd.
Hell spreads her toils, and earth exhausts her force,
To check the herald, or divert his course.

As when from heaven the rapid torrent pours,
The deep-laid vale collects the liquid stores.
Awhile their rage opposing dams repel;
Repell'd, they rise, and inundations swell.
Resistless now, they break th' impetuous way,
And groves and cities into ruins lay.
So Wesley rose! so all opposers fell!
So heaven was victor! so was vanquish'd hell!

With soul undaunted, see the champion stands,
Threatning damnation to the guilty lands!
Lo! trembling Sinai feels th' indignant God!
His vengeance flames! his arrows fly abroad!
The tempest roars! the bursting thunders roll!
The rending earthquake tears up every soul!
But soon he cheers, and breathes in milder voice,
"Attend, O earth!—ye mourners now rejoice:
The sprinkled blood for you is still the same;
And free redemption through the Saviour's name!"
He speaks: the mourners lift their eyes to heaven,
And mercy whispers all their sins forgiven!
Rich, bleeding love his glowing tongue inspires!
Fills his rapt bosom with seraphic fires!
His heart elates! his noblest powers employs!
Augments his fervour! and improves his joys!
Not greater joy inflames a seraph's breast,
When weary sinners long for sacred rest:
Not more delight angelic bosoms prove,
When lisping converts praise forgiving love!

Thus call'd; thus own'd; thus blest the gospel word;
The nations fall before the Spirit's sword,
Where'er the herald wings his wond'rous way,
His track is blazon'd with a flame of day!
The crimson banner, dy'd with sacred blood,
Triumphant flies! and Edom falls subdu'd!
Messiah's vengeance hell profoundly feels,
Dragg'd abject captive at his chariot wheels!
Ride on Most Mighty! raise thy triumphs high!
Gird, gird thy sword upon thy puissant thigh!
May hell's usurp'd dominion quickly fall,
And thy acknowledg'd sceptre sway the ball!

But shall heaven's great defender thus prevail,
And hell quiescent not her foe assail?
Shall truth refulgent floods of light disclose,
And not the powers of darkness interpose?
No!—earth and hell their banded powers unite,
To intercept the all-illuminating light.
But vain th' attempt: the scatter'd clouds give way,
And lo! he shines with more distinguish'd ray!

When black-wing'd storms convolving clouds upraise,
A transient gloom obstructs the solar blaze.
But highly spher'd great sol his state maintains,
And sheds his glories round th' ethereal plains.
The storms may rage; the vagrant clouds may stray;
But still he shines, and still holds on his way.
Till now fatigued the angry tempests cease,
And sink the warring elements to peace.
Now added glories paint the western skies,
Empyrean gems and roseate splendors rise,
Rich fields of light their sapphire bounds extend,
And while the victor's burning wheels descend.
Resplendent wreathes his radiant brows adorn,
And speak his glorious rise, the coming morn!

What ardor now my trembling veins inspires!
Now glows my bosom with superior fires!
I hear! I hear the flaming chariot roll!
The clouds drop fatness on my melting soul!
See! see! the blazing portals wide extend!
He mounts! he flies!—my father! and my friend!
The rapid coursers gain the chrystal walls!
He disappears!—and lo, the mantle falls!

Adieu, thrice-happy spirit! strung for thee,
Their golden harps in softest symphony,
The radiant orders of the skies employ,
And fill the heav'ns with strains of echoing joy!
Thy children too,—they gladly meet thee there,
And shouts of transport load the ambient air.
Thee the blest instrument they jointly own,
But breathe their praise primaeval to the throne.
Nor less thy pow'rs the grateful theme conjoin,
And give the all of praise to grace divine.

But Oh! while thus imperial Salem rings,
And each rapt seraph's tongue delighted sings;
While saints elated raise the holy song,
And sounds triumphant sweetly flow along;
Far other numbers, grief's expressive strains,
Fill all our tongues, and thrill through all our veins!
For thee, blest sire! shall ev'ry breast be mov'd,
And all thy children sing the saint they lov'd!
For thee shall science drop the filial tear,
And sacred virtue shall thy name revere!
For thee the muse shall pour the sorrowing lay,
And pure devotion languish o'er thy clay!
Remotest generations yet unborn,
Shall breathe the deep-felt sigh o'er Wesley's urn!

End of Vol. XIV.