

AN ANTHOLOGY
OF
CHRISTIAN LITERATURE

GRACE HAMILTON KING, Ph. D.

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By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

PREFACE

The cloud of witnesses to the life of faith enumerated by the writer to the Hebrews could be augmented by those who have walked with God since the close of the New Testament canon. Throughout the centuries other saints have known what it was to walk the pathway of faith. While the notes of the spiritual experiences of many of God's people have fallen mute to the ground, others have voiced their worship and appreciation of the Savior, their struggles and assurances of faith in words that have found an echo in the hearts of Christians through the ages. The persistent love of God which broke down the resistance of Augustine in the fourth century and was still pursuing Francis Thompson to the gutters of the streets of London in the nineteenth century could have found a counterpart in many whose experiences of grace were no less real, though unuttered.

Christian singers and writers have left to the church a heritage, the importance of which ranks second only to the sacred scriptures. In the literature of the Christian church we find reflected all the tenets of our faith as they have touched the hearts of the saints of God.

For the most part in the usual survey course in literature, these expressions of spiritual truth are buried under the mass of material written by outstanding literary figures of the world. This anthology is an attempt to bring together a collection of writings which are in accord with the beliefs of historic Christianity and at the same time recognized as literature. An effort has been made to include only those writings which present a distinctively Christian point of view rather than those which have merely a religious or humanitarian emphasis. While far from complete, this anthology is presented in the hope that it will serve to arouse an interest in Christian literature and make Christian young people aware of the unique contribution the saints of God have made to our cultural heritage.

I would like to express my gratitude to the many who have helped to make this collection possible. In a special way I am indebted to Miss Ruth Kerenhappuch Brown for her encouragement and help in making the early selections; and to my husband for his constant counsel throughout the work; and to the students in my classes at Westmont College, whose interest in Christian literature has been a source of inspiration.

Grace Hamilton King
Santa Barbara, Calif.
February, 1947

Editor's Note: For 50 years, this monumental work has sat in my library in mimeographed form. Dr. King earned her Ph.D. from Columbia University and with her husband, Dr. Marchant King, joined the faculty of Westmont College in the mid-1940s. She compiled this work for our class in "Christian Literature" when I was a student at that school.

I would like to thank Miss Paige Hansen for preparing the computer transcription of the text and Miss Colette Poore (who also took this course from Dr. King) for proofreading it.

My goal is to insert, eventually, biographical and interpretive notes from her 3x5 cards in my possession.

My thanks to the King family for permission to share this serious work with the people of God. May He use these writings to keep fresh in our minds the deep thoughts of faith and practice His children through the ages have shared with us.

Prof. Dick Bohrer

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Before the world
Of Life
Words

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THE EPISTLE OF MATHETES TO DIOGNETUS

Early Second Century

Selections from the Epistle

Chapter I. THE OCCASION OF THE EPISTLE

Since I see thee, most excellent Diognetus, exceedingly desirous to learn the mode of worshipping God prevalent among the Christians, and inquiring very carefully and earnestly concerning them, what God they trust in, and what form of religion they observe, so as all to look down upon the world itself, and despise death, while they neither esteem those to be gods that are reckoned such by the Greeks, nor hold to the superstition of the Jews; and what is the affection which they cherish among themselves; and why, in fine, this new kind or practice (of piety) has only now entered into the world, and not long ago; I cordially welcome this thy desire, and I implore God, who enables us both to speak and to hear, to grant to me so to speak, that, above all, I may hear you have been edified, and to you so to hear, that I who speak may have no cause of regret for having done so.

Chapter II. THE VANITY OF IDOLS

Come and contemplate, not with your eyes only, but with your understanding, the substance and the form of those whom ye declare and deem to be gods. Is not one of them a stone similar to that on which we tread? Is not a second brass, in no way superior to those vessels which are constructed for our ordinary use? Is not a third wood, and that already rotten? Is not a fourth silver, which needs a man to watch it, lest it be stolen? Is not a fifth iron, consumed by rust? Is not a sixth earthenware, in no degree more valuable than that which is formed for the humblest purposes?

Are not all these of corruptible matter? Are they not fabricated by means of iron and fire? Did not the sculptor fashion one of them, the brazier a second, the silversmith a third, and the potter a fourth? Was not every one of them, before they were formed by the arts of these (workmen) into the shape of these (gods), each in

its own way subject to change? Would not those things which are now vessels, formed of the same materials, become like to such, if they met with the same artificers?

Might not these, which are now worshipped by you, again be made by men vessels similar to others? Are they not all deaf? Are they not blind? Are they not without life? Are they not destitute of feeling? Are they not incapable of motion? Are they not all liable to rot? Are they not all corruptible? These things ye call gods; (for) these ye hate the Christians, because they do not deem *these* to be gods.

Chapter V. THE MANNERS OF THE CHRISTIANS

For the Christians are distinguished from other men neither by country, nor language, nor the customs which they observe. For they neither inhabit cities of their own, nor employ a peculiar form of speech, nor lead a life which is marked out by any singularity. The course of conduct which they follow has not been devised by any speculation or deliberation of inquisitive men; nor do they, like some, proclaim themselves the advocates of any merely human doctrines.

But, inhabiting Greek as well as barbarian cities, according as the lot of each of them has determined, and following the customs of the natives in respect to clothing, food, and the rest of their ordinary conduct, they display to use their wonderful and confessedly striking method of life. They dwell in their own countries, but simply as sojourners. As citizens, they share in all things with others, and yet endure all things as if foreigners. Every foreign land is to them as their native country, and every land of their birth as a land of strangers.

They marry, as do all (others); they beget children; but they do not destroy their offspring. They have a common table, but not a common bed. They are in the flesh, but they do not live after the flesh. They pass their days on earth, but they are

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citizens of heaven. They obey the prescribed laws, and at the same time surpass the laws by their lives.

They love all men, and are persecuted by all. They are unknown and condemned; they are put to death, and restored to life. They are poor, yet make many rich; they are in lack of all things and yet abound in all; they are dishonoured, and yet in their very dishonour are glorified. They are evil spoken of, and yet are justified; they are reviled, and bless; they are insulted, and repay the insult with honour; they do good, yet are punished as evil-doers. When punished, they rejoice as if quickened into life; they are assailed by the Jews as foreigners, and are persecuted by the Greeks; yet those who hate them are unable to assign any reason for their hatred.

Chapter VI. THE RELATION OF CHRISTIANS TO THE WORLD

To sum up all in one word—what the soul is in the body, that are Christians in the world. The soul is dispersed through all the members of the body, and Christians are scattered through all the cities of the world. The soul dwells in the body, yet is not of the body; and Christians dwell in the world, yet are not of the world. The invisible soul is guarded by the visible body, and Christians are known indeed to be in the world, but their godliness remains invisible. The flesh hates the soul, and wars against it, though itself suffering no injury, because it is prevented from enjoying pleasures; the world also hates the Christians, though in nowise injured, because they abjure pleasures.

The soul loves the flesh that hates it, and (loves also) the members; Christians likewise love those that hate them. The soul is imprisoned in the body, yet preserves that very body; and Christians are confined in the world as in a prison, and yet they are the preservers of the world. The immortal soul dwells in a mortal tabernacle; and Christians dwell as sojourners in corruptible (bodies), looking for an incorruptible

dwelling in the heavens. The soul, when but ill-provided with food and drink, becomes better; in like manner, the Christians, though subjected day by day to punishment, increase the more in number. God has assigned them this illustrious position, which it were unlawful for them to forsake.

Chapter IX. WHY THE SON WAS SENT SO LATE

But when our wickedness had reached its height, and it had been clearly shown that its reward, punishment and death was impending over us; and when the time had come which God had before appointed for manifesting his own kindness and power, how the one love of God, through exceeding regard for men, did not regard us with hatred, nor thrust us away, nor remember our iniquity against us, but showed great long-suffering, and bore with us, He Himself took on Him the burden of our iniquities, He gave His own Son as a ransom for us, the holy One for transgressors, the blameless One for the wicked, the righteous One for the unrighteous, the incorruptible One for the corruptible, the immortal one for them that are mortal.

For what other thing was capable of covering our sins than His righteousness? By what other one was it possible that we, the wicked and ungodly, could be justified, than by the only Son of God? O sweet exchange! O unsearchable operation! O benefits surpassing all expectation! That the wickedness of many should be hid in a single righteous One, and that the righteousness of One should justify many transgressors!

Having therefore convinced us in the former time that our nature was unable to attain to life, and having now revealed the Saviour who is able to save even those things which it was (formerly) impossible to save, by both these facts He desired to lead us to trust in His kindness, to esteem Him our Nourisher, Father, Teacher, Counselor, Healer, our Wisdom, Light, Honour, Glory, Power, and Life, so that we should not be anxious concerning clothing and food.

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

S. JOHN CHRYSOSTOM

(347 – 407)

Selections from the Commentary on the Epistle to the Galatians

Thou has put on Christ, thou hast become a member of the Lord, and been enrolled in the heavenly city, and dost thou still grovel in the Law? How is it possible for thee to obtain the kingdom? Listen to Paul's words, that the observance of the Law overthrows the Gospel, and learn, if thou wilt, how this comes to pass, and tremble, and shun this pitfall.

Wherefore dost thou keep the Sabbath, and fast with the Jews? Is it that thou fearest the Law and darest to abandon its letter? But thou wouldest not entertain this fear, didst thou not disparage faith as weak, and by itself powerless to save. A fear to omit the Sabbath plainly shews that you fear the Law as still in force; and if the Law is needful, it is so as a whole, not in part, nor in one commandment only; and if as a whole, the righteousness which is by faith is little by little shut out. If thou keep the Sabbath, why not also be circumcised: and if circumcised, why not also offer sacrifices?

If the Law is to be observed, it must be observed as a whole or not at all. If omitting one part makes you fear condemnation, this fear attaches equally to all the parts. If a transgression of the whole is not punishable, much less is the transgression of a part; on the other hand, if the latter be punishable, much more is the former. But if we are bound to keep the whole, we are bound to disobey Christ or else we must obey him and become transgressors of the Law.

If it ought to be kept, those who keep it not are transgressors, and Christ will be found to be the cause of this transgression, for He annulled the Law as regards these things Himself, and bid others annul it. Do you not understand what these Judaizers are compassing? They would make Christ, who is to us the Author of righteousness, the Author of sin, as Paul says, *Therefore Christ is the minister of sin.*

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NICENE CREED

(381)

We believe in one God, the Father Almighty, Maker of *heaven and earth, and of all things visible and invisible.*

And in one Lord Jesus Christ, the *only-begotten* Son of God, begotten of the Father *before all worlds*; Light of light, very God of very God, begotten, not made, being of one substance with the Father; by whom all things were made; who for us men, and for our salvation, came down *from heaven*, and was incarnate *by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary*, and was made man; he was *crucified for us under Pontius Pilate*, and suffered, *and was buried*, and the third day he rose again, *according to the*

Scriptures, and ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of the Father; from thence he cometh *again, with glory*, to judge the quick and the dead; *whose kingdom shall have no end.*

And in the Holy Ghost, who is Lord and Giver of life, who proceedeth from the Father, who with the Father and the Son together is worshipped and glorified, who spake by the prophets.

—In one holy catholic and apostolic church; we acknowledge one baptism for the remission of sins; we look for the resurrection of the dead, and the life of the world to come. Amen.

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AUGUSTINE

(354-430)

Selections from Confessions

Book I.

Great art Thou, O Lord, and greatly to be praised; great is Thy power, and Thy wisdom infinite. And Thee would man praise; man, but a particle of Thy creation; man that bears about him his mortality, the witness of his sin, the witness that *Thou resistest the proud*: yet would man praise Thee; he, but a particle of Thy creation, Thou awakest us to delight in Thy praise; for Thou madest us for Thyself, and our heart is restless, until it repose in Thee.

Grant me, Lord, to know and understand which is first, to call on Thee or to praise Thee? and, again, to know Thee or to call on Thee? for who can call on Thee, not knowing Thee? for he that knoweth Thee not, may call on Thee as other than Thou art. Or, is it rather, that we call on Thee that we may know Thee?

But *how shall they call on Him in whom they have not believed? Or how shall they believe without a preacher? And they that seek the Lord shall praise Him: for they that seek shall find Him, and they that find shall praise Him.* I will seek Thee, Lord, by calling on Thee; and will call on Thee, believing in Thee; for to us hast Thou been preached. My faith, Lord, shall call on Thee, which Thou hast given me, wherewith Thou hast inspired me, through the incarnation of Thy Son, through the ministry of the Preacher.

Oh! That I might repose on Thee! Oh! That Thou wouldest enter into my heart, and inebriate it, that I may forget my ills, and embrace Thee, my sole good! What art Thou to me? In Thy pity, teach me to utter it. Or what am I to Thee that Thou

demandest my love, and, if I give it not, art wroth with me, and threatenest me with grievous woes?

Is it then a slight woe to love Thee not? Oh! For Thy mercies' sake, tell me, O Lord my God, what Thou art unto me. *Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation.* So speak, that I may hear. Behold, Lord, my heart is before Thee; open Thou the ears thereof, and *say unto my soul, I am thy salvation.* After this voice let me haste, and take hold on Thee. Hide not Thy face from me. Let me die—lest I die—only let me see Thy face.

In boyhood itself, however (so much less dreaded for me than youth), I loved not study, and hated to be forced to it. Yet I was forced; and this was well done towards me, but I did not well; for, unless forced, I had not learnt. But no one doth well against his will, even though what he doth, be well. Yet neither did they well who forced me, but what was well came to me from Thee, my God. For they were regardless how I should employ what they forced me to learn, except to satiate the insatiate desires of a wealthy beggary, and a shameful glory.

But Thou, *by whom the very hairs of our head are numbered*, didst use for my good the error of all who urged me to learn; and my own, who would not learn, Thou didst use for my punishment—a fit penalty for one, so small a boy and so great a sinner. So by those who did not well, Thou didst well for me; and by my own sin Thou didst justly punish me. For Thou hast commanded, and so it is, that every inordinate affection should be its own punishment.

Book II.

I will now call to mind my past foulness, and the carnal corruptions of my soul; not because I love them, but that I may love Thee, O my God. For love of Thy love I do it; reviewing my most wicked ways in the very bitterness of my

remembrance, that Thou mayest grow sweet unto me (Thou sweetness never failing, Thou blissful and assured sweetness): and gathering me again out of that my dissipation, wherein I was torn piecemeal, while turned from Thee, the One Good,

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

I lost myself among a multiplicity of things. For I even burnt in my youth heretofore, to be satiated in things below; and I dared to grow wild again, with these various and shadowy loves: *my beauty consumed away*, and I stank in Thine eyes; pleasing myself, and desirous to please in the eyes of men.

And what was it that I delighted in, but to love, and be beloved? But I kept not the measure of love, of mind to mind, friendship's bright boundary: but out of the muddy concupiscence of the flesh, and the bubblings of youth, mists fumed up which beclouded and overcast my heart, that I could not discern the clear brightness of love from the fog of lustfulness. Both did confusedly boil in me, and hurried my unstayed youth over the precipice of unholy desires, and sunk me in a gulf of flagitiousnesses. Thy wrath had gathered over me, and I knew it not. I was grown deaf by the clanking of the chain of my mortality, the punishment of the pride of my soul, and I strayed further from Thee, and Thou lettest me alone, and I was tossed about, and wasted, and dissipated, and I boiled over in my fornications, and Thou holdest Thy peace, O Thou my tardy joy! Thou then heldest Thy peace, and I wandered further and further from Thee, into more and more fruitless

seed-plots of sorrows, with a proud dejectedness, and a restless weariness.

What then did wretched I so love in thee, thou theft of mine, thou dead of darkness, in that sixteenth year of my age? Lovely thou wert not, because thou were theft. But art thou any thing, that thus I speak to thee? Fair were the pears we stole, because they were Thy creation, Thou fairest of all, Creator of all, Thou good God; God, the sovereign good and my true good. Fair were those pears, but not them did my wretched soul desire; for I had store of better, and those I gathered, only that I might steal. For, when gathered, I flung them away, my only feast therein being my own sin, which I was pleased to enjoy. For if aught of those pears came within my mouth, what sweetened it was the sin. And now, O Lord my God, I enquire what in that theft delighted me; and behold it hath no loveliness; I mean not such loveliness as in justice and wisdom; nor such as is in the mind and memory, and senses, and animal life of man; nor yet as the stars are glorious and beautiful in their orbs; or the earth, or sea, full of embryo-life, replacing by its birth that which decayeth; nay, nor even that false and shadowy beauty which belongeth to deceiving vices.

BOOK III

To Carthage I came, where there sang all around me in my ears a cauldron of unholy loves. I loved not yet, yet I loved to love, and out of a deep-seated want, I hated myself for wanting not. I sought what I might love, in love with loving, and safety I hated, and a way without snares. For within me was a famine of that inward food, Thyself, my God; yet, through that famine I was not hungered; but was without all longing for incorruptible sustenance, not because filled therewith, but the more empty, the more I loathed it. For this cause my soul was sickly and full of sores, it miserably cast itself forth, desiring to be scraped by the touch of objects of sense. Yet if these had not a soul, they would not be objects of love. To love then, and to be beloved, was sweet to

me; but more, when I obtained to enjoy the person I loved. I defiled, therefore, the spring of friendship with the filth of concupiscence, and I beclouded its brightness with the hell of lustfulness; and thus foul and unseemly, I would fain, through exceeding vanity, be fine and courtly. I fell headlong then into the love wherein I longed to be ensnared. My God, my Mercy, with how much gall didst Thou out of Thy great goodness besprinkle for me that sweetness? For I was both beloved, and secretly arrived at the bond of enjoying; and was with joy fettered with sorrow-bringing bonds, that I might be scourged with the iron burning rods of jealousy, and suspicion, and fears, and angers, and quarrels.

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

His Mother's Concern for Him

Thou gavest her then another answer, by a Priest of Thine, a certain Bishop brought up in Thy Church, and well studied in Thy books. Whom when this woman had entreated to vouchsafe to converse with me, refute my errors, unteach me ill things, and teach me good things (for this he was want to do, when he found persons fitted to receive it), he refused, wisely, as I afterwards perceived. For he answered, that I was yet unteachable, being puffed up with the novelty of that heresy, and had already perplexed divers unskillful persons with captious questions, as she had told him: "but let him alone a while" (saith he), "only pray God for him, he will of himself by reading find what that error is, and how great its impiety."

At the same time he told her, how himself, when a little one, had by his seduced mother been consigned over to the Manichees, and had not only read, but frequently copied out almost all, their books, and had (without any argument or proof from any one) seen how much that sect was to be avoided; and had avoided it. Which when he had said, and she would not be satisfied, but urged him more, with entreaties and many tears, that he would see me and discourse with me; he, a little displeased at her importunity, saith, "Go thy ways, and God bless thee, for it is not possible that the son of these tears should perish." Which answer she took (as she often mentioned in her conversations with me) as if it had sounded from heaven.

BOOK VIII

After Hearing of St. Anthony and the Conversion of Two Courtiers

I had thought that I therefore deferred from day to day to reject the hopes of this world, and follow Thee only, because there did not appear aught certain, whither to direct my course. And now was the day come wherein I was to be laid bare to myself, and my conscience was to upbraid me.

"Where art thou now, my tongue? Thou saidst that for an uncertain truth thou likedst not to cast off the baggage of vanity; now, it is certain, and yet that burden still oppresst thee, while they who neither have worn themselves out with seeking it, nor for ten years and more have been thinking thereon, have had their shoulders lightened, and received wings to fly away."

Thus was I gnawed within, and exceedingly confounded with a horrible shame, while Pontitianus was so speaking. And he having brought to a close his tale and the business he came for, went his way; and I into myself. What said I not against myself? With what scourges of condemnation lashed I not my soul, that it might follow me, striving to go after Thee! Yet it drew back; refused, but excused not itself. All arguments were spent and confuted; there remained a mute shrinking; and she feared, as she would death, to

be restrained from the flux of that custom, whereby she was wasting to death.

Then in this great contention of my inward dwelling, which I had strongly raised against my soul, *in the chamber* of my heart, troubled in mind and countenance, I turned upon Alypius.

"What ails us?" I exclaim: "what is it? What heardest thou? The unlearned start up and *take heaven by force*, and we with our learning, and without heart, lo, where we wallow in flesh and blood! Are we ashamed to follow, because others are gone before, and not ashamed not even to follow?"

Some such words I uttered, and my fever of mind tore me away from him, while he, gazing on me in astonishment, kept silence. For it was not my wanted tone; and my forehead, cheeks, eyes, colour, tone of voice, spake my mind more than the words I uttered. A little garden there was to our lodging, which we had the use of, as of the whole house; for the master of the house, our host, was not living there. Thither had the tumult of my breast hurried me, where no man might hinder the hot contention wherein I had engaged with myself, until it should end as Thou knowest, I knew not. Only I was healthfully distracted and dying, to

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

live; knowing what evil thing I was, and not knowing what good thing I was shortly to become.

I retired then into the garden, and Alypius, on my steps. For his presence did not lessen my privacy; or how could he forsake me so disturbed? We sate down as far removed as might be from the house. I was troubled in spirit, most vehemently indignant that I entered not into Thy will and covenant, O my God, *which all my bones cried out* unto me to enter, and praised it to the skies. And therein we enter not by ships, or chariots, or feet, no, move not so far as I had come from the house to that place where we were sitting. For, not to go only, but to go in thither was nothing else but to will to go, but to will resolutely and thoroughly; not to turn and toss, this way and that, a maimed and half-divided will, struggling, with one part sinking as another rose.

But when a deep consideration had from the secret bottom of my soul drawn together and heaped up all my misery in the sight of my heart: there arose a mighty storm, bringing a mighty shower of tears. Which that I might pour forth wholly, in its natural expressions, I rose from Alypius: solitude was suggested to me as fitter for the business of weeping; so I retired so far that even his presence could not be a burden to me. Thus it was then with me, and he perceived something of it; for something I suppose I had spoken, wherein the tones of my voice appeared choked with weeping, and so had risen up. He then remained where we were sitting, most extremely astonished. I cast myself down I know not how, under a certain fig-tree, giving full vent to my tears; and the floods of mine eyes gushed out *an acceptable sacrifice to Thee*. And, not indeed in these words, yet to this purpose, spake I much unto Thee: *and Thou, O Lord, how long? How long, Lord, wilt Thou be angry, for ever? Remember not our former iniquities*, for I felt that I was held by them. I sent up these sorrowful words: How long, how long, “to-morrow, and to-morrow?” Why not now? Why not is there this hour an end to my uncleanness?

So was I speaking and weeping in the most bitter contrition of my heart, when, lo! I heard from a neighbouring house a voice, as of boy or girl, I know not, chanting, and oft repeating, “Take up and read; Take up and read.” Instantly, my countenance altered. I began to think most intently

whether children were wont in any kind of play to sing such words: nor could I remember ever to have heard the like.

So checking the torrent of my tears, I arose; interpreting it to be no other than a command from God to open the book, and read the first chapter I should find. For I had heard of Antony, that coming in during the reading of the Gospel, he received the admonition, as if what was being read was spoken to him: *Go, sell all that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven, and come and follow me*: and by such oracle he was forthwith converted unto Thee.

Eagerly then I returned to the place where Alypius was sitting; for there had I laid the volume of the Apostle when I arose thence. I seized, opened, and in silence read that section on which my eyes first fell: *Not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying: but put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh, in concupiscence*. No further would I read; nor needed I: for instantly at the end of this sentence, by a light as it were of serenity infused into my heart, all the darkness of doubt vanished away.

Then putting my finger between, or some other mark, I shut the volume, and with a calmed countenance made it known to Alypius. And what was wrought in him, which I knew not, he thus showed me. He asked to see what I had read; I showed him; and he looked even further than I had read, and I knew not what followed.

This followed, *him that is weak in the faith, receive*; which he applied to himself, and disclosed to me. And by this admonition was he strengthened; and by a good resolution and purpose, and most corresponding to his character, wherein he did always very far differ from me, for the better, without any turbulent delay he joined me. Thence we go in to my mother; we tell her; she rejoiceth: we relate in order how it took place; she leaps for joy, and triumpheth, and blessed Thee, *Who art able to do above that which we ask or think*; for she perceived that Thou hadst given her more for me, than she was wont to beg by her pitiful and most sorrowful groanings.

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

VENANTIUS FORTUNATUS

(d. 600)

Vexilla Regis

Translated by Dr. John Mason Neale

The royal Banners forward go;
The Cross shines forth in mystic glow;
Where He in flesh, our flesh was made,
Our sentence bore, our ransom paid.

Where deep for us the spear was dy'd,
Life's torrent rushing from His side,
To wash us in that precious flood
Where mingled water flow'd, and blood.

Fulfill'd is all that David told
In true prophetic song of old;
Amidst the nations God, saith he,
Hath reign'd and triumph'd from the Tree.

O Tree of Beauty! Tree of Light!
O Tree with royal purple dight!
Elect on whose triumphal breast
These holy limbs should find their rest!

On whose dear arms, so widely flung,
The weight of this world's ransom hung;
The price of human kind to pay,
And spoil the Spoiler of his prey.

O Cross, our one reliance, hail!
This holy Passion-tide, avail
To give fresh merit to the faint,
And pardon to the penitent.

To Thee, Eternal Three in One,
Let homage meet by all be done;
Whom by the Cross Thou dost restore,
Preserve and govern evermore.

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

THE VENERABLE BEDE

(673-735)

Selections from Ecclesiastical History of England

A reference to Christian fellowship:

And as they did inebriate one another with the cups of the life of heaven . . .

A discussion concerning Christianity between the king and his nobles:

Such seemeth to me, my Lord, the present life of men here in earth . . . as if a sparrow should come to the house and very swiftly flit through; which entereth in at one window and straightway passeth out through another, while you sit at dinner with your captains and servants in winter-time; the parlour being then made warm with the fire kindled in the midst thereof, but all places abroad being troubled with raging tempests of winter rain and snow. Right for the time it be within the house, it feeleth no smart of the winter storm, but after a very short space of fair weather that lasteth but for a moment, it soon passeth again from winter to winter and escapeth your sight.

A quotation from a letter from Pope Gregory to King Ethelbert:

. . . Furthermore we will your highness to know that (according as we are taught in the Holy Scriptures by the words of the Almighty Lord) the end of the present world now draweth onward, and the kingdom of the saints shall follow, which can never have an end.

And the same end of the world approaching, many things are at hand which have not been heard of before: that is, to wit, changes of the air, terrible sights from the heaven, tempests contrary to the ordering of seasons, wars, famines, pestilences, earthquakes in divers places; all which yet shall not fall in our days, but all shall follow close after our days.

Wherefore if you know any of these to be in your land, let not your mind in any way be dismayed therewith; for therefore are these signs

of the end of the world sent before the time, to the intent we should the more diligently tender the health of our souls, live in expectation of the hour of death and be found ready prepared in good works for the coming of our Judge.

The significance of the Easter Festival – from a letter from Ceolfrid (Bede's abbot) to King Naitan:

After, however, Christ our Passover was sacrificed, and made the Sunday (called amongst the ancients one or the first day after the Sabbath) solemn for us for the joy of His resurrection, the tradition of the apostles hath so put this Sunday in the feast of Easter that they determined in no way at all to prevent the time of the Passover in the Law nor to diminish it in aught.

Nay, rather did they ordain that the same first month of the year according to the precept of the Law should be tarried for, and the 14th day of that month and the evening of the same be tarried for. And when this day should chance to fall upon the Sabbath, every man should take a lamb according to their families and households and kill him at the evening, that is to say, all the churches throughout the world, which make one catholic Church, should prepare bread and wine for the mystery of the flesh and blood of the spotless Lamb Which took away the sins of the world; and after fitting solemnity of lessons, prayers and Easter ceremonies should offer the same to the Lord in hope of their redemption to come . . . the mystical reason hereof . . . because Christ Himself, being promised before the Law and under the Law, came with grace in the third age of the world to be our Passover sacrificed for us: because rising from the dead the third day after the sacrifice of His passion, He would have this day to be called the day of the Lord, and have us celebrate yearly on that day the Easter festival of His resurrection: because we also do in this manner only truly keep His solemn festival, if we endeavor to make along with Him the Passover

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(that is to say, our passage out of this world to that of the Father) by faith, hope and charity . . .

From a letter to Bishop Egbert of York when Bede was prevented from visiting him:

. . . that we might study and take counsel together. . . . And I implore you in the name of the Lord, not to suspect the characters of this letter to show a wilful arrogance, but to know that they do truthfully offer the service of humility and love. . . . Keep yourself with the worthiness that becometh a bishop . . . remembering that you are appointed to be no hireling but a shepherd,

proving your love of the great Shepherd by your careful feeding of His sheep, and ready, if need be, to lay down your life for the sheep, as did the blessed chief of the apostles. . . . (Bede asks) what confidence have you of the eternal life and salvation of those who are known to be walking all the days of their life through the wide gate and in the broad way, and who not even in the smallest matters endeavoured to withstand and fight against the pleasure of either body or mind for the sake of recompense in heaven.

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

THE VENERABLE BEDE

(735)

A Hymn

A hymn of glory let us sing;
 New songs throughout the world shall ring;
 By a new way none ever trod
 Christ mounteth to the throne of God.

The apostles on the mountain stand,--
 The mystic mount, in Holy Land;
 They with the virgin mother, see
 Jesus ascend in majesty.

The angels say to the eleven;
 "Why stand ye gazing into heaven?
 This is the Savior, this is He!
 Jesus hath triumphed gloriously!"

They said the Lord should come again,
 As these beheld him rising then,
 Calm soaring through the radiant sky,
 Mounting its dazzling summits high.

May our affections thither tend,
 And thither constantly ascend,
 Where, seated on the Father's throne,
 Thee reigning in the heavens we own!

Be thou our present joy, Oh Lord!
 Who wilt be ever our reward;
 And, as the countless ages flee,
 May all our glory be in Thee!

STEPHEN THE SABAITE

(725 – 794)

Art Thou Weary?

Art thou weary, art thou languid,
 Art thou sore distress,
 "Come to Me" – saith One – "and coming,
 Be at rest!"

Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
 If He be my Guide?
 "In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
 And His side."

Is there diadem, as Monarch,
 That His brow adorns?
 "Yea, a crown in very surety,
 But of thorns!"

If I find Him, if I follow,
 What His guerdon here?
 "Many a sorrow, many a labor,
 Many a tear."

If I still hold closely to Him,
 What hath He at last?
 "Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
 Jordan past!"

If I ask Him to receive me,
 Will He say me nay?
 "Not till earth, and not till heaven
 Pass away!"

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
 Is He sure to bless?
 "Angels, martyrs, prophets, virgins,
 Answer, Yes!"

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

KING ROBERT OF FRANCE

(970 – 1031)

Holy Spirit, God of light!

(Veni, Sancte Spiritus)

Holy Spirit, God of light!
Come, and on our inner sight
Pour Thy bright and heavenly ray!

Father of the lowly! Come;
Here, Great Giver! Be Thy home,
Sunshine of our hearts, for aye!

Inmost Comforter and best!
Of our souls the dearest Guest,
Sweetly all their thirst allay.

In our toils be our retreat,
Be our shadow in the heat,
Come and wipe our tears away.

O Thou Light, all pure and blest!
Fill with joy this weary breast,
Turning darkness into day.

For without Thee nought we find,
Pure or strong in human kind,
Nought that has not gone astray.

Wash us from the stains of sin,
Gently soften all within,
Wounded spirits heal and stay.

What is hard and stubborn bend,
What is feeble soothe and tend,
What is erring gently sway.

To Thy faithful servants give,
Taught by Thee to trust and live,
Sevenfold blessing from this day;

Make our title clear, we pray,
When we drop this mortal clay;
Then,--O give us joy for aye.

HABANUS MAURUS

(776 – 856)

Creator, Spirit, Lord of Grace

(Veni, Creator Spiritus)

Creator, Spirit, Lord of Grace
O make our hearts Thy dwellingplace,
And with Thy might celestial aid
The souls of those whom Thou hast made.

Come from the throne of God above,
O Paraclete, O Holy Dove,
Come, Oil of gladness, cleansing Fire,
And Living Spring of pure desire.

O Finger of the Hand Divine,
The sevenfold gifts of Grace are Thine,
And touched by Thee the lips proclaim
All praise to God's most holy Name.

Then to our souls Thy light impart,
And give Thy Love to every heart
Turn all our weakness into might,
O Thou, the Source of Life and Light.

Protect us from the assailing foe,
And Peace, the fruit of Love bestow
Upheld by Thee, our strength and Guide
No evil can our steps betide.

Spirit of Faith, on us bestow,
The Father and the Son to know;
And, of the Twain, the Spirit, Thee:
Eternal One, Eternal Three.

To God the Father let us sing;
To God the Son, our risen King;
And equally with These adore
The Spirit, God for evermore.

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

JOHN OF DAMASCUS

(8th Century)

Today in Bethlehem Hear I

Today in Bethlehem hear I
 Sweet angel voices singing:
 All glory be to God on high,
 Who peace to earth is bringing.
 The Virgin Mary holdeth more
 Than highest heaven most holy:
 Light shines on what was dark before,
 And lifteth up the lowly.

God wills that peace should be in earth,
 And holy exultation:
 Sweet Babe, I greet Thy spotless birth
 And wondrous Incarnation.
 Today in Bethlehem hear I
 Even the lowly singing:
 With angel-words they pierce the sky;
 All earth with joy is ringing.

If the dark and Awful Tomb

If the dark and awful tomb
 Thou, immortal One, hast known,
 Rising, in Thy deathless bloom,
 Hades Thou hast overthrown.
 Yes: as Victor Thou hast burst
 All the bands of hell, and said,
 Hail! To those who sought Thee first,
 Bearing ointment for the dead.
 Peace, Thy earliest, sweetest gift,
 Unto Thine Apostles given;
 All the fallen Thou didst lift
 From the gates of hell to heaven.

Come, Ye Faithful, Raise the Strain

Come, ye faithful, raise the strain
 Of triumphant gladness!
 God hath brought His Israel
 Into joy from sadness;
 Loosed from Pharaoh's bitter yoke
 Jacob's sons and daughters;
 Led them with unmoistened foot
 Through the Red Sea waters.
 'Tis the spring of souls to-day:
 Christ hath burst His prison;

And from three days' sleep in death,
 As a sun, hath risen,
 All the winter of our sins,
 Long and dark, is flying
 From His light, to whom we give
 Laud and praise undying.

Now the queen of seasons, bright
 With the day of splendor,
 With the royal Feast of feasts,
 Comes its joy to render:
 Comes to glad Jerusalem,
 Who with true affection
 Welcomes, in unwearied strains,
 Jesu's Resurrection.

Neither might the gates of death,
 Nor the tomb's dark portal,
 Nor the watchers, nor the seal,
 Hold Thee as a mortal:
 But to-day amidst the twelve
 Thou didst stand, bestowing
 That Thy peace, which evermore
 Passeth human knowing
 The Day of Resurrection

The *day* of resurrection,
 Earth, tell it out abroad:
 The Passover of gladness,
 The Passover of God.
 From death to life eternal,
 From earth unto the sky,
 Our Christ hath brought us over,
 With hymns of victory.

Our hearts be pure from evil,
 That we may see aright
 The Lord in rays eternal
 Of resurrection light:
 And, listening to His accents,
 May hear, so calm and plain,
 His own "All hail!" – and hearing,
 May raise the victor strain.
 Now let the heavens be joyful!
 Let earth her song begin!
 Let the round world keep triumph,
 And all that is therein:
 In grateful exultation
 Their notes let all things blend,
 For Christ the Lord hath risen,
 Our joy that hath no end.

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

THEOCTISTUS OF THE STUDIUM

(About 890)

Jesu, name all names above, Jesu, best and dearest,
Jesu, Fount of perfect love, Holiest, tenderest, nearest!
Jesu, source of grace completest, Jesu truest, Jesu sweetest,
Jesu, Well of power divine, make me, keep me, seal me Thine!

Jesu, open me the gate which the sinner entered,
Who in his last dying state wholly on Thee ventured.
Thou whose wounds are ever pleading, and Thy passion interceding,
From my misery let me rise to a home in Paradise!

Thou didst call the prodigal; Thou didst pardon Mary;
Thou whose words can never fall, love can never vary,
Lord, amidst my lost condition give – for Thou canst give – contrition!
Thou canst pardon all mine ill, if Thou wilt: O say, “I will!”

Woe, that I have turned aside after fleshly pleasure!
Woe, that I have never tried for the heavenly treasure!
Treasure, safe in homes supernal; incorruptible, eternal!
Treasure no less price hath won than the Passion of the Son!

Jesu, crowned with thorns for me, scourged for my transgression!
Witnessing, through agony, that Thy good confession;
Jesu, clad in purple raiment, for my evils making payment;
Let not all Thy woe and pain, let not Calvary be in vain!

When I reach Death’s bitter sea, and its waves roll higher,
Help the more forsaking me, as the storm draws nigher;
Jesu, leave me not to languish, helpless, hopeless, full of anguish!
Tell me, - “Verily, I say, Thou shalt be with me to-day!”

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

JOSEPH OF THE STUDIUM

(9th Century)

Leading to Jesus

O happy band of pilgrims, if onward ye will tread
With Jesus as your Fellow to Jesus as your Head!

Oh happy, if ye labor as Jesus did for men;
Oh happy if ye hunger as Jesus hungered then!

The cross that Jesus carried He carried as your due;
The crown that Jesus weareth, He weareth it for you.

The Faith by which ye see Him, the Hope, in which ye yearn,
The Love, that through all troubles to Him alone will turn.

What are they, but vaunt-couriers to lead you to His Light?
What are they, save the effluence of uncreated Light?

The trials that beset you, the sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations that Death alone can cure;

What are they, but His jewels of bright celestial worth?
What are they but the ladder set up to heaven on earth?

O happy band of pilgrims, look upward to the skies;
Where such a light affliction shall win you such a prize!

Exalt, Exalt, the Heavenly

“Exalt, exalt, the heavenly gates, ye chiefs of mighty name!
The Lord and King of all things waits, enrobed in earthly frame;”
So to the higher seats they cry, the humbler legions of the sky.

For Adam, by the serpent’s guile, distressed, deceived, o’erthrown,
Thou left’st Thy native home awhile, Thou left’st the Father’s throne;
Now he is decked afresh with grace, Thou seek’st once more the heavenly place.

Glad festal keeps the earth to-day; glad festal heaven is keeping:
The ascension-pomp, in bright array, goes proudly skyward sweeping;
The Lord the mighty deed hath done, and joined the severed into one.

Jesus, Lord of Life Eternal

Jesus, Lord of life eternal, taking those He loved the best,
Stood upon the mount of Olives, and His Own the last time blest:
Then, though He had never left it, sought again His Father’s breast.

Know, O world! This highest festal: Floods and oceans, clasp your hands!

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

Angels, raise the song of triumph; make response, ye distant lands;
For our flesh is knit to Godhead, knit in everlasting bands.

Loosing death with all its terrors, Thou ascendedst up on high;
And to mortals, now Immortal, gavest immortality,
As Thine own disciples saw Thee mounting Victor to the sky.

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

BERNARD OF CLUNY(12TH Century)

The World Is Very Evil

The world is very evil, the times are waxing late,
 Be sober and keep vigil, the Judge is at the gate;
 The Judge who comes in mercy, the Judge who comes with might,
 Who comes to end the evil, Who comes to crown the right.

Arise, arise, good Christian, let right to wrong succeed;
 Let penitential sorrow to heavenly gladness lead;
 To light that has no evening, that knows nor moon nor sun,
 The light so new and golden, the light that is but one.

O Home of fadeless splendor, of flowers that fear no thorn,
 Where they shall dwell as children who here as exiles mourn;
 'Midst power that knows no limit, where wisdom has no bound,
 The beatific vision shall gad the saints around.

O Happy, holy portion, refection for the blest,
 True vision of true beauty, true cure of the distressed;
 Strive, man, to win that glory; toil, man, to gain that light;
 Send hope before to grasp it, till hope be lost in sight.

O sweet and blessed country, the home of God's elect!
 O sweet and blessed country that eager hearts expect!
 Jesus, in mercy bring us to that dear land of rest;
 Who art, with God the Father, and Spirit, ever blest.

Jerusalem the Golden

Jerusalem on high my song and city is,
 My home whene'er I die, the centre of my bliss:
 O happy place! When shall I be, my God, with Thee, to see Thy face?

There dwells my Lord, my King, judged here unfit to live:
 There angels to Him sing, and lowly homage give.
 O happy place! When shall I be, my God, with Thee, to see Thy face?

The patriarchs of old there from their travels cease:
 The prophets there behold their longed-for Prince of Peace.
 O happy place! When shall I be, my God, with Thee, to see Thy face?

The Lord's apostles there I might with joy behold;
 The harpers I might hear harping on harps of gold.
 O happy place! When shall I be, my God, with Thee, to see Thy face?

The bleeding martyrs, they within those courts are found,

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

Clothed in their white array, their scars with glory crowned.
O happy place! When shall I be, my God, with Thee, to see Thy face?

Ah me! Ah me! that I in Kedar's tents here stay!
No place like that on high; Lord, thither guide my way!
O happy place! When shall I be, my God, with Thee, to see Thy face?

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX

(Died 1153)

Jesus, Thou Joy of Loving Hearts

Jesus, Thou joy of loving hearts, Thou Fount of life, Thou Light of men,
From the best bliss that earth imparts, we turn unfilled to Thee again.

Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood; Thou savest those who on Thee call;
To them that seek Thee, Thou art good, to them that find Thee, all in all.

We taste Thee, O Thou living Bread, and long to feast upon Thee still;
We drink of Thee the Fountain-head; and thirst, our souls from Thee to fill.

Our restless spirits yearn for Thee, where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad, when Thy gracious smile we see, blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.

O Jesus, ever with us stay; make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away; shed o'er the world Thy holy light.

Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee

Jesus, the very thought of Thee with sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see, and in Thy presence rest.

Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame; Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name; O Saviour of mankind!

O hope of every contrite heart! O joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind Thou art! How good to those who seek!

But what to those who find? Ah! This nor tongue nor pen can show:
The love of Jesus – what it is—none but His loved ones know.

O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

O sacred Head, now wounded, with grief and shame weighed down,
Now scornfully surrounded with thorns, Thine only crown;
O sacred Head, what glory, what bliss, till now was Thine!
Yet, though despised and gory, I joy to call Thee mine.

What Thou, my Lord, has suffered, was all for sinner's gain:
Mine, mine was the transgression, but Thine the deadly pain:
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour! 'tis I deserve Thy place;
Look on me with Thy favor, vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

The joy can ne'er be spoken, above all joys beside,
When in Thy body broken I thus with safety hide:
My Lord of life, desiring Thy glory now to see,
Beside Thy cross expiring, I'd breathe my soul to Thee.

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

What language shall I borrow to thank Thee, dearest Friend?
 For this, Thy dying sorrow, Thy pity without end?
 Oh, make me Thine forever; And should I fainting be,
 Lord, let me never, never, outlive my love to Thee!

Be near when I am dying, oh, show Thy cross to me!
 And for my succor flying, come, Lord, to set me free!
 These eyes, new faith receiving, from Jesus shall not move;
 For he who dies believing, dies safely through Thy love.

The Lamb Slain

Hail! Thou Head, so bruised and wounded, with the crown of thorns surrounded;
 Smitten with the mocking reed; wounds which may not cease to bleed,
 Trickling faint and slow.

Hail! From whose most blessed brow none can wipe the blood-drops now;
 All the bloom of life has fled, mortal paleness there instead;
 Thou before whose presence dread,
 Angels trembling bow.

All Thy vigor and Thy life fading in this bitter strife;
 Death his stamp on Thee has set, hollow and emaciate,
 Faint and drooping there.
 Thou this agony and scorn hast for me a sinner borne!
 Me, unworthy, all for me! With those wounds of love on Thee,
 Glorious Face, appear!

Yet in this Thine agony, faithful Shepherd, think of me,
 From whose lips of love divine sweetest draughts of life are mine,
 Purest honey flows!
 All unworthy of Thy thought, guilty, yet reject me not;
 Unto me Thy head incline – let that dying head of Thine
 In mine arms repose.

Let me true communion know with Thee in Thy sacred woe;
 Counting all beside but dross, dying with Thee on the cross;
 'Neath it will I die.
 Thanks to Thee, with every breath, Jesus, for Thy bitter death;
 Grant Thy guilty one this prayer; when my dying hour is near,
 Gracious God, be nigh!

When my dying hour must be, be not absent then from me;
 In that dreadful hour, I pray, Jesus come, without delay;
 See, and set me free;
 When Thou biddest me depart, Whom I cleave to with my heart;
 Lover of my soul, be near, with Thy saving cross appear;
 Show Thyself to me!

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

O Jesu! King Most Wonderful

O Jesu! King most wonderful! Thou Conqueror renowned!
Thou Sweetness most ineffable, in whom all joys are found!

When once Thou visitest the heart, then truth begins to shine;
Then earthly vanities depart; then kindles love divine.

O Jesu! Light of all below! Thou Fount of life and fire!
Surpassing all the joys we know, all that we can desire;

May every heart confess Thy name, and ever Thee adore;
And seeking Thee, itself inflame to seek Thee more and more.

Thee may our tongues for ever bless; Thee may we love alone;
And ever in our lives express the image of Thine own.

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

THE CRUSADERS' HYMN

(From the German, 12th Century)

Fairest Lord Jesus, Ruler of nature!
Jesus, of God and of Mary the Son! –
Thee will I cherish, Thee will I honor;
Thee, my delight and my glory and crown!

Fair are the meadows, fairer the woodlands,
Robed in the flowery vesture of spring:
Jesus is fairer, Jesus is purer,
Making my sorrowful spirit to sing.

Fair is the moonshine, fairer the sunlight,
Than all the starry, celestial host:
Jesus shines brighter, Jesus shines purer,
Than all the angels that heaven can boast.

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

THOMAS AQUINAS

(1225 – 1284)

O Bread to Pilgrims Given

O bread to pilgrims given, O food that angels eat;
O manna sent from heaven, for heaven-born natures meet!
Give us, for Thee long pining, To eat till richly filled;
Till, earth's delights resigning, our every wish is stilled.

O water, life bestowing, forth from the Saviour's heart,
A fountain purely flowing, a fount of love Thou art!
Oh, let us, freely tasting, our burning thirst assuage!
Thy sweetness never wasting, avails from age to age.

Jesus, this Feast receiving, we Thee, unseen, adore;
Thy faithful word believing, we taste, and doubt no more.
Give us, Thou true and loving, on earth to live in Thee:
Then, death the veil removing, Thy glorious face to see.

The Word of God Proceeding Forth

The Word of God proceeding forth, yet leaving not the Father's side,
And going to His work on earth, had reached at length life's eventide.

By a disciple to be given to rivals for His blood athirst
Himself the very bread of Heaven He gave to His disciples first.

In birth man's fellow man was He, His meat while sitting at the board,
He died his ransom to be, He reigns to be his great reward.

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

THOMAS DE CELANO

(d. 1250)

Day of vengeance, without morrow! Earth shall end in flame and sorrow,
As from Saint and Seer we borrow.

Ah, what terror is impending, When the Judge is seen descending,
And each secret veil is rending.

To the throne, the trumpet sounding, Through the sepulchers resounding,
Summons all, with voice astounding.

Death and Nature, mazed, are quaking, When, the grave's long slumber breaking,
Man to judgment is awaking.

On the written Volume's pages, Life is shown in all its stages—
Judgment-record of past ages!

Sits the Judge, the raised arraigning, Darkest mysteries explaining,
Nothing unavenged remaining.

What shall I then say, unfriended, By no advocate attended,
When the just are scarce defended?

King of majesty tremendous, By Thy saving grace defend us,
Fount of pity, safety send us!

Holy Jesus, meek, forbearing, For my sins the death-crown wearing,
Save me, in that day, despairing.

Worn and weary, Thou hast sought me; By Thy cross and passion bought me—
Spare the hope Thy labors brought me.

Righteous Judge of retribution, Give, O give me absolution
Ere the day of dissolution.

As a guilty culprit groaning, Flushed my face, my errors owning,
Hear, O God, my spirit's moaning!

Thou to Mary gav'st remission, Heard'st the dying thief's petition,
Bade'st me hope in my contrition.

In my prayers no grace discerning, Yet on me Thy favor turning,
Save my soul from endless burning.

Give me, when Thy sheep confiding Thou art from the goats dividing,
On Thy right a place abiding!

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

When the wicked are confounded, And by bitter flames surrounded,
Be my joyful pardon sounded!

Prostrate, all my guilt discerning, Heart as though to ashes turning;
Save, O save me from the burning!

Day of weeping, when from ashes Man shall rise mid lightning flashes,
Guilty, trembling with contrition, Save him, Father, from perdition!

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

JOHN WYCLIF

(1324 – 1384)

Selections from “Christ’s Real Body Not in the Eucharist”

For ye say that in every host each piece is the whole manhood of Christ, or full substance of Him. For ye say as a man may take a glass, and break the glass into many pieces, and in every piece properly thou mayest see thy face, and yet thy face is not parted; so ye say the Lord’s body is in each host or piece, and His body is not parted.

And this is a full subtle question to beguile an innocent fool, but will yet take heed of this subtle question, how a man may take a glass and behold the very likeness of his own face, and yet it is not his face, but the likeness of his face; for if it were his very face, then he must needs have two faces, one on his body and another in the glass.

And if the glass were broken in many places, so there should be many faces more by the glass than by the body, and each man shall make as many faces to them as they would; but as ye may see the mind or likeness of your face, which is not the very face; but the figure thereof, so the bread is the figure or mind of Christ’s body in earth, and therefore Christ said, As oft as ye do this thing do it in mind of me.

Therefore let every man wisely, with meek prayers, and great study, and also charity, read the words of God and holy Scriptures; but many of you are like the mother of Zebedee’s sons to whom Christ said, “Thou knowest not what thou askest.” So many of you know not what ye ask, nor what you do; for if ye did, ye would not blaspheme God as ye do, to set an alien God instead of the living God.

Also Christ saith, “I am a very vine; wherefore then worship ye not the vine God, Christ’s body, in figurative speech, which is hidden to the understanding? Then if Christ became not a material or an earthly vine, neither did a material vine become His body. So neither the bread, material bread, was changed from its substance to the flesh and blood of Christ.

Have ye not read in John the second, when Christ came into the temple, they asked of Him what token He would show, that they might believe Him. And He answered them, “Cast down this temple, and in three days I shall raise it again;” which words were fulfilled in His rising again from death; but when He said, “Unto this temple,” in that that He said this, they were in error, for they understood it fleshly, and had supposed that He had spoken of the temple of Jerusalem, because He stood in it.

And therefore they accused Him at His passion full falsely. For He spake of the temple of His blest body, which rose again in the third day. And right so Christ spake of His holy body when He said, “This is my body which shall be given for you,” which was given to death, and to rising again to bliss, for all that shall be saved by him.

But like as they accused him falsely of the temple of Jerusalem, so now a days they accuse falsely against Christ, and say that Christ spake of the bread that He brake among His apostles; for in that Christ said this, they are deceived, take it fleshly, and turn it to the material bread, as the Jews did to the temple; and on this false understanding they make abomination of discomfort, as is said by Daniel the prophet, and in Matthew 24, to be standing in the holy place; he that readeth let him understand.

Now, therefore, pray we heartily to God, that this evil may be made short for the chosen men, as He hath promised in His blest Gospel; and the large and broad way that leadeth to perdition may be stopt, and the straight and narrow way that leadeth to bliss may be made open by Holy Scriptures, that we may know which is the will of God, to serve Him in truth and holiness in the dread of God, that we may find by Him a way of bliss everlasting. So be it.

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

DANTE ALIGHIERI

(1265 – 1321)

Origin of His Faith

WHENCE came this Jewel dear,
 From which doth every other virtue flow?
 The I: The Spirit's most abundant shower,
 Poured out upon the pages New and Old,
 Hath of itself a syllogistic power;
 And hath convinced me with a strength so full,
 That in comparison with it, I hold
 Each other demonstration weak and dull.

Dante's Creed

I IN one God believe;
 One sole eternal Godhead, of whose love
 All heaven is moved, himself unmoved the while
 No demonstration physical alone,
 Or more intelligential and abstruse,
 Persuades me to this faith: but from that truth
 It cometh to me rather, which is shed
 Through Moses, the rapt Prophets, and the Psalms,
 The Gospel, and what ye yourselves did write,
 When ye were gifted of the Holy Ghost.
 In three eternal Persons I believe,
 Essence threefold and one.

Dante's Profession of Love

ALL the incentives that the soul can bind,
 And make it turn to God, fresh impulse give
 To the warm gratitude that fills my mind:
 The outward world's existence, and my own,
 The death endured by Him that I might live,
 This promised land, by ardent hope foreshown,
 And the conviction spoken of before,
 Have drawn me from the sea of erring love,
 And set me safe on Truth's celestial shore.
 Love for each Plant that in the garden grows
 Of the Eternal Gardener I prove,
 Proportioned to the goodness He bestows.

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

THEOLOGIA GERMANICA(14th century)

Translated by Susanna Winkworth

Which setteth forth many fair Lineaments of divine Truth,
And faith very lofty and lovely things touching a perfect Life.
Historical Introduction

The Treatise before us was discovered by Luther, who first brought it into notice by an Edition of it which he published in 1516. A Second Edition, which came out two years later, he introduced with the following Preface: -

“We read that St. Paul, though he was of a weak and contemptible presence, yet wrote weighty and powerful letters, and he boasts of himself that his ‘speech is not with enticing words of man’s device,’ but ‘full of the riches of all knowledge and wisdom.’ And if we consider the wondrous ways of God, it is clear, that He hath never chosen mighty and eloquent preachers to speak His word, but as it is written: ‘Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast thou perfected praise,’ Psalm 8:2. And again, ‘For wisdom opened the mouth of the dumb, and made the tongues of them that cannot speak eloquent,’ Wisdom 10:21. Again, He blameth such as are high-minded and are offended at these simple ones. *Confilium inopis, etc.* ‘Ye have made a mock at the counsel of the poor, because he putteth his trust in the Lord,’ Psalm 14:6.

“This I say because I will have every one warned who readeth this little book, that he should not take offence, to his own hurt, at its bad German, or its crabbed and uncouth words. For this noble book, though it be poor and rude in words, is so much the richer and more precious in knowledge and divine wisdom. And I will say, though it be boasting of myself and ‘I speak as a fool,’ that next to the Bible and St. Augustine, no book hath ever come into my hands, whence I have learnt, or would wish to learn more of what God, and Christ, and man and all things are; and now I first find the truth of what certain of the learned have said in scorn of us theologians of Wittenberg, that we would be thought to put

forward new things, as though there had never been men elsewhere and before our time.

“Yes, verily, there have been men, but God’s wrath, provoked by our sins, hath not judged us worthy to see and hear them; for it is well known that for a long time past such things have not been treated of in our universities; nay, it has gone so far, that the Holy Word of God is not only laid on the shelf, but is almost mouldered away with dust and moths.

“Let as many as will, read this little book, and then say whether Theology is a new or an old thing among us; for this book is not new. But if they say as before, that we are but German theologians, we will not deny it. I thank God, that I have heard and found my God in the German tongue, as neither I nor they have yet found him in the Latin, Greek or Hebrew tongue. God grant that this book may be spread abroad, then we shall find that the German theologians are without doubt the best theologians.

(Signed, without date,)

Dr. MARTIN LUTHER

AUGUSTINIAN of Wittenberg”

As has been stated, the author of the *Theologia Germanica* is unknown; but it is evident from his whole cast of thought, as well as from a Preface attached to the Wurtzburg Manuscript, that he belonged to a class of men who sprang up in Southern Germany at the beginning of the fourteenth century and who were distinguished for their earnest piety and their practical belief in the presence of the Spirit of God with all Christians, laity as well as clergy.

In these chaotic times, and in the countries where the storms raged most fiercely, there were some who sought that peace which could not be found on earth, in intercourse with a higher

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world. Destitute of help and comfort and guidance from man, they took refuge in God, and finding that to them He had proved “a present help in time of trouble,” “as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land,” they tried to bring their fellow-men to believe and partake in a life raised above the troubles of this world. They desired to show them that that Eternal life and enduring peace, which Christ had promised to His disciples, was, of a truth, to be found by the Way which He had pointed out, - by a living union with Him and the Father who had sent Him.

CHAPTER II

*Of what Sin is, and how we must not take unto ourselves
any good Thing, seeing that it belongeth unto the true Good alone*

The Scripture and the Faith and the Truth say, Sin is nought else, but that the creature turneth away from the unchangeable Good and betaketh itself to the changeable; that is to say, that it turneth away from the perfect, to “that which is in part” and imperfect, and most often to itself. Now mark: when the creature claimeth for its own anything good, such as Substance, Life, Knowledge, Power, and in short whatever we should call good, as if it were that, or possessed that, or that were itself, or that proceeded from it, - as often as this cometh to pass, the creature goeth astray. What did the devil do else, or what was his going astray and his fall else, but that he claimed for himself to be also somewhat, and would have it that somewhat was his, and somewhat was due to him? This setting up of a claim and his I and Me and Mine, these were his going astray, and his fall. And thus it is to this day.

CHAPTER X

*How the perfect Men have no other Desire than that they
May be to the Eternal Goodness what his Hand is to
A Man, and how they have lost
the Fear of Hell,
And Hope of Heaven*

Now let us mark: Where men are enlightened with the true light, they perceive that all which they might desire or choose, is nothing to that which all creatures, as creatures, ever desired or chose or knew. Therefore they renounce all desire and choice, and commit and commend themselves and all things to the Eternal Goodness. Nevertheless, there remaineth in them a desire to go forward and get nearer to the Eternal Goodness; that is, to come to a clearer knowledge, and warmer love, and more comfortable assurance, and perfect obedience and subjection; so that every enlightened man could say: “I would fain be to the Eternal Goodness, what his own hand is to a man.” And he feareth always that he is not enough so, and longeth for the salvation of all men. And such men do not call this longing their own, nor take it unto themselves, for they know well that this desire is not of man, but of the Eternal Goodness; for whatsoever is good shall no one take unto himself as his own, seeing that it belongeth to the Eternal Goodness only.

Moreover, these men are in state of freedom, because they have lost the fear of pain or hell, and the hope of reward or heaven, but are living in pure submission to the Eternal Goodness, in the perfect freedom of fervent love. This mind was in Christ in perfection, and is also in his followers, in some more, and in some less. But it is a sorrow and shame to think that the Eternal Goodness is ever most graciously guiding and drawing us, and we will not yield to it.

What is better and nobler than true poorness in spirit? Yet when that is held up before us, we will have none of it, but are always seeking ourselves, and our own things. (We like to have our mouths always filled with good things), that we may have in ourselves a lively taste of pleasure and sweetness. When this is so, we are well pleased, and think it standeth not amiss with us.

(But we are yet a long way off from a perfect life. For when God will draw us up to something higher, that is, to an utter loss and forsaking of our own things, spiritual and natural, and withdraweth his comfort and sweetness from us, we faint and are troubled, and can in no wise bring our minds to it; and we forget God and neglect holy exercises, and fancy we are lost forever.)

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

This is a great error and a bad sign. For a true lover of God, loveth him or the Eternal Goodness alike, in having, and in not having, in sweetness and bitterness, in good or evil report, and the like, for he seeketh alone the honor of God, and not his own, either in spiritual or natural things. And therefore he standeth alike unshaken in all things, at all seasons. (Hereby let ever man prove himself, how he standeth towards God, his Creator and Lord.)

CHAPTER XV

*How all Men are dead in Adam and are made
alive again
In Christ, and of true Obedience and
Disobedience*

All that in Adam fell and died, was raised again and made alive in Christ, and all that rose up and was made alive in Adam, fell and died in Christ. But what was that? I answer, true obedience and disobedience. But what is true obedience? I answer, that a man should so stand free, being quit of himself, that is, of his I, and Me, and Self, and Mine, and the like, that in all things he should no more seek or regard himself, than if he did not exist, and should take as little account of himself as if he were not, and another had done all his works.

Likewise he should count all the creatures for nothing. What is there then, which is, and which we may count for somewhat? I answer, nothing but that which we may call God. Behold! This is very obedience in the truth, and thus it will be in a blessed eternity. There nothing is sought nor thought of, nor loved, but the one thing only.

Hereby we may mark what disobedience is: to wit, that a man maketh some account of himself, and thinketh that he is, and knoweth, and can do somewhat, and seeketh himself and his own ends in the things around him, and hath regard to and loveth himself, and the like. Man is created for true obedience, and is bound of right to render it to God. And this obedience fell and died in Adam, and rose again and lived in Christ. Yes, Christ's human nature was so utterly bereft of Self, and apart from all creatures, as no man's ever was, and was nothing else but "a house and habitation of God."

Neither of that in him which belonged to God, nor of that which was a living human nature and a habitation of God, did he, as man, claim any thing for his own. His human nature did not even take unto itself the Godhead, whose dwelling it was, nor anything that this same Godhead willed, or did or left undone in him, nor yet any thing of all that his human nature did or suffered; but in Christ's human nature there was no claiming of any thing, nor seeking nor desire, saving that what was due might be rendered to the Godhead, and he did not call this very desire his own. Of this matter no more can be said or written here, for it is unspeakable, and was never yet and never will be fully uttered; for it can neither be spoken nor written but by Him who is and knows its ground; that is, God Himself, who can do all things well.

CHAPTER XIX

*How we cannot come to the true Light and
Christ's Life,
By much Questioning or Reading, or by high
natural
Skill and Reason, but by truly renouncing
ourselves and all Things*

Let no one suppose, that we may attain to this true light and perfect knowledge, or life of Christ, by much questioning, or by hearsay, or by reading and study, nor yet by high skill and great learning. Yea so long as a man taketh account of anything which is this or that, whether it be himself, or any other creature; or doeth anything, or frameth a purpose, for the sake of his own likings or desires, or opinions, or ends, he cometh not unto the life of Christ.

This hath Christ himself declared, for he saith: "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me."

"He that taketh not his cross, and followeth after me, is not worthy of me."

And if he "hate not his father and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple."

He meaneth it thus: "He who doth not forsake and part with every thing, can never know my

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

eternal truth, nor attain unto my life.” And though this had never been declared unto us, yet the truth herself sayeth it, for it is so of a truth. But so long as a man clingeth unto the elements and fragments of this world (and above all to himself), and holdeth converse with them, and maketh great account of them, he is deceived and blinded, and perceiveth what is good no further than as it is most convenient and pleasant to himself and profitable to his own ends. These he holdeth to be the highest good and loveth above all. (Thus he never cometh to the truth.)

CHAPTER XX

*How, seeing that the Life of Christ is most bitter
to
Nature and Self, Nature will have none of it, and
chooseth a false careless Life, as is most
convenient to her*

Now, since the life of Christ is every way most bitter to nature and the Self and the Me (for in the true life of Christ, the Self and the Me and nature must be forsaken and lost, and die altogether), therefore, in each of us nature hath a horror of it, and thinketh it evil and unjust and a folly, and graspeth after such a life as shall be most comfortable and pleasant to herself, and saith, and believeth also in her blindness, that such a life is the best possible. Now, nothing is so comfortable and pleasant to nature, as a free, careless way of life, therefore she clingeth to that, and taketh enjoyment in herself and her own powers, and looketh only to her own peace and comfort and the like. And this happeneth most of all, where there are high natural gifts of reason, for that soareth upwards in its own light and by its own power, till at last it cometh to think itself the true Eternal Light, and giveth itself out as such, and is thus deceived in itself, and deceiveth other people along with it, who know no better, and also are thereunto inclined.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

*How we are to put on the life of Christ from Love,
and
not for the sake of Reward, and how we must
never
grow careless concerning it, or cast it off.*

Now, whenever a man hath been made a partaker of the divine nature, in him is fulfilled the best and noblest life, and the worthiest in God’s eyes, that hath been or can be. And of that eternal love which loveth Goodness, a true, noble, Christ-like life is so greatly beloved, that it will never be forsaken or cast off. Where a man hath tasted this life, it is impossible for him ever to part with it, were he to live until the Judgment Day. And though he must die a thousand deaths, and though all the sufferings that ever befell all creatures could be heaped upon him, he would rather undergo them all, than fall away from this excellent life; and if he could exchange it for an angel’s life, he would not.

This is our answer to the question, “If a man, by putting on Christ’s life, can get nothing more than he hath already, and serve no end, what good will it do him?” This life is not chosen in order to serve any end, or to get anything by it, but for love of its nobleness, and because God loveth and esteemeth it so greatly. And whoever saith that he hath had enough of it, and may now lay it aside, hath never tasted nor known it; for he who hath truly felt or tasted it, can never give it up again. And he, who hath put on the life of Christ with the intent to win or deserve ought thereby, hath taken it up as an hireling and not for love, and is altogether without it.

For he who doth not take it up for love, hath none of it at all; he may dream indeed that he hath put it on, but he is deceived. Christ did not lead such a life as his for the sake of reward, but out of love; and love maketh such a life light and taketh away all its hardships, so that it becometh sweet and is gladly endured.

But to him that hath not put it on from love, but hath done so, as he dreameth, for the sake of reward, it is utterly bitter and a weariness, and he would fain be quit of it. And it is a sure token of

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

an hireling that he wisheth his work were at an end. But he who truly loveth it, is not offended at its toil nor suffering, nor the length of time it lasteth. Therefore it is written, "to serve God and live to Him, is easy to him who doeth it."

Truly it is so to him who doeth it for love, but it is hard and wearisome to him who doeth it for hire. It is the same with all virtue and good works, and likewise with order, laws, obedience to precepts, and the like. But God rejoiceth more over one man who truly loveth, than over a thousand hirelings.

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

THOMAS A KEMPIS

(1380 – 1471)

Selections from The Imitation of Christ

What doth it avail thee to dispute profoundly of the Trinity, if thou be void of humility, and art thereby displeasing to the Trinity? Surely profound words do not make a man holy and just; but a virtuous life maketh him dear to God. I had rather feel contrition, than know the definition thereof. If thou didst know the whole Bible by heart, and the saying of all the philosophers, what would all that profit thee without the love of God, and without His grace? Vanity of vanities, and all is vanity, except to love God and to serve Him only. This is the highest wisdom, by contempt of the world to press forward towards heavenly kingdoms. Vanity therefore it is, to seek after perishing riches, and to trust in them. Vanity is it also to hunt after honours, and to climb to high degree. Vanity it is to follow the desires of the flesh, and to long after that for which thou must afterwards suffer grievous punishment. Vanity it is, to wish to live long, and to be careless to live well. Vanity it is to mind only this present life, and not to foresee those things which are to come. Vanity it is to set thy love on that which speedily passeth away, and not to hasten thither where everlasting joy abideth.

Glory not in wealth if thou have it, nor in friends because they are powerful; but in God who giveth all things, and above all desireth to give thee Himself. Extol not thyself for the height of thy stature, or beauty of thy person, which is disfigured and destroyed by a little sickness. Take not pleasure in thy natural gifts, or wit, lest thereby thou displease God, whose is all the good whatsoever thou hast by nature. Esteem not thyself better than others, lest perhaps in the sight of God, who knoweth what is in man, thou be accounted worse than they. Be not proud of good works; for the judgments of God are different from the judgments of men, and that often offendeth Him which pleaseth men. If there be any good in thee, believe better things of others, that so thou mayest preserve humility. It doth no hurt to thee to set thyself lower than all men, but it hurteth thee exceedingly if thou set thyself before even one man. Continual peace is with the humble; but in the heart of the proud is envy and frequent indignation.

Seek a convenient time to retire into thyself, and meditate often upon God's lovingkindnesses. Forsake curious questionings; but read diligently matters which rather yield contrition to thy heart, than occupation to thy head. If thou wilt withdraw thyself from speaking vainly, and from gadding idly, as also from hearkening after novelties and rumours, thou shalt find time enough and suitable for meditation on good things.

When one that was in anxiety of mind, often wavering between fear and hope, did once, being overcome with grief, prostrate himself in a Church, before a certain altar in prayer, and pondered thus within himself, saying, 'O if I knew that I should yet persevere!' he presently heard within him a divine answer, 'What if thou didst know this, what wouldest thou do? Do now what thou wouldest do then, and thou shalt be perfectly secure.' And being herewith comforted and strengthened, he committed himself wholly to the divine will, and that anxious tossing ceased. And he willed not to search curiously, to know what things should befall him; but rather labored to seek out what was the acceptable and perfect will of God for the beginning and accomplishing of every good work. Hope in the Lord, and do good, saith the Prophet, and dwell in the land, and thou shalt be fed in the riches thereof.

Put all thy trust in God, let Him be thy fear, and thy love: He himself shall answer for thee, and will do in all things what is best for thee. Thou hast not here a continuing city, and wheresoever thou be, thou art a foreigner and pilgrim: neither shalt thou ever have rest, unless thou be most inwardly united unto Christ. Why dost thou here gaze about, since this is not the place of thy rest? In Heaven ought to be thy dwelling place, and all earthly things are to be looked upon as it were by the way. All things are passing away, and thou together with them, lest thou be caught and perish. Let thy meditation be on the most High, and thy prayer for mercy directed unto Christ without ceasing.

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

MICHELANGELO

(1475 – 1564)

If Christ was only six hours crucified,
After few years of toil and misery,
Which for mankind He suffered willingly,
While heaven was won for ever when He died –
Why should He still be shown on every side,
Painted and preached, in nought but agony,
Whose pains were light matched with His victory,
When the world's power to harm Him was defied?
Why rather speak and write not of the realm
He rules in heaven, and soon will bring below,
Unto the praise and glory of His name?
Ah, foolish crowd! The world's thick vapours whelm
Your eyes, unworthy of that glorious show,
Blind to His splendour, bent upon His shame.

For Inspiration

The prayers I make will then be sweet indeed,
If thou the spirit give by which I pray;
My unassisted heart is barren clay,
Which of its native self can nothing feed;
Of good and pious works thou art the seed
Which quickens where thou say'st it may;
Unless thou show us then thine own true way,
No man can find it! Father, Thou must lead!
Do thou, then, breathe those thoughts into my mind
By which such virtue may in me be bred
That in thy holy footsteps I may tread;
The fetters of my tongue do thou unbind,
That I may have the power to sing of thee
And sound thy praises everlastingly.

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

SAVONAROLA

(1452 – 1498)

Selection from The Ascension of Christ

“Awake thou that sleepest and Christ shall give thee light.” Be not held captive by flesh and sense, which hold thee fast in sleep; rise to Christ, He will give thee light. See, His flesh is above. What do ye say to that, ye wise men of this world? Everything that has weight tends downward, but His flesh is on high above all heavens. This time your laws have been set at nought. But see what hope Almighty God rouses in us: if our head has gone above, we, His members, will follow Him. In that we hope; of that we preach; on that we live.

Know, O man, that if thou wilt thou canst go to Paradise, for thither has thy Savior Christ gone; but know this also, that not by thine own nature, not by means of silver and gold, not by thy virtue, wilt thou reach that place. He has given gifts unto men, and through these thou mayest reach that place. He has given gifts unto men, and through these thou mayest reach Paradise, if thou only wilt. He has given thee the gifts of His Holy Ghost, and before all the gift of knowledge by which He enlightens thee and shows thee by that light thy goal.

Thereupon He gives thee the gift of wisdom, by which thou learnest to love thy goal, and perceivest how much thou needest love. Christ then says to man: Remain in My love, leave the things of this world, follow Me to heaven. And because it is needful for thee to know that this world amounts to nothing, He gives thee

experience that it may say to thee that thou must soon leave this world in which nothing lasts.

Through many difficulties and doubts, man must get so far and know what to do; therefore thou hast the gift of counsel. Hold fast to this counsel, and follow Christ, who will always give thee good counsel. He will give thee not the treasures of this world, but eternal glory and undying happiness.

What wilt thou do, O child of man? Leave this world, enter the service of Christ. He is waiting for thee, and will reward thy service, for He is a bountiful rewarder. Let every one then hasten to serve Him. But because each one is bound to care for the salvation of his brother, and to lead him to Christ, therefore the Lord gives thee the gift of love, by which thou shouldst warn thy brother, thy neighbor, thy friend, thy wife, every one, and with all thy strength and zeal shouldst lead them to Christ. But in this world man must go through joy and sorrow.

To oppose the joys of earth, Christ gives thee fear, that thou mightest always be careful lest thou shouldst fall, and not let thy joyous days separate thee from the grace of Christ: to oppose unhappiness, He gives thee strength to resist.

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By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER

(1506 - 1552)

Jesus, I Love Thee

Jesus, I love Thee – not because
I hope for heaven thereby,
Nor yet because, if I love not,
I must for ever die.

I love Thee, Saviour dear, and still
I ever will love Thee,
Solely because my God Thou art,
Who first hast loved me.

For me to lowest depths of woe
Thou didst Thyself abase;
For me didst bear the cross and shame
And manifold disgrace.

For me didst suffer pains unknown,
Blood-sweat and agony,
Yea, death itself, – all, all for me,
Who was Thine enemy.

Then why, O blessed Saviour mine,
Should I not love Thee well?
Not for the sake of winning heaven,
Nor of escaping hell;

Not with the hope of gaining aught,
Nor seeking a reward, -
But freely, fully, as Thyself
Hast loved me, O Lord!

Even so I love Thee and will love,
And in Thy praise will sing;
Solely because Thou art my God,
And my eternal King.

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

MARTIN LUTHER

(1483 – 1546)

A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

A mighty fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing;
Our helper He amid the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing.
For still our ancient foe
Doth seek to work us woe;
His craft and power are great; And, armed with cruel hate
On earth has not his equal.

Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing,
Were not the right Man on our side,
The Man of God's own choosing.
Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is He,
Lord Sabbaoth is His name,
From age to age the same,
And He must win the battle.

And though this world, with devils filled,
Should threaten to undo us,
We will not fear for God hath willed
His truth to triumph through us.
The Prince of darkness grim,
We tremble not for him,
His rage we can endure,
For lo! His doom is sure,
One little word shall fell him.

That word above all earthly powers,
No thanks to them, abideth;
The spirit and the gifts are ours
Through Him who with us sideth.
Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also;
The body they may kill,
God's truth abideth still,
His kingdom is forever.

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

Selections from the Commentary on Galatians

The True Way to Christianity

Now, the true way to Christianity is this, that a man do first acknowledge himself by the law, to be a sinner, and that it is impossible for him to do any good work. For the law saith, "Thou art an evil tree, and therefore all that thou thinkest, speakest, or doest, is against God" (Matthew 7:17). Thou canst not therefore deserve grace by thy works: which if thou go about to do, thou doublest thy offence: for since thou art an evil tree, thou canst not but bring forth evil fruits, that is to say, sins. "For whatsoever is not of faith, is sin" (Romans 14:23). Wherefore he that would deserve grace by works going before faith goeth about to please God with sins, which is nothing else but to heap sin upon sin, to mock God, and to provoke his wrath. When a man is thus taught and instructed by the law, then is he terrified and humbled, then he seeth indeed the greatness of his sin, and cannot find in himself one spark of the love of God: therefore he justifieth God in his word, and confesseth that he is guilty of death and eternal damnation. The first part then of Christianity is the preaching of repentance, and the knowledge of ourselves.

The second part is: if thou wilt be saved, thou mayest not seek salvation by works; "For God hath sent his only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through him. He was crucified and died for thee, and offered up thy sins in his own body." Here is no congruence or work done before grace, but wrath, sin, terror and death. Wherefore the law doth nothing else but utter sin, terrify and humble, and by this means prepareth us to justification, and driveth us to Christ. For God hath revealed unto us by his word, that he will be unto us a merciful father, and without our deserts (seeing we can deserve nothing) will freely give unto us remission of sins, righteousness, and life everlasting for Christ his Son's sake. For God giveth his gifts freely unto all men, and that is the praise and glory of his divinity. But the justiciaries and merit-mongers will not receive grace and everlasting life of him freely but will deserve the same by their own

works. For this cause they would utterly take from him the glory of his divinity. To the end therefore that he may maintain and defend the same, he is constrained to send his law before, which, as a lightning and thundering from heaven, may bruise and break those hard rocks.

This briefly is our doctrine as touching Christian righteousness, contrary to the abominations and blasphemies of the Papists, concerning the merit of congruence and worthiness, or works before grace and after grace. Which monstrous dreams were devised by such as were never exercised with any temptations, never had any true feeling of sin, or of the terror of death, and therefore they know not what they say, or what they teach. Moreover, they can shew no example of any work done either before or after grace that could justify before God. Wherefore they are nothing else but vain toys and foolish fables, whereby the Papists deceive both themselves and others. For Paul here plainly affirmeth "that no man is justified by the works of the law either going before grace (whereof he speaketh in this place) or coming after grace." You see then that Christian righteousness is not such an essential quality engrafted in the nature of man, as the schoolmen do imagine.

The True Rule of Christianity

Contrary to these vain trifles and doting dreams (as we have also noted before), we teach faith, and give a true rule of Christianity in this sort: First, that a man must be taught by the law to know himself, that so he may learn to say with the prophet: "All have sinned, and have need of the glory of God." Also, "There is not one righteous, no not one: not one that understandeth, not one that seeketh after God: All have gone astray." Also, "Against thee only have I sinned" (Romans 1:23; Psalm 14:3; Psalm 53:3; Psalm 51:4).

Thus we, by a contrary way, do drive men from the merit of congruence and worthiness. Now, when a man is humbled by the law, and

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brought to the knowledge of himself, then followeth true repentance, (for true repentance beginneth at the fear and judgment of God) and he seeth himself to be so great a sinner, that he can find no means how he may be delivered from his sins by his own strength, works or merits. Then he perceiveth well what Paul meaneth when he saith ‘that man is the servant and bond-slave of sin.’ Also, “that God hath shut up all under sin” (Romans 7:14; Romans 11:32; Romans 3:19) and that the whole world is guilty before God, etc. then he seeth that all the divinity of the schoolmen, touching the merit of congruence and worthiness, is nothing else but mere foolishness, and that by this means the whole papacy falleth.

Here now he beginneth to sigh, and saith in this wise: who then can give succour? For he being thus terrified with the law, utterly despaireth of his own strength: he looketh about, and sigheth for the help of a mediator and saviour. Here then cometh in good time the healthful word of the gospel, and saith, “Son, thy sins are forgiven thee” (Matthew 9:2). Believe in Christ Jesus crucified for thy sins. If thou feel thy sins and the burden thereof, look not upon them in thyself, but remember that they are translated and laid upon Christ, whose stripes have made thee whole (Isaiah 53:5).

This is the beginning of health and salvation. By this means we are delivered from sin, justified and made inheritors of everlasting life; not for our own works and deserts, but for our faith, whereby we lay hold upon Christ.

Address to the German Nobility

The Three Walls of the Romanists

The Romanists have, with great adroitness, drawn three walls round themselves, with which they have hitherto protected themselves, so that no one could reform them, whereby all Christendom has fallen terribly.

Firstly, if pressed by the temporal power, they have affirmed and maintained that the temporal power has no jurisdiction over them, but, on the contrary, that that spiritual power is above the temporal.

Secondly, if it were proposed to admonish them with the scriptures, they objected that no one may interpret the Scriptures but the Pope.

The second wall is even more tottering and weak: that they alone pretend to be considered masters of the Scriptures; although they learn nothing of them all their life. They assume authority, and juggle before us with impudent words, saying that the Pope cannot err in matters of faith, whether he be evil or good, albeit they cannot prove it by a single letter. That is why the canon law contains so many heretical and unchristian, nay unnatural, laws; but of these we need not speak now.

For whereas they imagine the Holy Ghost never leaves them, however unlearned and wicked they may be, they grow bold enough to decree whatever they like. But were this true, where were the need and use of the holy Scriptures? Let us burn them, and content ourselves with the unlearned gentlemen at Rome, in whom the Holy Ghost dwells, who, however, can dwell in pious souls only. If I had not read it, I could never have believed that the devil should have put forth such follies at Rome and find a following.

But not to fight them with our own words, we will quote the Scriptures. St. Paul says, “If anything be revealed to another that sitteth by, let the first hold his peace” (1 Corinthians 14:30). What would be the use of this commandment, if we were to believe him alone that teaches or has the highest seat? Christ himself says, “And they shall be all taught of God” (St. John 6:45). Thus it may come to pass that the Pope and his followers are wicked and not true Christians and not being taught by God, have no true understanding. Why should we then not follow him? Has not the Pope often erred? Who could help Christianity, in case the Pope errs, if we do not rather believe another who has the Scriptures for him?

Only consider the matter. They must needs acknowledge that there are pious Christians among us that have the true faith, spirit, understanding, word, and mind of Christ; why then should we reject their word and

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understanding, and follow a pope who has neither understanding nor spirit? Surely this were to deny our whole faith and the Christian Church. Moreover, if the article of our faith is right, "I believe in the holy Christian Church," the Pope cannot alone be right; else we must say, "I believe in the Pope of Rome," and reduce the Christian church to one man, which is a devilish and damnable heresy. Besides that, we are all priests, as I have said, and have all one faith, one Gospel, one Sacrament; how then should we not have the power of discerning and judging what is right or wrong in matters of faith? What becomes of St. Paul's words, "But he that is spiritual judgeth all things, yet he himself is judged of no man" (1 Corinthians 2:15) and also, "we having the same spirit of faith?" (2 Corinthians 4:13). Why then should we not perceive as well as an unbelieving pope what agrees or disagrees with our faith?

Thirdly, if they are threatened with a council, they pretend that no one may call a council but a Pope.

But as for their boasts of their authority, that no one must oppose it, this is idle talk. No one in Christendom has any authority to do harm, or to forbid others to prevent harm being done. There is no authority in the Church but for reformation. Therefore if the Pope wished to use his power to prevent the calling of a free council, so as to

prevent the reformation of the Church, we must not respect him or his power; and if he should begin to excommunicate and fulminate, we must despise this as the doing of a madman, and, trusting in God, excommunicate and repel him as best we may. For this his usurped power is nothing; he does not possess it, and he is at once overthrown by a text from the Scriptures. For St. Paul says to the Corinthians "that God has given us authority for edification, and not for destruction" (2 Corinthians 10:8).

Who will set this text at nought? It is the power of the devil and of antichrist that prevents what would serve for the reformation of Christendom. Therefore we must not follow it, but oppose it with our body, our goods, and all that we have.

And now I hope the false, lying spectre will be laid with which the Romanists have long terrified and stupefied our consciences. And it will be seen that, like all the rest of us, they are subject to the temporal sword; that they have no authority to interpret the Scriptures by force without skill; and that they have no power to prevent a council, or to pledge it in accordance with their pleasure, or to bind it beforehand, and deprive it of its freedom; and that if they do this, they are verily of the fellowship of antichrist and the devil, and have nothing of Christ but the name.

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

PHILIP MELANCHTHON

(1497 – 1560)

Selection from *The Safety of the Virtuous*

If, in these distracted and warring times, we see States blaze up and fall to ruin, then look away to the Son of God, who stands in the secret council of the Godhead and guards His little flock and carries the weak lambs, as it were, in His own hands. Be persuaded that by Him thou also shalt be protected and upheld.

Here some, not rightly instructed, will exclaim: “Truly I could wish to commend myself to such a keeper, but only His sheep does He preserve. Whether I also am counted in that flock, I know not.” Against this doubt we must most strenuously contend, for the Lord Himself assures us in this very passage, that all who “hear and with faith receive the voice of the gospel are His sheep”; and He says expressly: “If a man love me, he will keep my words, and my Father will love him, and we will come to him and make our abode with him.” These promises of the Son of God, which can not be shaken, we must confidently appropriate to ourselves. Nor shouldst thou, by thy doubts, exclude thyself from this blest flock, which originates in the righteousness of the gospel. They do not rightly distinguish between the law and the gospel, who, because they are unworthy, reckon not themselves among the sheep. Rather is this consolation afforded us, that we are accepted “for the Son of God’s sake,” truly, without merit, not on account of our own righteousness, but through faith, because we are unworthy, and impure, and far from having fulfilled the law of God. That is, moreover, a universal promise, in which the Son of God saith: “Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.”

The eternal Father earnestly commands that we should hear the Son, and it is the greatest of all transgressions if we despise Him and do not

approve His voice. This is what every one should often and diligently consider, and in this disposition of the Father, revealed through the Son, find grace.

For distrust and doubt produce a gloomy and terrible hate toward God, and that is the beginning of the eternal torments, and a rage like that of the devil.

Now you must guard against these billows in the soul, and these stormy agitations, and, by meditation on the precious promises of God, keep and establish your hearts.

Souls go to ruin as well when, in epicurean security, they make light of the wrath of God as when they are overcome by doubt and cast down by anxious sorrow, and these transgressions aggravate the punishment. The godly, on the other hand, who by faith and devotion keep their hearts erect and near to God, enjoy the beginning of eternal life and obtain mitigation of the general distress.

We, therefore, implore Thee, Son of God, Lord Jesus Christ, who, having been crucified and raised for us, standest in the secret council of the Godhead, and makest intercession for us, and hast said; “Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.” I call upon Thee, and with my whole heart beseech Thee, according to Thine infinite compassion, forgive us our sins. Thou knowest that in our great weakness we are not able to bear the burden of our woe. Do Thou, therefore, afford us aid in our private and public necessities; be Thou our shelter and protector, uphold the churches in these lands, and all which serves for their defense and safeguard.

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

JOHN CALVIN

(1509 – 1564)

Selections from Dedication to The Institutes of the Christian Religion

To His Most Christian Majesty, Francis, King of the French, and his Sovereign, John Calvin wisheth peace and salvation in Christ.

Wherefore I beseech you, Sire, - and surely it is not an unreasonable request, - to take upon yourself the entire cognizance of this cause, which has hitherto been confusedly and carelessly agitated, without any order of law, and with outrageous passion rather than judicial gravity. Think not that I am now meditating my own individual defence, in order to effect a safe return to my native country; for, though I feel the affection which every man ought to feel for it, yet, under the existing circumstances, I regret not my removal from it. But I plead the cause of all the godly, and consequently of Christ Himself, which, having been in these times persecuted and trampled on in all ways in your kingdom, now lies in a most deplorable state; and this indeed rather through the tyranny of certain Pharisees, than with your knowledge.

How this comes to pass is foreign to my present purpose to say; but it certainly lies in a most afflicted state. For the ungodly have gone to such lengths, that the truth of Christ, if not vanquished, dissipated, and entirely destroyed, is buried, as it were, in ignoble obscurity, while the poor, despised church is either destroyed by cruel massacres, or driven away into banishment, or menaced and terrified into total silence. And still they continue their wonted madness and ferocity, pushing violently against the wall already bent, and finishing the ruin they have begun.

In the meantime, no one comes forward to plead the cause against such furies. If there be any persons desirous of appearing most favourable to the truth, they only venture an opinion, that forgiveness should be extended to the error and imprudence of ignorant people. For this is the language of these moderate men, calling that error and imprudence which they know to the certain truth of God, and those ignorant people, whose understanding they

perceive not to have been so despicable to Christ, but that He has favoured them with the mysteries of His heavenly wisdom.

Thus all are ashamed of the Gospel. But it shall be yours, Sire, not to turn away your ears or thoughts from so just a defence, especially in a cause of such importance as the maintenance of God's glory unimpaired in the world, the preservation of the honor of divine truth and the continuance of the kingdom of Christ uninjured among us. This is a cause worthy of your attention, worthy of your cognizance, worthy of your throne.

This consideration constitutes true royalty, to acknowledge yourself in the government of your kingdom to be the minister of God. For where the glory of God is not made the end of the government, it is not a legitimate sovereignty, but a usurpation. And he is deceived who expects lasting prosperity in that kingdom which is not ruled by the scepter of God, that is, His holy word; for that heavenly oracle cannot fail, which declares that "where there is no vision, the people perish." Nor should you be seduced from this pursuit by a contempt of our meanness.

We are fully conscious to ourselves how very mean and abject we are, being miserable sinners before God, and accounted most despicable by men; being (if you please) the refuse of the world, deserving of the vilest appellations that can be found; so that nothing remains for us to glory in before God, but his mercy alone, by which, without any merit of ours, we have been admitted to the hope of eternal salvation, and before men nothing but our weakness, the slightest confession of which is esteemed by them as the greatest disgrace.

But our doctrine must stand, exalted above all the glory, and invincible by all the power of the world; because it is not ours but the doctrine of the living God, and of His Christ, whom the Father hath constituted King, that He may have dominion from sea to sea, and from the river even

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to the ends of the earth, and that He may rule in such a manner, that the whole earth, with its strength of iron and with its splendour of gold and silver, smitten by the rod of His mouth, may be broken in pieces like a potter's vessel; for thus do the prophets foretell the magnificence of His kingdom.

. . . We despair not of regaining your favour, if ye will only once read with calmness and composure this our confession, which we intend as our defense before your Majesty. But, on the contrary, if your ears are so preoccupied with the whispers of the malevolent, as to leave no opportunity for the accused to speak for themselves, and if those outrageous furies, with your connivance, continue to persecute with imprisonments, scourges, tortures, confiscations, and flames, we shall indeed, like sheep destined to the slaughter, be reduced to the greatest extremities.

Yet shall we in patience possess our souls, and wait for the mighty hand of the Lord, which undoubtedly will in time appear, and show itself armed for the deliverance of the poor from their affliction, and for the punishment of their despisers, who not exult in such perfect security. May the Lord, the king of kings, establish your throne with righteousness, and your kingdom with equity.

Selection from *Enduring Persecution for Christ*

But it is more than strange that, though the light of God is shining more brightly than it ever did before, there is a lamentable want of zeal! If the thought does not fill us with shame, so much the worse. For we must shortly come before the great Judge, where the iniquity by which we endeavor to hide will be brought forward with such upbraidings that we shall be utterly confounded. For, if we are obliged to bear testimony to God, according to the measure of the knowledge which he has given us, to what is it owing, I would ask, that we are so cold and timorous in entering into battle, seeing that God has so fully manifested Himself at this time that

He may be said to have opened to us and displayed before us the great treasures of His secrets? May it not be said that we do not think we have to do with God? For had we any regard to His Majesty we would not dare to turn the doctrine which proceeds from Him into some kind of philosophic speculation. In short, it is impossible to deny that it is our great shame, not to say fearful condemnation, that we have so well known the truth of God, and have so little courage to maintain it!

What then should be done in order to inspire our breasts with true courage? We have, in the first place, to consider how precious the confession of our faith is in the sight of God. We little know how much God prizes it, if our life, which is nothing, is valued by us more highly. When it is so, we manifest a marvelous degree to stupidity. We can not save our life at the expense of our confession without acknowledging that we hold it in higher estimation than the honor of God and the salvation of our souls.

In persecution there are two things grievous to the flesh, the vituperation and insult of men, and the tortures which the body suffers. Now, God promises to hold out His hand to us so effectually, that we shall overcome both by patience. What He thus tells us He confirms by fact. Let us take this buckler, then, to ward off all fears by which we are assailed, and let us not confine the working of the Holy Spirit within such narrow limits as to suppose that He will not easily defeat all the cruelties of men.

Let believers, then, learn to lift up their heads towards the crown of glory and immortality to which God invites them, thus they may not feel reluctant to quit the present life for such a recompense; and, to feel well assured of this inestimable blessing, let them have always before their eyes the conformity which they thus have to our Lord Jesus Christ; beholding death in the midst of life, just as He, by the reproach of the cross, attained to the glorious resurrection, wherein consists all our felicity, joy, and triumph.

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

JOHN FOXE

(1517 – 1587)

Selection from “An Account of the Persecutions in Scotland
During the reign of King Henry VIII”

Like as there was no place, either of Germany, Italy, or France, wherein there were not some branches sprung out of that most fruitful root of Luther; so likewise was not this isle of Britain without his fruit and branches. Amongst whom was Patrick Hamilton, a Scotchman born of high and noble stock, and of the king’s blood, of excellent towardness, twenty-three years of age, called abbot of Ferne. Coming out of his country with three companions to seek godly learning, he went to the University of Marburg in Germany, which university was then newly erect by Philip, Landgrave of Hesse.

During his residence here, he became intimately acquainted with those eminent lights of the Gospel, Martin Luther and Philip Melancthon; from whose writings and doctrines he strongly attached himself to the Protestant religion.

The archbishop of St. Andrews (who was a rigid papist), learning of Mr. Hamilton’s proceedings, caused him to be seized, and being brought before him, after a short examination relative to his religious principles, he committed him a prisoner to the castle, at the same time ordering him to be confined in the most loathsome part of the prison.

The next morning Mr. Hamilton was brought before the bishop, and several others, for examination, when the principal articles exhibited against him were his publicly disapproving of pilgrimages, purgatory, prayers to saints, for the dead, etc.

These articles Mr. Hamilton acknowledged to be true, in consequence of which he was immediately condemned to be burnt; and that his condemnation might have the greater authority, they caused it to be subscribed by all those of any note who were present, and to make the number as considerable as possible, even admitted the

subscription of boys who were sons of the nobility.

So anxious was this bigoted and persecuting prelate for the destruction of Mr. Hamilton, that he ordered his sentence to be put in execution on the afternoon of the very day it was pronounced. He was accordingly led to the place appointed for the horrid tragedy, and was attended by a prodigious number of spectators. The greatest part of the multitude would not believe it was intended he should be put to death, but that it was only done to frighten him, and thereby bring him over to embrace the principles of the Romish religion. But they soon found themselves mistaken.

When he arrived at the stake, he kneeled down, and, for some time prayed with great fervency. After this he was fastened to the stake, and the faggots placed round him. A quantity of gunpowder having been placed under his arms was first set on fire which scorched his left hand and one side of his face, but did no material injury, neither did it communicate with the faggots. In consequence of this, powder and combustible matter were brought, which being set on fire took effect, and the faggots being kindled, he called out, with an audible voice: “Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!! How long shall darkness overwhelm this realm? And how long wilt Thou suffer the tyranny of these men?”

The fire burning slow put him to great torment; but he bore it with Christian magnanimity. What gave him the greatest pain was the clamor of some wicked men set on by the friars, who frequently cried, “Turn, thou heretic; call upon our Lady; say, *Salve Regina*, etc.” To whom he replied, “Depart from me, and trouble me not, ye messengers of Satan.” One Campbell, a friar, who was the ringleader, still continuing to interrupt him by opprobrious language; he said to him, “Wicked man, God forgive thee.” After which, being prevented from further speech by

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the violence of the smoke, and the rapidity of the flames, he resigned up his soul into the hands of Him who gave it.

This steadfast believer in Christ suffered martyrdom in the year 1527.

One Henry Forest, a young inoffensive Benedictine, being charged with speaking respectfully of the above Patrick Hamilton, was thrown into prison; and, in confessing himself to a friar, owned that he thought Hamilton a good man; and that the articles for which he was sentenced to die, might be defended. This being revealed by the friar, it was received as evidence;

and the poor Benedictine was sentenced to be burnt.

Whilst consultation was held, with regard to the manner of his execution, John Lindsay, one of the archbishop's gentlemen, offered his advice, to burn Friar Forest in some cellar; "for," said he, "the smoke of Patrick Hamilton hath infected all those on whom it blew."

This advice was taken, and the poor victim was rather suffocated, than burnt.

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By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

EDMUND SPENSER

(1552 – 1599)

Most Glorious Lord of Life

From *Amoretti* Sonnet LXVII

Most glorious Lord of lyfe, that on this day
 Didst make thy triumph over death and sin,
 And having harrowd hell, didst bring away
 Captivity by thence captive, us to win:
 This joyous day, deare Lord, with joy begin,
 And grant that we, for whom thou diddest dye,
 Being with thy deare blood clene washt from sin,
 May live for ever in felicity:
 And that thy love we weighing worthily,
 May likewise love thee for the same againe;
 And for thy sake, that all lyke deare didst buy,
 With love may one another entertayne.
 So let us love, deare love, lyke as we ought:
 Love is the lesson which the Lord us taught.

Mutability

WHEN I bethink me on that speech whilere,
 Of *Mutability*, and well it weigh:
 Me seems, that though she all unworthy were
 Of the Heav'ns Rule; yet very sooth to say,
 In all things else she bears the greatest sway.
 Which makes me loathe this state of life so tickle,
 And love of things so vain to cast away;
 Whose flow'ring pride, so fading and so fickle,
 Short *Time* shall soon cut down with his consuming sickle.

Then gin I think on that which Nature said,
 Of that same time when no more *Change* shall be,
 But steadfast reat of all things firmly stayed
 Upon the pillars of Eternity, tickle insecure

That is contrary to Mutabilitie:
 For all that moveth doth in change delight:
 But thence-forth all shall rest eternally
 With Him that is the God of Sabbaoth hight:
 O that great Sabbaoth God graunt me that Sabbaoths sight!

And Is There Care in Heaven?

AND is there care in heaven? And is there love
 In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,
 That may compassion of their evils move?
 There is: else much more wretched were the case

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

Of men, than beasts. But O, th' exceeding grace
Of highest God, that loves his creatures so,
And all his workes with mercy doth embrace,
That blessed Angels he sends to and fro,
To serve to wicked man, to serve his wicked foe.

How oft do they their silver bowers leave,
To come to succour us, that succour want?
How oft do they with golden pineons, cleave
The flitting skys, like flying Pursuivant,
Against foul fiends to aid us militant?
They for us fight, they watch and duely ward,
And their bright Squadrons round about us plant,
And all for love, and nothing for reward:
O why should heavenly God to men have much regard?

An Hymne of Heavenly Love

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

Many lewd layes (ah, woe is me the more!)
In praise of that mad fit which fooles call love,
I have in th' heat of youth made heretofore,
That in light wits did loose affection move.
But all those follies now I do reprove,
And turned have the tenor of my string,
The heavenly praises of true love to sing.

BEFORE this worlds great frame, in which all things
Are now containd, found any being place,
Ere flitting Time could wag his eyas wings
About that mightie bound, which doth embrace
The rolling spheres, and parts their houres by space,
That high eternall Powre, which now doth move
In all these things, mov'd in it selfe by love.
It lov'd it selfe, because it selfe was faire;
(For faire is lov'd;) and of it selfe begot
Like to it selfe his eldest Sonne and Heire,
Eternall, pure, and voide of sinfull blot,
The firstling of his joy, in whom no jot
Of loves dislike or pride was to be found,
Whom he therefore with equall honour crownd.

With him he raignd, before all time prescribed,
In endlesse glorie and immortall might,
Together with that third from them derived,

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

Most wise, most holy, most almightie, Spright,
Whose kingdoms throne no thought of earthly wight
Can comprehend, much lesse my trembling verse
With equall words can hope it to rehearse.
But that Eternall fount of love and grace,
Still flowing forth his goodnesse unto all,
Now seeing left a waste and emptie place
In his wyde pallace, through those angels fall,
Cast to supply the same, and to enstall
A new unknownen colony therein,
Whose root from earths base groundworke shold begin.

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

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

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

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

Out of the bosome of eternall blisse,
In which he reigned with his glorious Syre,
He downe descended, like a most demisse
And abject thrall, in fleshes fraile attyre,
That he for him might pay sinnes deadly hyre,
And him restore unto that happie state
In which he stood before His haplesse fate.

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

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

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

O huge and most unspeakable impression
 Of loves deepe wound, that pierst the piteous hart
 Of that deare Lord with so entyre affection,
 And sharply launching every inner part,
 Dolours of death into his soule did dart;
 Doing him die, that never it deserved,
 To free his foes, that from his heart had swerved!

What hart can feele least touch of so sore launch,
 Or thought can think the depth of so deare wound,
 Whose bleeding sourse their streames yet never staunch,
 But still do flow, and freshly still redound,
 To heale the sores of sinfull soules unsound,
 And cense the guilt of that infected cryme,
 Which was enrooted in all fleshly slime?

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

Him first to love, great right and reason is,
 Who first to us our life and being gave;
 And after, when we fared had amisse,
 Us wretches from the second death did save;
 And last, the food of life, which now we have,
 Even himselfe in his deare sacrament,
 To feede our hungry soules, unto us lent.

Then next, to love our brethren, that were made
 Of that selfe mould and that selfe Makers hand
 That we, and to the same againe shall fade,
 Where they shall have like heritage of land,

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

How ever here on higher steps we stand;
Which also were with selfe same price redeemed
That we, how ever of us light esteemed.

Then rouze thy selfe, O Earth, out of thy soyle,
In which thou wallowest like to filthy swyne,
And doest thy mynd in durty pleasures moyle,
Unmindfull of that dearest Lord of thyne;
Lift up to him thy heavie clouded eyne,
That thou his souveraine bountie mayst behold
And read through love his mercies manifold.

Then let thy flinty hart, that feeles no paine,
Empierced be with pitifull remorse,
And let thy bowels bleede in every vaine,
At sight of his most sacred heavenly corse,
So torne and mangled with malicious forse,
And let thy soule, whose sins his sorrows wrought,
Melt into teares, and grone in grieved thought.

With sence whereof whilest so thy softened spirit
Is only toucht, and humbled with meeke zeale,
Through meditation of his endlesse merit,
Lift up thy mind to th' author of thy weale,
And to his souveraine mercie doe appeale;
Learne him to love, that loved thee so deare,
And in thy brest his blessed image beare.

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

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

An Hymn of Heavenly Beauty

But whoso may, thrice happy man him hold
Of all on earth whom God so much doth grace
And lets his own Beloved to behold;
For in the view of her celestial face
All joy, all bliss, all happiness have place;

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

No ought on earth can want unto the wight
Who of herself can win the wishfull sight.

For she out of her secret treasury,
Plenty of riches forth on him will pour,
Even heavenly riches, which there hidden lie
Within the closet of her chastest bower,
The eternal portion of her precious dower,
Which mighty God hath given to her free,
And to all those which thereof worthy be.

None thereof worthy be but those whom she
Vouchsafeth to her presence to receive,
And letteth them her lovely face to see,
Whereof such wondrous pleasure they conceive,
And sweet contentment, that it doth bereave
Their soul of sense, through infinite delight,
And them transport from flesh into the spright.

In which they see such admirable things
As carries them into ecstasy,
And hear such heavenly notes and carollings
Of God's high praise, that fills the brazen sky;
And feel such joy and pleasure inwardly
That maketh them all worldly cares forget,
And only think on that before them set.

Ah, then, my hungry soul! which long hast fed
On idle fancies of thy foolish thought,
And, with false beauties' flattering bait misled,
Hast after vain deceitful shadows sought,
Which all are fled, and now have left thee nought
But late repentance through thy folly's prief;
Ah! Cease to gaze on matter of thy grief.

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

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

BEN JOHNSON

(1573 – 1637)

Hymn to God the Father

Hear me, O God!
 A broken heart
 Is my best part:
 Use still thy rod,
 That I may prove
 Therein, thy love.

If thou hadst not
 Been stern to me,
 But left me free,
 I had forgot
 Myself and thee.

For sin's so sweet,
 As minds ill bent
 Rarely repent,
 Until they meet
 Their punishment.

The more can crave
 Than thou hast done:
 That gav'st a Son,
 To free a slave?
 First made of nought,
 With all since bought.

Sin, Death, and Hell,
 His glorious Name
 Quite overcame;
 Yet I rebel,
 And slight the same.

But I'll come in,
 Before my loss,
 Me farther toss,
 As sure to win
 Under His Cross.

Good and Great God!

Good and great God! Can I not think of Thee,
 But it must straight my melancholy be?
 Is it interpreted in me disease,
 That laden with my sins, I seek for ease?
 O! be Thou witness, that the reins dost know
 And hearts of all, if I be sad for show,
 And judge me after, if I dare pretend
 To aught but grace, or aim at other end.
 As Thou art all, so be Thou all to me,
 First, midst, and last, converted One and Three;
 My Faith, my Hope, my Love; and in this state,
 My Judge, my witness, and my Advocate.

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

ROBERT HERRICK

(1591 – 1674)

His Prayer for Absolution

For those my unbaptized rhymes,
 Writ in my wild unhallowed times;
 For every sentence, clause and word,
 That's not inlaid with thee (my Lord),
 Forgive me, God, and blot each line
 Out of my book, that is not thine.
 But if, 'mongst all, thou find'st here
 One worthy thy benediction;
 That one of all the rest, shall be
 The glory of my work, and me.

No Coming to God Without Christ

Good and great God! How should I fear
 To come to Thee, if Christ not there!
 Could I but think, He would not be
 Present, to plead my cause for me;
 To Hell I'd rather run, than I
 Would see Thy face, and He not by.

His Wish to God

I would to God, that mine old age might have
 Before my last, but here a living grave,
 Some one poor alms-house; there to lie, or stir,
 Ghost-like, as in my meaner sepulcher;
 A little piggin, and a pipkin by,
 To hold things fitting my necessity;
 Which, rightly us'd, both in their time and place,
 Might me excite to fore, and after-grace.
 Thy cross, my Christ, fixed 'fore mine eyes should be,
 Not to adore that, but to worship thee.
 So, here the remnant of my days I'd spend,
 Reading thy bible, and my book; so end.

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

JOHN DONNE

(1572 – 1631)

Holy Sonnets

II

As due by many titles I resigne
 My selfe to thee, O God, first I was made
 By thee, and for thee, and when I was decay'd
 Thy blood bought that, the which before was thine;
 I am thy sonne, made with thy selfe to shine,
 Thy servant, whose paines thou hast still repaid,
 Thy sheepe, thine Image, and, till I betray'd
 My selfe, a temple of thy Spirit divine;
 Why doth the devil then usurpe on mee?
 Why doth he steale, nay ravish that's thy right?
 Except thou rise and for thine owne worke fight,
 Oh I shall soone despaire, when I doe see
 That thou lovst mankind well, yet wilt'not chuse me,
 And Satan hates mee, yet is loth to lose mee.

IV

Oh my blacke Soule! Now thou art summoned
 By sicknesse, deaths herald, and champion;
 Thou art like a pilgrim, which abroad hath done
 Treason, and durst not turne to whence hee is fled,
 Or like a thiefe, which till deaths doome be read,
 Wisheth himselfe delivered from prison;
 But damn'd and hal'd to execution,
 Wisheth that still he might be imprisoned.
 Yet grace, if thou repent, thou canst not lacke;
 But who shall give thee that grace to beginne?
 Oh make thy selfe with holy mourning blacke,
 And red with blushing, as thou art with sinne;
 Or wash thee in Christs blood, which hath this might
 That being red, it dyes red soules to white.

XIV

Batter my heart, three person'd God; for, you
 As yet but knocke, breathe, shine, and seeke to mend;
 That I may rise, and stand, o'erthrow me, and bend
 Your force, to breake, blowe, burn and make me new.
 I, like an usurpt towne, to another due,
 Labour to admit you, but Oh, to no end,
 Reason your viceroy in mee, mee should defend,
 But is captiv'd, and proves weake or untrue.
 Yet dearly 'I love you,' and would be loved faine,
 But am betroth'd unto your enemye:

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

Divorce mee, untie, or breake that knot againe,
Take mee to you, imprison mee, for I
Except you enthrall mee, never shall be free,
Nor ever chaste, except you ravish mee.

LA CORONA

1

Deign at my hands this crown of prayer and praise,
Weav'd in my low devout malancholie,
Thou which of good, hast, yea art treasury,
All changing unchang'd Antient of dayes;
But doe not, with a vile crowne of fraile bayes,
Reward my muses white sincerity, But what thy thorny crowne gain'd,
that give mee,
A crowne of Glory, which doth flower always;
The ends crowne our workes, but thou crown'st our ends
For, at our end begins our endlesse rest;
The first last end, now zealously possest,
With a strong sober thirst, my soule attends.
'Tis time that heart and voice be lifted high,
Salvation to all that will is nigh.

2

ANUNCIATION

Salvation to all that will is nigh:
That All, which always is All every where,
Which cannot sinne, and yet all sinnes must beare,
Which cannot die, yet cannot chuse but die,
Loe, faithfull Virgin, yields himselfe to lye
In prison, in thy wombe; and though he there
Can take no sinne, now thou give, yet he 'will weare
Taken from thence, flesh, which deaths force may trie.
Ere by the speares time was created, thou
Wast in his minde, who is thy Sonne, and Brother;
Whom thou conceiv'st, conceiv'd; yea thou art now
Thy Makers maker, and thy Fathers mother;
Thou 'hast light in darke; and shutst in little roome,
Immensity cloysterd in thy deare wombe.

3

NATIVITIE

Immensity cloysterd in thy deare wombe,
Now leaves his welbelov'd imprisonment,
There he hath made himselfe to his intent
Weake enough, now into our world to come;
But Oh, for thee, for him, hath th' Inne no roome?

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

Yet lay him in this stall, and from the Orient,
 Starres, and wisemen will travel to prevent
 Th' effect of *Herods* jealous generall doome.
 Seest thou, my Soule, with thy faiths euyes, how he
 Which fills all place, yet none holds him, doth lye?
 Was not his pity toward thee wondrous high,
 That would have need to be pittied by thee?
 Kisse him, and with him into Egypt goe,
With his kinde mother, who partakes thy woe.

4

TEMPLE

With his kinde mother who partakes thy woe,
Joseph turne backe; see where your child doth sit,
 Blowing, yea blowing out those sparks of wit,
 Which himselfe on the Doctors did bestow:
 The Word but lately could not speake, and loe
 It sodenly speakes wonders, whence comes it,
 That all which was, and all which should be writ,
 A shallow seeming child, should deeply know?
 His Godhead was not soule to his manhood,
 Nor had time mellowed him to this ripenesse,
 But as for one which hatha long taske, 'tis good,
 With the Sunne to beginner his businesse,
 He in his ages morning thus began
By miracles exceeding power of man.

5

CRUCIFYING

By miracles exceeding power of man,
 Hee faith in some, envie in some begat,
 For, what weake spirits admire, ambitious, hate;
 In both affections many to him ran,
 But Oh! The worst are most, they will and can,
 Alas, and do, unto the immaculate,
 Whose creature Fate is, now prescribe a Fate,
 Measuring selfe-lifes infinity to 'a span,
 Nay to an inch. Loe, where condemned hee
 Beares his owne crosse, with paine, yet by and by
 When it beares him, he must beare more and die.
 Now thou art lifted up, draw mee to thee,
 And at thy death giving such liberall dole,
Moyst, with one drop of thy blood, my dry soule.

6

RESURRECTION

Moyst, with one drop of thy blood, my dry soule

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

Shall (though she now be in extreme degree
 Too stony hard, and yet too fleshly, bee
 Freed by that drop, from being starv'd, hard, or foule,
 And life, by this death abled, shall controule
 Death, whom thy death slue; nor shall to mee
 Feare of first or last death, bring miserie
 If in thy little booke my name thou enroule
 Flesh in that long sleep is not putrified,
 But made that there, of which, and for which 'twas;
 Nor can by other meanes be glorified.
 May then sinnes sleep, and deaths soone from me passé,
 That wak't from both, I againe risen may

Salute the last, and everlasting day.

7

ASCENTION

Salute the last, and everlasting day,
 Joy at the uprising of this Sunne, and Sonne,
 Yee whose just teares, or tribulation
 Have purely washt, or burnt your drossie clay;
 Behold the Highest, parting hence away,
 Lightens the darke clouds, which hee treads upon,
 For doth hee by ascending, show alone,
 But first hee, and hee first enters the way.
 O strong Ramme, which hast batter'd heaven for mee,
 Mild Lambe, which with thy blood, hast mark'd the path;
 Bright Torch, which shin'st, that I the way may see,
 Oh, with thy owne blood quench thy owne just wrath,
 And if thy holy Spirit, my Muse did raise,

Deigne at my hands this crown of prayer and praise.

Devotions

XVII

Perchance hee for whom this Bell tolls, may be so ill, as that he knows not it tolls for him; And perchance I may thinke my selfe so much better than I am, as that they who are about mee, and see my state, may have caused it to toll for mee, and I know not that. The *Church* is *Catholike, universall*, so are all her *Actions*; All that she does, belongs to *all*.

When she *baptizes a child*, that action concernes mee; for that child is thereby connected to that *Head* which is my *Head* too, and engrafted into that *body*, whereof I am a

member. And when she *buries a Man*, that action concerns: All *mankinde* is of one *Author*, and is one *volume*; when one Man dies, one *Chapter* is not *torne* out of the *booke*, but *translated* into a better *language*; and every *Chapter* must be so *translated*; God emploies several *translators*; some peeces are translated by age, some by *sickness*, some by *warre*, some by *justice*; but *Gods hand* is in every *translation*; and his hand shall binde up all our scattered leaves againe, for that *Librarie* where every *booke* shall lie open to one another:

As therefore the *Bell* that rings to a *Sermon*, calls not upon the *Preacher* onely, but upon the *Congregation* to come; so this Bell calls us all:

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

but how much more mee, who am brought so neere the *doore* by this *sicknesse*. There was a *contention* as farre as a *suite*, (in which both *pietie* and *dignitie*, *religion*, and *estimation*, were mingled) which of the religious *Orders* should ring to *praiers* first in the *morning*; and it was *determined*, that *they should ring first that rose earliest*. If we understand aright the *dignitie* of this *Bell* that tolls for our *evening prayer*, we would bee glad to make it ours, by rising early, in that *application*, that it might bee ours, as wel as his, whose indeed it is.

The *Bell* doth toll for him that *thinkes* it doth; and though it *intermit* againe, yet form that *minute*, that that occasion wrought upon him, hee is united to *God*. Who casts not up his *Eye* from a *Comet* when that breakes out? Who bends not his *eare* to any *bell*, which upon any occasion rings? But who can remove it from that *bell*, which is passing a *peece of himselfe* out of this *world*?

No man is an *Iland*, intire of it selfe; every man is a *peece* of the *Continent*, a part of the *maine*: if a *Clod* bee washed away by the *Sea*, *Europe* is the lesse, as well as if a *Promontorie* were, as well as if a *Mannor* of thy *friends* or of *thine owne* were; any mans *death* diminishes me, because I am involved in *Mankinde*; And therefore never send to know for whom the *bell* tolls; It tolls for *thee*.

Neither can we call this a *begging* of *Miserie* or a *borrowing* of *Miserie*, as though we were not miserable enough of our selves, but must fetch in more from the next house, in taking upon us the *Miserie* of our *Neighbours*. Truly it were an excusable *covetousnesse* if wee did; for *affliction* is a *treasure*, and scarce any man hath *enough* of it. No man hath *affliction* enough that is not matured, and ripened by it, and made fit for *God* by that *affliction*. If a man carry *treasure* in *bullion*, or in a *wedge* of *gold*, and have none comed into *currant Monies*, his *treasure* will not defray him as he travels.

Tribulation is *Treasure* in the *nature* of it, but it is not *currant money* in the *use* of it, except wee get nearer and nearer our *home*, *Heaven*, by it. Another man may be sicke too, and sick to

death, and this *affliction* may lie in his *bowels*, as *gold* in a *mine*, and be of no use to him; but this *bell*, that tells me of his *affliction*, digs out, and applies that *gold* to *mee*: if by this consideration of anothers danger, I take mine owne into contemplation, and so secure my selfe, by making my recourse to my *God*, who is our onely securitie.

Sermons

PREACHED AT A MARRIAGE

First then, as in the former part, the secular marriage, for the persons there, considered first Adam and Eve; and after, every man and woman, and this couple in particular: so in this spirituall marriage, we consider first Christ and his Church, for the persons; but more particularly, Christ and my soul. And can these persons meet? In such a distance, and in such a disparagement, can these persons meet? The Sonne of God, and the sonne of man?

When I consider Christ to be *Germen Jehovae*, the bud and blossome, the fruit and offspring of Jehovah, Jehovah himself; and my self, before he took me in hand, to be, not a potters vessel of earth, but that earth of which the potter might make a vessel if he would, and break it if he would, when he had made it: when I consider Christ to have been from before all beginnings, and to be still the image of the Father, the same stamp upon the same metal; and my selfe a piece of rusty copper, in which those lines of the image of God, which were imprinted in me, in my creation, are defaced, and worn, and washed, and burnt, and ground away by my many, and many, and many sinnes: when I consider Christ in his circle, in glorie with his Father, before he came into this world, establishing a glorious Church when he was in this world, and glorifying that Church, with that glorie which himself had before, when he went out of this world; and then consider my self in my circle, I came into this world washed in mine own tears, and either out of compunction for my self, or compassion for others, I passé through this world, as through a valley of tears, where tears settle and swell; and when I passé out of this world, I leave their eyes, whose hands close mine, full of tears too:

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

Can these persons, this image of God, this God himself, this glorious God, and this vessel of earth, this earth it self, this inglorious worm of the earth, meet without disparagement?

From SERMONS
April 22, 1622

The light of the knowledge of the glory of this world, is a good, and a great peece of learning. To know, that all the glory of man, is as the flower of grass: that even the glory, and all the glory, of man, of all mankind, is but a flower to the eye, and but as a flower; somewhat less than the Proto-type, than the Original, than the flower it self; and all this but as the flower of grass neither, no very beautiful flower to the eye, no very fragrant flower to the smell: To know, that for the glory of *Moab*, *Aufaretur*, it shall be contemned, consumed; and for the glory of *Jacob* it self, *Attenuabitur*. It shall be extenuated, that the glory of Gods enemies shall be brought to nothing, and the glory of his servants shall be brought low in this world: to know how near nothing, how meer nothing, all the glory of this world is, is a good, a great degree of learning.

Letters

To His Mother: Comforting Her After
the Death of Her Daughter

When I consider so much of your life, as can fall within my memorie and observation, I find it to have been a sea, under a continuall Tempest, where one wave hath ever overtaken another. Our most wise and blessed Saviour chuseth what way it pleaseth him, to conduct those which he loves, to his Haven, and eternall Rest. The way which he hath chosen for you, is strait, stormie, obscure, and full of sad apparitions of death, and wants, and sundry discomforts; and it hath pleased him, that one discomfort should still succeed, and touch another, that hemight leave you no leisure, by anie pleasure or abundance, to stay or step out of that way, or almost to take breath in that way, by which he hath determined to bring you home, which is his glorious Kingdom.

One of the most certain marks and assurances, that all these are his works, and to

that good end, is your inward feeling and apprehension of them, and patience in them. As long as the Spirit of God distills and dewes his cheerfulness upon your heart; as long as he instructs your understanding, to interpret his mercies and his judgments aright; so long your comfort must needs be as much greater than others, as our afflictions are greater than theirs.

The happinesse which God afforded to your first young time, which was the love and care of my most dear and provident Father, whose soul, I hope, hath long since enjoyed the sight of our blessed Saviour, and had compassion of all our miseries in this world, God removed from you quickly. And hath since taken from you all the comfort, that that Marriage produced. All those children (for whose maintenance his industrie provided, and for whose education you were so carefullie and so chargeable diligent) he hath now taken from you. All that worth which he left, God hath suffered to be gone from us all. So that God hath seemed to repent, that he allowed any part of your life any earthly happinesse, that he might keep your Soul in continuall exercise, and longing, and assurance, of coming immediately to him.

I hope therefore, my most dear mother, that your experience of the calamities of this life, your continuall acquaintance with the visitations of the Holy Ghost, which gives better inward comforts, than the world can outward discomforts, your wisdom, to distinguish the value of this world from the nest, and your religious fear of offending our mercifull God, by repining at any thing which he doth, will preserve you from any inordinate and dangerous sorrow, for this losse of my most beloved Sister.

God, whose omnipotent strength can change the nature of any thing, by his raising-Spirit of comfort, make your Povertie Riches, your Afflictions Pleasure, and all the Gall and Wormwood of your life, Hony and Manna to your taste, which he hath wrought, whensoever you are willing to have it so. Which, because I cannot doubt in you, I will forbear more lines at this time, and most humbly deliver my self over to your devotions, and good opinion of me, which I desire no longer to live, than I may have.

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

GEORGE HERBERT

(1593-1633)

Selections from The Temple

THE REPRISAL

I HAVE considered it, and find
There is no dealing with Thy mighty passion;
For though I die for Thee, I am behind;
My sins deserve the condemnation.

O make me innocent, that I
May give a disentangled state and free;
And yet Thy wounds still my attempts defy,
For by Thy death I die for Thee.

Ah! Was it not enough that Thou
By Thy eternal glory didst outgo me?
Couldst Thou not grief's sad conquests me allow
But in all vict'ries overthrow me?

Yet by confession will I come
Into the conquest. Though I can do nought
Against Thee, in Thee I will overcome
The man* who once against Thee fought.

AFFLICTION

KILL me not every day,
Thou Lord of life! Since Thy one death for me
Is more than all my deaths can be,
Though I in broken pay
Die over each hour of Methusalem's stay.

If all men's tears were let
Into one common sewer, sea, and brine;
What were they all, compared to Thine?
Wherein if they were set,
They would discolour Thy most bloody sweat.

Thou are my grief alone,
Thou Lord conceal it not; and as Thou art
All my delight, so all my smart:
Thy cross took up on one,
By way of imprest, all my future moan.

THE METHOD

POOR heart, lament.
For since thy God refuseth still,
There is some rub, some discontent,
Which cools His will.

Thy Father could
Quickly effect what thou dost move;
For He is Power; and sure He would,
For He is Love.

Go search this thing,
Tumble thy breast, and turn thy book:
If thou hadst lost a glove or ring,
Wouldst thou not look?

What do I see
Written above there? Yesterday
I did behave me carelessly,
When I did pray.

And should God's ear
To such indifferents chained be,
Who do not their own motions hear?
Is God less free?

But stay! What's there?
Late when I would have something done,
I had a motion to forbear,
Yet I went on.

And should God's ear,
Which needs not man, be tied to those
Who hear not Him, but quickly hear
His utter foes?

Then once more pray:
Down with thy knees, up with thy voice:
Seek pardon first, and God will say,
Glad heart, rejoice.

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

THE COLLAR

I STRUCK the board and cried, "No more!
 I will abroad.
 What, shall I ever sigh and pine?
 My lines and life are free; free as the road,
 Loose as the wind, as large as store.
 Shall I be still in suit?
 Have I no harvest but a thorn
 To let me bleed, and not restore
 What I have lost with cordial fruit?
 Sure there was wine
 Before my sighs did dry it: there was corn
 Before my tears did drown it.
 Is the year only lost to me?
 Have I no bays to crown it?
 No flowers, no garlands gay? All blasted?
 All wasted?
 Not so, my heart; but there is fruit,
 And thou hast hands.
 Recover all thy sigh-blown age
 On double pleasures; leave thy cold dispute
 Of what is fit and not; forsake thy cage,
 Thy rope of sands,
 Which petty thoughts have made, and made to
 thee
 Good cable, to enforce and draw,
 And be thy law,
 While thou didst wind and wouldst not see.
 Away, take heed:
 I will abroad.
 Call in thy death's head there: tie up thy fears.
 He that forbears
 To suit and serve his need,
 Deserves his load."
 But as I raved and grew more fierce and wild
 At every word,
 Methought I heard one calling, "Child!"
 And I replied, "My Lord!"

THE WORLD

LOVE built a stately house, where Fortune came
 And spinning fancies, she was heard to say
 That her fine cobwebs did support the frame,
 Whereas they were supported by the same;
 But Wisdom quickly swept them all away.
 Then Pleasure came who, liking not the fashion,
 Began to make balconies, terraces,

Till she had weakened all by alteration;
 But reverend laws, and many a proclamation
 Reformed all at length with menaces.

Then entered Sin, and with that sycamore
 Whose leaves first sheltered man from drought
 and dew,

Working and winding slyly evermore,
 The inward walls and summers cleft and tore;
 But Grace shored these, and cut that as it grew.

Then Sin combined with Death in a firm band,
 To raze the building to the very floor;
 Which they effected,--none could them
 withstand;
 But Love and Grace took Glory by the hand,
 And built a braver palace than before.

THE PULLEY

WHEN God at first made man,
 Having a glass of blessings standing by,
 "Let us," said He, "pour on him all we can:
 Let world's riches, which dispersed lie,
 Contract into a span."

So strength first made a way;
 Then Beauty flowed, then Wisdom, Honour,
 Pleasure:

When almost all was out, God made a stay,
 Perceiving that alone of all His Treasure
 Rest in the bottom lay.

"For if I should," said He,
 "Bestow this jewel also on my creature,
 He would adore my gifts instead of me,
 And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature:
 So both should losers be.

"Yet let him keep the rest,
 But keep them with repining restlessness:
 Let him be rich and weary, that at least,
 If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
 May toss him to my breast."

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

A DIALOGUE – ANTHEM

Christian, Death

Chr. ALAS, poor Death! Where is thy glory?
Where is thy famous force, thy ancient sting?

Dea. Alas, poor mortal, void of story! Go spell
and read how I have killed thy King.

Chr. Poor Death! And who was hurt thereby?
Thy curse being laid on Him makes thee accurst.

Dea. Let losers talk, yet thou shalt die; These
arms shall crush thee.

Chr. Spare not, do thy worst. I shall be one day
better than before; Thou so much worse, that thou
shalt be no more.

THE ELIXIR

TEACH me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see,
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for Thee.

Not rudely, as a beast,
To run into an action;
But still to make Thee prepossest,
And give it his perfection.

A man that looks on glass
On it may stay his eye,
Or, if he pleaseth, through it pass,
And then the heav'n espy.

All may of Thee partake:
Nothing can be so mean
Which with his tincture (for Thy sake)
Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine:
Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws,
Makes that and th' action fine.

This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold;
For that which God doth touch and own
Cannot for less be told.

LOVE

LOVE bade me welcome; yet my soul drew
Back, guilty of dust and sin.
But quick-eyed Love, observing me grow
Slack from my first entrance in,
Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning,
“If I lacked anything.”

“A guest,” I answered, “worthy to be here.”
Love said, “You shall be he.”
“I, the unkind, ungrateful? Ah, my dear,
I cannot look on Thee.”
Love took my hand, and smiling, did reply,
“Who made the eyes but I?”

“Truth, Lord, but I have marred them: let
My shame go where it doth deserve.”
“And know you not,” says Love, “who bore the
blame?”
“My dear, then I will serve.”
“You must sit down,” says Love, “and taste my
meat.”
So I did sit and eat.

A WREATH

A WREATHED garland of deserved praise,
Of praise deserved, unto Thee I give,
I give to Thee, who knowest all my ways,
My crooked winding ways, wherein I live,--
Wherein I die, not live; for life is straight,
Straight as a line, and ever tends to Thee,
To Thee, who art more far above deceit,
Than deceit seems above simplicity.
Give me simplicity, that I may live,
So live and like, that I may know Thy ways,
Know them and practice them: then shall I give
For this poor wreath, give Thee a crown of
praise.

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

JUDGMENT

ALMIGHTY Judge, how shall poor wretches
 Brook thy dreadful look,
 Able a heart of iron to appall,
 When Thou shalt call
 For ev'ry man's peculiar book?

What others mean to do I know not well;
 Yet I hear tell
 That some will turn Thee to some leaves
 Therein so void of sin,
 That they in merit shall excel.

But I resolve, when Thou shalt call for mine,
 That to decline,
 And thrust a Testament into Thy hand:
 Let that be scanned;
 There Thou shalt find my faults are Thine.

JUSTICE

O dreadful justice, what a fright and terror
 Wast thou of old,
 When sin and error
 Did show and shape thy looks to me,
 And through their glass discolour thee!
 He that did but look up was proud and bold.

The dishes of thy balance seemed to gape,
 Like two great pits;
 The beam and scape
 Did like some tottering engine show
 Thy hand above did burn and glow,
 Daunting the stoutest hearts, the proudest wits.

But now that Christ's pure veil presents the sight,
 I see no fears!
 Thy hand is white,
 Thy scales like buckets, which attend
 And interchangeably descend,
 Lifting to heaven from this well of tears.

For where before thou still didst call on me,
 Now I still touch
 And harp on thee.
 God's promises hath made thee mine:
 Why should I justice now decline?
 Against me there is none, but for me much.

THE WINDOWS

Lord, how can man preach thy eternal Word?
 He is a brittle crazy glass,
 Yet in Thy temple Thou dost him afford
 This glorious and transcendent place,
 To be a window, through Thy grace.

But when Thou dost anneal* in glass Thy story,
 Making Thy life to shine within
 The holy preachers, then the light and glory
 More reverend grows, and more doth win;
 Which else shows waterish, bleak, and thin.

Doctrine and life, colours and light, in one
 When they combine and mingle, bring
 A strong regard and awe; but speech alone
 Doth vanish like a flaring thing,
 And in the ear, not conscience, ring.
 *To anneal is to fix the colors in painted glass by
 melting them and it in great heat.

THE PILGRIMAGE

I traveled on, seeing the hill where lay
 My expectation.
 A long it was and weary way.
 The gloomy cave of Desperation
 I left on the one, and on the other side
 The rock of Pride.

And so I came to Fancy's meadow, strowed
 With many a flower;
 Fain would I here have made a bode,
 But I was quickened by my hour.
 So to Care's copse I came, and there got through
 With much ado.

That led me to the wild of Passion, which
 Some call the wold;
 A wasted place, but sometimes rich.
 Here I was robbed of all my gold,
 Save one gold angel,* which a friend had tied
 Close to my side.

At length I got unto the gladsome hill,
 Where lay my hope,
 Where lay my heart; and climbing still,
 When I had gained the brow and top,

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

A lake of brackish waters on the ground
Was all I found.

With that, abashed and struck with many a sting
Of swarming fears,
I fell, and cried, "Alas, my King!
Can both the way and end be tears?"
Yet taking heart, I rose, and then perceived
I was deceived.

From A PRIEST TO THE TEMPLE

The Parson's Knowledge

The Country Parson is full of all knowledge. They say it is an ill mason that refuseth any stone; and there is no knowledge, but in a skilful hand serves either positively as it is, or else to illustrate some other knowledge. He condescends even to the knowledge of tillage and pasturage, and makes great use of them in teaching, because people by what they understand are best led to what they understand not. But the chief and top of his knowledge consists in the Book of books, the storehouse and magazine of life and comfort,—the Holy Scriptures. There he sucks and lives. In the Scriptures he finds four things: Precepts for life, Doctrines for knowledge, Examples for illustration, and Promises for comfort: these he hath digested severally. But for the understanding of these; the means he useth are, first, a holy life, remembering what his Master saith, that "if any do God's will, he shall know of the doctrine" (John vii.); and assuring himself that wicked men, however learned, do not know the Scriptures, because they feel them not, and because they are not understood but with the same Spirit that writ them. The second means is prayer, which if it be necessary even in temporal things, how much more in things of another world, where the well is deep, and we have nothing of ourselves to draw with? Wherefore he ever begins the reading of the Scripture with some short inward ejaculation, as, "Lord, open

My hill was farther; so I flung away,
Yet heard a cry

Just as I went, - "None goes that way
And lives." "If that be all," said I,
"After so foul a journey death is fair,
And but a chair."***

*A gold angel was a piece of money of the value
of ten shillings, bearing the figure of an angel.

**A rest.

mine eyes, that I may see the wondrous things of Thy law," &c. The third means is a diligent collation of Scripture with Scripture. For all truth being consonant to itself, and all being penned by one and the self-same Spirit, it cannot be but that an industrious and judicious comparing of place with place must be a singular help for the right understanding of the Scriptures. To this may be added the consideration of any text with the coherence thereof, touching what goes before and what follows after, as also the scope of the Holy Ghost. When the Apostles would have called down fire from heaven, they were reprov'd, as ignorant of what spirit they were. For the Law required one thing, and the Gospel another; yet as diverse, not as repugnant; therefore the spirit of both is to be considered and weighed. The fourth means are commenters and fathers, who have handled the places controverted, which the parson by no means refuseth. As he doth not so study others as to neglect the grace of God in himself, and what the Holy Spirit teacheth him, so doth he assure himself that god in all ages hath had His servants, to whom He hath revealed His truth, as well as to him; and that as one country doth not bear all things, that there may be a commerce, so neither hath God opened or will open all to one, that there may be a traffic in knowledge between the servants of God for the planting both of love and humility. Wherefore he hath one comment at least upon every book of Scripture, and ploughing with this and his own meditations, he enters into the secrets of God treasured in the holy Scripture.

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

HENRY VAUGHAN

(1622-1695)

THE WORLD

I saw Eternity the other night,
 Like a great ring of pure and endless light,
 All calm, as it was bright;
 And round beneath it, Time, in hours, days,
 years,
 Driven by the spheres,
 Like a vast shadow moved; in which the world
 And all her train were hurl'd.

The doting Lover in his quaintest strain
 Did there complain;
 Near him, his lute, his fancy, and his slights,
 Wit's sour delights;
 With gloves and knots, the silly snares of
 pleasure;
 Yet his dear treasure
 All scatter'd lay, while he his eyes did pour
 Upon a flower.

The darksome Statesman hung with weights and
 woe,
 Like a thick midnight fog, moved there so slow,
 He did not stay, not go;
 Condemning thoughts—like sad eclipses—scowl
 Upon his soul,
 And clouds of crying witnesses without
 Pursued him with one shout;
 Yet digg'd the mole, and lest his ways be found,
 Work'd under ground,
 Where he did clutch his prey; but One did see
 That policy;
 Churches and altars fed him; perjuries
 Were gnats and flies;
 It rain'd about him blood and tears, but he
 Drank them as free.

The fearful Miser on a heap of rust
 Sate pining all his life there; did scarce trust
 His own hands with the dust;
 Yet would not place one piece above, but lives
 In fear of thieves:
 Thousands there were as frantic as himself,
 And hugg'd each one his pelf.

The down-right Epicure placed heaven in sense,
 And scorn'd pretence;
 While others, slipped into a wide excess,
 Said little less;
 The weaker sort, slight, trivial wares enslave,
 Who think them brave;
 And poor, despised Truth sat counting by
 Their victory.

Yet some, who all this while did weep and sing,
 And sing, and weep, soar'd up into the ring;
 But most would use no wing.
 O fools—said I—thus to prefer dark night
 Before true light!
 To live in grots, and caves, and hate the day
 Because it shews the way:--
 The way, which from this dead and dark abode
 Leads up to God;
 A way where you might tread the Sun, and be
 More bright than he!
 But as I did their madness so discuss,
 One whisper'd thus,--
 This ring the Bride-groom did for none provide
 But for His Bride.

ASCENSION DAY

Lord Jesus! With what sweetness and delights,
 Sure, holy hopes, high joys and quick'ning flights
 Dost thou feed thine! O thou! The hand that lifts
 To him, who gives all good and perfect gifts.
 Thy glorious, bright Ascension (though remov'd
 So many ages from me) is so prov'd
 And by that spirit seal'd to me, that I
 Feel me a sharer in thy victory.
 I soar and rise
 Up to the skies,
 Leaving the world their day,
 And in my flight,
 For the true light
 Go seeking all the way;
 I greet thy sepulcher, salute thy grave,
 That blest enclosure, where the angels gave
 The first glad tidings of thy early light,
 And resurrection from the earth and night.
 I see that morning in thy convert's tears,

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

And wonder, while the Jews did sleep.

Dear night! This world's defeat;
The stop to busy fools; care's check and curb;
The day of Spirits; my soul's calm retreat
Which none disturb!

Christ's progress, and his prayer time;
The hours to which high heaven doth chime.

God's silent, searching flight:
When my Lord's head is fill'd with dew, and all
His locks are wet with the clear drops of night;
His still, soft call;
His knocking time; the soul's dumb watch,
When Spirits their fair kindred catch.

Were all my loud, evil days
Calm and unhaunted as is thy dark tent,
Whose peace but by some Angel's wing or voice
Is seldom rent;
Then I in Heaven all the long year
Would keep, and never wander here.

But living where the sun
Doth all things wake, and where all mix and tire
Themselves and others, I consent and run to ev'ry
mite,
And by this world's ill-guiding light,
Err more than I can do by night.

There is in God (some say)
A deep, but dazzling darkness; as men here
Say it is late and dusky, because they
See not all clear;
O for that night! Where I in him
Might live invisible and dim.

PEACE

My Soul, there is a Countrie
Afar beyond the stars,
Where stands a winged centrie
All skilful in the wars,
There, above noise and danger,
Sweet Peace sits crowned with smiles,
And One born in a manger
Commands the beauteous files.
He is thy gracious Friend,
And (O my soul awake!)

Did in pure love descend,
To die here for thy sake.
If thou canst get but thither,
There grows the flower of peace,
The Rose that cannot wither,
Thy fortress, and thy ease.
Leave then thy foolish ranges;
For none can thee secure
But One who never changes—
Thy God, thy life, thy cure!

THE WORLD OF LIGHT

They are all gone into the world of light!
And I alone sit lingering here;
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear;

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days;
My days which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmering and decays.

O holy Hope! And high Humility,
High as the heavens above!
These are your walks, and you have showed them
me,
To kindle my cold love.

Dear beauteous Death! The jewel of the just,
Shining nowhere but in the dark!
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark!

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest may
know
At first sight if the bird be flown;
But what fair grove or dell he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul, when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted
themes,

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

And into glory peep.

If a star were confined into a tomb,
The captive flames must needs burn there;
But when the hand that locked her up, gives
room,
She'll shine through all the sphere.

O Father of eternal life, and all
Created glories under Thee!
Resume Thy spirit from this world of thrall
Into true liberty.
Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill
My perspective still as they pass;
Or else remove me hence unto that hill,
Where I shall need no glass.

THE SEED GROWING SECRETLY
Mark 4:26

If this world's friends might see but once
What some poor man may often feel,
Glory, and gold, and crowns and thrones
They would soon quit and learn to kneel.

My dew, my dew! My early love,
My soul's bright food, thy absence kills!
Hover not long, eternal dove!
Life without thee is loose and spills.

Something I had, which long ago
Did learn to suck, and sip, and taste,
But now grown sickly, sad and slow,
Doth fret and wrangle, pine and waste.

O spread thy sacred wings and shake
One living drop! One drop life keeps!
If pious griefs heaven's joys awake,
O fill his bottle! Thy child weeps!

Slowly and sadly doth he grow,
And soon as left, shrinks back to ill,
O feed that life, which makes him blow
And spread and open to thy will!

For thy eternal, living wells
None stain'd or wither'd shall come near;
A fresh, immortal green there dwells,
And spotless white is all the wear.

Dear, secret greenness! Nurs'd below
Tempest and winds, and winter-nights,
Vex not, that but one sees thee grow,
That one made all these lesser lights.

If those bright joys he singly sheds
On thee, where all met in one crown,
Both sun and stars would hide their heads;
And moons, though full, would get them down.

Let glory be their bait, whose minds
Are all too high for a low cell:
Though hawks can prey through storms and
winds,
The poor bee in her hive must dwell.

Glory, the crowd's cheap tinsel still
To what most takes them, is a drudge;
And they too oft take good for ill,
And thriving vice for virtue judge.

What needs a conscience calm and bright
Within itself an outward test?
Who breaks his glass to take more light,
Makes way for storms into his rest.

Then bless they secret growth, nor catch
At noise, but thrive unseen and dumb;
Keep clean, bear fruit, earn life and watch
Till the white winged reapers come!

I WALKED THE OTHER DAY

I walk'd the other day (to spend my hour)
Into a field
Where I sometimes had seen the soil to yield
A gallant flow'r,
But winter now had ruffled all the bow'r
And curious store
I knew there heretofore.

Yet I whose search lov'd not to peep and peer
I' th' face of things
Thought with my self, there might be other
springs
Besides this here
Which, like cold friends, sees us but once a year,
And so the flow'r

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

Might have some other bow'r.

Then taking up what I could nearest spy
 I digg'd about
 That place where I had seen him to grow out,
 And by and by
 I saw the warm recluse alone to lie
 Where fresh and green
 He lived of us unseen.

Many a question intricate and rare
 Did I there strow,
 But all I could extort was, that he now
 Did there repair
 Such losses as befell him in this air
 And would e'er long
 Come forth most fair and young.

This past, I threw the clothes quite o'er his head,
 And stung with fear
 Of my own frailty dropped down many a tear
 Upon his bed,
 Then sighing whisper'd, Happy are the dead!
 What peace doth now
 Rock him asleep below?

And yet, how few believe such doctrine springs
 From a poor root
 Which all the winter sleeps here under foot

And hath no wings
 To raise it to the truth and light of things,
 But is still trod
 By ev'ry wand'ring clod.

O thou! Whose spirit did at first inflame
 And warm the dead,
 And by a sacred incubation fed
 With life this frame
 Which once had neither being, form, nor name,
 Grant I may so
 Thy steps track here below,
 That in these masques and shadows I may see
 Thy sacred way,
 And by those hid ascents climb to that day
 Which breaks from thee
 Who art in all things, though invisibly;
 Show me thy peace,
 Thy mercy, love, and ease,

And from this care, where dreams and sorrows
 reign
 Lead me above
 Where light, joy, leisure, and true comforts move
 Without all pain,
 There, hid in thee, show me his life again
 At whose dumb urn
 Thus all the year I mourn.

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

RICHARD BAXTER

(1615-1691)

Lord, It Belongs Not to My Care

Lord, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve Thee is my share,
And this thy grace must give.

If life be long, I will be glad,
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad,
To soar to endless day?
Christ leads me through no darker rooms
That He went through before;
He that unto God's kingdom comes
Must enter by the door.

Come, Lord, when grace has made me meet
Thy blessed face to see;
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What will Thy glory be!

Then shall I end my sad complaints,
And weary, sinful days,
And join with the triumphant saints
To sing Jehovah's praise.

My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim;
But it's enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him.

Selections from THE SAINTS' EVERLASTING REST

It was not only our interest in God, and actual enjoyment of him, which was lost in Adam's fall, but all spiritual knowledge of him, and true disposition towards such a felicity. When the Son of God comes with recovering grace, and discoveries of a spiritual and eternal happiness and glory, he finds not faith in man to believe it. As the poor man, that would not believe any one had such a sum as a hundred pounds, it was so far above what himself possessed: so men will hardly now believe there is such a happiness as once they had, much less as Christ hath now procured. When God would give the Israelites his

Sabbaths of rest, in a land of rest, he had more ado to make them believe it, than to overcome their enemies, and procure it for them. And when they had it, only as a small intimation and earnest of an incomparably more glorious rest through Christ, they yet believe no more than they possess, but say, with the glutton at the feast, "Sure there is no other heaven but this!" Or, if they expect more by the Messiah, it is only the increase of their earthly felicity. The apostle bestows most of this epistle against this distemper, and clearly and largely proves, that the end of all ceremonies and shadows is to direct

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

them to Jesus Christ, the substance; and that the rest of Sabbaths, and Canaan, should teach them to look for a further rest, which indeed is their happiness.

My text is his conclusion after divers arguments; a conclusion, which contains the ground of all the believer's comfort, the end of all his duty and sufferings, the life and sum of all gospel promises and Christian privileges. What more welcome to men, under personal afflictions, tiring duties, successions of sufferings, than rest? It is not our comfort only, but our stability. Our liveliness in all duties, our enduring tribulation, our honouring of God, the vigour of our love, thankfulness, and all our graces, yea, the very being of our religion and Christianity, depend on the believing, serious thoughts of our rest. And now, reader, whatever thou art, young or old, rich or poor, I entreat thee, and charge thee, in the name of thy Lord, who will shortly call thee to a reckoning, and judge thee to thy everlasting, unchangeable state, that thou give not these things the reading only, and so dismiss them with a bare approbation; but that thou set upon this work, and take God in Christ for thy only rest, and fix thy heart upon him above all. May the living God, who is the portion and rest of his saints, make these our carnal minds so spiritual, and our earthly hearts so heavenly, that loving him, and delighting in him, may be the work of our lives; and that neither I who write, nor you who read this book, may ever be turned from this path of life; "lest, a promise being left us of entering into his rest, we should come short of it through our own unbelief or negligence!" (Heb. 4:1)

A heavenly mind is the nearest and truest way to a life of comfort. The countries far north are cold and frozen, because they are distant from the sun. what makes such frozen, uncomfortable Christians, but their living so far from heaven? And what makes others so warm in comforts, but their living higher, and having nearer access to God? When the sun in the spring draws near our part of the earth, how do all things congratulate its approach! The earth looks green, the trees shoot forth, the plants revive, the birds sing, and all things smile upon us. If we would but try this

life with God, and keep these hearts above, what a spring of joy would be within us! How should we forget our winter sorrows! How early should we rise to sing the praise of our great Creator! Oh Christian, get above. Those that have been there, have found it warmer; and I doubt not but thou hast sometimes tried it thyself. When have you the largest comforts? Is it not when thou hast conversed with God, and talked with the inhabitants of the higher world, and viewed their mansions, and filled thy soul with the forethoughts of glory? If thou knowest by experience what this practice is, I dare say thou knowest what spiritual joy is. If, as David professes, "the light of God's countenance more gladdens the heart than corn and wine;" then surely they that draw nearest, and most behold it, must be fullest of these joys. Whom should we blame, then, that we are so void of consolation, but our own negligent hearts?

The diligent keeping your hearts in heaven, will maintain the vigour of all your graces, and put life into all your duties. The heavenly Christian is the lively Christian. It is our strangeness to heaven that makes us so dull. How will the soldier hazard his life, and the mariner pass through storms and waves, and no difficulty keep them back, when they think of an uncertain perishing treasure! What life then, would it put into a Christian's endeavours, if he would frequently think of his everlasting treasure! We run so slowly, and strive so lazily, because we so little mind the prize. Observe but the man who is much in heaven, and you shall see he is not like other Christians; there is something of what he hath seen above appeareth in all his duty and conversation. If a preacher, how heavenly are his sermons! If a private Christian, what heavenly converse, prayers, and deportment! Set upon this employment, and others will see "the face" of your conversation "shine," and say, Surely he hath been "with God in the mount." But if you lie complaining of deadness and dullness, that you cannot love Christ, nor rejoice in his love, that you have no life in prayer, nor any other duty; and yet neglect his quickening employment; you are the cause of your own complaints. Is not thy life hid with Christ in God? Where must thou go, but to Christ, for it? And where is that, but to

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

heaven, "where Christ is?" "Thou wilt not come to Christ, that thou mayest have life."

Labour also to know that heaven is thy own happiness. We may confess heaven to be the best condition, though we despair of enjoying it; and we may desire and seek it, if we see the attainment but probable; but we can never delightfully rejoice in it till we are in some measure persuaded of our title to it. What comfort is it to a man that is naked, to see the rich attire of others? What delight is it for a man that hath not a house to put his head in, to see the sumptuous buildings of others? Would not all this rather increase his anguish and make him more sensible of his own miscry? So, for a man to know the excellence of heaven, and not know whether ever he shall enjoy them, may raise desire, and urge pursuit, but he will have little joy. Who will set his heart on another man's possessions? If your houses, your goods, your cattle, your children, were not your own, you would less mind them, and less delight in them. Oh Christian! Rest not, therefore, till you can call this rest your own: bring thy heart to the bar of trial: set the qualifications of the saints on one side, and of thy soul on the other, and then judge how nearly they resemble. Thou hast the same word to judge thyself by now, as thou must be judged by at the great day. Mistake not the Scripture's description of a saint; that thou neither acquit nor condemn thyself upon mistakes. For, as groundless hopes tend to confusion, and are the greatest cause of most saints' perplexity and distress. Therefore lay thy foundation for trial safely, and proceed in the work deliberately and resolutely, nor give over till thou canst say, either thou hast, or hast no yet, a title to this rest. Oh! If men did truly know that

God is their own Father, and Christ their own Redeemer and head, and that those are their own everlasting habitations, and that there they must abide and be happy forever; how could they choose but be transported with the fore-thoughts thereof? If a Christian could but look upon sun, moon, and stars, and reckon all his own in Christ, and say, "These are the blessings that my Lord hath procured me, and things incomparably greater than these;" what holy raptures would his spirit feel?

The more do they sin against their own comforts, as well as against the grace of the gospel, who plead for their unbelief, and cherish distrustful thoughts of God, and injurious thoughts of their Redeemer; who represent the covenant as if it were of works, and not of grace; and Christ as an enemy, rather than a Saviour; as if he were willing they should die in their unbelief when he had invited them so often, and so affectionately, and suffered the agonies that they should suffer. Wretches that we are! To be keeping up jealousies of our Lord, when we should be rejoicing in his love. As if any man could choose Christ, before Christ hath chose him; or any man were more willing to be happy, than Christ is to make him happy. Away with these injurious, if not blasphemous thoughts! If ever thou hast harboured such thoughts in thy breast, cast them from thee, and take heed how thou ever entertainest them more. God hath written the names of his people in heaven, as you used to write your names, or marks, on your goods; and shall we be attempting to rase them out, and to write our names on the doors of hell? But blessed be "God, whose foundation standeth sure," 2 Tim. ii:19; and who "keepeth us by his power through faith unto salvation." I Pet. i:5.

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

JEREMY TAYLOR

(1613-1667)

Selection from HOLY DYING

“ADVERSITY”

No man is more miserable then he that hath no adversity; that man is not tried whether he be good or bad; and God never crowns those virtues which are onely faculties, and dispositions: but every set of virtue is an ingredient into reward. And we see many children fairly planted, whose parts of nature were never dressed by art, nor called from the furrows of their first possibilities by discipline, and institution, and they dwell forever in ignorance, and converse with beasts: and yet if they had been dressed and exercised, might have stood at the chairs of Princes, or spoken parables amongst the rulers of cities? Our virtues are but in the seed, when the grace of God comes upon us first: but this grace must be thrown into broken furrows, and must twice feel the cold, and twice feel the heat, and be softned with storms and showers, and then it will arise into fruitfulness and harvests: and what is there in the world to distinguish virtues from dishonours, or the valour of Caesar from the softness of the Egyptian Eunuchs, or that can make any thing rewardable, but the Labour and the danger, the pain and the difficulty? Virtue could not be any thing but sensuality, if it were the entertainment of our senses and fond desires; and Apicius had been the noblest of all the Romans, if feeding a great appetite and despising the severities of temperance had been the work and proper employment of a wise man. But otherwise do fathers; and otherwise do mothers handle their children: These soften them with kisses and imperfect noises, with the pap and breast milk of soft endearments, they rescue them from Tutors, and snatch them from discipline, they desire to keep them fat and warm, and their feet dry and their bellies full; and then the children govern, and cry, and prove fools, and troublesome, so long as the feminine republick does endure. But fathers, because they design to have their children wise and valiant, apt for counsel, or for arms, send them to severe governments, and tye them

to study, to hard labour, and afflictive contingencies. They rejoice when the bold boy strikes a lyon with his hunting spear, and shrinks not when the beast comes to affright his early courage. Softness is for slaves and beasts, for minstrels and useless persons, for such who cannot ascend higher then the state of a fair ox, or a servant entertained for vainer offices: But the man that designs his son for noble employments, to honours, and to triumphs, to consular dignities and presidences of counsels, loves to see him pale with study or panting with labour, hardned with sufferance or eminent by dangers: and so God dresses us for heaven. He loves to see us struggling with a disease, and resisting the Devil, and contesting against the weaknesses of nature, and against hope to believe in hope, resigning our selves to God's will, praying him to choose for us, and dying in all things but faith and its blessed consequents, ut ad officium cum periculo simus prompti; and the danger and the resistance shall endear the office. For so have I known the boisterous north-winde passé thorough the yielding aire which opened its bosome, and appeased its violence by entertaining it with easie compliance in all the regions of its reception. But when the same breath of heaven hath been checked with the stiffnesse of a tower, or the united strength of a wood; it grew mighty, and dwelt there, and made the highest branches stoop, and make a smooth path for it on the top of all its glories; So is sicknesse, and so is the grace of God. When sickness hath made the difficulty, then God's grace hath made a triumph, and by doubling its power hath created new proportions of a reward; and then shews its biggest glory, when it hath the greatest difficulty to Master, the greatest weaknesse to support, the most busie temptations to contest with: For so God loves that his strength should be seen in our weaknesse, and our danger. Happy is that state of life in which our services to God are the dearest, and the most expensive.

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

Selection from THE GREAT EXEMPLAR

“The Name of Christ”

This miraculous name is above all the powers of Magicall enchantments, the nightly rites of sorcerers, the secrets of Memphis, the drugs of Thessaly, the silent and mysterious murmures of the wise Caldees, and the spells of Zoroastres. This is the name at which the Devills did tremble, and pay their inforced and involuntary adorations, by confessing the Divinity, and quitting their possessions and usurped habitations. If our prayers be made in this name GOD opens the windows of heaven and rains down benediction: at the mention of this name the blessed Apostles, and Hermione the daughter of S. Philip, and Philotheus the son of Theophila, and S. Hilarion and S. Paul the Hermite, and

innumerable other lights who followed hard after the sun of righteousness, wrought great and prodigious miracles: Signes and wonders and healings were done by the name of the holy Childe JESUS. This is the name which we should engrave in our hearts, and write upon our foreheads, and pronounce with our most harmonious accents, and rest our faith upon, and place our hopes in, and love with the overflowings of charity, and joy, and adoration. And as the revelation of this name satisfied the hopes of all the world, so it must determine our worshippings, and the addresses of our exterior and interior religion: it being that name whereby GOD and GODS mercies are made presentiall to us and proportionate objects of our religion and affections.

THE OFFERING

They gave to Thee
Myrrh, frankincense and gold;
But, Lord, with what shall we
Present ourselves before Thy majesty,
Whom Thou redeemedst when we were sold?
We've nothing but ourselves, and scarce that
neither;
Vile dirt and clay;
Yet it is soft and may
Impression take.
Accept it, Lord, and say, this Thou hadst rather;
Stamp it, and on this sordid metal make
Thy holy image, and it shall outshine
The beauty of the golden mine.

IMMANUEL

How good a God have we! Who for our sake,
To save us from the burning lake,
Did change the order of creation:
At first He made
Man like Himself in His own image; now
In the more blessed reparation,
The heavens bow,
Eternity took the measure of a span;
And said,
“Let us make ourselves like man;
And not from man the woman take,
But from the woman, man.”
Hallelujah, we adore
His name, whose goodness hath no store.

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

PAUL GERHARDT

(1607-1676)

CHILDLIKE SUBMISSION

What pleased God, O pious soul,
Accept with joy; though thunders roll
And tempests lower on every side,
Thou knowest nought can thee betide
But pleased God.

The best will is our Father's will,
And we may rest there calm and still.
Oh make it hour by hour thine own,
And with for nought but that alone,
Which pleases God.

His thought is aye the wisest thought;
How oft man's wisdom comes to nought;
Mistake or weakness in it lurks,
It brings forth ill, and seldom works
What pleases God.

His mind is aye the gentlest mind,
His will and deeds are ever kind,
He blesses when against us speaks
The evil world, that rarely seeks
That pleases God.

His heart is aye the truest heart,
He bids all woe and harm depart,
Descending, shielding day and night
The man who knows and loves aright
What pleases God.

He governs all things here below,
In him lie all our weal and woe,
He bears the world within His hand,
And so to us bear sea and land
What pleases God.

And o'er His little flock He yearns,
And when to evil ways it turns,
The Father's rod oft smiteth sore,
Until it learns to do once more
What pleases God.

What most would profit us He knows,

And ne'er denies aught good to those
Who with their utmost strength pursue
The right, and only care to do
What pleases God.

If this be so, then, World, from me
Keep, if thou wilt, what pleases thee;
But thou, my soul, be well content
With God and all things he hath sent;
As pleases God.

And must thou suffer here and there,
Cling but the firmer to His care,
For all things are beneath His sway,
And must in very truth obey
What pleases God.

True faith will grasp His mercy fast,
And hope bring patience at the last,
Then both within thy heart enshrine,
So shall the heritage be thine
That pleases God.

To thee for ever shall be given
A kingdom and a crown in heaven,
And there shall be fulfill'd in thee
And thou shalt taste and hear and see
What pleases God.

JESUS, THY BOUNDLESS LOVE TO ME

Jesus, Thy boundless love to me
No thought can teach, no tongue declare
O knit my thankful heart to Thee,
And reign without a rival there;
Thine wholly, Thine alone I am;
Lord, with Thy love my heart inflame.

O grant that nothing in my soul
May dwell but Thy pure love alone;
O may Thy love possess me whole,
My joy, my treasure, and my crown:
All coldness from my heart remove;
May ev'ry act, word, thought be love.

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

O Love, how cheering is Thy ray!
 All pain before Thy presence flies;
 Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
 There'er Thy healing beams arise;
 O Jesus, nothing may I see—
 Nothing desire, or seek, but Thee.

In suffering be Thy love my peace,
 In weakness be Thy love my power;
 And when the storms of life shall cease,
 Jesus, in that important hour,
 In death, as life, be Thou my Guide,
 And save me, who for me hast died.

COURAGE

Give to the winds thy fears;
 Hope and be undismayed;
 God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,
 God shall lift up thy head.

Through waves and clouds and storms
 He gently clears thy way;
 Wait thou His time; so shall this night
 Soon end in joyous day.

Leave to His sovereign sway
 To choose and to command;
 So shalt thou wondering own, His way
 How wise, how strong His hand!

Far, far above thy thought
 His counsel shall appear,
 When fully He the work hath wrought
 That caused thy needless fear.

Let us in life, in death,
 Thy steadfast truth declare,
 And publish with our latest breath,
 The love and guardian care.

MY HIGH TOWER

“He only is my rock and my salvation; He is my
 defence, I shall not be moved.”
 — Ps. 1xii:6

Is God for me? I fear not, though all against me
 rise;
 I call on Christ my Saviour, the host of evil flies.

My friend the Lord Almighty, and He who loves
 me, God,
 What enemy shall harm me, though coming as a
 flood?

I know it, I believe it, I say it fearlessly,
 That God, the Highest, Mightiest, for ever loveth
 me;

At all times, in all places, He standeth at my side,
 He rules the battle fury, the tempest and the tide.

A Rock that stands forever is Christ my
 Righteousness,
 And there I stand unfearing in everlasting bliss;
 No earthly thing is needful to this my life from
 Heaven,
 And nought of love is worthy, save that which
 Christ has given.

Christ, all my praise and glory, my Light most
 sweet and fair,

The ship wherein He saileth is scatheless
 everywhere;

In Him I dare to be joyful, a hero in the war,
 The judgment of the sinner affrighteth me no
 more.

There is no condemnation, there is no hell for me,
 The torment and the fire my eyes shall never see;
 For me there is no sentence, for me has death no
 stings,

Because the Lord Who saved me shall shield me
 with His wings.

Above my soul's dark waters His Spirit hovers
 still,

He guards me from all sorrow, from terror and
 from ill;

In me He works and blesses the life-seed He has
 sown,

From Him I learn the Abba, that prayer of faith
 alone.

And if in lonely places, a fearful child, I shrink,
 He prays the prayers within me I cannot ask or
 think;

In deep unspoken language, known only to that
 Love

Who fathoms the heart's mystery from the
 Throne of Light above.

His Spirit to my spirit sweet words of comfort
 saith,

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

How God the weak one strengthens who leans on
Him in faith;

How He hath build a City, of love, and light, and
song,

Where the eye at last beholdeth what the heart
had loved so long.

And there is mine inheritance, my kingly palace-
home;

The leaf may fall and perish, not less the spring
will come;

As wind and rain of winter, our earthly sighs and
tears,

Till the golden summer dawneth of the endless
year of years.

The world may pass and perish, Thou, God, will
not remove—

No hatred of all devils can part me from Thy
Love;

No hungering nor thirsting, no poverty nor care,
No wrath of mighty princes can reach my shelter
there.

No Angel, and no heaven, no throne, nor power,
nor might,

No love, no tribulation, no danger, fear, nor fight,
No height, no depth, no creature that has been or
can be,

Can drive me from Thy bosom, can sever me
from Thee.

My heart in joy upleapeth, grief cannot linger
there—

While singing high in glory amidst the sunshine
fair;

The source of all my singing is high in Heaven
above;

The Sun that shines upon me is Jesus and His
Love.

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

SAMUEL RUTHERFORD

(1600-1661)

THE CRUCIFIXION

O pity for evermore that there should be such an one as Christ Jesus, so boundless, so bottomless, and so incomparable, in infinite excellency, and sweetness, and so few to take Him! O, ye poor dry and dead souls, why will ye not come hither with your toom vessels and your empty souls to this huge, and air, and deep, and sweet well of life, and fill all your toom vessels.

O, that Christ should be so large in sweetness and worth, and we so narrow, pinched, so ebb, and so void of all happiness, and yet men will not take Him! They lose their love miserably, who will not bestow it upon this lovely One.

Ye will not get leave to steal quietly to heaven, in Christ's company, without a conflict and a cross.

I find crosses Christ's carved work that He marketh out for us, and that with crosses He figureth and protrayeth us to His own image, cutting away pieces of our ill and corruption. Lord cut, Lord carve, Lord wound, Lord do anything that may perfect Thy Father's image in us, and make us meet for glory.

O, what owe I to the file, to the hammer, to the furnace of my Lord Jesus!

Why should I start at the plough of my Lord, that maketh deep furrows on my soul? I know He is no idle husbandman, He purposeth a crop.

Crosses are proclaimed as common accidents to all the saints, and in them standeth a part of our communion with Christ.

How sweet a thing were it for us to learn to make our burdens light by framing our hearts to the burden and making our Lord's will a law.

It is not the sunny side of Christ that we must look to, and we must not forsake Him for want of that; but must set our face against what may befall us, in following on, till He and we be through the briers and bushes on the dry ground. Our soft nature would be borne through the

troubles of this miserable life in Christ's arms. And it is His wisdom, who knoweth our mould, that His bairns go wet-shod and cold-footed to heaven.

Selections from THE LOVELINESS OF CHRIST

Our love to Him should begin on earth, as it shall be in heaven; for the bride taketh not by a thousand degrees so much delight in her wedding-garment as she doth in her bridegroom; so we, in the life to come, howbeit clothed with glory as with a robe, shall not be so much affected with the glory that goeth about us, as with the Bridegroom's joyful face and presence.

It is easy to get good words and a comfortable message from our Lord, even from such rough sergeants as diverse temptations.

I bless the Lord, that all our troubles come through Christ's fingers, and that He casteth sugar among them: and casteth in some ounce weights of heaven and of the spirit of glory in our cup.

I dare not say but my Lord Jesus hath fully recompensed my sadness with His joys, my losses with His own presence. I find it a sweet and rich thing to exchange my sorrows with Christ's joys, my afflictions with that sweet peace I have with Himself.

LETTER TO MARION M'KNAUGHT

Loving and dear Sister, - I fear that you be moved and cast down because of the late wrong that your husband received in your town-council; but I pray you comfort yourself in the Lord, for a just cause bides under the water only as long as wicked men hold their hands above it; their arm will weary, and then the just cause shall swim above, and the light that is sown for the righteous shall spring and grow up. If ye were not strangers here, the dogs of the world would not bark at you (2 Cor. vi.8). You shall see all windings and turnings that are in your way to heaven out of

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God's word; for He will not lead you to the kingdom at the nearest; but you must go through "honour, and dishonour, by evil report and good report, as deceivers and yet true;" ver. 9, "as unknown and yet well-known, as dying and behold we live, as chastened and not killed;" ver. 10, "as sorrowful and yet always rejoicing." The world is one of the enemies that we have to fight with, but a vanquished and overcome enemy, and like a beaten and forlorn soldier; for our Jesus hath taken the armour from it: let me then speak to you in His words. "Be of good courage," saith the Captain of our salvation, "for I have overcome the world." You shall neither be free of the scourge of the tongue, nor of disgraces, even if it were buffetings and spittings upon the face, as was our Saviour's case, if you follow Jesus Christ. I beseech you in the bowels of our Lord Jesus, keep a good conscience (as I trust you do): you live not upon men's opinion; gold may be gold and have the king's stamp upon it, when it is trampled upon by men. Happy are you if, when the world trampleth upon you in your credit and good name, yet you are the Lord's gold, stamped with the King of heaven's image, and "sealed by His Spirit unto the day of your redemption." Pray for the Spirit of love (1 Cor. xiii.7). "Love beareth all things, it believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things." And I pray you that your husband, yea I charge you before God and the Lord Jesus Christ, and the elect angels, pray for these your adversaries: read this to your husband from me; and let both of you "put on, as the elect of God, bowels of mercies." And, sister, remember how many thousands of talents of sins your Master hath forgiven you: forgive ye, therefore, your fellow-servants one talent; follow

God's command in this, "and seek not after your own heart, and after your own eyes" in this matter, as the Spirit speaks (Num. xv.39). Ask never the counsel of your own heart here; the world will blow up your heart now, and cause it swell, except the grace of God cause it to fall. Jesus, even Jesus, the eternal Wisdom of the Father, give you wisdom; I trust God shall be glorified in you; and a door shall be opened unto you as the Lord's prisoners of hope, as Zechariah speaks. It is a benefit to you that the wicked are God's fan to purge you; and I hope they shall blow away no corn or spiritual graces, but only your chaff. I pray you, in your pursuit, have no recourse to the law of men that you wander not from the law of God. Be not cast down: if you saw Him, who is standing on the shore, holding our His arms to welcome you to land, you would not only wade through a sea of wrongs, but through hell itself, to be at Him: and I trust in God you see Him sometimes. The Lord Jesus be with your spirit, and all yours. – Your brother in the Lord,

S. R.

Ye have only these two shallow brooks, sickness and death, to pass through; and ye have also a promise, that Christ shall do more than meet you, even that He shall come Himself, and go with you, foot for foot, yea and bear you in His arms. O then! For the joy that is set before you, for the love of the Man (Who is also God over all, blessed forever) that is standing upon the shore to welcome you: run your race with patience.

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

BLAISE PASCAL

(1623-1662)

Selections from PENSEES
OF THE NECESSITY OF THE WAGER

... Let them at least learn what is the religion they attack, before attacking it. If this religion boasted of having a clear view of God, and of possessing it open and unveiled, it would be attacking it to say that we see nothing in the world which shows it with this clearness. But since, on the contrary, it says that men are in darkness and estranged from God, that He has hidden Himself from their knowledge, that this is in fact the name which He gives Himself in the Scriptures, Deus absconditus; and finally, if it endeavours equally to establish these two things: that God has set up in the Church visible signs to make Himself known to those who should seek Him sincerely, and that He has nevertheless so disguised them that He will only be perceived by those who seek Him with all their heart; what advantage can they obtain, when, in the negligence with which they make profession of being in search of the truth, they cry out that nothing reveals it to them; and since that darkness in which they are, and with which they upbraid the Church, establishes only one of the things which she affirms, without touching the other, and, very far from destroying, proves her doctrine?

In order to attack it, they should have protested that they had made every effort to seek Him everywhere, and even in that which the Church proposes for their instruction, but without satisfaction. If they talked in this manner, they would in truth be attacking one of her pretensions. But I hope here to show that no reasonable person can speak thus, and I venture even to say that no one has ever done so. We know well enough how those who are of this mind behave. They believe they have made great efforts for their instruction, when they have spent a few hours in reading some book of Scripture, and have questioned some priest on the truths of the faith. After that, they boast of having made vain search in books and among men. But, verily,

I will tell them what I have often said, that this negligence is insufferable. We are not here concerned with the trifling interests of some stranger, that we should treat it in this fashion; the matter concerns ourselves and our all.

The immortality of the soul is a matter which is of so great consequence to us, and which touches us so profoundly, that we must have lost all feeling to be indifferent as to knowing what it is. All our actions and thoughts must take such different courses, according as there are or are not eternal joys to hope for, that it is impossible to take one step with sense and judgment, unless we regulate our course by our view of this point which ought to be our ultimate end.

Thus our first interest and our first duty is to enlighten ourselves on this subject, whereon depends all our conduct. Therefore among those who do not believe, I make a vast difference between those who strive with all their power to inform themselves, and those who live without troubling or thinking about it.

I can have only compassion for those who sincerely bewail their doubt, who regard it as the greatest of misfortunes, and who, sparing no effort to escape it, make of this inquiry their principal and most serious occupations.

But as for those who pass their life without thinking of this ultimate end of life, and who, for this sole reason that they do not find within themselves the lights which convince them of it, neglect to seek them elsewhere, and to examine thoroughly whether this opinion is one of those which people receive with credulous simplicity, or one of those which, although obscure in themselves, have nevertheless a solid and immovable foundation, I look upon them in a manner quite different.

This carelessness in a matter which concerns themselves, their eternity, their all, moves me more to anger than pity, it astonishes and shocks me, it is to me monstrous. I do not say this out of the pious zeal of a spiritual devotion. I expect, on the contrary, that we ought to have this feeling

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from principles of human interest and self-love; for this we need only see what the least enlightened persons see.

We do not require great education of the mind to understand that here is no real and lasting satisfaction; that our pleasures are only vanity; that our evils are infinite; and, lastly, that death, which threatens us every moment, must infallibly place us within a few years under the dreadful necessity of being for ever either annihilated or unhappy.

There is nothing more real than this, nothing more terrible. Be we as heroic as we like, that is the end which awaits the noblest life in the world. Let us reflect on this, and then say whether it is not beyond doubt that there is no good in this life but in the hope of another; that we are happy only in proportion as we draw near it; and that, as there are no more woes for those who have complete assurance of eternity, so there is no more happiness for those who have no insight into it.

Surely then it is a great evil thus to be in doubt, but it is at least an indispensable duty to seek when we are in such doubt; and thus the doubter who does not seek is altogether completely unhappy and completely wrong. And if besides this he is easy and content, professes to be so, and indeed boasts of it; if it is this state itself which is the subject of his joy and vanity, I have no words to describe so silly a creature.

How can people hold these opinions? What joy can we find in the expectation of nothing but hopeless misery? What reason for boasting that we are in impenetrable darkness? And how can it happen that the following argument occurs to a reasonable man?

“I know not who put me into the world, nor what the world is, nor what I myself am. I am in terrible ignorance of everything. I know not what my body is, nor my senses, nor my soul, not even that part of me which thinks what I say, which reflects on all and on itself, and knows itself no more than the rest. I see those frightful spaces of the universe which surround me, and I find myself tied to one corner of this vast expanse, without knowing why I am put in this place

rather than in another, nor why the short time which is given me to live is assigned to me at this point rather than at another of the whole eternity which was before me or which shall come after me. I see nothing but infinities on all sides, which surround me as an atom, and as a shadow which endures only for an instant and returns no more. All I know is that I must soon die, but what I know least is this very death which I cannot escape.

“As I know not whence I come, so I know not whither I go. I know only that in leaving this world, I fall for ever either into annihilation or into the hands of an angry God, without knowing to which of these two states I shall be for ever assigned. Such is my state, full of weakness and uncertainty. And from all this I conclude that I ought to spend all the days of my life without caring to inquire into what must happen to me. Perhaps I might find some solution to my doubts, but I will not take the trouble, nor take a step to seek it; and after treating with scorn those who are concerned with this care, I will go without foresight and without fear to try the great event, and let myself be led carelessly to death, uncertain of the eternity of my future state.”

Who would desire to have for a friend a man who talks in this fashion? Who would choose him out from others to tell him of his affairs? Who would have recourse to him in affliction? And indeed to what use in life could one put him?

In truth, it is the glory of religion to have for enemies men so unreasonable; and their opposition to it is so little dangerous that it serves on the contrary to establish its truths. For the Christian faith goes mainly to establish these two facts, the corruption of nature, and redemption by Jesus Christ. Now I contend that if these men do not serve to prove the truth of the redemption by the holiness of their behaviour, they at least serve admirably to show the corruption of nature by sentiments so unnatural.

Nothing is so important to man as his own state, nothing is so formidable to him as eternity; and thus it is not natural that there should be men indifferent to the loss of their existence, and to the perils of everlasting suffering. They are quite

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different with regard to all other things. They are afraid of mere trifles; they foresee them; they feel them. And this same man who spends so many days and nights in rage and despair for the loss of the office, or for some imaginary insult to his honour, is the very one who knows without anxiety and without emotion that he will lose all by death. It is a monstrous thing to see in the same heart and at the same time this sensibility to trifles and this strange insensibility to the greatest objects. It is an incomprehensible enchantment, and a supernatural slumber, which indicates as its cause an all-powerful force.

There must be a strange confusion in the nature of man, that he should boast of being in that state in which it seems incredible that a single individual should be. However, experience has shown me so great a number of such persons that the fact would be surprising, if we did not know that the greater part of those who trouble themselves about the matter are disingenuous, and not in the fact what they say. They are people who have heard it said that it is the fashion to be thus daring. It is what they call shaking off the yoke, and they try to imitate this. But it would not be difficult to make them understand how greatly they deceive themselves in thus seeking esteem. This is not the way to gain it, even I say among those men of the world who take a healthy view of things, and who know that the only way to succeed in this life is to make ourselves appear honourable, faithful, judicious, and capable of useful service to a friend; because naturally men love only what may be useful to them. Now, what do we gain by hearing it said of a man that he has now thrown off the yoke, that he does not believe there is a God who watches our actions, that he considers himself the sole master of his conduct, and that he thinks he is accountable for it only to himself? Does he think that he has thus brought us to have henceforth complete confidence in him, and to look to him for consolation, advice, and help in every need of life? Do they profess to have delighted us by telling us that they hold our soul to be only a little wind and smoke, especially by telling us this in a haughty and self-satisfied tone of voice? Is this a thing to say gaily? Is it not, on the contrary, a thing to say sadly, as the saddest thing in the world?

If they thought of it seriously, they would see that this is so bad a mistake, so contrary to good sense, so opposed to decency, and so removed in every respect from that good breeding which they seek, that they would be more likely to correct than to pervert those who had an inclination to follow them. And indeed, make them give an account of their opinions, and of the reasons which they have for doubting religion, and they will say to you things so feeble and so petty, that they will persuade you of the contrary. The following is what a person one day said to such a one very appositely: "If you continue to talk in this manner, you will really make me religious." And he was right, for who would not have a horror of holding opinions in which he would have such contemptible persons as companions?

Thus those who only feign these opinions would be very unhappy, if they restrained their natural feelings in order to make themselves the most conceited of men. If, at the bottom of their heart, they are troubled at not having more light, let them not disguise the fact; this avowal will not be shameful. The only shame is to have none. Nothing reveals more an extreme weakness of mind than not to know the misery of a godless man. Nothing is more indicative of a bad disposition of heart than not to desire the truth of eternal promises. Nothing is more dastardly than to act with bravado before God. Let them then leave these impieties to those who are sufficiently illbred to be really capable of them. Let them at least be honest men, if they cannot be Christians. Finally, let them recognize that there are two kinds of people one can call reasonable; those who serve God with all their heart because they know Him, and those who seek Him with all their heart because they do not know Him.

But as for those who live without knowing Him and without seeking Him, they judge themselves so little worthy of their own care, that they are not worthy of the care of others; and it needs all the charity of the religion which they despise, not to despise them even to the point of leaving them to their folly. But because this religion obliges us always to regard them, so long as they are in this life, as capable of the grace which can enlighten them, and to believe that

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they may, in a little time, be more replenished with faith than we are, and that, on the other hand, we may fall into the blindness wherein they are, we must do for them what we would they should do for us if we were in their place, and call upon them to have pity upon themselves, and to take at least some steps in the endeavour to find light. Let them give to reading this some of the hours which they otherwise employ so uselessly; whatever aversion they may bring to the task, they will perhaps gain something, and at least will not lose much. But as for those who bring to the task perfect sincerity and a real desire to meet with truth, those I hope will be satisfied and convinced of the proofs of a religion so living, which I have here collected, and in which I have followed somewhat after this order...

THE FUNDAMENTALS OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION

... Men blaspheme what they do not know. The Christian religion consists in two points. It is of equal concern to men to know them, and it is equally dangerous to be ignorant of them. And it is equally of God's mercy that He has given indications of both.

And yet they take occasion to conclude that one of these points does not exist, from that which should have caused them to infer the other. The sages who have said there is only one god have been persecuted, the Jews were hated, and still more the Christians. They have seen by the light of nature that if there be a true religion on earth, the course of all things must tend to it as to a centre.

The whole course of things must have for its object the establishment and the greatness of religion. Men must have within them feelings suited to what religion teaches us. And, finally, religion must so be the object and centre to which all things tend, that whoever knows the principles of religion can give an explanation both of the whole nature of man in particular, and of the whole course of the world in general.

On this ground they take occasion to revile the Christian religion, because they misunderstand it. They imagine that it consists

simply in the worship of God considered as great, powerful, and eternal; which is strictly deism, almost as far removed from the Christian religion as atheism, which is its exact opposite. And thence they conclude that this religion is not true, because they do not see that all things concur to the establishment of this point, that God does not manifest Himself to men with all the evidence which He could show.

But let them conclude what they will against deism, they will conclude nothing against the Christian religion, which properly consists in the mystery of the Redeemer, who, uniting in Himself the two natures, human and divine, has redeemed men from the corruption of sin in order to reconcile them in His divine person to God.

The Christian religion, then, teaches men these two truths; that there is a God whom men can know, and that there is a corruption of their nature which renders them unworthy of Him. It is equally important to men to know both these points; and it is equally dangerous for man to know God without knowing his own wretchedness, and to know his own wretchedness without knowing the Redeemer who can free him from it. The knowledge of only one of these points gives rise either to the pride of philosophers, who have known God, and not their own wretchedness, or to the despair of atheists, who know their own wretchedness, but not the Redeemer.

And, as it is alike necessary to man to know these two points, so is it alike merciful of God to have made us know them. The Christian religion does this; it is in this that it consists.

Let us herein examine the order of the world, and see if all things do not tend to establish these two chief points of this religion: Jesus Christ is the end of all, and the centre to which all tends. Whoever knows Him knows the reason of everything.

Those who fall into error err only through failure to see one of these two things. We can then have an excellent knowledge of God without that of our own wretchedness, and of our own

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wretchedness without that of God. But we cannot know Jesus Christ without knowing at the same time both God and our own wretchedness.

Therefore I shall not undertake here to prove by natural reasons either the existence of God, or the trinity, or the immortality of the soul, or anything of that nature; not only because I should not feel myself sufficiently able to find in nature arguments to convince hardened atheists, but also because such knowledge without Jesus Christ is useless and barren. Though a man should be convinced that numerical proportions are immaterial truths, eternal and dependent on a first truth, in which they subsist, and which is called God, I should not think him far advanced towards his own salvation.

The God of Christians is not a God who is simply the author of mathematical truths, or of the order of the elements; that is the view of heathens and Epicureans. He is not merely a God who exercised His providence over the life and fortunes of men, to bestow on those who worship Him a long and happy life. That was the portion of the Jews. But the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, the God of Jacob, the God of Christians, is a God of love and of comfort, a God who fills the soul and heart of those whom He possesses, a God who makes them conscious of their inward wretchedness, and His infinite mercy, who unites Himself to their inmost soul, who fills it with humility and joy, with confidence and love, who renders them incapable of any other end than Himself.

All who seek God without Jesus Christ, and who rest in nature, either find no light to satisfy them, or come to form for themselves a means of knowing God and serving Him without a mediator. Thereby they fall either into atheism, or into deism, two things which the Christian religion abhors almost equally.

Without Jesus Christ, the world would not exist; for it should needs be either that it would be destroyed or be a hell.

If the world existed to instruct man of God, His divinity would shine through every part in it in an indisputable manner; but as it exists only by Jesus Christ, and for Jesus Christ, and to teach

men both their corruption and their redemption, all displays the proofs of these two truths.

All appearance indicates neither a total exclusion nor a manifest presence of divinity, but the presence of a God who hides Himself. Everything bears this character.

... Shall he alone who knows his nature know it only to be miserable? Shall he alone who knows it be alone unhappy?

... He must not see nothing at all, nor must he see sufficient for him to believe he possesses it; but he must see enough to know that he has lost it. For to know of his loss, he must see and not see; and that is exactly the state in which he naturally is.

... Whatever part he takes, I shall not leave him at rest...

PROOFS OF JESUS CHRIST

Jesus Christ typified by Joseph, the beloved of his father, sent by his father to see his brethren, etc., innocent, sold by his brethren for twenty pieces of silver, and thereby becoming their lord, their saviour, the saviour of strangers, and the saviour of the world; which had not been but for their plot to destroy him, their sale and their rejection of him.

In prison Joseph innocent between two criminals; Jesus Christ on the cross between two thieves. Joseph foretells freedom to the one, and death to the other, from the same omens. Jesus Christ saves the elect, and condemns the outcast for the same sins. Joseph foretells only; Jesus Christ acts. Joseph asks him who will be saved to remember him when he comes into his glory; and he whom Jesus Christ saves asks that He will remember him, when He comes into His Kingdom.

... Then Jesus Christ comes to tell men that they have no other enemies but themselves; that it is their passions which keep them apart from God; that He comes to destroy these, and give them His grace, so as to make of them all one Holy Church; that He comes to bring back into this Church the heathen and Jews; that He comes to destroy the idols of the former and the

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superstition of the latter. To this all men are opposed, not only from the natural opposition of lust; but above all, the kings of the earth, as had been foretold, join together to destroy this religion at its birth. (Proph.: Quare fremuerunt gentes... reges terrae... adversus Christum.)

All that is great on earth is united together; the learned, the wise, the kings. The first write; the second condemn; the last kill. And notwithstanding all these oppositions, these men, simple and weak, resist all these powers, subdue even these kings, these learned men and these sages, and remove idolatry from all the earth. And all this is done by the power which had foretold it.

MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS

“The sensibility of man to trifles, and his insensibility to great things, indicates a strange inversion.”

“Mine, thine.—‘This dog is mine,’ said those poor children; ‘that is my place in the sun.’ Here is the beginning and the image of the usurpation of all the earth.”

“The two fundamentals; one inward, the other outward; grace and miracles; both supernatural.”

“There is a pleasure in being in a ship beaten about by a storm, when we are sure that it will not founder. The persecutions which harass the Church are of this nature.”

“He who will give the meaning of Scripture, and does not take it from Scripture, is an enemy of Scripture. (Aug. De Doct. Christ.)”

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

JOHN MILTON

(1608-1674)

ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY

Composed 1629

I

THIS is the month, and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of Heaven's eternal King,
Of wedded maid, and virgin mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring
For so the holy sages once did sing,
That he our deadly forfeit should release,
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

II

That glorious form, that light unsufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of majesty
Wherewith he wont at Heaven's high council-
table
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
He laid aside; and here with us to be,
Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal
clay.

III

Say, Heavenly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein
Afford a present to the infant God?
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,
To welcome him to this his new abode,
Now while the Heaven, by the sun's team untrod,
Hath took no print of the approaching light,
And all the spangled host keep watch in
squadrons bright?

IV

See how from far upon the eastern road
The star-led wizards haste with odors sweet:
Oh, run, prevent them with thy humble ode,
And lay it lowly at his blessed feet;
Have thou the honor first thy Lord to greet
And join thy voice unto the angel quire,
From out his secret altar touched with hallowed
fire.

THE HYMN

I

It was the winter wild,
While the Heaven-born child,
All meanly wrapped, in the rude manger lies:
Nature in awe to him
Had doffed her gaudy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathize:
It was not season then for her
To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.

II

Only with speeches fair
She woos the gentle air
To hide her guilty front with innocent snow,
And on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinful blame,
The saintly veil of maiden white to throw,
Confounded that her Maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

III

But he, her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace;
She, crowned with olive green, came softly
sliding
Down through the turning sphere
His ready harbinger,
With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing,
And waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes a universal peace through sea and
land.

IV

No War, or battle's sound,
Was heard the world around:
The idle spear and shield were high up hung;
The hooked chariot stood,
Unstained with hostile blood;
The trumpet spake not to the armed throng
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their Sovran Lord was by

V

But peaceful was the night

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began:
The winds with wonder whist
Smoothly the waters kissed,
Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed
wave.

VI

The stars with deep amaze
Stand fixed in steadfast gaze
Bending one way their precious influence,
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,
For Lucifer that often warned them thence;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them
go.

VII

And though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,
The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferior flame
The new enlightened world no more should need
He saw a greater sun appear
Than his bright throne, or burning axle-tree,
could bear.

VIII

The shepherds on the lawn,
Or e'er the point of dawn
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row;
Full little thought they then,
That the mighty Fan
Was kindly come to live with them below;
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

IX

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortal finger strook,
Divinely-warbled voice
Answering the stringed noise,
As all their souls in blissful rapture took:
The air, such pleasure loth to lose

With thousand echoes still prolongs each
heavenly close.

X

Nature that heard such sound,
Beneath the hollow round
Of Cynthia's seat, the airy region thrilling,
Now was almost won
To think her part was done,
And that her reign had here its last fulfilling;
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all heaven and earth in happier union.

XI

At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light,
That with long beams the shamefaced night
arrayed.
The helmed cherubim,
And sworded seraphim,
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displayed,
Harping in loud and solemn quire,
With unexpressive notes to Heaven's new-born
Heir.

XII

Such music (as 'tis said)
Before was never made,
But when of old the sons of morning sung,
While the Creator great
His constellation set,
And the well-balanced world on hinges hung,
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel
keep.

XIII

Ring out, ye crystal spheres,
Once bless our human ears
(If ye have power to touch our senses so),
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time,
And let the base of Heaven's deep organ blow
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full consort to the angelic symphony.

XIV

For if such holy song
Enwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold,

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

And speckled Vanity
 Will sicken soon and die,
 And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mold,
 And Hell itself will pass away,
 And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering
 day.

XV

Yea, Truth and Justice then
 Will down return to men.
 Orbed in a rainbow; and like glories wearing
 Mercy will sit between,
 Throned in celestial sheen,
 With radiant feet the tissued clouds down
 steering
 And Heaven, as at some festival
 Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.

XVI

But wisest Fate says no,
 This must not yet be so,
 The babe lies yet in smiling infancy,
 That on the bitter cross
 Must redeem our loss;
 So both himself and us to glorify:
 Yet first to those ychained in sleep,
 The wakeful trump of doom must thunder
 through the deep,

XVII

With such a horrid clang
 As on Mount Sinai rang,
 While the red fire and smoldering clouds out
 brake:
 The aged earth aghast,
 With terror of that blast,
 Shall from the surface to the center shake;
 When at the world's last session,
 The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread his
 throng.

XVIII

And then at last our bliss
 Full and perfect is,
 But now begins; for, from this happy day,
 The old dragon, underground
 In straiter limits bound,
 Not half so far casts his usurped sway,
 And wroth to see his kingdom fail,
 Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

XIX

The oracles are dumb;
 No voice or hideous hum
 Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.
 Apollo from his shrine
 Can no more divine,
 With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.
 No nightly trance, or breathed spell,
 Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic
 cell.

XX

The lonely mountains o'er,
 And the resounding shore,
 A voice of weeping heard and loud lament
 From haunted spring, and dale
 Edged with poplar pale,
 The parting genius is with sighing sent;
 With flower-inwoven tresses torn,
 The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled mourn.

XXI

In consecrated earth,
 And on the holy hearth,
 The Lars and Lemures moan with midnight
 plaint;
 In urns, and altars round,
 A drear and dying sound
 Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint;
 And the chill marble seems to sweat,
 While each peculiar power foregoes his wonted
 seat.

XXII

Peor and Baalim
 Forsake their temples dim,
 With that twice battered god of Palestine;
 And mooned Ashtroth,
 Heaven's queen and mother both,
 Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine,
 The Lybic Hammon shrinks his horn;
 In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded
 Thammuz mourn.

XXIII

And sullen Moloch fled,
 Hath left in shadows dread
 His burning idol all of blackest hue;
 In vain with cymbals' ring

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They call the grisly king,
In dismal dance about the furnace blue;
The brutish gods of Nile as fast,
Isis, and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste.

XXIV

Nor is Osiris seen
In Memphian grove or green,
Trampling the unshowered grass with lowings
loud;
Nor can he be at rest
Within his sacred chest,
Naught but profoundest hell can be his shroud;
In vain with timbreled anthems dark
The sable-stoled sorcerers bear his worshiped
ark.

XXV

He feels from Juda's land
The dreaded infant's hand,
The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn;
Nor all the gods beside,
Longer dare abide,
Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine:
Our Babe to show his Godhead true,
Oan in his swaddling bands control the damned
crew.

XXVI

So when the sun in bed,
Curtained with cloudy red,
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
The flocking shadows pale
Troop to the infernal jail,
Each fettered ghost slips to his several grave,
And the yellow-skirted fays
Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-
loved maze.

XXVII

But see, the virgin blest
Hath laid her Babe to rest,
Time is our tedious song should here have
ending;
Heaven's youngest teemed star
Hath fixed her polished car,
Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending;
And all about the courtly stable
Bright-harnessed angels sit in order serviceable.
LET US WITH A GLADSOME MIND

Let us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord for He is kind;
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us blaze His name abroad,
For of gods He is the God;
Who by all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light.

He the golden tressed sun
Caused all day his course to run;
Th' horned moon to shine by night,
'Mid her spangled sisters bright.

He His chosen race did bless,
In the wasteful wilderness;
He hath, with a piteous eye,
Looked upon our misery.

All things living He doth feed.
His full hand supplies their need;
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

ON HIS BLINDNESS

WHEN I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide;
And that one talent which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more
bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he returning chide;
Doth God exact day-labor, light denied,
I fondly ask? But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts; who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best; his state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait.

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PARADISE LOST

Book I

The Argument

Of Man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree whose mortal taste
Brought death into the World, and all our woe.
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissfull seat,
Sing, Heavenly Muse, that, on the secret top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
That shepherd who first taught the chosen seed
In the beginning how the heavens and earth
Rose out of Chaos: or, if Sion hill
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flowed

Fast by the oracle of God, I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.
And chiefly Thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
Before all temples the upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for thou know'st; Thou from the first
Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread,
Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast Abyss,
And mad'st it pregnant: what in me is dark
Illumine, what is low raise and support;
That, to the height of this great argument,
I may assert Eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men.

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

JOHN OWEN

(1616-1683)

Selections from THE GLORIOUS MYSTERY OF THE PERSON OF CHRIST, GOD AND MAN

But of all the effects of the divine excellencies, the constitution of the person of Christ, is the foundation of the new creation, as the mystery of godliness, was the most ineffable and glorious. I speak not of his divine person absolutely. For his distinct personality and subsistence was by an internal and eternal act of the divine Being in the person of the Father, or eternal generation, which is essential unto the divine essence, whereby nothing anew was outwardly wrought or did exist. He was not, he is not in that sense, the effect of the divine wisdom and power of God, but the essential wisdom and power of God himself. But we speak of him only as incarnate, as he assumed our nature into personal subsistence with himself. His conception in the womb of the virgin, as unto the integrity of human nature, was a miraculous operation of the divine power. But the prevention of that nature from any subsistence of its own, by its assumption into personal union with the Son of God, in the first instance of its conception, is that which is above all miracles, nor can be designed by that name. A mystery it is, so far above the order of all creating or providential operations, that it wholly transcends the sphere of them that are most miraculous. Herein did God glorify all the properties of the divine nature, acting in a way of infinite wisdom, grace, and condescension. The depths of the mystery hereof are open only unto him whose understanding is infinite, which no created understanding can comprehend. All other things were produced and effected by a outward emanation of power from God: he said, Let there be light, and there was light. But this assumption of our nature into hypostatical union with the Son of God, this constitution of one and the same individual person in two natures, so infinitely distinct as those of God and man, whereby the eternal was made in time, the infinite became finite, the immortal, mortal, yet continuing and power, wherein God will be admired and glorified unto all eternity. Herein was that change introduced

into the whole first creation, whereby the blessed angels were exalted, Satan and his works ruined, mankind recovered from a dismal apostacy, all things made new, all things in heaven and earth reconciled and gathered into the head, and a revenue of eternal glory raised unto God, incomparably above what the first constitution of all things, in the order of nature, could yield unto him.

What may be known of God, is his nature and existence, with the holy counsels of his will. A representation of them unto us is the foundation of all religion, and the means of our conformity unto him, wherein our present duty and future blessedness do consist. For to know God, so as thereby to be made like unto him, is the chief end of men. This is done perfectly only in the person of Christ, all other means of it being subordinate thereunto, and none of them of the same nature therewithal. The end of the world itself is to instruct us in the knowledge of God in Christ.

Hence it is that those who reject the divine person of Christ, who believe it not, who discern not the wisdom, grace, love, and power of God therein, do constantly reject or corrupt all other spiritual truths of divine revelation, nor can it otherwise be. For they have a consistency only in their relation unto the mystery of godliness, God manifest in the flesh; and from thence derive their sense and meaning. This being removed, the truth in all other articles of religion immediately falls to the ground.

Hence it is that the knowledge and profession of the truth with many is so fruitless, inefficacious, and useless. It is not known, it is not understood nor believed in its relation unto Christ, on which account alone it conveys either light or power to the soul. Men profess they know the truth, but they know it not in its proper order, in its harmony and use. It leads them not to Christ, it brings not Christ unto them, and so is lifeless and useless. Hence oft-times none are more estranged from the life of God, than such as

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have much notional knowledge of the doctrines of the Scripture. For they are all of the useless, and subject to the abused, if they are not improved to form Christ in the soul, and transform the whole person into his likeness and image. This they will not effect where their relation unto him is not understood, where they are not received and learned as a revelation of him, with the mystery of the will and wisdom of God in him. For whereas he is our life, and in our living unto God we do not so much live as he liveth in us, and the life which we lead in the flesh is by the faith of him, so that we have neither principle nor power of spiritual life but in, by, and from him, whatever knowledge we have of the truth, if it do not effect an union between him and our souls, it will be lifeless in us, and unprofitable unto us. It is 'learning the truth as it is in Jesus,' which alone reneweth the image of God in us.

Internal conformity unto his habitual grace and holiness, is the fundamental design of a Christian life. That which is the best without it, is a pretended imitation of his example in outward duties of obedience. I call it pretended, because where the first design is wanting, it is no more but so; nor is it acceptable unto Christ, nor approved by him. And therefore an attempt unto that end hath often issued in formality, hypocrisy, and superstition.

One end of God in filling the human nature of Christ with all grace, in implanting his glorious image upon it, was, that he might in him propose an example of what he would by the same grace renew us unto, and what we ought in a way of duty to labour after. The fullness of grace was necessary unto the human nature of Christ, from its hypostatical union with the Son of God. For whereas therein the 'fulness of the Godhead dwelt in him bodily,' it became an holy thing, Luke i.35. It was also necessary unto him, as unto his own obedience in the flesh, wherein he fulfilled all righteousness, did no sin, 'neither was guile found in his mouth,' I Pet. ii.22. And it

was so unto the discharge of the office he undertook; for 'such an High Priest became us, who was holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners,' Heb. vii.26. Howbeit, the infinite wisdom of God had this farther design in it also, namely, that he might be the pattern and example of the renovation of the image of God in us, and of the glory that doth ensue thereon. He is in the eye of God as the idea of what he intends in us, in the communication of grace and glory; and he ought to be so in ours, as unto all that we aim at in a way of duty.

He hath 'predestinated us to be conformed unto the image of his Son, that he might be the first-born among many brethren,' Rom. viii.30. In the collation of all grace on Christ, God designed to make 'him the first-born of many brethren;' that is, not only to give him the power and authority of the first-born, with the trust of the whole inheritance to be communicated unto them, but also as the example of what he would bring them unto. 'For both he that sanctifieth, and they that are sanctified, are all of one, for which cause he is not ashamed to call them brethren,' Heb. ii.11. It is Christ who sanctifieth believers; yet is it from God, who first sanctified him, that he and they might be of one, and so become brethren, as bearing the image of the same Father. God designed and gave unto Christ 'grace and glory;' and he did it that he might be the prototype of what he designed unto us, and would bestow upon us. Hence the Apostle shews that the effect of this predestination to conformity unto the image of the Son, is the communication of all-effectual saving grace, with the glory that ensues thereon. Ver. 30. 'Moreover, whom he did predestinate, them he also called; and whom he called, them he also justified; and whom he justified, them he also glorified.'

The great design of God in his grace is, that as we have borne the image of the first Adam, in the depravation of our natures; so we should bear the image of the second, in their renovation.

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

JOHN BUNYAN

(1628-1688)

Selections from GRACE ABOUNDING

Wherefore I fell to some outward Reformation, both in my words and life, and did set the Commandments before me for my way to heaven; which Commandments I also did strive to keep, and, as I thought, did keep them pretty well sometimes, and then I should have comfort; yet now and then should break one, and so afflict my Conscience; but then I should repent, and say I was sorry for it, and promise God to do better next time, and there get help again, for then I thought I pleased God as well as any man in England.

Thus I continued about a year; all which time our Neighbours did take me to be a very godly Man, a new and religious man, and did marvel much to see such a great and famous alteration in my Life and Manners. And, indeed, so it was, though yet I knew not Christ, nor Grace, nor Faith, nor Hope. And, truly, as I have well seen since, had I then died, my state had been most fearful. Well, this, I say, continued about a twelvemonth or more.

But, I say, my Neighbours were amazed at this my great Conversion from prodigious Profaneness to something like a moral Life. And, truly, so they well might; for this my Conversion was as great, as for Tom of Bethlem to become a sober Man. Now, therefore they began to praise, to commend, and to speak well of me, both to my face and behind my back. Now, I was, as they said, become godly; now, I was become a right honest man. But, oh! When I understood that these were their words and opinions of me, it pleased me mighty well. For though, as yet, I was nothing but a poor painted Hypocrite, yet I loved to be talked of as one that was truly godly. I was proud of my Godliness, and, indeed, I did all I did, either to be seen of, or to be well spoken of, by Men. And thus I continued for about a twelvemonth of more.

But poor Wretch as I was, I was all this while ignorant of Jesus Christ, and going about to establish my own Righteousness; and had

perished therein, had not God, in mercy, showed me more of my State by nature.

But upon a day the good providence of God did cast me to Bedford, to work on my Calling; and in one of the Streets of that Town, I came where there were three or four poor Women sitting at a door in the Sun, and talking about the things of God; and being now willing to hear them discourse I drew near to hear what they said, for I was now a brisk Talker also myself in the matters of Religion. But I may say, I heard but I understood not; for they were far above, out of my reach. Their talk was about a new Birth, the work of God on their hearts, also how they were convinced of their miserable state by nature. They talked how God had visited their souls with his love in the Lord Jesus, and with what words and promises they had been refreshed, comforted, and supported against the temptations of the Devil. Moreover, they reasoned of the Suggestions and Temptations of Satan in particular; and told to each other by which they had been afflicted, and how they were borne up under his assaults. They also discoursed of their own wretchedness of heart, of the Unbelief; and did contemn, slight, and abhor their own Righteousness, as filthy and insufficient to do them any good.

And methought they spake as if joy did make them speak; they spake with such pleasantness of Scripture Language, and with such appearance of grace in all they said, that they were to me, as if they had found a new World, as if they were people that dwell alone, and were not to be reckoned amongst their Neighbours.

At this I felt my own Heart began to shake, and mistrust my Condition to be naught; for I saw that in all my thoughts about Religion and Salvation, the new Birth did never enter into my Mind, neither knew I the Comfort of the Word and Promise, nor the Deceitfulness and Treachery of my own wicked Heart. As for secret Thoughts, I took no notice of them; neither did I understand

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what Satan's Temptations were, nor how they were to be withstood and resisted, etc.

But, I observe, though I was such a great sinner before conversion, yet God never much charged the guilt of the sins of my ignorance upon me; only he shewed me I was lost if I had not Christ, because I had been a Sinner. I saw that I wanted a perfect Righteousness to present me without fault before God; and this Righteousness was nowhere to be found, but in the Person of Jesus Christ.

But my original and inward pollution, that that was my plague and my affliction; that, I saw, at a dreadful rate, always putting forth itself within me; that I had the guilt of, to amazement; by reason of that, I was more loathsome in mine own Eyes than was a Toad; and I thought I was so in God's Eyes too. Sin and Corruption, I said, would as naturally bubble out of my Heart as Water would bubble out of a Fountain. I thought now that every one had a better heart than I had; I could have changed heart with anybody. I thought none but the Devil himself could equalize me for inward wickedness and pollution of Mind. I fell, therefore, at the sight of my own vileness, deeply into despair; for I concluded that this condition that I was in could not stand with a state of Grace. Sure, thought I, I am forsaken of God; sure I am given up to the Devil, and to a reprobate mind. And thus I continued a long while, even for some Years together.

While I was thus afflicted with the fears of my own damnation, there were two things would make me wonder; the one was, when I saw old People hunting after the things of this life, as if they should live here always; the other was, when I found Professors much distressed and cast down, when they met with outward losses; as of Husband, Wife, Child, etc. Lord, thought I, what ado is here about such little things as these! What seeking after carnal things by some, and what grief in others for the loss of them! If they so much labour after, and spend so many tears for the things of this present life, how am I to be bemoaned, pitied, and prayed for! My soul is dying, my soul is damning. Were my soul but in a good condition, and were I but sure of it, ah! How rich should I esteem myself, though blessed

but with Bread and Water. I should count those but small Afflictions, and should bear them as little Burthens. A wounded spirit who can bear?

And though I was thus troubled, and tossed, and afflicted with the sight and sense and terror of my own wickedness, yet I was afraid to let this sense and sight go quite off my mind; for I found, that unless guilt of conscience was taken off the right way, that is, by the Blood of Christ, a man grew rather worse for the loss of his trouble of Mind, than better. Wherefore, if my guilt lay hard upon me, then I should cry that the Blood of Christ might take it off; and if it was going off without it (for the sense of Sin would be sometimes as if it would die, and go quite away), then I would also strive to fetch it upon my heart again, by bringing the punishment for sin in hell-fire upon my Spirit; and should cry, Lord, let it not go off my heart, but the right way, but by the blood of Christ, and by the application of thy mercy, through him, to my Soul; for that Scripture lay much upon me, without shedding of Blood there is no remission. And that which made me the more afraid of this was, because I had seen some who, though when they were under wounds of conscience, would cry and pray; yet seeking rather present ease from their trouble than pardon for their sin, cared not how they lost their guilt so they got it out of their mind. Now having got it off the wrong way, it was not sanctified unto them; but they grew harder and blinder and more wicked after their trouble. This made me afraid, and made me cry to God the more, that it might not be so with me.

I had, also, once a sweet glance from that in 2 Corinthians v.21, For he hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the Righteousness of God in him. I remember that one day, as I was sitting in a Neighbor's House, and there very sad at the consideration of my many blasphemies, and as I was saying in my mind, What ground have I to think that I, who have been so vile and abominable, should ever inherit Eternal Life? That word came suddenly upon me, What shall we then say to these things? If God be for us, who can be against us? That, also, was an help unto me, Because I live, ye shall live also. But these words were but hints,

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touches, and short visits, though very sweet when present; only they lasted not; but, like to Peter's Sheet, of a sudden were caught up from me to heaven again.

I remember that one day, as I was traveling into the Country and musing on the wickedness and blasphemy of my Heart, and considering of the enmity that was in me to God, that Scripture came in my mind, He hath made peace by the Blood of his Cross. By which I was made to see, both again, and again, that day, that God and my soul were Friends by this Blood; yea, I saw that the Justice of God and my sinful Soul could embrace and kiss each other through the Blood. This was a good day to me; I hope I shall not forget it.

At this time, also, I sat under the ministry of holy Mr. Gifford, whose Doctrine, by God's Grace, was much for my stability. This man made it much his business to deliver the People of God from all those false and unsound rests that by nature, we are prone to take and make to our souls. He would bid us take special heed that we took not up any truth upon trust, from this, or that, or any other man or men, but to cry mightily to God that he would convince us of the reality thereof, and set us down therein, by his own Spirit, in the Holy Word. For, said he, if you do otherwise, when temptations come, if strongly, you, not having received them with evidence from heaven, will find you want that help and strength now to resist that once you thought you had.

Well, after many such longings in my mind, the God in whose hand are all our days and ways, did cast into my hand, one day, a Book of Martin Luther; it was his Comment on the Galatians—it also was so old that it was ready to fall piece from piece if I did but turn it over. Now I was pleased much that such an old Book had fallen into my hand; the which, when I had but a little way perused, I found my condition, in his experience, so largely and profoundly handled, as if his Book had been written out of my heart. This made me marvel; for thus thought I, This Man could not know anything of the state of Christians now, but must needs write and speak the experience of former days.

Besides he doth most gravely also in that Book, debate of the rise of these temptations, namely, Blasphemy, Desperation, and the like; showing that the Law of Moses as well as the Devil, Death, and Hell hath a very great hand therein. The which, at first, was very strange to me; but considering and watching, I found it so indeed. But of particulars here I enter nothing; only this, methinks, I must let fall before all men, I do prefer this book of Martin Luther upon the Galatians (excepting the Holy Bible) before all the Books that ever I have seen, as must fit for a wounded Conscience.

But one day, as I was passing in the field, and that too with some dashes on my Conscience, fearing lest yet all was not right, suddenly this sentence fell upon my soul, Thy righteousness is in Heaven; and methought withal, I saw, with the Eyes of my Soul, Jesus Christ at God's Right Hand. There, I say, was my righteousness; my Righteousness, for that was just before him. I also saw, moreover, that it was not my good frame of Heart that made my Righteousness better, nor yet my bad frame that made my Righteousness worse; for my Righteousness was Jesus Christ himself, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

Now did my Chains fall off my Legs indeed; I was loosed from my Afflictions and Irons; my Temptations also fled away; so that, from that time, those dreadful Scriptures of God left off to trouble me; now went I also home rejoicing, for the Grace and Love of God. So when I came home, I looked to see if I could find that Sentence, Thy Righteousness is in Heaven, but could not find such a saying; wherefore my Heart began to sink again; only that was brought to my remembrance, He is made unto us of God Wisdom, and Righteousness, and Sanctification, and Redemption; by this word I saw the other sentence true.

For by this Scripture, I saw that the Man Christ Jesus, as he is distinct from us, as touching his bodily presence, so he is our Righteousness and Sanctification before God. Here, therefore, I lived for some time, very sweetly at peace with God through Christ. Oh methought, Christ! Christ! There was nothing but Christ that was before my Eyes; I was not now only for looking

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upon this and the other benefits of Christ apart, as of his Blood, Burial, or Resurrection, but considered him as a whole Christ; as he in whom all these, and all other his virtues, Relations, Offices, and Operations met together, and that, as he sat on the Right Hand of God in Heaven.

‘Twas glorious to me to see his Exaltation, and the Worth and Prevalency of all his Benefits, and that because now I could look from myself to him, and should reckon that all those graces of God that now were green on me, were yet but like those crack-groats and fourpence-halfpennies that rich men carry in their Purses, when their Gold is in their Trunks at home! Oh, I saw my Gold was in my Trunk at home! In Christ, my Lord and Saviour! Now, Christ was all; all my Wisdom, all my Righteousness, all my Sanctification, and all my Redemption.

Further, the Lord did also lead me into the Mystery of Union with the Son of God; that I was joined to him, that I was flesh of his flesh, and bone of his bone, and now was that a sweet word to me in Ephesians v.30. By this also was my Faith in him as my Righteousness the more

confirmed to me; for if he and I were one, then his Righteousness was mine, his Merits mine, his Victory also mine. Now could I see myself in Heaven and Earth at once; in Heaven by my Christ, by my Head, by my Righteousness and Life, though on Earth by my body or Person.

Now I saw Christ Jesus was looked on of God, and should also be looked upon by us, as that common or public Person, in whom all the whole body of his Elect are always to be considered and reckoned; that we fulfilled the Law by him, died by him, rose from the dead by him, got the Victory over Sin, Death, the Devil, and Hell by him; when he died, we died; and so of his Resurrection. Thy dead men shall live, together with my dead body shall they arise, saith he. And again, After two days he will revive us: and the third day we shall live in his sight; which is now fulfilled by the sitting down of the Son of Man on the Right Hand of the Majesty in the Heavens, according to that to the Ephesians, he hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus.

Selections from THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

“THE FIRST STAGE”

As I walked through the wilderness of this world, I lighted on a certain place where was a den*, (* *Bedford jail, in which the author was a prisoner for conscience' sake*) and laid me down in that place to sleep; and as I slept, I dreamed a dream. I dreamed, and behold, I saw a man clothed with rags standing in a certain place, with his face from his own house, a book in his hand, and a great burden upon his back. Isa. 64:6; Luke 14:33; Psalm 38:4. I looked, and saw him open the book, and read therein; and as he read, he wept and trembled; and not being able longer to contain, he brake out with a lamentable cry, saying, “What shall I do?” Acts 2:37; 16:36; Habak. 1:2, 3.

Now I saw, upon a time, when he was walking in the fields, that he was (as he was wont) reading in his book, and greatly distressed

in his mind; and as he read, he burst out, as he had done before, crying, “What shall I do to be saved?” Acts. 16:30, 31.

I saw also that he looked this way, and that way, as if he would run; yet he stood still because (as I perceived) he could not tell which way to go. I looked then, and saw a man named Evangelist coming to him, and he asked, “Wherefore dost thou cry?”

He answered, “Sir, I perceive, by the book in my hand, that I am condemned to die, and after that to come to judgment, Heb. 9:27; and I find that I am not willing to do the first, Job 10:21, 22, nor able to do the second.” Ezek. 22:14.

Then said Evangelist, “Why not willing to die, since this life is attended with so many evils?” The man answered, “Because I fear that this burden that is upon my back will sink me lower than the grave, and I shall fall into Tophet.

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Isa. 30:33. And, sir, if I be not fit to go to prison, I am not fit to go to judgment, and from thence to execution; and the thoughts of these things make me cry.”

Then said Evangelist, “If this be thy condition, why standest thou still?” He answered, “Because I know not whither to go.” Then he gave him a parchment roll, and there was written within, “Fly from the wrath to come.” Matt. 3:7.

The man therefore read it, and, looking upon Evangelist very carefully, said, “Whither must I fly?” Then said Evangelist, (pointing with his finger over a very wide field,) “Do you see yonder wicket-gate?” Matt. 7:13, 14. The man said, “No.” Then said the other, “Do you see yonder shining light?” Psa. 119:105; 2 Pet. 1:19. He said, “I think I do.” Then said Evangelist, “Keep that light in your eye, and go up directly thereto, so shalt thou see the gate; at which when thou knockest, it shall be told thee what thou shalt do.” So I saw in my dream that the man began to run. Now he had not run far from his own door when his wife and children, perceiving it, began to cry after him to return; but the man put his fingers in his ears and ran on, crying, “Life! Life! Eternal life!” Luke 14:26. So he looked not behind him, Gen. 19:17, but fled towards the middle of the plain.

“THE BURDEN AND THE CROSS”

Now I saw in my dream, that the highway up which Christian was to go, was fenced on either side with a wall, and that wall was called Salvation. Isa. 26:1. Up this way, therefore, did burdened Christian run, but not without great difficulty, because of the load on his back.

He ran thus till he came at a place somewhat ascending; and upon that place stood a cross, and a little below, in the bottom, a sepulcher. So I saw in my dream, that just as Christian came up with the Cross, his burden loosed from off his shoulders, and fell from off his back, and began to tumble, and so continued to do till it came to the mouth of the sepulcher, where it fell in, and I saw it no more.

Then was Christian glad and lightsome, and said with a merry heart, “He hath given me rest

by his sorrow, and life by his death.” Then he stood still a while, to look and wonder; for it was very surprising to him that the sight of the cross should thus ease him of his burden. He looked, therefore, and looked again, even till the springs that were in his head sent the waters down his cheeks. Zech. 12:10. Now as he stood looking and weeping, behold, three Shining Ones came to him, and saluted him with, “Peace be to thee.” So the first said to him, “Thy sins be forgiven thee,” Mark 2:5; the second stripped him of his rags, and clothed him with change of raiment, Zech. 3:4; the third also set a mark on his forehead, Eph. 1:13, and gave him a roll with a seal upon it, which he bid him look on as he ran, and that he should give it in at the celestial gate: so they went their way. Then Christian gave three leaps for joy, and went on singing,

“Thus far did I come laden with my sin,
Nor could aught ease the grief that I was in,
Till I came hither. What a place is this!
Must here be the beginning of my bliss?
Must here the burden fall from off my back?
Must here the strings that bound it to me
crack?
Blest cross! Blest sepulcher! Blest, rather, be
The Man that there was put to shame for me!”

“APOLLYON’S DISCOURSE”

APOL. Whence came you, and whither are you bound?

CHR. I am come from the city of Destruction, which is the place of all evil, and I am going to the city of Zion.

APOL. By this I perceive that thou art one of my subjects; for all that country is mine, and I am the prince and god of it. How is it, then, that thou hast run away from thy king? Were it not that I hope thou mayest do me more service, I would strike thee now at one blow to the ground.

CHR. I was indeed born in your dominions, but your service was hard, and your wages such as a man could not live on; for the wages of sin is death, Rom 6:23; therefore, when

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I was come to years, I did as other considerate persons do, look out if perhaps I might mend myself.

APOL. There is no prince that will thus lightly lose his subjects, neither will I as yet lose thee; but since thou complainest of thy service and wages, be content to go back, and what our country will afford I do here promise to give thee.

CHR. But I have let myself to another, even to the King of princes; and how can I with fairness go back with thee?

APOL. Thou hast done in this according to the proverb, "changed a bad for a worse;" but it is ordinary for those that have professed themselves his servants, after a while to give him the slip, and return again to me. Do thou so too, and all shall be well.

CHR. I have given him my faith, and sworn my allegiance to him; how then can I go back from this, and not be hanged as a traitor?

APOL. Thou didst the same by me, and yet I am willing to pass by all, if now thou wilt yet turn again and go back.

CHR. What I promised thee was in my nonage; and besides, I count that the Prince, under whose banner I now stand, is able to absolve me, yea, and to pardon also what I did as to my compliance with thee. And besides, O thou destroying Apollyon, to speak truth, I like his service, his wages, his servants, his government, his company, and country, better than thine; therefore leave off to persuade me farther: I am his servant, and I will follow him.

APOL. Consider again, when thou art in cool blood, what thou art like to meet with in the way that thou goest. Thou knowest that for the most part his servants come to an ill end, because they are transgressors against me and my ways. How many of them have been put to shameful deaths! And besides, thou countest his service better than mine; whereas he never yet came from the place where he is, to deliver any that served him out of their enemies' hands; but as for me, how many times, as all the world very well knows, have I delivered, either by power or fraud, those that have faithfully served me, from

him and his, though taken by them. And so will I deliver thee.

CHR. His forbearing at present to deliver them, is on purpose to try their love, whether they will cleave to him to the end; and as for the ill end thou sayest they come to, that is most glorious in their account. For, for present deliverance, they do not much expect it; for they stay for their glory; and then they shall have it, when their Prince comes in his and the glory of the angels.

APOL. Thou hast already been unfaithful in thy service to him; and how dost thou think to receive wages of him?

CHR. Wherein, O Apollyon, have I been unfaithful to him?

APOL. Thou didst faint at first setting out, when thou wast almost choked in the gulf of Despond. Thou didst attempt wrong ways to be rid of thy burden, whereas thou shouldst have stayed till thy Prince had taken it off. Thou didst sinfully sleep, and lose thy choice things. Thou wast almost persuaded also to go back at the sight of the lions. And when thou talkest of thy journey, and of what thou hast seen and heard, thou art inwardly desirous of vainglory in all that thou sayest or doest.

CHR. All this is true, and much more which thou hast left out; but the Prince whom I serve and honor is merciful, and ready to forgive. But besides, these infirmities possessed me in thy country, for there I sucked them in, and I have groaned under them, been sorry for them, and have obtained pardon of my Prince.

Then Apollyon broke into a grievous rage, saying, "I am an enemy to this Prince; I hate his person, his laws, and people: I am come out on purpose to withstand thee."

CHR. Apollyon, beware what you do, for I am in the King's highway, the way of holiness; therefore take heed to yourself.

Then Apollyon straddled quite over the whole breadth of the way, and said, "I am void of fear in this matter. Prepare thyself to die; for I swear by my infernal den, that thou shalt go no further: here will I spill thy soul." And with that he threw

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a flaming dart at his breast; but Christian had a shield in his hand, with which he caught it, and so prevented the danger of that.

Then did Christian draw, for he saw it was time to bestir him; and Apollyon as fast made at him, throwing darts as thick as hail; by the which, notwithstanding all that Christian could do to avoid it, Apollyon wounded him in his head, his hand, and foot. This made Christian give a little back; Apollyon therefore followed his work amain, and Christian again took courage, and resisted as manfully as he could. This sore combat lasted for above half a day, even till Christian was almost quite spent; for you must know, that Christian, by reason of his wounds, must needs grow weaker and weaker.

Then Apollyon, espying his opportunity, began to gather up close to Christian, and wrestling with him, gave him a dreadful fall; and with that Christian's sword flew out of his hand. Then said Apollyon, "I am sure of thee now;" and with that he had almost pressed him to death, so that Christian began to despair of life. But, as God would have it, while Apollyon was fetching his last blow, thereby to make a full end of this good man, Christian nimbly reached out his hand for his sword, and caught it, saying, "Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy: when I fall, I shall arise," Mic. 7:8, and with that gave him a deadly thrust, which made him give back, as one that had received his mortal wound. Christian perceiving that, made at him again, saying, "Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors, through Him that loved us." Rom. 8:37. And with that Apollyon spread forth his dragon wings, and sped him away, that Christian saw him no more. James 4:7.

In this combat no man can image, unless he had seen and heard, as I did, what yelling and hideous roaring Apollyon made all the time of the fight; he spoke like a dragon: and on the other side, what sighs and groans burst from Christian's heart. I never saw him all the while give so much as one pleasant look, till he perceived he had wounded Apollyon with his two-edged sword; then, indeed, he did smile, and look upward. But it was the dreadfulest sight that ever I saw.

So when the battle was over, Christian said, "I will here give thanks to Him that hath delivered me out of the mouth of the lion, to Him that did help me against Apollyon." And so he did, saying,

"Great Beelzebub, the captain of this fiend,
Designed my ruin; therefore to this end
He sent him harnessed out; and he, with rage
That hellish was, did fiercely me engage,
But blessed Michel helped me, and I,
By dint of sword, did quickly make him fly;
Therefore to Him let me give lasting praise,
And thank and bless his holy name always."

Then there came to him a hand with some of the leaves of the tree of life, the which Christian took and applied to the wounds that he had received in the battle, and was healed immediately. He also sat down in that place to eat bread, and to drink of the bottle that was given him a little before: so, being refreshed, he addressed himself to his journey with his sword drawn in his hand; for he said, "I know not but some other enemy may be at hand." But he met with no other affront from Apollyon quite through this valley.

"VANITY FAIR"

Then I saw in my dream, that when they were got out of the wilderness, they presently saw a town before them, and the name of that town is Vanity; and at the town there is a fair kept, called Vanity Fair. It is kept all the year long. It beareth the name of Vanity Fair, because the town where it is kept is lighter than vanity, Psa. 62:9; and also because all that is there sold, or that cometh thither, is vanity; as is the saying of the wise, "All that cometh is vanity." Eccl. 11:8; see also Eccl. 1:2-11; Isa. 40:17.

This fair is no new-erected business, but a thing of ancient standing. I will show you the original of it.

Almost five thousand years ago there were pilgrims walking to the celestial city, as these two honest persons are; and Beelzebub, Apollyon,

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and Legion with their companions, perceiving by the path the pilgrims made, that their way to the city lay through this town of Vanity, they contrived here to set up a fair, a fair wherein should be sold all sorts of vanity, and that it should last all the year long. Therefore at this fair are all such merchandise sold as houses, lands, trades, places, honors, preferments, titles, countries, kingdoms, lusts, pleasures; and delights of all sorts, as harlots, wives, husbands, children, masters, servants, lives, blood, bodies, souls, silver, gold, pearls, precious stones, and what not.

And moreover, at this fair there is at all times to be seen jugglings, cheats, games, plays, fools, apes, knaves, and rogues, and that of every kind.

Here are to be seen too, and that for nothing, thefts, murders, adulteries, false-swearers, and that of a blood-red color.

And, as in other fairs of less moment, there are the several rows and streets under their proper names, where much and such wares are vended; so here, likewise, you have the proper places, rows, streets, (namely, countries and kingdoms,) where the wares of this fair are soonest to be found. Here is the Britain-row, the French-row, the Italian-row, the Spanish-row, the German-row, where several sorts of vanities are to be sold. But, as in other fairs, some one commodity is as the chief of all the fair, so the ware of Rome and her merchandise is greatly promoted in this fair; only our English nation, with some others, have taken a dislike thereat.

Now these pilgrims, as I said, must needs go through this fair. Well, so they did; but, behold, even as they entered into the fair, all the people in the fair were moved, and the town itself, as it were, in a hubbub about them, and that for several reasons: for,

First, the pilgrims were clothed with such kind of raiment as was diverse from the raiment of any that traded in that fair. The people, therefore, of the fair made a great gazing upon them: some said they were fools; some, they were bedlams; and some, they were outlandish men. Job 12:4; I Cor. 4:9.

Secondly, and as they wondered at their apparel, so they did likewise at their speech; for few could understand what they said. They naturally spoke the language of Canaan; but they that kept the fair were the men of this world; so that from one end of the fair to the other, they seemed barbarians each to the other. I Cor. 2:7,8.

Thirdly, but that which did not a little amuse the merchandisers was, that these pilgrims set very light by all their wares. They cared not so much as to look upon them; and if they called upon them to buy, they would put their fingers in their ears, and cry, "Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity," Psa. 119:37, and look upward, signifying that their trade and traffic was in heaven. Phil. 3:20,21.

One chanced, mockingly, beholding the carriage of the men, to say unto them, "What will ye buy?" But they, looking gravely upon him, said, "We buy the truth." Prov. 23:23. At that there was an occasion taken to despise the men the more; some mocking, some taunting, some speaking reproachfully, and some calling upon others to smite them. At last, things came to a hubbub and great stir in the fair, insomuch that all order was confounded. Now was word presently brought to the great one of the fair, who quickly came down, and deputed some of his most trusty friends to take those men into examination about whom the fair was almost overturned. So the men were brought to examination; and they that sat upon them asked them whence they came, whither they went, and what they did there in such an unusual garb. The men told them they were pilgrims and strangers in the world, and that they were going to their own country, which was the heavenly Jerusalem, Heb. 11:13-16; and that they had given no occasion to the men of the town, nor yet to the merchandisers, thus to abuse them, and to let them in their journey, except it was for that, when one asked them what they would buy, they said they would buy the truth. But they that were appointed to examine them did not believe them to be any other than bedlams and mad, or else such as came to put all things into a confusion in the fair. Therefore they took them and beat them, and besmeared them with dirt, and then put them into the cage, that they

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might be made a spectacle to all the men of the fair. There, therefore, they lay for some time, and were made the objects of any man's sport, or malice, or revenge; the great one of the fair laughing still at all that befell them. But the men being patient, and "not rendering railing for railing, but contrariwise blessing," and giving good words for bad, and kindness for injuries done, some men in the fair that were more observing and less prejudiced than the rest, began to check and blame the baser sort for their continual abuses done by them to the men. They, therefore, in an angry manner let fly at them again, counting them as bad as the men in the cage, and telling them that they seemed confederates, and should be made partakers of their misfortunes. The others replied that, for aught they could see, the men were quiet and sober, and intended nobody any harm; and that there were many that traded in their fair that were more worthy to be put into the cage, yea, and pillory too, than were the men that they had abused. Thus, after divers words had passed on both sides, (the men behaving themselves all the while very wisely and soberly before them,) they fell to some blows among themselves, and did harm one to another. Then were these two poor men brought before their examiners again, and were charged as being guilty of the late hubbub that had been in the fair. So they beat them pitifully, and hanged irons upon them, and led them in chains up and down the fair, for an example and terror to others, lest any should speak in their behalf, or join themselves unto them. But Christian and Faithful behaved themselves yet more wisely, and received the ignominy and shame that was cast upon them with so much meekness and patience, that it won to their side (though but few in comparison of the rest) several of the men in the fair. This put the other party yet into a greater rage, insomuch that they concluded the death of these two men. Wherefore they threatened that neither cage nor irons should serve their turn, but that they should die for the abuse they had done, and for deluding the men of the fair.

Then were they remanded to the cage again, until further order should be taken with them. So

they put them in, and made their feet fast in the stocks.

Here also they called again to mind what they had heard from their faithful friend Evangelist, and were the more confirmed in their way and sufferings by what he told them would happen to them. They also now comforted each other, that whose lot it was to suffer, even he should have the best of it: therefore each man secretly wished that he might have that preferment. But committing themselves to the all-wise disposal of Him that ruleth all things, with much content they abode in the condition in which they were, until they should be otherwise disposed of.

Now I saw in my dream, that by this time the pilgrims were got over the Enchanted Ground; and entering into the country of Beulah, whose air was very sweet and pleasant, Isa. 62:4-12, Song 2:10-12, the way lying directly through it, they solaced themselves there for a season. Yea, here they heard continually the singing of birds, and saw every day the flowers appear in the earth, and heard the voice of the turtle in the land. In this country the sun shineth night and day: wherefore this was beyond the valley of the Shadow of Death, and also out of the reach of Giant Despair; neither could they from this place so much as see Doubting Castle. Here they were within sight of the city they were going to; also here met them some of the inhabitants thereof; for in this land the shining ones commonly walked, because it was upon the borders of heaven. In this land also the contract between the bride and the Bridegroom was renewed; yea, here, "as the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so doth their God rejoice over them." Here they had no want of corn and wine; for in this place they met with abundance of what they had sought for in all their pilgrimage. Here they heard voices from out of the city, loud voices, saying "say ye to the daughter of Zion, Behold, thy salvation cometh! Behold, his reward is with him." Here all the inhabitants of the country called them "the holy people, the redeemed of the Lord, sought out," etc.

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“THE CELESTIAL CITY”

Now, as they walked in this land, they had more rejoicing than in parts more remote from the kingdom to which they were bound; and drawing near to the city, they had yet a more perfect view thereof. It was builded of pearls and precious stones, also the streets thereof were paved with gold; so that, by reason of the natural glory of the city, and the reflection of the sunbeams upon it, Christian with desire fell sick; Hopeful also had a fit or two of the same disease; wherefore here they lay by it a while, crying out because of their pangs, “If you see my Beloved, tell him that I am sick of love.”

But, being a little strengthened, and better able to bear their sickness, they walked on their way, and came yet nearer and nearer, where were orchards, vineyards, and gardens, and their gates opened into the highway. Now, as they came up to these places, behold the gardener stood in the way; to whom the pilgrims said, “Whose goodly vineyards and gardens are these?” He answered, “They are the King’s, and are planted here for his own delight, and also for the solace of pilgrims.” So the gardener had them into the vineyards, and bid them refresh themselves with the dainties, Deut. 23:24; he also showed them there the King’s walks and arbors where he delighted to be; and here they tarried and slept.

Now I behold in my dream, that they talked more in their sleep at this time than ever they did in all their journey; and being in a muse thereabout, the gardener said even to me, “Wherefore musest thou at the matter? It is the nature of the fruit of the grapes of these vineyards, ‘to go down so sweetly as to cause the lips of them that are asleep to speak.’” Song 7:9.

So I saw that when they awoke, they addressed themselves to go up to the city. But, as I said, the reflection of the sun upon the city (for the city was pure gold, Rev. 21:18,) was so extremely glorious, that they could not as yet with open face behold it, but through an instrument made for that purpose. 2 Cor. 3:18. So I saw that as they went on, there met them two men in raiment that shone like gold, also their faces shone as the light.

These men asked the pilgrims whence they came; and they told them. They also asked them where they had lodged, what difficulties and dangers, what comforts and pleasures they had met with in the way; and they told them. Then said the men that met them, “You have but two difficulties more to meet with, and then you are in the city.”

Christian then and his companion asked the men to go along with them; so they told them that they would: “But,” said they, “you must obtain it by your own faith.” So I saw in my dream, that they went on together till they came in sight of the gate.

Now I further saw, that between them and the gate was a river; but there was no bridge to go over, and the river was very deep. At the sight, therefore, of this river the pilgrims were much stunned; but the men that went with them said, “You must go through, or you cannot come at the gate.”

The pilgrims then began to inquire if there was no other way to the gate. To which they answered, “Yes; but there hath not any, save two, to wit, Enoch and Elijah, been permitted to tread that path since the foundation of the world, nor shall until the last trumpet shall sound.” The pilgrims then, especially Christian, began to despond in their mind, and looked this way and that, but no way could be found by them by which they might escape the river. Then they asked the men if the waters were all of a depth. They said, “No;” yet they could not help them in that case; “for,” said they, “you shall find it deeper or shallower as you believe in the King of the place.”

They then addressed themselves to the water, and entering, Christian began to sink, and crying out to his good friend Hopeful, he said, “I sink in deep waters; the billows go over my head; all his waves go over me. Selah.”

Then said the other, “Be of good cheer, my brother: I feel the bottom, and it is good.” Then said Christian, “Ah, my friend, the sorrows of death have compassed me about; I shall not see the land that flows with milk and honey.” And with that a great darkness and horror fell upon

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Christian, so that he could not see before him. Also here he in a great measure lost his senses, so that he could neither remember nor orderly talk of any of those sweet refreshments that he had met with in the way of his pilgrimage. But all the words that he spoke still tended to discover that he had horror of mind, and heart—fears that he should die in that river, and never obtain entrance in at the gate. Here also, as they that stood by perceived, he was much in the troublesome thoughts of the sins that he had committed, both since and before he began to be a pilgrim. It was also observed that he was troubled with apparitions of hobgoblins and evil spirits; for ever and anon he would intimate so much by words.

Hopeful therefore here had much ado to keep his brother's head above water; yea, sometimes he would be quite gone down, and then, ere a while, he would rise up again half dead. Hopeful did also endeavor to comfort him, saying, "Brother, I see the gate, and men standing by to receive us;" but Christian would answer, "It is you, it is you they wait for; for you have been hopeful ever since I knew you." "And so have you," said he to Christian. "Ah, brother," said he, "surely if I was right he would now arise to help me; but for my sins he hath brought me into the snare, and hath left me." Then said Hopeful, "My brother, you have quite forgot the text where it is said of the wicked, 'There are no bands in their death, but their strength is firm; they are not troubled as other men, neither are they plagued like other men.' *Psa. 73:4,5*. These troubles and distresses that you go through in these waters, are no sign that God hath forsaken you; but are sent to try you, whether you will call to mind that which heretofore you have received of his goodness, and live upon him in your distresses."

Then I saw in my dream, that Christian was in a muse a while. To whom also Hopeful added these words, "Be of good cheer; Jesus Christ maketh thee whole." And with that Christian broke out with a loud voice, "Oh, I see him again; and he tells me, 'When thou passest through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee,'" *Isa. 43:2*. Then they both took courage, and the enemy was after that as still as a stone, until they were gone

over. Christian therefore presently found ground to stand upon, and so it followed that the rest of the river was but shallow. Thus they got over.

Now, upon the bank of the river, on the other side, they saw the two shining men again, who there waited for them. Wherefore, being come out of the river, they saluted them, saying, "We are ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for those that shall be heirs of salvation." Thus they went along towards the gate.

Now you must note. That the city stood upon a mighty hill; but the pilgrims went up that hill with ease, because they had these two men to lead them up by the arms; they had likewise left their mortal garments behind them in the river, for though they went in with them, they came out without them. They therefore went up here with much agility and speed, though the foundation upon which the city was framed was higher than the clouds; they therefore went up through the region of the air, sweetly talking as they went, being comforted because they safely got over the river, and had such glorious companions to attend them.

The talk that they had with the shining ones was about the glory of the place; who told them that the beauty and glory of it was inexpressible. "There," said they, "is 'Mount Sion, the heavenly Jerusalem, the innumerable company of angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect.' *Heb. 12:22-24*. You are going now," said they, "to the paradise of God, wherein you shall see the tree of life, and eat of the never-fading fruits thereof: and when you come there you shall have white robes given you, and your walk and talk shall be every day with the King, even all the days of eternity. *Rev. 2:7; 3:4,5; 22:5*. There you shall not see again such things as you saw when you were in the lower region upon the earth, to wit, sorrow, sickness, affliction, and death; 'for the former things are passed away.' *Rev. 21:4*. You are going now to Abraham, to Isaac, and Jacob, and to the prophets, men that God hath taken away from the evil to come, and that are now 'resting upon their beds, each one walking in his righteousness.'" The men then asked, "What must we do in the holy place?" To whom it was answered, "You must there receive the comfort of

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all your toil, and have joy for all your sorrow; you must reap what you have sown, even the fruit of all your prayers and tears and sufferings for the King by the way. Gal. 6:7,8. In that place you must wear crowns of gold, and enjoy the perpetual sight and vision of the Holy One; for 'there you shall see him as he is.' I John 3:2. there also you shall serve Him continually with praise, with shouting and thanksgiving, whom you desired to serve in the world, though with much difficulty, because of the infirmity of your flesh. There your eyes shall be delighted with seeing, and your ears with hearing the pleasant voice of the Mighty One. There you shall enjoy your friends again that are gone thither before you; and there you shall with joy receive even every one that follows into the holy place after you. There also you shall be clothed with glory and majesty, and put into an equipage fit to ride out with the King of glory. When he shall come with him; and when he shall sit upon the throne of judgment, you shall sit by him; yea, and when he shall pass sentence upon all the workers of iniquity, let them be angels or men, you also shall have a voice in that judgment, because they were his and your enemies. Also, when he shall again return to the city, you shall go too with sound of trumpet, and be ever with him." I Thess. 4:14-17; Jude 14, 15; Dan. 7:9,10; I Cor. 6:2,3.

Now, while they were thus drawing towards the gate, behold a company of the heavenly host came out to meet them; to whom it was said by the other two shining ones, "These are the men that have loved our Lord when they were in the world, and that have left all for his holy name; and he hath sent us to fetch them, and we have brought them thus far on their desired journey, that they may go in and look their Redeemer in the face with joy." Then the heavenly host gave a great shout, saying, "Blessed are they that are called to the marriage-supper of the Lamb." Revelation 19:9. There came out also at this time to meet them several of the King's trumpeters, clothed in white and shining raiment, who, with melodious noises and loud, made even the heavens to echo with their sound. These trumpeters saluted Christian and his fellow with ten thousand welcomes from the world; and this they did with shouting and sound of trumpet.

This done, they compassed them round on every side; some went before, some behind, and some on the right hand, and some on the left, (as it were to guard them through the upper regions,) continually sounding as they went, with melodious noise, in notes on high, so that the very sight was to them that could behold it as if heaven itself was come down to meet them. Thus, therefore, they walked on together; and as they walked, ever and anon these trumpeters, even with joyful sound, would, by mixing their music with looks and gestures, still signify to Christian and his brother how welcome they were into their company, and with what gladness they came to meet them. And now were these two men as it were in heaven before they came to it, being swallowed up with the sight of angels, and with hearing of their melodious notes. Here also they had the city itself in view; and they thought they heard all the bells therein to ring, to welcome them thereto. But above all, the warm and joyful thoughts that they had about their own dwelling there with such company, and that for ever and ever, O by what tongue or pen can their glorious joy be expressed! Thus they came up to the gate.

Now when they were come up to the gate, there was written over it, in letters of gold,

"BLESSED ARE THEY THAT DO HIS COMMANDMENTS, THAT THEY MAY HAVE RIGHT TO THE TREE OF LIFE, AND MAY ENTER IN THROUGH THE GATES INTO THE CITY."

Then I saw in my dream, that the shining men bid them call at the gate: the which when they did, some from above looked over the gate, to wit, Enoch, Moses, and Elijah, etc., to whom it was said, "These pilgrims are come from the city of Destruction, for the love that they bear to the King of this place;" and then the pilgrims gave in unto them each man his certificate, which they had received in the beginning; those therefore were carried in unto the King, who, when he had read them, said, "Where are the men?" To whom it was answered, "They are standing without the gate." The King then commanded to open the gate, "That the righteous nation," said he, "that keepeth the truth may enter in." Isa. 26:12.

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Now I saw in my dream, that these two men went in at the gate; and lo, as they entered, they were transfigured; and they had raiment put on that shone like gold. There were also that met them with harps and crowns, and gave them to them; the harps to praise withal, and the crowns in token of honor. Then I heard in my dream, that all the bells in the city rang again for joy, and that it was said unto them,

“ENTER YE INTO THE JOY OF YOUR LORD.”

I also heard the men themselves, that they sang with a loud voice, saying,

“BLESSING, AND HONOR, AND GLORY, AND POWER, BE UNTO HIM THAT SITTETH UPON THE THRONE, AND UNTO THE LAMB, FOR EVER AND EVER.”

Now, just as the gates were opened to let in the men, I looked in after them, and behold, the city shone like the sun; the streets also were paved with gold; and in them walked many men, with crowns on their heads, palms in their hands, and golden harps to sing praises withal.

There were also of them that had wings, and they answered one another without intermission, saying “Holy, holy, holy is the Lord.” And after that they shut up the gates; which, when I had seen, I wished myself among them.

Now, while I was gazing upon all these things, I turned my head to look back, and saw

Ignorance come up to the river side; but he soon got over, and that without half the difficulty which the other two men met with. For it happened that there was then in that place one Vain-hope, a ferryman, that with his boat helped him over; so he, as the others I saw, did ascend the hill, to come up to the gate; only he came alone, neither did any man meet him with the least encouragement. When he was come up to the gate, he looked up the writing that was above, and then began to knock, supposing that entrance should have been quickly administered to him; but he was asked by the men that looked over the top of the gate, “Whence come you? And what would you have?” He answered, “I have ate and drank in the presence of the King, and he has taught in our streets.” Then they asked him for his certificate, that they might go in and show it to the King; so he fumbled in his bosom for one, and found none. Then said they, “Have you none?” but the man answered never a word. So they told the King, but he would not come down to see him, but commanded the two shining ones that conducted Christian and Hopeful to the city, to go out and take Ignorance, and bind him hand and foot, and have him away. Then they took him up, and carried him through the air to the door that I saw in the side of the hill, and put him in there. Then I saw that there was a way to hell even from the gate of heaven, as well as from the city of Destruction. So I awoke, and behold, it was a dream.

SELECTIONS FROM THE HOLY WAR

DESCRIPTION OF MANSOUL

As to the situation of this town, it lieth just between the two worlds; and the first founder and builder of it, so far as by the best and most authentic records I can gather, was one Shaddai and he built it for his own delight. He made it the mirror and glory of all that he made, even the top-piece, beyond anything else that he did in that country. Yea, so goodly a town was Mansoul when first built, that it is said by some, the gods, at the setting up thereof, came down to see it and sang for joy. And as he made it goodly to behold, so also mighty to have dominion over all the

country round about. Yea, all were commanded to acknowledge Mansoul for their metropolitan, all were enjoined to do homage to it. Ay, the town itself had positive commission and power from her King to demand service of all, and also to subdue any that anyways denied to do it.

There was reared up in the midst of this town a most famous and stately palace; for strength, it might be called a castle; for pleasantness, a paradise; for largeness, a place so copious as to contain all the world. This palace the King intended but for himself alone, and not another with him, partly because of his own delights, and

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partly because he would not that the terror of strangers should be upon the town. This place Shaddai made also a garrison of, but committed the keeping of it only to the men of the town. The walls of the town were well built, yea, so fast and firm were they knit and compact together, that, had it not been for the townsmen themselves, they could not have been shaken or broken for ever. For here lay the excellent wisdom of him that built Mansoul, that the walls could never be broken down nor hurt by the most mighty adverse potentate, unless the townsmen gave consent thereto.

This famous town of Mansoul had five gates in at which to come, out at which to go; and these were made likewise answerable to the walls, to wit, impregnable, and such as could never be opened nor forced but by the will and leave of those within. The names of the gates were these: Ear-gate, Eye-gate, Mouth-gate, Nose-gate, and Feel-gate. Well, upon a time, there was one Diabolus, a mighty giant, made an assault upon this famous town of Mansoul, to take it and make it his own habitation. We will, if you please, first discourse of the original of this Diabolus, and then of his taking of this famous town of Mansoul. This Diabolus is indeed a great and mighty prince, and yet both poor and beggarly. As to his original he was at first one of the servants of King Shaddai, made and taken and put by him into most high and mighty place; yea, was put into such principalities as belonged to the best of his territories and dominions. This Diabolus was made son of the morning, and a brave place he had of it: it brought him much glory, and gave him much brightness, an income that might have contented his Luciferian heart, had it not been insatiable, and enlarged as hell itself.

Well, he seeing himself thus exalted to greatness and honour, and raging in his mind for higher state and degree, what doth he but begins to think with himself how he might be set up as lord over all, and have the sole power under Shaddai? Now, that did the King reserve for his Son, yea, and had already bestowed it upon him. Wherefore he first consults with himself what had best to be done; and then breaks his mind to

some other of his companions, to the which they also agree. So, in fine, they came to this issue, that they should make an attempt upon the King's Son to destroy him, that the inheritance might be theirs. Well, to be short, the treason, as I said, was concluded, the time appointed, the word given, the rebels rendezvoused, and the assault attempted.

So they drew up, and sat down before Ear-gate, for that was the place of hearing for all without the town, as Eye-gate was the place of perspection. So, as I said, he came up with his train to the gate, and laid his ambuscade for Captain Resistance within bow-shot of the town. This done, the giant ascended up close to the gate, and called to the town of Mansoul for audience. Nor took he any with him but one Ill-Pause, who was his orator in all difficult matters. Now, as I said, he being come up to the gate (as the manner of those times was), sounded his trumpet for audience; at which the chief of the town of Mansoul, such as my Lord Innocent, my Lord Will-be-will, my Lord Mayor, Mr. Recorder, and Captain Resistance, came down to the wall to see who was there, and what was the matter. And my Lord will-be-will, when he had looked over and saw who stood at the gate, demanded what he was, wherefore he was come, and why he roused the town of Mansoul with so unusual a sound.

Diabolus, then, as if he had been a lamb, began his oration, and said, "Gentlemen of the famous town of Mansoul, I am, as you may perceive, no far dweller from you, but near, and one that is bound by the King to do you my homage and what service I can; wherefore, that I may be faithful to myself and to you, I have somewhat of concern to impart unto you. Wherefore, grant me your audience, and hear me patiently. And first, I will assure you, it is not myself, but you—not mine, but your advantage that I seek by what I now do, as will full well be made manifest, by what I have opened my mind unto you. For, gentlemen, I am (to tell you the truth) come to show you how you may obtain great and ample deliverance from a bondage that, unawares to yourselves, you are captivated and enslaved under." At this the town of Mansoul

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began to prick up its ears. And “What is it? Pray what is it?” thought they. And he said, “I have somewhat to say to you concerning your King, concerning his law, and also touching yourselves. Touching your King, I know he is great and potent; but yet all that he hath said to you is neither true nor yet for your advantage. 1. It is not true, for that wherewith he hath hitherto awed you shall not come to pass, not be fulfilled, though you do the thing that he hath forbidden. But if there was danger, what a slavery is it to live always in fear of the greatest of punishments, for doing so small and trivial a thing as eating of a little fruit is! 2. Touching his laws, this I say further, they are both unreasonable, intricate, and intolerable.

And just now, while Diabolus was speaking these words to Mansoul, Tisi-phone shot at Captain Resistance, where he stood on the gate, and mortally wounded him in the head; so that he, to the amazement of the townsmen, and the encouragement of Diabolus, fell down dead quite over the wall. Now, when Captain Resistance was dead (and he was the only man of war in the town), poor Mansoul was wholly left naked of courage, nor had she now any heart to resist. But this was as the devil would have it.

“Gentlemen,” quoth he, “it is my master’s happiness that he has this day a quiet and teachable auditory; and it is hoped by us that we shall prevail upon you not to cast off good advise. My master has a very great love for you; and although, as he very well knows, that he runs the hazard of the anger of King Shaddai, yet love to you will make him do more than that. Nor doth there need that a word more should be spoken to confirm for truth what he hath said; there is not a word but carries with it self-evidence in its bowels; the very name of the tree may put an end to all controversy in this matter. I therefore, at this time, shall only add this advice to you, under and by the leave of my lord” (and with that he made Diabolus a very low congee): “consider his words, look on the tree and the promising fruit thereof; remember also that yet you know but little, and that this is the way to know more; and if your reasons be not conquered to accept of

such good counsel, you are not the men I took you to be.”

But when the townfolk saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eye and a tree to be desired to make one wise, they did as old Ill-Pause advised: they took and did eat thereof. Now this I should have told you before, that even then, when this Ill-Pause was making his speech to the townsmen, my Lord Innocency (whether by a shot from the camp of the giant, or from some sinking qualm that suddenly took him, or whether by the stinking breath of that treacherous villain old Ill-Pause (for so I am apt to think), sank down in the place where he stood, nor could he be brought to life again. Thus these two brave men died—brave men I call them, for they were the beauty and glory of Mansoul, so long as they lived therein; nor did there now remain any more a noble spirit in Mansoul; they all fell down and yielded obedience to Diabolus, and became his slaves and vassals, as you shall hear.

THE CAPTURE BY DIABOLUS

Diabolus, having now obtained entrance in at the gates of the town, marches up to the middle thereof, to make his conquest as sure as he could; and finding, by this time, the affections of the people warmly inclining to him, he, as thinking it was best striking while the iron is hot, made this farther deceivable speech unto them, saying, “Alas! my poor Mansoul! I have done thee indeed this service, as to promote thee to honour, and to greaten thy liberty; but, alas! Alas! Poor Mansoul! Thou wantest now one to defend thee; for assure thyself that when Shaddai shall hear what is done, he will come; for sorry will he be that thou hast broken his bonds, and cast his cords away from thee. What wilt thou do? Wilt thou, after enlargement, suffer thy privileges to be invaded and taken away? Or what wilt resolve with thyself?”

Then they all with one consent said to this bramble, “Do thou reign over us.” So he accepted the motion, and became the king of the town of Mansoul. This being done, the next thing was to give him possession of the castle, and so of the

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whole strength of the town. Wherefore, into the castle he goes: it was that which Shaddai built in Mansoul for his own delight and pleasure; this now was become a den and hold for the giant Diabolus.

EMMANUEL DEFEATS DIABOLUS

Emmanuel, knowing that the next battle would issue in his being made master of the place, gave out a royal commandment to all his officers, high captains, and men of war, to be sure to show themselves men of war against Diabolus and all Diabolonians; but favourable, merciful, and meek to all the old inhabitants of Mansoul. "Bend, therefore," said the noble Prince, "the hottest front of the battle against Diabolus and his men."

So the day being come, the command was given, and the Prince's men did bravely stand to their arms, and did, as before, bend their main force against Ear-gate and Eye-gate. The word was then, "Mansoul is won"; so they made their assault upon the town. Diabolus also, as fast as he could, with the main of his power, made resistance from within; and his high lords and chief captains for a time fought very cruelly against the Prince's army.

But after three or four notable charges by the Prince and his noble captains, Ear-gate was broken open, and the bars and bolts wherewith it was used to be fast shut up against the Prince were broken into a thousand pieces. Then did the Prince's trumpets sound, the captains shout, the town shake, and Diabolus retreat to his hold. Well, when the Prince's forces had broken open the gate, himself came up and did set his throne in it; also he set his standard thereby, upon amount that before by his men was cast up to place the mighty slings thereon. The mount was called Mount Hear-well. There, therefore, the Prince abode, to wit, hard by the going in at the gate. He commanded also that the golden slings should yet be played upon the town, especially against the castle, because for shelter thither was Diabolus retreated. Now, from Ear-gate the street was straight even to the house of Mr. Recorder that so was before Diabolus took the town; and

hard by his house stood the castle, which Diabolus for a long time had made his irksome den. The captains, therefore, did quickly clear that street by the use of their slings, so that the way was made up to the heart of the town. Then did the Prince command that Captain Boanerges, Captain Conviction, and Captain Judgment, should forthwith march up the town to the old gentleman's gate. Then did the captains in most warlike manner enter into the town of Mansoul, and, marching in with flying colours, they came up to the Recorder's house, and that was almost as strong as was the castle. Battering-rams they took also with them, to plant against the castle gates. When they were come to the house of Mr. Conscience, they knocked and demanded entrance. Now, the old gentleman, not knowing as yet fully their design, kept his gates shut all the time of this fight. Wherefore Boanerges demanded entrance at his gates; and no man making answer, he gave it one stroke with the head of a ram, and this made the old gentleman shake, and his house to tremble and totter. Then came Mr. Recorder down to the gate, and as he could, with quivering lips, he asked who was there. Boanerges answered, "We are the captains and commanders of the great Shaddai, and of the blessed Emmanuel, his Son, and we demand possession of your house for the use of our noble Prince." And with that the battering-ram gave the gate another shake. This made the old gentleman tremble the more, yet durst he not but open the gate: then the King's forces marched in, namely, the three brave captains mentioned before. Now, the Recorder's house was a place of much convenience for Emmanuel, not only because it was near to the castle, and strong, but also because it was large, and fronted the castle, the den where now Diabolus was, for he was now afraid to come out of his hold. As for Mr. Recorder, the captains carried it very reservedly to him; as yet he knew nothing of the great designs of Emmanuel, so that he did not know what judgment to make, nor what would be the end of such thundering beginnings. It was also presently noised in the town how the Recorder's house was possessed, his rooms taken up, and his palace made the seat of the war; and no sooner was it noised abroad, but they took the alarm as

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warmly, and gave it out to others of his friends; and you know, as a snowball loses nothing by rolling, so in a little time the whole town was possessed that they must expect nothing from the Prince but destruction; and the ground of the business was this, the Recorder was afraid, the Recorder trembled, and the captains carried it strangely to the Recorder. So many came to see; but when they with their own eyes did behold the captains in the palace, and their battering-rams ever playing at the castle gates to beat them down, they were riveted in their fears, and it made them as in amaze. And as I said, the man of the house would increase all this; for whoever came to him, or discoursed with him, nothing would he talk of, tell them, or hear, but that death and destruction now attended Mansoul.

“For,” quoth the old gentleman, “you are all of you sensible that we all have been traitors to that once despised, but now famously victorious and glorious Prince Emmanuel; for he now, as you see, doth not only lie in close siege about us, but hath forced his entrance in at our gates. Moreover, Diabolus flees before him; and he hath, as you behold, made of my house a garrison against the castle, where he is. I, for my part, have transgressed greatly, and he that is clean, it is well for him. But, I say, I have transgressed greatly in keeping of silence when I should have spoken, and in perverting of justice when I should have executed the same. True, I have suffered something at the hand of Diabolus for taking part with the laws of King Shaddai; but that, alas! What will that do? Will that make compensation for the rebellions and treasons that I have done, and have suffered without gainsaying to be committed in the town of Mansoul? Oh! I tremble to think what will be the end of this so dreadful and so ireful beginning!”

Now, while these brave captains were thus busy in the house of the old Recorder, Captain Execution was as busy, in other parts of the town, in securing the back streets and the walls. He also hunted the Lord Will-be-will sorely; he suffered him not to rest in any corner; he pursued him so hard, that he drove his men from him, and made him glad to thrust his head into a hole. Also this mighty warrior did cut three of the Lord Will-be-

will’s officers down to the ground: one was old Mr. Prejudice, he that had his crown cracked in the mutiny. This man was made by Lord Will-be-will keeper of Ear-gate, and fell by the hand of Captain Execution.

There was also at that gate Mr. Ill-Pause, of whom you have heard before. He was an old man, and had a beard that reached down to his girdle: the same was he that was orator to Diabolus: he did much mischief in the town of Mansoul, and fell by the hand of Captain Good-Hope.

What shall I say? The Diabolonians in these days lay dead in every corner, though too many yet were alive in Mansoul...

Now, the old Recorder and my Lord Understanding, with some others of the chief of the town,—to wit, such as knew that they must stand and fall with the famous town of Mansoul,—came together upon a day, and, after consultation had, did jointly agree to draw up a petition, and to Emmanuel, now while he sat in the gate of Mansoul. So they drew up their petition to Emmanuel, the contents whereof were these:—That they, the old inhabitants of the now deplorable town of Mansoul, confessed their sin, and were sorry that they had offended his Princely Majesty, and prayed that he would spare their lives.

Unto this petition he gave no answer at all, and that did trouble them yet so much the more. Now, all this while the captains that were in the Recorder’s house were playing with the battering-rams at the gates of the castle, to beat them down. So, after some time, labour, and travail, the gate of the castle that was called Impregnable was beaten open, and broken into several splinters, and so a way made to go up to the hold in which Diabolus had hid himself. Then were tidings sent down to Ear-gate, for Emmanuel still abode there, to let him know that a way was made in at the gates of the castle of Mansoul. But, oh! How the trumpets at the tidings sounded throughout the Prince’s camp, for that now the war was so near an end, and Mansoul itself of being set free.

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Then the Prince arose from the place where he was, and took with him such of his men of war as were fittest for that expedition, and marched by the street of Mansoul to the old Recorder's house.

Now, the Prince himself was clad all in armour of gold, and so he marched up the town with his standard borne before him; but he kept his countenance much reserved all the way as he went, so that the people could not tell how to gather to themselves love or hatred by his looks. Now, as he marched up the street, the townsfolk came out at every door to see, and could not but be taken with his person and the glory thereof, but wondered at the reservedness of his countenance; for as yet he spake more to them by his actions and works than he did by words or smiles. But also poor Mansoul (as in such cases all are apt to do), they interpreted the carriage* of Emmanuel to them as did Joseph's brethren his to them, even all the quite contrary way. "For," thought they, "if Emmanuel loved us, he would show it to us by word or carriage; but none of these he doth, therefore Emmanuel hates us. Now, if Emmanuel hates us, then Mansoul shall be slain, then Mansoul shall become a dunghill."

* demeanor

"And," thought they, "what time so fit to do this in as now, when he has the bridle of Mansoul in his hand?" And this I took special notice of, that the inhabitants, notwithstanding all this, could not—no, they could not, when they see him march through the town, but cringe, bow, bend, and were ready to lick the dust of his feet. They also wished a thousand times over that he would become their protection. They would also one to another talk of the comeliness of his person, and how much for glory and valour he outstripped the great ones of the world. But, poor hearts, as to themselves, their thoughts would change, and go upon all manner of extremes. Yea, through the working of them backward and forward, Mansoul became as a ball tossed, and as a rolling thing before the whirlwind.

Now, when he was come to the castle gates, he commanded Diabolus to appear, and to surrender himself into his hands. But, oh! How

loth was the beast to appear! How he stuck at it! How he shrunk! Ay, how he cringed! Yet out he came to the Prince. Then Emmanuel commanded, and they took Diabolus and bound him fast in chains, the better to reserve him to the judgment that he had appointed for him. But Diabolus, stood up to entreat for himself that Emmanuel would not send him into the deep, but suffer him to depart out of Mansoul in peace.

When Emmanuel had taken him and bound him in chains, he led him into the market-place, and there, before Mansoul, stripped him of his armor, in which he boasted so much before. This now was one of the acts of triumph of Emmanuel over his enemy; and all the while that the giant was stripping, the trumpets of the Golden Prince did sound amain; the captains also shouted, and the soldiers did sing for joy.

Then was Mansoul called upon to behold the beginning of Emmanuel's triumph over him in whom they so much had trusted, and of whom they so much had boasted in the days when he flattered them.

Thus, having made Diabolus naked in the eye of Mansoul, and before the commanders of the Prince, in the next place he commands that Diabolus should be bound with chains to his chariot wheels. Then leaving of some of his forces, to wit, Captain Boanerges and captain Conviction, as a guard for the castle gates, that resistance might be made on his behalf (if any that heretofore followed Diabolus should make an attempt to possess it), he did ride in triumph over him quite through the town of Mansoul, and so out at and before the gate called Ear-gate, to the plain where his camp did lie.

But you cannot think, unless you had been there, as I was, what a shout there was in Emmanuel's camp when they saw the tyrant bound by the hand of their noble Prince, and tied to his chariot wheels!

And they said, "He hath led captivity captive, he hath spoiled principalities and powers. Diabolus is subjected to the power of his sword, and made the object of all derision."

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Those also that rode reformades,* and that came down to see the battle, they shouted with that greatness of voice, and sung with such melodious notes, that they caused them that dwell in the highest orbs to open their windows, put out their heads, and look down to see the cause of that glory.

auxiliary volunteers

The townsmen also, so many of them as saw this sight, were, as it were, while they looked, betwixt the earth and the heavens. True, they could not tell what would be the issue of things as to them; but all things were done in such excellent methods, and I cannot tell how, but things in the management of them seemed to cast a smile towards the town, so that their eyes, their hands, their hearts, and their minds, and all that they had, were taken and held while they observed Emmanuel's order.

So, when the brave Prince had finished this part of his triumph over Diabolus, his foe, he turned him up in the midst of his contempt and shame, having given him a charge no more to be a possessor of Mansoul. Then went he from Emmanuel, and out of the midst of his camp, to inherit the parched places in a salt land, seeking rest, but finding none.

THE FINAL DELIVERANCE

Now, when the tyrant had arrived at Hell-gate Hill, with his old friend Incredulity, they immediately descended the Den, and having there with their fellows for a while condoled their misfortune and great loss that they sustained against the town of Mansoul, they fell at length into a passion, and revenged they would be for the loss that they sustained before the town of Mansoul. Wherefore they presently call a council to contrive yet further what was to be done against the famous town.

They therefore resolve to make another attempt upon the town of Mansoul, and that by an army mixed and made up partly of Doubters, and partly of Bloodmen. A more particular account now take of both.

The Doubters are such as have their name from their nature, as well as from the land and kingdom where they are born: their nature is to put a question upon every one of the truths of Emmanuel; and their country is called the land of Doubting, and that land lieth off, and farthest remote to the north, between the Land of Darkness and that called the Valley of the Shadow of Death. For though the Land of Darkness, and that called the Valley of the Shadow of Death, be sometimes called as if they were one and the selfsame place, yet, indeed, they are two, lying but a little way asunder, and the Land of Doubting points in, and lieth between them. This is the Land of Doubting; and these that came with Diabolus to ruin the town of Mansoul are the natives of that country.

The Blood-men are a people that have their name derived from the malignity of their nature, and from the fury that is in them to execute it upon the town of Mansoul: their land lieth under the dog-star, and by that they are governed as to their intellectuals. The name of their country is the province of Loath-Good: the remote parts of it are far distant from the Land of Doubting, yet they do both butt and bound upon the hill called Hell-gate Hill. These people are always in league with the Doubters, for they jointly do make question of the faith and fidelity of the men of the town of Mansoul, and so are both alike qualified for the service of their prince.

Now, of these two countries did Diabolus, by the beating of his drum, raise another army against the town of Mansoul, of five-and-twenty thousand strong. There were ten thousand Doubters, and fifteen thousand Blood-men, and they were put under several captains for the war; and old Incredulity was again the general of the army.

But Diabolus did not count that, in this expedition of his, these Doubters would prove his principal men for their manhood had been tried before; also the Mansoulians had put them to the worst: only he did bring them to multiply a number, and to help, if need was, at a pinch. But his trust he put in his Blood-men, for that they were all rugged villains, and he knew that they had done feats heretofore.

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As for the Blood-men, they also were under command; and the names of their captains were Captain Cain, Captain Nimrod, Captain Ishmael, Captain Esau, Captain Saul, Captain Absalom, Captain Judas, and Captain Pope.

1. Captain Cain was over two bands, to wit, the zealous and the angry Blood-men: his standard-bearer bare the red colours, and his scutcheon was the murdering club.

2. Captain Nimrod was captain over two bands, to wit, the tyrannical and encroaching Blood-men: his standard-bearer bare the red colours, and his scutcheon was the great blood-hound.

3. Captain Ishmael was captain over two bands, to wit, the mocking and scorning Blood-men: his standard-bearer bare the red colours, and his scutcheon was one mocking at Abraham's Isaac.

4. Captain Esau was captain over two bands, namely, the Blood-men that grudged that another should have the blessing; also over the Blood-men that are for executing their private revenge upon others: his standard-bearer bare the red colours, and his scutcheon was one privately lurking to murder Jacob.

5. Captain Saul was captain over two bands, namely, the groundlessly jealous and the devilishly furious Blood-men: his standard bearer bare the red colours, and his scutcheon was three bloody darts cast at harmless David.

6. Captain Absalom was captain over two bands, to wit, over the Blood-men that will kill a father or a friend for the glory of this world; also over those Blood-men that will hold one fair in hand with words, till they shall have pierced him with their swords: his standard-bearer did bear the red colours, and his scutcheon was the son a pursuing the father's blood.

7. Captain Judas was over two bands, to wit, the Blood-men that will sell a man's life for money, and those also that will betray their friend with a kiss: his standard-bearer bare the red colours, and his scutcheon was thirty pieces of silver and a halter.

8. Captain Pope was captain over one band, for all these spirits are joined in one under him: his standard-bearer bare the red colours, and his scutcheon was the stake, the flame, and the good man in it.

Now, the reason why Diabolus did so soon rally another force, after he had been beaten out of the field, was, for that he put mighty confidence in this army of Blood-men; for he put a great deal of more trust in them than he did before in his army of Doubters; though they had also often done great service for him in the strengthening of him in his kingdom. But those blood-men, he had proved them often, and their sword did seldom return empty. Besides, he knew that they, like mastiffs, would fasten upon any,—upon father, mother, brother, sister, prince, or governor, yea, upon the Prince of princes. And that which encouraged him the more was, for that they once did force Emmanuel out of the kingdom of Universe. “And why,” thought he, “may they not also drive him from the town of Mansoul?”

So this army of five-and-twenty thousand strong was, by their general, the great Lord Incredulity, led up against the town of Mansoul. Now, Mr. Prywell, the Scoutmaster-General, did himself go out to spy, and he did bring Mansoul tidings of their coming. Wherefore they shut up their gates, and put themselves in a posture of defense against these new Diabolonians that came up against the town.

So Diabolus brought up his army, and beleaguered the town of Mansoul; the Doubters were placed about Feel-gate, and the Blood-men sat down before Eye-gate and Ear-gate.

Now, when this army had thus encamped themselves, Incredulity did, in the name of Diabolus, his own name, and in the name of the Blood-men and the rest that were with him, send a summons as hot as a red-hot iron to Mansoul, to yield to their demands.

Now, when the townsmen had received this red-hot summons, it begat in them at present some changing and interchanging thoughts; but they jointly agreed, in less than half an hour, to carry the summons to the Prince, the which they

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did when they had writ at the bottom of it, "Lord, save Mansoul from bloody men!"

So he took it, and looked upon it, and considered it, and took notice also of that short petition that the men of Mansoul had written at the bottom of it, and called to him the noble Captain Credence, and bid him go and take Captain Patience with him, and go and take care of that side of Mansoul that was beleaguered by the Blood-men. So they went and did as they were commanded; the Captain Credence went and took Captain Patience, and they both secured that side of Mansoul that was besieged by the Blood-men.

Now, this siege was long, and many a fierce attempt did the enemy, especially those called the Blood-men, make upon the town of Mansoul; and many a shrewd brush did some of the townsmen meet with from them, especially Captain Self-Denial, who, I should have told you before, was commanded to take care of Ear-gate and Eye-gate now against the Blood-men. This Captain Self-Denial was a young man, but stout, and a townsman in Mansoul, as Captain Experience also was. And Emmanuel, at his second return to Mansoul, made him captain over a thousand of the Mansoulans, for the good of the Corporation. This captain, therefore, being a hardy man, and a man of great courage, and willing to venture himself for the good of the town of Mansoul, would now and then sally out upon the Blood-men, and give them many notable alarms, and entered several brisk skirmishes with them, and also did some execution upon them; but you must think that this could not easily be done, but he must meet with brushes himself, for he carried several of their marks in his face; yea, and some in some other parts of his body.

So, after some time spent for the trial of the faith, and hope, and love of the town of Mansoul, the Prince Emmanuel upon a day calls his captains and men of war together, and divides them into two companies; this done, he commands them, at a time appointed, and that in the morning very early, to sally out upon the enemy, saying, "Let half of you fall upon the Doubters, and half of you fall upon the Blood-men. Those of you that go out against the

Doubters, kill and slay, and cause to perish so many as by any means you can lay hands on; but for you that go out against the Blood-men, slay them not, but take them alive."

Then my Lord Self-Denial took courage, and set to the pursuing of the Diabolonians, with my Lord Will-be-will; and they took Live-by-Feeling, and they took Legal-Life, and put them in hold till they died. But Mr. Unbelief was a nimble Jack: him they could never lay hold of, though they attempted to do it often. He, therefore, and some few more of the subtlest of the Diabolonian tribe, did yet remain in Mansoul, to the time that Mansoul left off to dwell any longer in the kingdom of Universe. But they kept them to their dens and holes: if one of them did appear, or happen to be seen in any of the streets of the town of Mansoul, the whole town would be up in arms after them; yea, the very children in Mansoul would cry out after them as after a thief, and would wish that they might stone them to death with stones. And now did Mansoul arrive to some good degree of peace and quiet; her Prince also did abide within her borders; her captains, also, and her soldiers did their duties; and Mansoul minded her trade that she had with the country that was afar off; also she was busy in her manufacture.

When the town of Mansoul had thus far rid themselves of so many of their enemies and the troublers of their peace, the Prince sent to them and appointed a day wherein he would, at the market-place, meet the whole people, and there give them in charge concerning some further matters, that, if observed, would tend to their further safety and comfort, and to the condemnation and destruction of their homebred Diabolonians. So the day appointed was come, and the townsmen met together; Emmanuel also came down in his chariot, and all his captains in their state attending him on the right hand and on the left. Then was an O yes made for silence, and, after some mutual carriages of love, the Prince began, and thus proceeded:

"Not for your worthiness, but for mine own sake, I have also redeemed you, not only from the dread of my Father's law, but from the hand of Diabolus. This I have done because I loved you,

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and because I have set my heart upon you to do you good. I have also, that all things that might hinder the way to the pleasures of Paradise might be taken out of the way, laid down for thee for thy soul a planary satisfaction, and have bought thee to myself; a price not of corruptible things, as of silver and gold, but a price of blood, mine own blood, which I have freely spilled upon the ground to make thee mine.

“I came to thee first by my Law, then by my Gospel, to awaken thee, and show thee my glory. And thou knowest what thou wast, what thou saidst, what thou didst, and how many times thou rebelledst against my Father and me; yet I left thee not, as thou seest this day, but came to thee, have borne thy manners, have united upon thee, and after all, accepted of thee, even of my more grace and favour; and would not suffer thee to be lost, as thou most willingly wouldst have been. I also compassed thee about, and afflicted thee on every side, that I might make thee weary of thy ways, and bring down thy heart with molestation to a willingness to close with thy good and happiness. And when I had gotten a complete conquest over thee, I turned it to thy advantage.

“Thou seest, also, what a company of my Father’s host I have lodged within thy borders: captains and rulers, soldiers and men of war, engines and excellent devices to subdue and bring down thy foes: thou knowest my meaning, O Mansoul. And they are my servants, and thine, too, Mansoul. Yea, my design of possessing of thee with them, and the natural tendency of each of them, is to defend, purge, strengthen, and sweeten thee for myself, O Mansoul, and to make thee meet for my Father’s presence, blessing, and glory; for thou, my Mansoul, art created to be prepared unto these.

“Thou seest, moreover, my Mansoul, how I have passed by thy backslidings, and have healed thee. Indeed, I was angry with thee, but I have turned mine anger away from thee, because I loved thee still, and mine anger and mine indignation is ceased in the destruction of thine enemies, O Mansoul. Nor did thy goodness fetch me again unto thee, after that I for thy transgressions have hid my face and withdrawn

my presence from thee. The way of backsliding was thine, but the way and means of thy recovery was mine. I invented the means of thy return; it was I that made an hedge and a wall, when thou wast beginning to turn to things in which I delighted not. It was I that made thy sweet bitter, thy day night, thy smooth way thorny, and that also confounded all that sought thy destruction. It was I that set Mr. Godly-Fear to work in Mansoul. It was I that stirred up thy Conscience and Understanding, thy Will and thy Affections, after thy great and woeful decay. It was I that put life into thee, O Mansoul, to seek me, that thou mightest find me, and in thy finding find thine own health, happiness, and salvation. It was I that fetched the second time the Diabolonians out of Mansoul; and it was I that overcame them, and that destroyed them before thy face.

“And now, my Mansoul, I am returned to thee in peace, and thy transgressions against me are as if they had not been. Nor shall it be with thee as in former days, but I will do better for thee than at thy beginning. For yet a little while, O my Mansoul, even after a few more times are gone over thy head, I will (but be not thou troubled at what I say) take down this famous town of Mansoul, stick and stone, to the ground. And I will carry the stones thereof, and the timber thereof, and the walls thereof, and the dust thereof, and the inhabitants thereof, into mine own country, even into the Kingdom of my Father; and will there set it up in such strength and glory as it never did see in the kingdom where now it is placed. I will even there set it up for my Father’s habitation; for for that purpose it was at first erected in the Kingdom of Universe; and there will I make it a spectacle of wonder, a monument of mercy, and the admirer of its own mercy. There shall the natives of Mansoul see all that of which they have seen nothing here; there shall they be equal to those unto whom they have been inferior here. And there shalt thou, O my Mansoul, have such communion with me, with my Father, and with your Lord Secretary, as is not possible here to be enjoyed, nor ever could be, shouldst thou live in Universe the space of a thousand years.”

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

JOHN WINTHROP

1588-1649

Selections from JOURNAL

ON LIBERTY

(1645) I suppose something may be expected from me, upon this charge (of exceeding the powers of deputy governor) which has befallen me, which moves me to speak now to you; yet I intend not to intermeddle in the proceedings of the court, or with any of the persons concerned therein. Only I bless God, that I see an issue of this troublesome business. I also acknowledge the justice of the court, and, for mine own part, I am well satisfied, I was publicly charged, and I am publicly and legally acquitted, which is all I did expect or desire. And though this be sufficient for my justification before men, yet not so before the God, who hath seen so much amiss in my dispensations (and even in this affair) as calls me to be humble. For to be publicly and criminally charged in this court, is matter of humiliation, (and I desire to make a right use of it,) notwithstanding I be thus acquitted. If her father had spit in her face, (saith the Lord concerning Miriam,) should she not have been ashamed seven days? Shame had lien upon her, whatever the occasion had been. I am unwilling to stay you from your urgent affairs, yet give me leave (upon this special occasion) to speak a little more to this assembly. It may be of some good use, to inform and rectify the judgments of some of the people, and may prevent such distempers as have arisen amongst us.

The great questions that have troubled the country, are about the authority of the magistrates and the liberty of the people. It is yourselves who have called us to this office, and being called by you, we have our authority from God, in way of an ordinance, such as hath the image of God eminently stamped upon it, the contempt and violation whereof hath been vindicated with examples of divine vengeance. I entreat you to consider, that when you choose magistrates, you take them from among yourselves, men subject to like passions as you are. Therefore when you see infirmities in us, you should reflect upon your

own, and that make you bear the more with us, and not be severe censurers of the failings of your magistrates, when you have continual experience of the like infirmities in yourselves and others. We account him a good servant, who breaks not his covenant. The covenant between you and us is the oath you have taken of us, which is to this purpose, that we shall govern you and judge your causes by the rules of God's laws and our own, according to our best skill. When you agree with a workman to build you a ship or house, etc., he undertakes as well for his skill as for his faithfulness, for it is his profession, and you pay him for both. But when you call one to be a magistrate, he doth not profess nor undertake to have sufficient skill for that office, nor can you furnish him with gifts, etc., therefore you must run the hazard of his skill and ability. But if he fail in faithfulness, which by his path he is bound unto, that he must answer for. If it fall out that the case be clear to common apprehension, and the rule clear, also, if he transgress here, the error is not in the skill, but in the evil of the will: it must be required of him. But if the case be doubtful, or the rule doubtful, to men of such understanding and parts as your magistrates are, if your magistrates should err here, yourselves must bear it.

For the other point concerning liberty, I observe a great mistake in the country about that. There is a twofold liberty, natural (I mean as our nature is now corrupt) and civil or federal. The first is common to man with beasts and other creatures. By this, man, as he stands in relation to man simply, hath liberty to do what he lists; it is a liberty to evil as well as to good. This liberty is incompatible and inconsistent with authority, and cannot endure the least restraint of the most just authority. The exercise and maintaining of this liberty makes men grow more evil, and in time to be worse than brute beasts: omnes sumus licentia deteriores. This is that great enemy of truth and peace, that wild beast, which the ordinances of God are bent against, to restrain and subdue it.

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The other kind of liberty I call civil or federal, it may also be termed moral, in reference to the covenant between God and man, in the moral law, and the politic covenants and constitutions, amongst men themselves. This is the proper end and object of authority, and cannot subsist without it; and it is a liberty to that only which is good, just, and honest. This liberty you are to stand for, with the hazard (not only of your goods, but) of your lives, if need be. Whatsoever crosseth this, is not authority, but a distemper thereof. This liberty is maintained and exercised in a way of subjection to authority; it is of the same kind of liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free. The woman's own choice makes such a man her husband; yet being so chosen, he is her lord, and she is to be subject to him, yet in a way of liberty, not of bondage; and a true wife accounts her subjection her honor and freedom, and would not think her condition safe and free, but in her subjection to her husband's authority. Such is the liberty of the church under the authority of Christ, her king and husband; his yoke is so easy and sweet to her as a bride's ornaments; and if through forwardness or wantonness, etc., she shake it off, at any time, she

is at no rest in her spirit, until she take it up again; and whether her love smiles upon her and embraceth her in his arms, or whether he frowns, or rebukes, or smites her, she apprehends the sweetness of his love in all, and is refreshed, supported, and instructed by every such dispensation of his authority over her. On the other side, ye know who they are that complain of this yoke and say, let us break their bands, etc., we will not have this man to rule over us. Even so, brethren, it will be between you and your magistrates. If you stand for your natural corrupt liberties, and will do what is good in your own eyes, you will not endure the least weight of authority, but will murmur, and oppose, and be always striving to shake off that yoke; but if you will be satisfied to enjoy such civil and lawful liberties, such as Christ allows you, then will you quietly and cheerfully submit unto that authority which is set over you, in all the administrations of it, for your good. Wherein, if we fail at any time, we hope we shall be willing (by God's assistance) to hearken to good advice from any of you, or in any other way of God; so shall your liberties be preserved, in upholding the honor and power of authority amongst you.

SELECTIONS FROM LETTERS TO MARGARET TYNDALL

To my best beloved Mrs. Margaret Tyndall
at Great Maplested, Essex.

Grace and mercie & peace, etc:

My onely beloved Spouse, my most sweet friend, & faithful companion of my pilgrimage, the happye & hopefull supplie (next Christ Jesus) of my greatest losses, I wishe thee a most plentifull increase of all true comfort in the love of Christ, with a large & prosperous addition of whatsoever happynesse the sweet estate of holy wedlocke, in the kindest societie of a lovinge husbande, may afford thee. Being filled with the joye of thy love, & wantinge opportunitie of more familiar communion with thee, which my heart fervently desires, I am constrained to ease the burthen of my minde by this poore helpe of my scriblinge penne, beinge sufficiently assured that, although my presence is that which thou desirest, yet in the want thereof, these lines shall

not be unfruitful of comfort unto thee. And now, my sweet Love, lett me a while solace my selfe in the remembrance of our love, of which this springe tyme of our acquaintance can putt for the as yet no more but the leaves & blossomes, whilst the fruit lyes wrapped up in the tender budde of hope; a little more patience will disclose this good fruit, & bringe it to some maturitye: let it be our care & labour to preserve these hopefull buds from the beasts of the fielde, & from frosts & other iniuries of the ayre, least our fruit fall off ere it be ripe, or lose ought in the beautie & pleasantnesse of it: Lett us pluck up suche nettles & thornes as would defraud our plants of their due nourishment; let us prune off superfluous branches; let us not sticke at some labour in wateringe & manuringe them:--the plentye & goodnesse of our fruit shall recompense us abundantly: Our trees are planted in a fruitfull soyle; the grounde, & patterne of our love, is no

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other but that betweene Christe & his deare spouse, of whom she speakes as she finds him, My wellbeloved is mine & I am his: Love was their banqueting house, love was their wine, love was their ensigne; love was his invitinges, love was hir fayntinges; love was his apples, love was hir comforts; love was his embrancinges, love was hir refreshings; love made him see hir, love made hir seeke him: love made him wedde hir, love made hir followe him: love made him hir saviour, love makes hir his servant. Love bredd our fellowshipe, let love continue it, & love shall increase it, until deathe dissolve it. The prime fruit of the Spirit is love; truethe of Spirit & true love: abounde with the spirit, & abounde with love: continue in the spirit & continue in love: Christ in his love so fill our hearts with holy hunger & true appetite, to eate & drinke with him & of him in this his sweet Love feast, which we are now preparinge unto, that when our love feast

shall come, Christ Jesus himselfe may come in unto us, & suppe with us, & we with him: so shall we be merrye indeed. (O my sweet Spouse) can we esteeme eache others love, as worthy the recompence of our best mutuall affections, & can we not discern so muche of Christs exceedings & undeserved love, as may cheerfully allure us to love him above all? He loved us & gave himselfe for us; & to helpe the weknesse of the eyes & hands & mouths of our faithe, which must seeke him in heaven where he is, he offers himselfe to the eyes, hands & mouthe of our bodye, here on earthe where he once was. The Lord increace our faithe.

Thy husband by promise

JOHN WINTHROP

GROTON where I wish thee. Aprill 4, 1618.

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

MARGARET WINTHROP

1591-1647

LETTER TO HER HUSBAND, JOHN WINTHROP

My most sweet Husband,

How dearly welcome thy kind letter was to me, I am not able to express. The sweetness of it did much refresh me. What can be more pleasing to a wife, than to hear of the welfare of her best beloved, and how he is pleased with her poor endeavors! I blush to hear myself commended, knowing my own wants. But it is your love that conceives the best, and makes all things seem better than they are. I wish that I may be always pleasing to thee, and that those comforts we have in each other may be daily increased, as far as they be pleasing to God. I will use that speech to thee, that Abigail did to David, I will be a servant to wash the feet of my lord. I will do any service wherein I may please my good husband. I confess I cannot do enough for thee; but thou art pleased to accept the will for the deed, and rest contented.

I have many reasons to make me love thee, whereof I will name two: First, because thou lovest God; and, secondly, because that thou lovest me. If these two were wanting, all the rest would be eclipsed. But I must leave this discourse, and go about my household affairs. I am a bad housewife to be so long from them; but I must needs borrow a little time to talk with thee, my sweet heart. The term is more than half done. I hope thy business draws to an end. It will be but two or three weeks before I see thee, though they be long ones. God will bring us together in his good time; for which time I shall pray. I thank the Lord, we are all in health. We are very glad to hear so good news of our son Henry. The Lord make us thankful for all his mercies to us and ours. And thus, with my mother's and my own best love to yourself and all the rest, I shall leave scribbling. The weather being cold, makes me

make haste. Farewell, my good husband; the Lord keep thee.

Your obedient wife,
MARGARET WINTHROP

GROTON (ENGLAND), November 22 (1628).

Most dear and loving Husband,

I cannot express my love to you, as I desire, in these poor, lifeless lines; but I do heartily wish you did see my heart; how true and faithful it is to you, and how much I do desire to be always with you, to enjoy the sweet comfort of your presence, and those helps from you in spiritual and temporal duties, which I am so unfit to perform without you. It makes me to see the want of you, and wish myself with you. But I desire we may be guided by God in all our ways, who is able to direct us for the best; and so I will wait upon him with patience, who is all-sufficient for me. I shall not need to write much to you at this time. My brother Gostling can tell you any thing by word of mouth. I praise God, we are all here in health, as you left us, and are glad to hear the same of you and all the rest of our friends at London. My mother and myself remember our best love to you, and all the rest. Our children remember their duty to you. And thus, desiring to be remembered in your prayers, I bid my good husband good night. Little Samuel thinks it is time for me to go to bed; and so I beseech the Lord to keep you in safety, and us all here. Farewell, my sweet husband.

Your obedient wife,
MARGARET WINTHROP
(ENGLAND. Late in 1627?)

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

MARY ROWLANDSON

(1635-1678)

From A Narrative of the Captivity and
Restoration of Mrs. Mary RowlandsonGOD'S COMFORT DURING CAPTIVITY

On the tenth of February (1676) came the Indians with great Numbers upon Lancaster. We had six stout Dogs belonging to our Garrison, but none of them would stir though another time, if any Indian had come to the Door, they were ready to fly upon him and tear him down. The Lord hereby would make us the more to acknowledge his Hand, and to see that our Help is always in him. But out we must go, the fire increasing, and coming along behind us, roaring, and the Indians gaping before us with their Guns, Spears, and hatchets to devour us. No sooner were we out of the House, but my Brother-in-Law (being before Wounded in defending the House, in or near the Throat) fell down dead, whereat the Indians scornfully shouted, and halloed, and were presently upon him, stripping off his cloaths. The bullets were flying thick, one went through my side, and the same (as would seem) through the Bowels and Hand of my dear Child in my Arms. One of my elder Sisters Children (named William) had then his Leg broke, which the Indians perceiving, they knockt him on head. Thus were we butchered by those merciless Heathen, standing amazed, with the Blood running down to our heels. My eldest Sister being yet in the House, and seeing those woful sights, the Infidels haling Mothers one way, and Children another, and some wallowing in their Blood: And her elder Son telling her that her Son William was dead, and my self was wounded, she said, And, Lord, let me die with them: which was no sooner said, but she was struck with a Bullet, and fell down dead over the Threshold. I hope she is reaping the fruit of her good Labours, being faithful to the Service of God in Her place. In her younger Years she lay under much trouble upon spiritual Accounts, till it pleased God to make that precious Scripture take hold of her Heart, 2 Cor. 12. 9. And he said unto me, My Grace is sufficient for thee. More than twenty

Years after I have heard her tell how sweet and comfortable that place was to her. But to return: The Indians laid hold of me pulling me one way, and the Children another and said, Come, go along with us; I told them they would kill me: they answered, If I were willing to go along with them, they would not hurt me.

But now, the next morning, I must turn my back upon the Town, and travel with them into the vast and desolate Wilderness, I know not whither. It is not my Tongue or Pen can express the sorrows of my heart, and bitterness of my Spirit, that I had at this Departure: But God was with me, in a wonderful manner, carrying me along, and bearing up my Spirit, that it did not quite fail. One of the Indians carried my poor wounded Babe upon a Horse; it went moaning all along, I shall die, I shall die. I went on foot after it, with Sorrow that cannot be exprest. At length I took it off the horse, and carried it in my arms till my strength failed, & I fell down with it: Then they set me upon a Horse, with my wounded Child in my Lap, and there being no Furniture upon the Horse back, as we were going down a steep Hill, we both fell over the Horses head, at which they like inhumane Creatures laught, and rejoiced to see it, though I thought we should there have ended our Days, as over come with so many Difficulties. But the Lord renewed my strength still, and carried me along, that I might see more of his Power, yea, so much that I could never have thought of, had I not experienced it.

This was the Comfort I had from them; Miserable Comforters were they all. Thus nine days I sate upon my Knees, with my Babe in my Lap, till my Flesh was raw again. My Child being even ready to depart this sorrowful World, they bade me carry it out to another Wigwam: (I suppose because they would not be troubled with such spectacles). Whither I went with a very heavy Heart, and down I sat with the picture of Death in my Lap. About two hours in the Night,

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

my sweet Babe, like a Lamb, departed this life, on Feb., 18 167 5/6, it being about six Years and five Months old. It was nine days from the first wounding, in this miserable Condition, without any refreshing of one nature or other, except a little cold water. I cannot but take notice, how at another time I could not bear to be in the room where any dead Person was, but now the case is changed; I must and could lie down by my dead Babe, all Night after. I have thought since of the wonderful Goodness of God to me, in preserving me in the use of my Reason and Senses, in that distressed time, that I did not use wicked and violent Means to end my own miserable Life.

On the morrow Morning we must go over Connecticut River to meet with King Philip; Two Canoes full they had carried over, the next Turn my self was to go; but as my foot was upon the Canoe to step in, there was sudden out-cry among them, and I must step back; and instead of going over the River, I must go four or five Miles up the River farther Northward. Some of the Indians ran one way, and some another. The cause of this Rout was, as I thought, their espying some English Scouts, who were thereabout. In this Travel up the River, about noon the Company made a stop, and sat down; some to eat, and others to rest them. As I sat amongst them

musing on things past, my Son Joseph unexpectedly came to me: We asked of each others Welfare, bemoaning our doleful Condition, and the change that had come upon us: We had Husband, and Father, and Children, and Sisters, and Friends, and Relations, and House, and Home, and many Comforts of this Life: but now we may say, as Job, Naked came I out of my Mothers Womb, and naked shall I return: The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed Be the Name of the Lord. I asked him whether he would Read; he told me, he earnestly desired it. I gave him my Bible, and he lighted upon the comfortable Scripture, Psal. 118. 17, 18. I shall not die but live, and declare the Works of the Lord: the Lord hath chastened me sore, yet he hath not given me over to Death. Look here, Mother, (says he) did you Read this? And here I may take occasion to mention one principal Ground of my setting forth these few Lines: even as the Psalmist says, To declare the Works of the Lord, and his wonderful Power in carrying us along, preserving us in the Wilderness, while under the Enemy's hand, and returning of us in safety again. And his Goodness in bringing to my Hand so many comfortable and suitable Scriptures in my Distress...

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ROGER WILLIAMS

(1600-1683)

God Makes a Path

God makes a path, provides a guide,
And feeds a wilderness;
His glorious name, while breath remains,
O that I may confess.

Lost many a time, I have had no guide,
No house but a hollow tree!
In stormy winter night no fire,
No food, no company;

In Him I found a house, a bed,
A table, company;
No cup so bitter but's made sweet,
Where God shall sweetening be.

The Bloody Tenent of Persecution

(The Bloody Tenent yet more Bloody. 1652)

TRUTH. Dear Peace, our golden sand is out, we now must part with an holy kiss of heavenly peace and love; Mr. Cotton speaks and writes his conscience; yet the Father of Lights may please to show him that what he highly esteems as a tenent washed white in the Lamb's blood, is yet more black and abominable, in the most pure and jealous eye of God.

PEACE. The blackamoor's darkness differs not in the dark from the fairest white.

TRUTH. Christ Jesus, the Son of Righteousness, hath broke forth, and daily will, to a brighter and brighter discovery of this deformed Ethiopian. And for myself I must proclaim, before the most holy God, angels, and men, that (whatever other white and heavenly tenents Mr. Cotton holds) yet this is a foul, a black, and a bloody tenent.

A tenent of high blasphemy against the God of Peace, the God of Order, who hath of one blood made all mankind, to dwell upon the face of the earth, now all confounded and destroyed in their civil beings and subsistences by mutual

flames of war from their several respective religions and consciences.

A tenent warring against the Prince of Peace, Christ Jesus, denying his appearance and coming in the flesh, to put an end to and abolish the shadows of that ceremonial and typical land of Canaan.

A tenent fighting against the sweet end of his coming, which was not to destroy men's lives, for their religions, but to save them by the meek and peaceable invitations and persuasions of his peaceable wisdom's maidens.

A tenent foully charging his wisdom, faithfulness, and love, in so poorly providing such magistrates and civil powers all the world over, as might effect so great a charge pretended to be committed to them.

A tenent lamentably guilty of his most precious blood, shed in the blood of so many hundred thousands of his poor servants by the civil powers of the world, pretending to suppress blasphemies, heresies, idolatries, superstition, etc.

A tenent fighting with the spirit of love, holiness, and meekness, by kindling fiery spirits

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of false zeal and fury, when yet such spirits know not of what spirit they are.

A tenent fighting with those mighty angels who stand up for the peace of the saints, against Persia, Grecia, etc., and so consequently, all other nations, who fighting for their several religions, and against the truth, leave no room for such as fear and love the Lord on the earth.

A tenent, against which the blessed souls under the altar cry loud for vengeance, this tenent having cut their throats, torn out their hearts, and poured forth their blood in all ages, as the only heretics and blasphemers in the world.

A tenent loathsome and ugly (in the eyes of the God of heaven, and serious sons of men) I say, loathsome with the palpable filths of gross dissimulation and hypocrisy. Thousands of peoples and whole nations compelled by this tenent to put on the foul vizard of religious hypocrisy, for fear of laws, losses, and punishments, and for the keeping and hoping for of favor, liberty, worldly commodity, etc.

A tenent woefully guilty of hardening all false and deluded consciences (of whatsoever sect, faction, heresy, or idolatry, though never so horrid and blasphemous) by cruelties and violences practiced against them; all false teachers and their followers (ordinarily) contracting a brawny and steely hardness from their sufferings for their consciences.

A tenent that shuts and bars out the gracious prophecies and promises and discoveries of the most glorious Son of Righteousness, Christ Jesus, that burns up the holy Scriptures, and forbids them (upon the point) to be read in English, or that any trial or search, or (truly) free disquisition be made by them; when the most able, diligent, and conscionable readers must pluck forth their own eyes, and be forced to read by the (whichsoever predominant) clergy's spectacles.

A tenent that seals up the spiritual graves of all men, Jews and Gentiles (and consequently stands guilty of the damnation of all men), since no preachers, nor trumpets of Christ himself may call them out but such as the several and

respective nations of the world themselves allow of.

A tenent that fights against the common principles of all civility, and the very civil being and combinations of men in nations, cities, etc., by commixing (explicitly or implicitly) a spiritual and civil state together, and so confounding and overthrowing the purity and strength of both....

A tenent that stunts the growth and flourishing of the most likely and hopefulest commonweals and countries, while consciences, the best, and the best deserving subjects are forced to fly (by enforced or voluntary banishment) from their native countries; the lamentable proof whereof England hath felt in the flight of so many worthy English into the Low Countries and New-England, and from New-England into old again and other foreign parts.

A tenent whose gross partiality denies the principles of common justice, while men weigh out to the consciences of all others that which they judge not fit nor right to be weighed out to their own. Since the persecutor's rule is, to take and persecute all consciences, only himself must not be touched.

A tenent that is but Machiavelism, and makes a religion but a cloak or stalking horse to policy and private ends of Jeroboam's crown and the priest's benefice, etc.

A tenent that corrupts and spoils the very civil honesty and natural conscience of a nation.

In the sad consideration of all which (dear Peace) let heaven and earth judge of the washing and color of this tenent. For thee, sweet heavenly guest, go lodge thee in the breasts of the peaceable and humble witnesses of Jesus, that love the truth in peace! Hide thee from the world's tumults and combustions in the breasts of thy truly noble children, who profess and endeavor to break the irony and insupportable yokes upon the souls and consciences of any of the sons of men.

PEACE. Methinks (dear Truth) if any of the least of these deep charges be found against this tenent, you do not wrong it when you style it bloody. But since, in the woeful proof of all ages

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past, since Nimrod (the hunter or persecutor before the Lord) these and more are lamentably evident and undeniable. It gives me wonder that so many and so excellent eyes of God's servants should not espy so foul a monster, especially considering the universal opposition this tenent makes against God's glory, and the good of all mankind.

TRUTH. There hath been many foul opinions, with which the old serpent hath infected and bewitched the sons of men touching God, Christ, the Spirit, the Church, against holiness, against peace, against civil obedience, against chastity), insomuch that even sodomy itself hath been a tenent maintained in print by some of the very pillars of the Church of Rome. But this tenent is so universally opposite to God and man, so pernicious and destructive to both (as hath been declared) that like the powder-plot, it threatens to blow up all religion, all civility, all humanity, yea, the very being of the world, and the nations thereof at once.

PEACE. He that is the father of lies, and a murderer from the beginning, he knows this well, and this ugly blackamoor needs a mask or vizard.

TRUTH. Yea the bloodiness and inhumanity of it is such, that not only Mr. Cotton's more tender and holy breast, but even the most bloody Bonners and Gardiners have been forced to arm themselves with the fair shows and glorious pretences of the glory of God, and zeal for that glory, the love of his truth, the gospel of Christ Jesus, love and pity to men's souls, the peace of the Church, uniformity, order, the peace of the commonweal, the wisdom of the state, the King's, Queen's, and Parliament's proceedings, the odiousness of sects, heresies, blasphemies, novelties, seducers, and their infections, the obstinancy of heretics, after all means, disputations, examinations, synods, yea, and after conviction in glossing titles, the godly magistrate, the Christian magistrate, the nursing fathers and mothers of the Church, Christian kings and queens. But all other kings and magistrates (even all the nations of the world over, as Mr. Cotton pleads) must suspend and hold their hands, and not meddle in matters of religion until they be informed, etc.

PEACE. The dreadful righteous hand of God, the eternal and avenging God, is pulling off these masks and vizards, that thousands and the world may see this bloody tenent's beauty.

TRUTH. But see (my heavenly sister and true stranger in this sea-like, restless, raging world), see here what fires and swords are come to part us! Well; our meetings in the heavens shall not thus be interrupted, our kisses thus distracted, and our eyes and cheeks thus wet, unwiped. For me, though censured, threatened, persecuted, I must profess, while heaven and earth lasts, that no one tenent that either London, England, or the world doth harbor is so heretical, blasphemous, seditious, and dangerous to the corporal, to the spiritual, to the present, to the eternal good of all men, as the bloody tenent (however washed and whited) I say, as is the bloody tenent of persecution for cause of conscience.

(THESIS PROVED)

First, That the blood of so many hundred thousand soules of Protestants and Papists, spilt in the Wars of present and former Ages, for their respective Consciences, is not required nor accepted by Jesus Christ the Prince of Peace.

Secondly, Pregnant Scripturs and Arguments are throughout the Worke proposed against the Doctrine of persecution for cause of Conscience.

Thirdly, Satisfactorie Answers are given to Scriptures, and objections produced by Mr. Calvin, Beza, Mr. Cotton, and the Ministers of the New English Churches and others former and later, tending to prove the Doctrine of persecution for cause of Conscience.

Fourthly, The Doctrine of persecution for cause of Conscience, is proved guilty of all the blood of the Soules crying for vengeance under the Altar.

Fifthly, All Civill States with their Officers of justice in their respective constitutions and administrations are proved essentially Civill, and therefore not Judges, Governours or Defendours of the Spirituall of Christian state and Worship.

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Sixthly, It is the will and command of God, that (since the coming of his Sonne the Lord Jesus) a permission of the most Paganish, Jewish, Turkish, or Antichristian consciences and worships, bee granted to all men in all Nations and Countries: and they are onely to bee fought against with that Sword which is only (in Soule matters) able to conquer, to wit, the Sword of Gods Spirit; the Word of God.

Seventhly, The state of the Land of Israel, the Kings and people thereof in Peace & War, is proved figurative and ceremoniall, and no patterne nor president (precedent) for any Kingdome or civill state in the world to follow.

Eighthly, God requireth not an uniformity of Religion to be inacted and inforced in any civill state; which inforced uniformity (sooner or later) is the greatest occasion of civill Warre, ravishing of conscience, persecution of Christ Jesus in his servants, and of the hypocrisie and destruction of millions of souls.

Ninthly, In holding an inforced uniformity of Religion in a civill state, wee must necessarily disclaime our desires and hopes of the Jewes conversion to Christ.

Tenthly, An inforced uniformity of Religion throughout a Nation or civill state, confounds the Civill and Religious, denies the principles of Christianity and civility, and that Jesus Christ is come in the Flesh.

Eleventhly, The permission of other consciences and worships than a state professeth, only can (according to God) procure a firme and lasting peace, (good assurance being taken according to the wisdom of the civill state for uniformity of civill obedience from all sorts.)

Twelfthly, lastly, true civility and Christianity may both flourish in a state or Kingdome, notwithstanding the permission of divers and contrary consciences, either of Jew or Gentile.

Chapter VI

(SEPARATION OF CHURCH AND STATE)

PEACE. The next distinction concerning the manner of persons holding forth the aforesaid

practices (not onely the weightier duties of the Law, but points of doctrine and worship lesse principall.)

“Some (saith he(John Cotton) hold them forth in a meek and peaceable way: some with such arrogance and impetuoussnesse, as of it selfe tendeth to the disturbance of civill peace.”

TRUTH. In the examination of this distinction we shall discuss,

First, what is civill Peace, (wherein we shall vindicate thy name the better.)

Secondly, what it is to hold forth a Doctrine or Practice in this impetuoussnesse or arrogancy.

First, for civill peace, what is it but pax civitatis, the peace of the Citie, whether an English City, Scotch, or Irish Citie, or further abroad, French, Spanish, Turkish City, etc.

Thus it pleased the Father of Lights to define it, Jerem. 29. 7. Pray for the peace of the City; which peace of the City, or Citizens, so compacted in a civill way of union, may be intire, unbroken, safe, etc. notwithstanding so many thousands of Gods people the Jewes, were there in bondage, and would neither be constrained to the worship of the Citie Babell, nor restrained from so much of the worship of the true God, as they then could practice, as is plaine in the practice of the 3 Worthies, Shadrach, Misach, and Abednego, as also of Daniel, Dan. 3 to Dan. 6. (the peace of the City or Kingdome, being a far different Peace from the Peace of the Religion or Spirituall Worship, maintained & professed of the Citizens. This Peace of their Worship (which worship also in some Cities being various) being a false Peace, Gods people were and ought to be Nonconformitants, not daring either to be restrained from the true, or constrained to false Worship, and yet without breach of the Civill or Citie-peace, properly so called.

PEACE. Hence it is that so many glorious and flourishing Cities of the World maintaine their civill peace, yea the very Americans & wildest Pagans keep the peace of their Towns or Cities; though neither inn one nor the other can any man prove a true Church of God in those places, and consequently no spirituall and

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heavenly peace: The Peace spirituall (whether true or false) being of a higher and farre different nature from the Peace of the place or people, being merely and essentially civill and humane.

TRUTH. O how lost are the sonnes of men in this point? To illustrate this: The Church or company of worshippers (whether true or false) is like unto a Body or Colledge of Physitians in a Citie; like unto a Corporation, Society, or Company of East-Indie or Turkie-Merchants, or any other Societie or Company in London: which Companies may hold their courts, keep their Records, hold disputations, and in matters concerning their Societie, may dissent, divide, breake into Schismes and Factions, sue and implead each other at the Law, yea wholly breake up and dissolve into pieces and nothing, and yet the peace of the Citie not be in the least measure impaired or disturbed; because the essence or being of the Citie, and so the well-being and peace thereof is essentially distinct from those particular Societies; the Citie-Courts, Citie-Lawes, Citie-punishments distinct from theirs. The Citie was before them, and stands absolute and intire, when such a Corporation or Societie is taken down. For instance further, The city or Civill state of Ephesus was essentially distinct from the worship of Diana in the Citie, or of the whole city. Againe, the Church of Christ in

Ephesus (which were Gods people, converted and call'd out from the worship of that City unto Christianitie or worship of God in Christ) was distinct from both.

Now suppose that God remove the Candlestick from Ephesus, yea though the whole Worship of the Citie of Ephesus should be altered: yet (if men be true and honestly ingenuous to Citie-covenants, Combinations and Principles) all this might be without the least impeachment or infringement of the Peace of the City of Ephesus.

Thus in the Citie of Smirna was the citie it selfe or Civill estate one thing, The Spirituall or Religious state of Smirna, another; The Church of Christ in Smirna, distinct from them both; and the Synagogue of the Jewes, whether literally Jewes (as some thinke) or mystically, false Christians, (as others) called the Synagogue of Satan, Revel. 2. distinct from all these. And notwithstanding these spirituall oppositions in point of Worship and Religion, yet heare we not the least noyse (nor need we, if Men keep but the Bond of Civility) of any Civil breach, or breach of Civill peace amongst them: and to persecute Gods people there for Religion, that only was a breach of Civilitie it selfe.

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INCREASE MATHER

(1639-1723)

Selections from CASES OF CONSCIENCE AS CONCERNING EVIL SPIRITS

A Third Scripture to our purpose is that, in Rev. 12.10. where the Devil is called the Accuser of the Brethren. Such is the malice and impudence of the Devil as that he does accuse good Men, and that before God, and that no only of such Faults as they really are guilty of, he accused Joshua with his filthy Garments, when through his Indulgence some of his Family had transgressed by unlawful Marriages, Zach. 3.23. with Ezra 10.18, but also with such Crimes, as they are altogether free from. He represented the Primitive Christians as the vilest of men, and as if at their meetings they did commit the most nefandous Villanies that ever were known; and that not only Innocent, but Eminently Pious Persons should thro' the malice of the Devil be accused with the Crime of Witchcraft, is no new thing. Such an affliction did the Lord see meet to exercise the great Athanasius with, only the Divine Providence did wonderfully vindicate him from that as well as from some other foul Aspersion. The Waldenses (altho' the Scriptures call them Saints, Rev. 13.7.) have been traduced by Satan and by the World as horrible Witches; so have others in other places, only because they have done extraordinary things by their Prayers: It is by many Authors related, that a City in France was molested with a Diabolical Spectre, which the People were wont to call Hugon; the Professors of the true reformed Religion were

nic-named Hugonots, by the Papists, who designed to render them before the World, as the Servants and Worshippers of the Doemon, that went under the name of Hugon. And how often have I read in Books written by Jesuits, that Luther was a Wizard, and that he did himself confess that he had familiarity with Satan! Most impudent Untruths! Nor are these things to be wondered at, since the Holy Son of God himself was reputed a Magician, and one that had Familiarity with the greatest of Devils. The Blaspheming Pharisees said, he casts out the Devils thro' the Prince of Devils, Matth. 9.34. There is then not the best Saint on Earth (Man or Woman) that can assure themselves that the Devil shall not cast such an Imputation upon them. It is enough for the Disciple that he be as his master, and the Servant as his Lord: If they have called the Master of the House Beelzebub, how much more them of his Household, Matth. 10.25. It is not for men to determine how far the Holy God may permit the wicked one to proceed in his Accusations. The sacred story of Job giveth us to understand, that the Lord whose ways are past finding out, does for wise and holy Ends suffer Satan by immediate Operation, (and consequently by Witchcraft) greatly to afflict innocent Persons, as in their Bodies and Estates, so in their Reputations.

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COTTON MATHER

(1663-178)

From MAGNALIA CHRISTI AMERICANA

THE LIFE OF MR. THOMAS HOOKER

...Mr. Hooker and Mr. (John) Cotton were, for their different genius, the Luther and Melancthon of New England. At their arrival unto which country Mr. Cotton settled with the church of Boston, but Mr. Hooker with the church of New-Town, having Mr. Stone for his assistant. Inexpressible now was the joy of Mr. Hooker, to find himself surrounded with his friends, who were come over the year before, to prepare for his reception; with open arms he embraced them, and uttered these words, "Now I live, if you stand fast in the Lord." But such multitudes flocked over to New England after them, that the plantation of New Town became too strait for them and it was Mr. Hooker's advice, that they should not incur the danger of a Sitna, or an Esek, where they might have a Rehoboth. Accordingly in the Month of June 1636, they removed an hundred miles to the westward, with a purpose to settle upon the delightful banks of Connecticut River. And there were about an hundred persons in the first company that made this removal; who not being able to walk above ten miles a day, took up near a fortnight in the journey; having no pillows to take their nightly rest upon, but such as their father Jacob found in the way to Pada-Aram. Here Mr. Hooker was the chief instrument of beginning another colony, as Mr. Cotton, whom he left behind him, was, of preserving and perfecting that colony where he left him; for, indeed each of them were the oracle of their several colonies.

Though Mr. Hooker had thus removed from the Massachusetts Bay, yet he sometimes came down to visit the churches in that bay. But when ever he came, he was received with an affection like that which Paul found among the Galatians, yea, 'tis thought that once there seemed some intimation from heaven as if the good people had overdone in that affection; for on May 28, 1639, Mr. Hooker being here to preach that Lord's Day in the afternoon, his great fame had gathered a

vast multitude of hearers from several other congregations, and among the rest, the governour himself, to be made partaker of his ministry. But when he came to preach, he found himself so unaccountably at a loss, that after some shattered and broken attempts to proceed, he made a full stop; saying to the assembly, That every thing which he would have spoken, was taken both out of his mouth, and drew about half an hour from them. Returning then to the Congregation, he preached a most admirable sermon, wherein he held them for two hours together in an extraordinary strain both of pertinency and vivacity...

He never took his opportunity to serve himself, but lived a sort of exile all his days, except the last fourteen years of his life, among his own spiritual children at Hartford; however, here also he was an exile. Accordingly, wherever he came, he lived like a stranger in the world!...

He was a man of prayer, which was indeed a ready way to become a man of God. He would say, "That prayer was the principal part of a minister's work; 'twas by this, that he was to carry on the rest." Accordingly, he still devoted one day in a month to private prayer, with fasting, before the Lord, besides the publick fasts, which often occurred unto him. He would say, "That such extraordinary means as prayer with fasting; and that if professors grow negligent of these means, iniquity will abound, and the love of many wax cold." Nevertheless, in the duty of prayer, he affected strength rather than length; and though he had not so much variety in his publick praying as in his publick preaching, yet he always had a seasonable respect unto present occasions. And it was observed that his prayer was usually like Jacob's ladder, wherein the nearer he came to an end the nearer he drew towards heaven; and he grew into such rapturous pleadings with God, and praisings of God, as made some to say, "That like the master of the feast, he reserved the best wine unto the last."

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Nor was the wonderful success of his prayer, upon special concerns, unobserved by the whole colony; who reckon him the Moses, which turned away the wrath of God from them, and obtained a blast from heaven upon their Indian Amalekites, by his uplifted hands, in those remarkable deliverances which they sometimes experienced. It was very particularly observed, when there was a battle to be fought between the Narraganset and the Monhegin Indians, in the year 1643. The Narraganset Indians had plotted the ruine of the English, but the Monhegin were confederate with us; and a war now being between those two nations, much notice was taken of the prevailing importunity, wherewith Mr. Hooker urged for the accomplishment of that great promise unto the people of God, "I will bless them that bless thee, but I will curse him that curses thee." And the effect of it was, that the Narragansets received a wonderful overthrow from the Monhegins, though the former did three or four to one for number exceed the latter. Such an Israel at prayer was our Hooker! And this praying pastor was blessed; as, indeed, such ministers used to be, with a praying people: there fell upon his pious people a double portion of the Spirit they beheld in him.

From THE LIFE OF MR. JOHN COTTON

Hitherto we have seen the life of Mr. Cotton, while he was not yet alive! Though the restraining and preventing grace of God had kept him from such outbreaks of sin as defile the lives of most in the world, yet, like the old men who for such a cause ordered this epitaph to be written on his grave, "Here lies an old man, who lived but seven years," he reckoned himself to have been but a dead man, as being "alienated from the life of God," until he had experienced that regeneration in his own soul, which was thus accomplished. The Holy Spirit of God had been at work upon his young heart, by the ministry of that revered and renowned preacher of righteousness, Mr. Perkins; but he resisted and smothered those convictions, through a vain persuasion that, if he became a godly man, 'twould spoil him for being a learned one. Yea, such was the secret enmity and prejudice of an

unregenerate soul against real holiness, and such the torment which our Lord's witnesses give to the consciences of the earthly-minded, that when he heard the bell toll for the funeral of Mr. Perkins, his mind secretly rejoiced in his deliverance from that powerful ministry, by which his conscience had been so oft beleaguered: the remembrance of which thing afterwards did break his heart exceedingly! But he was, at length, more effectually awakened by a sermon of Dr. Sibbs, wherein was discoursed the misery of those who had only a negative righteousness, or a civil, sober, honest blamelessness before men. Mr. Cotton became now very sensible of his own miserable condition before God; and the arrows of these convictions did stick so fast upon him that after no less than three year's disconsolate apprehensions under them, the grace of God made him a thoroughly renewed Christian, and filled him with a sacred joy, which accompanied him unto the fullness of joy forever. For this cause, as persons truly converted unto God have a mighty and lasting affection for the instruments of their conversion; thus Mr. Cotton's veneration for Dr. Sibbs was after this very particular and perpetual: and it caused him to have the picture of that great man in that part of his house where he might oftenest look upon it. But so the yoke of sore temptations and afflictions and long spiritual trials, fitted him to be an eminently useful servant of God in his generation!

Some time after this change upon the soul of Mr. Cotton, it came unto his turn again to preach at St. Maries; and because he was to preach, an high expectation was raised, through the whole university, that they should have a sermon, flourishing indeed, with all the learning of the whole university. Many difficulties had Mr. Cotton in his own mind now what course to steer. On the one side, he considered that it was his duty to preach with such a plainness, he should not only wound his own fame exceedingly, but also tempt carnal men to revive an old cavil, "that religion made scholars turn dunces," whereby the name of God might suffer not a little. On the other side, he considered that it was his duty to preach with such a plainness, as become the oracles of God, which are intended for the

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conduct of men in the paths of life, and not for theatrical ostentations and entertainments, and the Lord needed not any sin of ours to maintain his own glory. Hereupon Mr. Cotton resolved that he would preach a plain sermon, even such a sermon as in his own conscience he thought would be most pleasing unto the Lord Jesus Christ; and he discoursed practically and powerfully, but very solidly upon the plain doctrine of repentance. The vain wits of the university, disappointed thus, with a more excellent sermon, that shot some troublesome admonitions into their consciences, discovered their vexation at this disappointment by their not humming, as according to their sinful and absurd custom they had formerly done; and the Vice-Chancellor, for the very same reason also, graced him not, as he did others that pleased him. Nevertheless, the satisfaction which he enjoyed in his own faithful soul, abundantly compensated unto him the loss of any human favour or honour; nor did he go without many encouragements from some doctors, then having a better sense of religion upon them, who prayed him to persevere in the good way of preaching, which he had now taken. But perhaps the greatest consolation of all was a notable effect of the sermon then preached! The famous Dr. Preston, then a fellow of Queen's College in Cambridge, and of great note in the university, came to hear Mr. Cotton with the same itching ears as others were then led withal. For some good while after the beginning of the sermon, his frustrated expectation caused him to manifest his uneasiness all the ways that were then possible; but before the sermon was ended, like one of Peter's hearers, he found himself "pierced at the heart": his heart within him was now struck with such resentments of his own interior state before the God of heaven, that he could have no peace in his own soul, till with a wounded soul he had repaired unto Mr. Cotton; from whom he received those further assistances, wherein he became a spiritual father unto one of the greatest men in his age.

He was even from his youth to his age an indefatigable student, under the conscience of the apostolical precept, "Be not slothful in business, but fervent in spirit serving the Lord." He was careful to redeem his hours, as well as his days;

and might lay claim to that character of the blessed martyr, "Sparing of sleep, more sparing of words, but most sparing of time." If any came to visit him he would be very civil to them having learned it as his duty, "To use all gentleness towards all men:" and yet he would often say with some regret after the departure of a visitant, "I had rather have given this man an handful of money, than have been kept thus long out of my study:" reckoning, with Pliny, the time not spent in study for the most part, sweeled away. For which cause he went not much abroad; but he judged ordinarily that more benefit was obtained, according to the advice of the wise King, by conversing with the dead (in books) than with the living (in talks) and that needless visits do commonly unframe our spirits, and perhaps disturb our comforts. He was an early riser, taking the morning for the Muses; and in his latter days forbearing a supper, he turned his former supping-time into a reading, a thinking a praying-time. Twelve hours in a day he commonly studied, and would call that a scholar's day; resolving rather to wear out with using than with rusting. In truth, had he not been of an healthy and hearty constitution, and had he not made a careful, though not curious diet serve him, instead of an Hippocrates, his continued labour must have made his life, as well as his labour, to have been but of a short continuance. And, indeed, the work which lay upon him could not have been performed without a labour more than ordinary. For besides his constant preaching more than once every week, many cases were brought unto him far and near, in resolving whereof, as he took much time, so he did much good, being a most excellent casuist. He was likewise very keeplly concerned in peaceable and effectual disquisitions of the controversies about church-government, then agitated in the Church of God. And though he chiefly gave himself to reading, and doctrine, and exhortation, depending much on the ruling elders to inform him concerning the state of his particular flock, that he might the better order himself in "the word and prayer," yet he found his church-work, in this regard also, to call for no little painfulness, watchfulness, and faithfulness.

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From A CHRISTIAN AT HIS CALLING

What is your OCCUPATION? Genesis, XLVII. 3.

‘Tis taken for granted then that they had One. It was the Question that Pharaoh put into the Sons of Jacob. And it implies that every true Israelite should be able to give a good Answer unto such a Question. The Question which we are now to Discourse upon is, How a Christian may come to give a Good Answer unto that Question? Or, How a Christian may come to give a Good Account of his Occupation & of his Behaviour in it?

There are Two Callings to be minded by All Christians. Every Christian hath a GENERAL CALLING, Which is to Serve the Lord Jesus Christ and Save his own Soul in the Services of Religion that are incumbent on all the Children of men. God hath called us to Believe on His Son, and Repent of our Sin, and observe the Sacred means of our Communion with Himself, and bear our Testimony to His Truths and Wayes in the World: And every man in the world should herein conform to the Calls of that God, who hath called us with the Holy Calling. But then, every Christian hath also a PERSONAL CALLING; or a certain Particular Employment by which his Usefulness in his Neighbourhood is distinguished. God hath made a Sociable Creature. We expect Benefits from Humane Society. It is but equal, that Humane Society should Receive Benefits from Us. We are Beneficial to Humane Society by the works of that Special OCCUPATION in which we are to be employ’d according to the Order of God.

A Christian, at his Two Callings, is a man in a Boat, Rowing for Heaven, the House which our Heavenly Father hath intended for us. If he mind but one of his Callings, be it which it will, he pulls the Oar but on one side of the Boat, and will make but a poor dispatch to the Shoar of Eternal Blessedness...

From ESSAYS TO DO GOOD

“The Duties of Schoolmasters”

From the tribe of Levi, let us proceed with our proposals to the tribe of Simeon; from which there has been a frequent ascent to the former. The SCHOOLMASTER has many opportunities for doing good. God make him sensible of his obligations! We read, that “the little ones have their angels.” It is hard work to keep a school; but it is God’s work, and it may be managed as to be like the work of angels: the tutors of the children may be like their “tutelary angels.” Melchior Adams properly styled it “An office most laborious, yet to God most pleasing.”

Tutors! Will you not regard the children under your wing, as committed to you by the glorious Lord with such a charge as this? “Take them, and bring them up for me, and I will pay you your wages.” Whenever a new scholar comes under your care, you may say, “Here, my Lord sends me another object, for whom I may do something, that he may be useful in the world.” Suffer little children to come unto you, and consider what you may do, instrumentally, that of such may be the kingdom of heaven.

Sire, let it be your grand design, to instill into their minds the documents of piety. Consider it as their chief interest, and yours also, that they may so know the holy scriptures as to become wise to salvation. Embrace every opportunity of dropping some honey from the rock upon them. Happy the children, and as happy the master, where they who relate the history of their conversion may say, “There was a schoolmaster who brought us to Christ.” You have been told, “Certainly, it is a nobler work to make the little ones know their Savior, than to make them know their letters. The lessons of Jesus are nobler things than the lessons of Cato. The sanctifying transformation of their souls would be infinitely preferable to any thing in Ovid’s Metamorphoses.”

CATECHISMS should be a frequent, at least a weekly exercise in the school; and it should be conducted in the most edifying, applicatory, and admonitory manner. In some places the magistrate permits no person to keep a school,

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unless he produces a testimonial of his ability and disposition to perform the work of religious catechizing.

Dr. Reynolds, in a funeral sermon for an eminent schoolmaster, has the following passage, worthy to be written in letters of gold: "If grammar schools have holy and learned men set over the, not only the brains, but also the souls of the children might there be enriched, and the work both of learning and of grace be early commenced in them." In order to do this, let it be proposed, that you not only pray with your scholars daily, but also take occasion, from the public sermons, and from remarkable occurrences in your neighborhood, frequently to inculcate the lessons of piety on the children.

Tutors in the colleges may do well to converse with each of their pupils alone with all possible solemnity and affection, concerning their internal state, concerning repentance for sin, and faith in Jesus Christ, and to bring them to express resolutions of serious piety. You may do a thousand things to render your pupils orthodox in sentiment, regular in practice, and qualified for public service.

I have read of a tutor, who made it his constant practice in every recitation to take occasion, from something or other that occurred, to drop at least one sentence that had a tendency to promote the fear of God in their hearts. This method sometimes cost him a good deal of study, but the good effect sufficiently recompensed him for it.

I should be glad to see certain authors received into the grammar schools as classical, which are not generally admitted there, such as Castalio in the Latin tongue, and Posselius in the Greek; and I could wish, with some modern writers, that "a northwest passage" for the attainment of Latin might be discovered; that instead of a journey which might be dispatched in a few days, they might not be obliged to wander, like the children of Israel, many years in the wilderness. I might recite the complaint of Austin, "that little boys are taught in the schools the filthy actions of the Pagan gods, for reciting which," said he, "I was called a boy of promise;"

or the complaint of Luther, "that our schools are pagan rather than Christian." I might mention what a late author says, "I knew an aged and eminent school master, who, after keeping a school about fifty years, said with a sad countenance, that it was a great trouble to him that he had spent so much time in reading Pagan authors to his scholars; and wished it were customary to read such a book as Duport's verses on Job, rather than Homer, &c.; I pray God, to put it into the hearts of a wise parliament to purge our schools; that instead of learning vain fictions, and filthy stories, they may become acquainted with the word of God, and with books containing grave sayings, and things which may make them truly wise and useful in the world." But I presume little notice will be taken of such wishes as these. It is with despair that I mention them.

Among, the occasions for promoting religion in the scholars, one in the writing schools deserves peculiar notice. I have read of an atrocious sinner who was converted to God, by accidentally reading the following sentence of Austin written in a window: "He, who has promised pardon to the penitent sinner, has not promised repentance to the presumptuous one." Who can tell what good may be done to the young scholar by a sentence in his copy-book? Let their copies be composed of sentences worthy to be had in everlasting remembrance—of sentences which shall contain the brightest maxims of wisdom, worthy to be written on the fleshly tables of their hearts, to be graven with the point of a diamond there. God has blessed such sentences to many scholars; they have been useful to them all their days.

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Selections from THE WONDERS OF THE
INVISIBLE WORLD

The Devil Discovered

2 Cor. II. 11. We are not Ignorant of his
DEVICES.

Our Blessed Saviour has blessed us, with a counsel, as Wholsome and as Needful as any that can be given us, In Matth. 26.41. Watch and Pray, that yee Enter not into Temptation. As there is a Tempting Flesh, and A Tempting World, which would seduce us from Our Obedience to the Love of God, so there is a Busy Devil, who is by way of Eminency called, The Tempter; because by him, the Temptation of the Flesh and the World are managed.

It is not One Devil alone, that had Cunning or Power enough to apply the Multitudes of Temptations, whereby Mankind is daily diverted from the Service of God; No, the High Places of Our Air, are Swarming full of those Wicked Spirits, whose Temptations trouble us; they are so many, that it seems no less than a Legion, or more than twelve thousands may be spared, for the Vexation of one miserable man. But because those Apostate Angels, are all United, under one Infernal Monarch, in the Designs of Mischief, 'tis in the Singular Number, that they are spoken of. Now, the Devil, whose Malice and Envy, prompts him to do what he can, that we may be as unhappy as himself, does ordinarily use more Fraud, that Force, in his assaulting of us; he that assail'd our First Parents, in a Serpent, will still Act Like A Serpent, rather than a Lion, in prosecuting of his wicked purposes upon us, and for us to guard against the Wiles of the Wicked One, is one of the greatest cares, with which our God has charged us.

We are all of us liable to various Temptations every day, whereby if we are carried aside from the strait Paths of Righteousness, we get all sorts of wounds unto our selves. Of Temptations, I may say, as the Wise Man said, of Mortality; there is no discharge from that war. The Devils fall hard upon both Adams, nor may any among the Children of both, imagine to be excused. The Son of God Himself, had this Dog of Hell, barking at Him; and much more may the Children of Men, look to be thus Visited; indeed, there is hardly any Temptation,

but what is Common to Man. When I was considering, how to spend one Hour in Raising a most Effectual and Profitable Breastwork against the inroads of this Enemy, I perceived it would be done, by a short answer to this.

CASE

What are those Usual Methods of Temptation, with which the Powers of Darkness do assault the Children of Men?

Truly, the Devil has Mille Nocendi Artes; and it will be impossible for us to run over all the Stratagems and Policies of our Adversary. I shall only attempt a few Observations upon the Temptations of our Lord Jesus Christ: who was Tempted in all things like unto us, except in our Sins. When we read the Temptations of our Lord Jesus Christ, in the Fourth Chapter of Matthew There, Thence, you will understand, what was once counted so difficult; Even, The way of a Serpent upon the Rock. There are certain Ancient and Famous Methods which the Devil in his Temptations, does mostly accustome himself into; which is not so much from any Barrenness, or Sluggishness in the Devil, but because he has had the Encouragement of a Probatum est, upon those horrid Methods. How did the Devil assault the First Adam? It was with Temptations drawn from Pleasure, and Profit, and Honour, which, as the Apostle notes, in I Joh. 2.16, are, All that is in the World. With the very same temptations, it was, that he fell upon the Second Adam too. Now, in those Temptations, you will see the more Usual Methods, whereby the Devil would be Ensnaring of us; and I beseech you to attend unto the following Admonitions, as those Warnings of God, which the Lives of your souls depend upon your taking of.

There were especially Three Remarkable Assaults of Temptations, which the Devil it seems visibly made upon our Lord; after he had been more invisibly for Forty dayes together Tempting of that Holy One; and we may make a few distinct Remarks upon them all.

The first of our Lords three Temptations is thus related, in Mat. 4.3. He was an Hungry when the Tempter came to him, he said, If thou be the Son of God, Command that these Stones be made Bread.

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From whence, take these Remarks.

I. The Devil will ordinarily make our Conditions, to be the advantages of his Temptations. When our Lord was Hungry then Bread! Bread! It shall be all the Cry of his Temptation; the Devil puts him upon a strong step, for the getting of it; and the Devil marks what it is, that we are Hungry for. One man Condition makes him Hunger for Preferments, or Employments, another mans makes him Hunger for Cash or Land, or Trade; another mans makes him Hunger for Merriments, or Diversions: And the condition of every Afflicted Man, makes him Hunger with Impatience for Deliverance. Now the Devil will be sure to suit his Perswasions with our Conditions. When he has our Condition to speak with him, & for him, then thinks he, I am sure this man will now hearken to my Proposals! Hence, if men are in Adversity, he will tempt them to Murmuring at God; in all the expressions of those impieties. Wise Agur was aware of this in Prov. 30.9. says he, if a man be full, he shall be tempted to deny God, and say, who is the Lord? If a man be Poor, he shall be tempted, to steal, and to take the name of God in vain. The devil will talk suitably; if you ponder your Conditions, you may expect you shall be tempted agreeably thereunto.

II. The Devil does often manage his temptations, by urging of our Necessities. Our Lord, was thus by the Devil bawl'd upon; You want Bread, and you'll starve, if in my way you get it not. The Devil will show some forbidden thing unto us, and plead concerning it, as of Bread we use to say, it must be had. Necessity has a wonderful compulsion in it. You may see what Necessity will do, if you read in Deut. 28.56. The tender and the delicate Woman among you, her eye shall be evil towards the Children that she shalt bear, for she shall eat them for want of all things. The Devil will perswade us that there is a Necessity of our doing what he does propound unto us; and then tho' the Laws of God about us were so many Walls of Stone, yet we shall break through them all. That little inconvenience, of our coming to beg our Bread, O what a fearful Representation does the Devil make of it! And when once the Devil scares us to think, it may be done. When the Devil has

frighted us into an Apprehension, that it is a Needful thing which we are prompted unto, he presently Engages all the Faculties of our Souls, to prove, that it may be a Lawful one; the Devil told Esau, You'll dye if you don't sell your Birthright; the Devil told Aaron, You'll pull all the people about your ears, if you do not countenance their superstitions; and then they comply'd immediately. Yea, sometimes if the Devil do but feign a Necessity, he does thereby Gain the Hearts of Men; he did but feign a Need, when he told Saul, the Cattel must be spared, and the sacrifice must be precipitated, & he does but feign a Need, when he tells many a man, if you do not servile work on the Sabbath-day, and if you don't Rob God of his evening, you'll never subsist in the world. All the denials of God, in the world, use to be from this Fallacy impos'd upon us. It never can be necessary for us to violate any Negative Commandment in the Law of our God; where God says, thou shalt not, we cannot upon any pretence reply, I must. But the Devil will put a most formidable and astonishing face of necessity upon many of those Abominable things, which are hateful to the soul of God. He'll say nothing to us about, the one thing needful; but the petite and the sorry Need-nots of this world, he'll set off with most bloody Colours of Necessity. He will not say, 'tis necessary for you to maintain the Favour of your God, and secure the welfare of your Soul; but he'll say, 'tis necessary for you to keep in with your Neighbours; and that you and yours may have a good Living among them.

The Second of our Lord's Three Temptations, is related after this manner, in Mat. 4. 5,6. Then the Devil taketh him up, into the Holy City, and setteth him upon a Pinnacle of the Temple; and saith unto him, if thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down, for it is written, He shall give his Angels charge concerning thee, and in their hands, they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy Foot against a Stone.

From whence take these Remarks.

I. The places of the greatest Holiness will not secure us from Annoyance by the Temptations of the Devil, to the greatest wickedness. When our Lord was in the Holy City, the Devil fell upon him there. Indeed, there is now no proper Holiness of

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Places in our Days; the Signs and Means of Gods more special Presence are not under the Gospel, ty'd unto any certain places; Nevertheless there are places, where we use to enjoy much of God; and where, altho' God visit not the Persons for the sake of the Places, yet he visits the Places for the sake of the Persons. But, I am to tell you that the Devil will visit those Places and best Persons there. No Place, that I know of has got such a Spell upon it, as will always keep the Devil out. The Meeting-House wherein we Assemble for the Worship of God, is fill'd with many Holy People, and many Holy Concerns continually; but if our Eyes were so refined as the Servant of the prophet had his of old, I suppose we should now see a Throng of Devils in this very place. The Apostle has intimated, that Angels it seems that hark, how I Preach, and how you Hear, at this Hour. And our own sad Experience is enough to intimate, That the Devils are likewise Rendezvousing here. It is Reported, in Job 1.5. When the Sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, Satan came also among them. When we are in our Church-Assemblies, O how many Devils, do you imagine, crowd in among us! There is a Devil that rocks on to Sleep, there is a Devil that makes another to be thinking of, he scarce knows what himself; and there is a Devil, that make another, to be pleasing himself with wanton and wicked Speculations. It is also possible, that we have our Closets, or our Studies, gloriously perfumed with Devotions every day; but alas, can we shut the Devil out of them? No, Let us go where we will, we shall still find a Devil nigh unto us. Only, when we come to Heaven, we shall be out of his reach forever; O thou foul Devil: we are going where thou canst not come! He was hissed out of Paradise, and shall never enter it any more. Yea, more than so, when the New Jerusalem comes into the High Places of our Air, from whence the Devil shall then be banished, there shall be no Devil within the Walls of the Holy City. Amen, Even so Lord Jesus, Come quickly.

II. Any other acknowledgements of the Lord Jesus Christ, will be permitted by the Temptations of the Devil, provided those Acknowledgments of him which are True and Full, may be thereby prevented. What was it, that the Devil hurried our Lord Jesus Christ unto the

Top of the Temple for? Surely it could not merely be to find Precipices; any part of the Wilderness would have afforded Them. No, it was rather to have Spectators. And why so, Why, the carnal Jews had an Expectation among them; that Elias was to fly from Heaven to the Temple; and the Devil seems willing, that our Lord should be cry'd up for Elias, among the giddy multitude; or any thing in the World, tho never so considerable otherwise, rather than to be received as the Christ of God. The Devil will allow his Followers to think very highly of the Lord Jesus Christ; O but he is very lothe to have them think All. We read in Col. 1.19. It has pleased the Father, that in Him there should all fullness dwell. But it is pleasing to the Devil that we deny something of the Immense Fullness, which is in our Lord. The Devil would confess to our Lord, Thou art the Holy One of God! But then he claps in, Thou art Jesus of Nazareth; which was to conceal our Lord's being Jesus of Bethlehem, and so his being, the True Messiah. All the Heresies and all the Persecutions, that ever plagued the Church of God, have still been, to strike at some Glory of our Lord Jesus Christ. A CHRIST Entirely Acknowledged, will save the Souls of them that so Acknowledge Him; but, says the Devil, Whatever tides I must not give way to that.

III. The Devil will make a deceitful and unfaithful use of the Scriptures to make his Temptations forceable. When the Devil Solicited our Lord, unto an evil thing, he quoted the Ninety First Psalm unto him, tho' indeed he fallaciously cli'd it, and main'd it, of one clause very material in it. O never does the Devil make such dangerous Passes at us, as when he does wrest our own Sword out of our Hands, and push That upon us. We have to defend us, that Weapon in Eph. 6.16. The Sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God; but when the Devil has that very Weapon to fight us with, he makes terrible work of it. When the Devil would poyson men with false Doctrines, he'll quote Scriptures for them; a Quaker himself, will have the First Chapter of John always in his mouth. When the Devil would perswade men to vile Actions, he'll quote Scriptures for them; he'll encourage men to go on in Sin, by showing them, where 'tis said, The Lord is ready to Pardon. I say this, The one story of David's Fall, in the Scripture, had been

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made by the Devil an Engine for the Damnation of many Millions. The Devil will fright men from doing those things, that are, the Things of their Peace; but How? He'll turn a Scripture into a Scarecrow for them. The Devil will fright them from all constant Prayer to God, by quoting that Scripture, The Sacrifice of the Wicked, is an Abomination to the Lord; the Devil will fight them from the Holy Supper of God, by quoting that Scripture, He that Eats and Drinks unworthily Eats and Drinks damnation to himself. And thus the Devil will by some abused Scripture, Terrifie the Children of God; the Scripture is written as we are told, For our Comfort; but it is quoted by the Devil, for our terror. How many Godly Souls have been cast into sinful Doubts and Fears, by the Devils foolish glosses upon that Scripture, He that doubts, is Damned; and that, the fearful shall have their portion in the burning lake: The Devil sometimes has play'd the Preacher, but I say, Beware all silly Souls when such a Fool is Preaching.

IV. Presumptuous and Unwarrantable Trials of the Blessed God, are some of those things whereinto the Devil would fain hook us with his Temptations. This was that which the Devil would have brought our Lord unto, even A tempting of the Lord our God. It is the charge of our God upon us, in Deut. 6.16. Thou shalt not Tempt the Lord thy God. But that which the Devil Tries, is, to put us upon Trying in a sinful way, whether God be such a God as indeed he is. 'Tis true as to the ways of Obedience, our God says unto us, Prove me, in those ways; Try, whether I won't be as good as my Word. But then there are ways of Presumption, wherein the Devil would have us to trie, what a God it is, With whom we have to do. The Devil would have us to trie the Purpose of God, about our selves or others; but how? By going to the Devil himself, by Consulting Astrologers, or Fortune Tellers; or perhaps by letting the Bible fall open, to see what is the first Sentence we light upon. The Devil would have us trie the Mercy of God, but how? By running into dangers, which we have no call unto. He would have us trie the Power of God; but how? By looking for good things, without the use of Means for the getting of them. He would have us trie the justice of God; but How? By venturing upon Sin in a Corner, with an Imagination that God will never bring us out. He

would have us trie the Promise of God; but how? By Limiting the Lord, unto such or such a way of manifesting Himself, or else believing of nothing at all. He would have us trie the Threatening of God; but how? By going on impenitently in those things, for which the Wrath of God comes upon the Children of Disobedience. Thus would the Devil have us to affront the majesty of Heaven every day.

V. The Temptations of the Devil, aim at puffing and bloating of us up with Pride, as much perhaps as any one iniquity. The Devil would have had Our Lord make a Vain glorious Discovery of himself unto the World, by Flying in the air, so as no mortal can. Hoc Ithacus velit—the Devil would have us to soar aloft, and not only to be above other men, but also to know that we are so, Pride is the Devils own sin; and he affects especially to be, The King over the Children of Pride, it is a caution in I Tim. 3.6. A Pastor must not be A Novice; Lest being lifted up with Pride, He fall into the condemnation of the Devil. (Summo ac Pio cum Tremore Hunc Textum Legamus now Ministri Juvenes!) Accordingly, the Devil would have us to be inordinately taken and moved with what Excellencies our God has bestowed upon us. If our Estates rise, he would have us rise in our Spirits too. If we have been blessed with Beauty, with Breeding, with Honour, with Success, with Attire, with Spirituall Priviledges, or with Praiseworthy Performances; Now says the Devil, Think thy self better than other Men. Yea, the Devil would have us arrogate unto our selves, those Excellencies which really we were never owners of; and Boast of a false Gift. He would have us moreover to Thirst after Applause among others that may see Our Excellencies! And be impatient if we are not accounted some-body. He would have us furthermore, to aspire after such a Figure, as God has never yet seen fitting for us; and crowd into some High Chair that becomes us not. Thus would the Devil Elevate us into the Air, above our Neighbors; and why so? 'Tis that we may be punished with such Falls, as may make us cry out with David, O my bones are broken with my Falls! The Devil can't endure to see men lying in the Dust; because there is no falling thence. He is a Fallen Spirit himself, and it pleases him to see the Falls of Men.

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The Third of Our Lords Three Temptations, is related in such Terms as these. Matth. 4. 8,9. Again the Devil taketh him up, into an exceeding High Mountain, and sheweth him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them: and saith unto him all these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and Worship me. From whence take these Remarks.

The Devil in His Temptations will set the Delight of this world before us; but he'll set a fair, and a false Varnish upon those Delights. They were some unknown Perspectives, which the Devil had, both for the Refracting of the Medium, and for the magnifying of the Object, whereby he gave our Lord at once a prospect of the whole Roman empire; but what was it? It was the World, and the Glory of it; he says not a word of the World, and the Trouble of it. Not sure; not a word of that; the Devil will not have his Hook so barely expos'd unto us. The Devil sets off the Delights of Sin, which he offers unto us, with a stretched and raised Rhetorick; but he will not own, That in the midst of our Laughter, our Hearts shall be sorrowful and That the end of our Mirth shall be Heaviness. There is but one Glass in the Spectacles, with which the Devil would have us to read, those passages in Eccles. 11.9. Rejoyce, O young Man in thy youth, and let thy Heart Cheer thee in the Dayes of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thy Heart, and in the sight of thine Eyes. Thus far the Devil would have us to Read; and he'll make many a fine Comment upon it; he'll tell us, That if we follow the Courses of the world, we shall swim in all the Delights of the World. But he is not willing you should Read out the next words; But know thou, that for all these things God shall bring thee into Judgment. O he's loth we should be aware of the dreadful Issues, and Reckonings that our Worldly Delights will be attended with. He sets before us, The Pleasures of Sin; but he will not say, These are but for a Season. He sets before us, The Sweet Waters of Stealth; but he will not say, There is Death in the Pot. He is a Mountebank, that will bestow nothing but Romantic Praises upon all that he makes us the offers of.

The Temptations of the Devil do Tug and Pull for nothing more, than that the Rulers of the World

may yield Homage unto him. Our Lord has had this by his Father Engag'd unto him, That he shall one day be Governour of the nations. The Devil does extremely dread the approach of that Illustrious time, when The Kingdom of God shall come, and his Will be done, as in Heaven and on Earth. For this cause it was that he was desirous, Our Lord should rather have accepted him, that Kingdom, which Antichrist afterwards accepted of him, for the establishment of Devil-worship, in the World.

Thus have you in the Temptations of our Lord, seen the principal of those Devices, which the Devil has to Entrap our Souls. But what shall we now do, that we may be fortified against those Devices? O that we might be well furnished with the Whole Armour of God! But me thinks, there were some things attending the Temptations of our Lord, which would especially Recommend those few Hints unto us for our Guard.

Let an Oracle of God be your defence against a Temptation of Hell. How did our Lord silence the Devil? It was with an, It is written! And all his Three Citations were from that one Book of Deuteronomy. What a full Armoury then have we, in all the sacred Pages that lie before us! Whatever the Words of the Devil are, drown them with the words of the Great God. Say, It is Written. The Belshazzar of Hell will Tremble and Withdraw, if you show these Hand-Writings of the Lord.

Lastly, Since the Lord Jesus Christ has conquered all the Temptations of the Devil, Flie to that Lord, Crie to that Lord, that He would give you a share in his Happy Victory. It was for Us that our Lord overcame the Devil: and when he did but say, Satan, Get hence, away presently the Tygre flew: Does the Devil molest Us? Then let us Repair to our Lord, who says, I know how to succour the Tempted. Said the Psalmist, Psal. 61.2. Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I. A Woman in this Land being under the Possession of Devils, the Devils within her, audibly spoke of diverse harms they would inflict upon her, but still they made this answer, Ah! She Runs to the Rock! She Runs to the Rock! And that hindered all. O this Running to the Rock; 'tis the best Preservation in the World; the Vultures of Hell cannot pray upon the Doves in the Clefts of that Rock. May our God now lead us thereunto.

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

JONATHAN EDWARDS

1703-1758

From PERSONAL NARRATIVE

Absolute sovereignty is what I love to ascribe to God. But my first conviction was not so.

The first instance that I remember of that sort of inward, sweet delight in God and divine things that I have lived much in since, was on reading those words, I Tim. i:17. Now unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, be honor and glory forever and ever, Amen. As I read the words, there came into my soul, and was as it were diffused through it, a sense of the glory of the Divine Being; a new sense, quite different from any thing I ever experienced before. Never any words of scripture seemed to me as these words did. I thought within myself, how excellent a being that was, and how happy I should be, if I might enjoy that God, and be wrapt up in Heaven, and be as it were swallowed up in him forever! I kept saying, and as it were singing over these words of scripture to myself; and went to pray to God that I might enjoy him, and prayed in a manner quite different from what I used to do; with a new sort of affection. But it never came into my thought, that there was anything spiritual, or of a saving nature in this.

From about that time, I began to have a new kind of apprehensions and ideas of Christ, and the work of redemption, and the glorious way of salvation by him. An inward, sweet sense of these things, at times, came into my heart; and my soul was led away in pleasant views and contemplations of them. And my mind was greatly engaged to spend my time in reading and meditating on Christ, on the beauty and excellency of his person, and the lovely way of salvation by free grace in him. I found no books so delightful to me as those that treated of these subjects. Those words, Cant. ii:1, used to be abundantly with me, I am the Rose of Sharon, and the Lily of the valleys. The words seemed to me, sweetly to present the loveliness and beauty of Jesus Christ. The whole book of Canticles used to be pleasant to me, and I used to be much in reading it, about that time; and found, from

time to time, an inward sweetness, that would carry me away, in my contemplations. This I know not how to express otherwise, than by a calm, sweet abstraction of soul from all the concerns of this world; and sometimes a kind of vision, or fixed ideas and imaginations, of being alone in the mountains, or some solitary wilderness, far from all mankind, sweetly conversing with Christ, and wrapt and swallowed up in God. The sense I had of divine things, would often of a sudden kindle up, as it were, a sweet burning in my heart; an ardor of soul that I know not how to express.

Not long after I began to experience these things, I gave an account to my father of some things that had passed in my mind. I was pretty much affected by the discourse we had together; and when the discourse was ended, I walked abroad alone, in a solitary place in my father's pasture for contemplation. And as I was walking there and looking up on the sky and clouds, there came into my mind so sweet a sense of the glorious majesty and grace of God, that I know not how to express. I seemed to see them both in a sweet conjunction; majesty and meekness joined together; it was a gentle, and holy majesty; and also a majestic meekness; a high, great and holy gentleness.

After this my sense of divine things gradually increased, and became more and more lively, and had more of that inward sweetness. The appearance of every thing was altered; there seemed to be, as it were, a calm, sweet cast, or appearance of divine glory, in almost every thing. God's excellence, his wisdom, his purity and love, seemed to appear in every thing; in the sun, moon, and stars; in the clouds, and blue sky; in the grass, flowers, trees; in the water, and all nature; which used greatly to fix my mind. I often used to sit and view the moon for continuance; and in the day, spent much time in viewing the clouds and sky, to behold the sweet glory of God in these things; in the mean time, singing forth,

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with a low voice; my contemplations of the Creator and Redeemer. And scarce any thing, among all the works of nature, was so delightful to me as thunder and lightning; formerly, nothing had been so terrible to me. Before, I used to be uncommonly terrified with thunder, and to be struck with terror when I saw a thunder storm rising; but now, on the contrary, it rejoiced me. I felt God, so to speak, at the first appearance of a thunder storm; and used to take the opportunity, at such times, to fix myself in order to view the clouds, and see the lightnings play, and hear the majestic and awful voice of god's thunder, which oftentimes was exceedingly entertaining, leading me to sweet contemplations of my great and glorious God. While thus engaged, it always seemed natural to me to sing, or chant for my meditations; or, to speak my thoughts in soliloquies with a singing voice.

I felt then great satisfaction, as to my good state; but that did not content me. I had vehement longings of soul after God and Christ, and after more holiness, wherewith my heart seemed to be full, and ready to break; which often brought to my mind the words of the Psalmist, Psal. Cxix.28: My soul breaketh for the longing it hath. I often felt a mourning and lamenting in my heart, that I had not turned to God sooner, that I might have had more time to grow in grace. My mind was greatly fixed on divine things; almost perpetually in the contemplation of them. I spent most of my time in thinking of divine things; year after year; often walking alone in the woods, and solitary places, for meditation, soliloquy, and prayer, and converse with God; and it was always my manner, at such times, to sing forth my contemplations. I was almost constantly in ejaculatory prayer, wherever I was. Prayer seemed to be natural to me, as the breath by which the inward burnings of my heart had vent. The delights which I now felt in the things of religion, were of an exceedingly different kind from those before mentioned, that I had when a boy; and what I then had no more notion of, than one born blind has of pleasant and beautiful colors. They were of a more inward, pure, soul-animating and refreshing nature. Those former delights never reached the heart; and did not arise from any sight of the divine excellency of the

things of God; or any taste of the soul-satisfying and life-giving good there is in them.

My sense of divine things seemed gradually to increase, until I went to preach at New York, which was about a year and a half after they began; and while I was there, I felt them, very sensibly, in a higher degree than I had done before. My longings after God and holiness, were much increased. Pure and humble, holy and heavenly Christianity, appeared exceedingly amiable to me. I felt a burning desire to be in every thing a complete Christian; and conform to the blessed image of Christ; and that I might live, in all things, according to the pure and blessed rules of the gospel. I had an eager thirsting after progress in these things; which put me upon pursuing and pressing after them. It was my continual strife day and night, and constant inquiry, how I should be more holy, and live more holily, and more becoming a child of God, and a disciple of Christ. I now sought an increase of grace and holiness, and a holy life, with much more earnestness, than ever I sought grace before I had it. I used to be continually examining myself, and studying and contriving for likely ways and means, how I should live holily, with far greater diligence and earnestness, than ever I pursued any thing in my life; but yet with too great a dependence on my own strength; which afterwards proved a great damage to me. My experience had not then taught me, as it has done since, my extreme feebleness and impotence, every manner of way; and the bottomless depths of secret corruption and deceit there was in my heart. However, I went on with my eager pursuit after more holiness, and conformity to Christ.

The heaven I desired was a heaven of holiness; to be with God, and to spend my eternity in divine love, and holy communion with Christ. My mind was very much taken up with contemplations on heaven, and the enjoyments there, and living there in perfect holiness, humility and love. And it used at that time to appear a great part of the happiness of heaven, that the saints could express their love to Christ. It appeared to me a great clog and burden, that what I felt within, I could not express as I desired. The inward ardor of my soul, seemed to

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be hindered and pent up, and could not freely and fully vent and express itself. Heaven appeared exceedingly delightful, as a world of love; and that all happiness consisted in living in pure, humble, heavenly, divine love.

I remember the thoughts I used then to have of holiness; and said sometimes to myself, "I do certainly know that I love holiness, such as the gospel prescribes." It appeared to me, that there was nothing in it but what was ravishingly lovely; the highest beauty and amiableness—a divine beauty; far purer than any thing here upon earth; and that every thing also was like mire and defilement, in comparison of it.

Holiness, as I then wrote down some of my contemplations on it, appeared to me to be of a sweet, pleasant, charming, serene, calm nature; which brought an inexpressible purity, brightness, peacefulness and rapture to the soul. In other words, that it made the soul like a field or garden of God, with all manner of pleasant flowers; all pleasant, delightful, and undisturbed; enjoying a sweet calm, and the gently vivifying beams of the sun. The soul of a true Christian, as I then wrote my meditations, appeared like such a little white flower as we see in the spring of the year; low and humble on the ground, opening its bosom to receive the pleasant beams of the sun's glory; rejoicing as it were in a calm rapture; diffusing around a sweet fragrance; standing peacefully and lovingly, in the midst of other flowers round about all in like manner opening their bosoms, to drink in the light of the sun. There was no part of creature holiness, that I had so great a sense of its loveliness, as humility, brokenness of heart and poverty of spirit; and there was nothing that I so earnestly longed for. My heart panted after this, to lie low before God, as in the dust; that I might be nothing, and that God might be ALL, that I might become as a little child.

While at New York, I was sometimes much affected with reflections on my past life, considering how late it was before I began to be truly religious; and how wickedly I had lived till then; and once so as to weep abundantly, and for a considerable time together.

From RESOLUTIONS

(1720-26)

Being sensible that I am unable to do any thing without God's help, I do humbly entreat him by his grace, to enable me to keep these Resolutions, so far as they are agreeable to his will, for Christ's sake.

REMEMBER TO READ OVER THESE
RESOLUTIONS ONCE A WEEK

1. Resolved, That I will do whatsoever I think to be most to the glory of God and my own good, profit and pleasure, in the whole of my duration; without any consideration of the time, whether now, or never so many myriads of ages hence. Resolved to do whatever I think to be my duty, and most for the good and advantage of mankind in general. Resolved, so to do, whatever difficulties I meet with, how many soever, and how great soever.

2. Resolved, To be continually endeavouring to find out some new contrivance, and invention, to promote the forementioned things.

3. Resolved, If ever I shall fall and grow dull, so as to neglect to keep any part of these Resolutions, to repent of all I can remember, when I come to myself again.

4. Resolved, Never to do any manner of thing, whether in soul or body, less or more, but what tends to the glory of God, nor be, nor suffer it, if I can possibly avoid it.

5. Resolved, Never to lose one moment of time, but to improve it in the most profitable way I possibly can.

6. Resolved, To live with all my might, while I do live.

7. Resolved, Never to do any thing, which I should be afraid to do, if it were the last hour of my life.

NATURE

(A fragment found among Edwards's manuscripts. Its date of composition is unknown.)

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

We have shown that the Son of God created the world for this very end, to communicate Himself in an image of His own excellency. He communicates Himself properly only to spirits, and they only are capable of being proper images of His excellency, for they only are properly beings, as we have shown. Yet He communicates a sort of a shadow or glimpse of His excellencies to bodies which, as we have shown, are but the shadows of beings and not real beings. He who, by His immediate influence, gives being every moment, and by His spirit actuates the world, because He inclines to communicate Himself and His excellencies, doth doubtless communicate His excellency to bodies, as far as there is any consent or analogy. And the beauty of face and sweet airs in men are not always the effect of corresponding excellencies of mind; yet the beauties of nature are really emanations or shadows of the excellency of the Son of God.

So that, when we are delighted with flowery meadows and gentle breezes of wind, we may consider that we see only the emanations of the sweet benevolence of Jesus Christ. When we behold the fragrant rose and lily, we see His love and purity. So the green trees and fields, and singing of birds, are the emanations of His infinite joy and benignity. The easiness and naturalness of trees and vines are shadows of His beauty and loveliness. The crystal rivers and murmuring streams are the footsteps of His favor, grace, and beauty. When we behold the light and brightness of the sun, the golden edges of an evening cloud, or the beauteous bow, we behold the adumbrations of His glory and goodness; and in the blue sky, of His mildness and gentleness. There are also many things wherein we may behold His awful majesty: in the sun in his strength, in comets, in thunder, in the hovering thunder-clouds, in ragged rocks and the brows of mountains. That beauteous light with which the world is filled in a clear day is a lively shadow of His spotless holiness, and happiness and delight in communicating Himself. And doubtless this is a reason that Christ is compared so often to those things, and called by their names, as the Sun of Righteousness, the morning-star, the rose of Sharon, and lily of the valley, the apple-tree among trees in the wood a bundle of myrrh, a roe,

or a young hart. By this we may discover the beauty of many of those metaphors and similes which to an unphilosophical person do seem as uncouth.

In like manner, when we behold the beauty of man's body in its perfection, we still see like emanations of Christ's divine perfections although they do not always flow from the mental excellencies of the person that has them. But we see the most proper image of the beauty of Christ when we see beauty in the human soul.

THE EXCELLENCY OF CHRIST

Rev. v:5-6

The lion and the lamb, though very diverse kinds of creatures, yet have each their peculiar excellencies. The lion excels in strength, and in the majesty of his voice: the lamb excels in meekness and patience, besides the excellent nature of the creature as good for food, and yielding that which is fit for our clothing, and being suitable to be offered in sacrifice to God. But we see that Christ is in the text compared to both; because the diverse excellencies of both wonderfully meet in him.

In handling this subject, I would,

First. Show wherein there is an admirable conjunction of diverse excellencies in Christ.

Secondly. How this admirable conjunction of excellencies appears in Christ's acts.

And then make application.

There meet in Jesus Christ, infinite justice and infinite grace. As Christ is a divine person he is infinitely holy and just, infinitely hating sin, and disposed to execute condign punishment for sin. He is the Judge of the world, and is the infinitely just judge of it, and will not at all acquit the wicked, or by any means clear the guilty.

And yet he is one that is infinitely gracious and merciful. Though his justice be so strict with respect to all sin, and every breach of the law, yet he has grace sufficient for the most unworthy to show them mercy, and bestow some good upon them, but to bestow the greatest good; yea, it is sufficient to bestow all good upon them, and to

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do all things for them. There is no benefit or blessing that they can receive so great, but the grace of Christ is sufficient to bestow it on the greatest sinner that ever lived. And not only so, but so great is his grace, that nothing is too much as the means of this good: it is sufficient not only to do great things, but also to suffer in order to do it; and not only to suffer, but to suffer most extremely unto death, the most terrible of natural evils; and not only death, but the most ignominious and tormenting, and every way the most terrible death that men could inflict; yea, and greater sufferings than men could inflict, who could only torment the body but also those sufferings in his soul, that were the more immediate fruits of the wrath of God against the sins of those he undertakes for.

In the person of Christ are conjoined absolute sovereignty and perfect resignation. This is another unparalleled conjunction. Christ, as he is God, is the absolute sovereign of the world; he is the sovereign disposer of events. The decrees of God are all his sovereign decrees; and the work of creation, and all God's works of providence, are his sovereign works. It is he that worketh all things according to the counsel of his own will. Col. i. 16, 17, "By him, and through him, and to him, are all things." John v. 17, "The Father worketh hitherto, and I work." Matt. Vii. 3. "I will, be thou clean."

But yet Christ was the most wonderful instance of resignation that ever appeared in the world. He was absolutely and perfectly resigned when he had a near and immediate prospect of his terrible sufferings, and the dreadful cup that he was to drink, the idea and expectation of which made his soul exceeding sorrowful, even unto death, and put him into such an agony that his sweat was as it were great drops or clots of blood, rolling down to the ground; but in such circumstances he was wholly resigned to the will of God. Matt. Xxvi. 39, "O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me. Nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt." Ver. 42, "O my Father, if this cup may not pass from me, except I drink it, thy will be done."

This admirable conjunction of excellencies remarkably appears in his offering up himself a

sacrifice for sinners in his last sufferings. As this was the greatest thing in all the work of redemption, the greatest act of Christ in that work; so in this not especially does there appear that admirable conjunction of excellencies that has been spoken of. Christ never so much appeared as a lamb, as when he was slain: "He came like a lamb to the slaughter." Isaiah liii.7. Then he was offered up to God as a lamb without blemish, and without spot: then especially did he appear to be the antitype of the lamb of the Passover: 1 Cor. v. 7, "Christ our Passover sacrificed for us." And yet in that act he did in an especial manner appear as the Lion of the tribe of Judah; yea, in this above all other acts, in many respects, as may appear in the following things.

Then was Christ in the greatest degree of his humiliation, and yet by that, above all other things, his divine glory appears. Christ's humiliation was great, in being born in such a low condition, of a poor virgin, and in a stable: his humiliation was great, in being subject to Joseph the carpenter, and Mary his mother, and afterwards living in poverty, so as not to have where to lay his head, and in suffering such manifold and bitter reproaches as he suffered, while he went about preaching and working miracles; but his humiliation was never so great as it was in his last sufferings beginning with his agony in the garden, until he expired on the cross. Never was he subject to such ignominy as then; never did he suffer so much pain in his body, or so much sorrow in his soul; never was he in so great an exercise of his condescension, humility, meekness, and patience, as he was in these last sufferings; never was his divine glory and majesty covered with so thick and dark a veil; never did he so empty himself, and make himself of no reputation, as at this time; and yet never was his divine glory so manifested by any act of his, as in that act of yielding himself up to these sufferings. When the fruit of it came to appear, and the mystery and ends of it to be unfolded in the issue of it, then did the glory of it appear; then did it appear as the most glorious act of Christ that ever he exercised towards the creature. This act of his is celebrated by the angels and hosts of heaven with peculiar praises, as that which is above all other glorious, as you may see in the

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context, verse 9, etc.: “And they sung a new song, saying, Thou art worthy to take the book, and to open the seals thereof; for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation; and hast made us unto our God kings and priests; and we shall reign on the earth. And I beheld, and I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne, and the beasts, and the elders; and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands; saying with a loud voice, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing.”

He never in any act gave so great a manifestation of love to God, and yet never so manifested his love to those that were enemies to God, as in that act. Christ never did any thing whereby his love to the Father was so eminently manifested, as in his laying down his life, under such inexpressible sufferings, in obedience to his command, and for the vindication of the honor of his authority and majesty; nor did ever any mere creature give such a testimony of love to God as that was; and yet this was the greatest expression of all of his love to sinful men, that were enemies to God: Rom. v. 10. “When we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son.” The greatness of Christ’s love to such appears in nothing so much as in its being dying love. That blood of Christ that was sweat out, and fell in great drops to the ground, in his agony was shed from love to God’s enemies and his own. That shame and spitting, that torment of body, and that exceeding sorrow, even unto death, that he endured in his soul, was what he underwent from love to rebels against God, to save them from hell, and to purchase for them eternal glory. Never did Christ so eminently show his regard to God’s honor, as in offering up himself a victim to revenging justice, to vindicate God’s honor; and yet in this, above all, he manifested his love to them that dishonored God, so as to bring such guilt upon themselves, that nothing less than his blood could atone for it.

It was in Christ’s last suffering, above all, that he was delivered up to the power of his enemies;

and yet by these, above all, he obtained victory over his enemies. Christ never was so in his enemies’ hands, as in the time of his last sufferings. They sought his life before; but from time to time they were restrained, and Christ escaped out of their hands; and this reason is given for it, that his time was not yet come; but now they were suffered to work their will upon him; he was in a great degree delivered up to the malice and cruelty of both wicked men and devils; and therefore when Christ’s enemies came to apprehend him, he says to them, Luke xxii. 53. “When I was daily with you in the temple, ye stretched forth no hand against me; but this is your hour, and the power of darkness.”

And yet it was principally by means of those sufferings that he conquered and overthrew his enemies. Christ never so effectually bruised Satan’s head, as when he bruised his heel. The weapon with which Christ warred against the devil, and obtained a most complete victory and glorious triumph over him, was the cross, the instrument and weapon with which he thought he had overthrown Christ, and brought on his shameful destruction. Col. ii. 14, 15, “Blotting out the hand-writing of ordinances—nailing it to his cross; and having spoiled principalities and powers, he made a show of them openly, triumphing over them in it.” In his last sufferings, Christ sapped the very foundations of Satan’s kingdom; he conquered his enemies in their own territories, and beat them with their own weapons; as David cut off Goliath’s head with his own sword.

And in nothing has Christ appeared so much as a lion, in glorious strength destroying his enemies, as when he was brought as a lamb to the slaughter. In his greatest weakness he was most strong; and when he suffered most from his enemies, he brought the greatest confusion on his enemies.

What is there that you can desire should be in a Saviour, that is not in Christ? Or, wherein should you desire a Saviour should be otherwise than Christ is? What excellency is there wanting? What is there that is great or good? What is there that is venerable or winning? What is there that is adorable or endearing? Or, what can you think of,

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that would be encouraging, that is not to be found in the person of Christ? Would you have your Saviour to be great and honorable, because you are not willing to be beholden to a mean person? And is not Christ a person honorable enough to be worthy that you should be dependent on him? Is he not a person high enough to be worthy to be appointed to so honorable a work as your salvation? Would you not only have a Saviour that is of high degree, but would you have him, notwithstanding his exaltation and dignity, to be made also of low degree, that he might have experience of afflictions and trials, that he might learn by the things that he has suffered, to pity them that suffer and are tempted? And has not Christ been made low enough for you? And has he not suffered enough? Would you not only have him have experience of the afflictions you now suffer, but also of that amazing wrath that you fear hereafter, that he may know how to pity those that are in danger of it, and afraid of it? This Christ has had experience of, which experience gave him a greater sense of it, a thousand times, than you have, or any living man has. Would you have your Saviour to be one that is near to God, that so his mediation might be prevalent with him? And can you desire him to be nearer to God than Christ is, who is his only begotten Son, of the same essence with the Father? And would you not only have him near to God, but also near to you, that you may have free access to him? And would you have him nearer to you than to be in the same nature and not only so, but united to you by a spiritual union, so close as to be fitly represented by the union of the wife to the husband, of the branch to the vine, of the member to the head; yea, so as to be looked up as one, and called one spirit? For so he will be united to you, if you accept him. Would you have a Saviour that has given some great and extraordinary testimony of mercy and love to sinners, by something that he has done, as well as by what he says? And can you think or conceive of greater things than Christ has done? Was it not a great thing for him, who was God, to take upon him human nature; to be not only God, but man thenceforward to all eternity? But would you look upon suffering for sinners to be yet a greater testimony of love to sinners, than merely doing,

though it be never so extraordinary a thing that he has done? And would you desire that a Saviour should suffer more than Christ has suffered for sinners? What is there wanting, or what would you add if you could, to make him more fit to be your Saviour?

From SINNERS IN THE HANDS OF AN ANGRY GOD

Application (of the Text)

Deuteronomy xxxii. 35.—Their foot shall slide in due time.

The use may be of awakening to unconverted persons in this congregation. This that you have heard in the case of every one of you that are out of Christ. That world of misery, that lake of burning brimstone, is extended abroad under you. There is the dreadful pit of the glowing flames of the wrath of God; there is hell's wide gaping mouth open; and you have nothing to stand upon, nor any thing to take hold of; there is nothing between you and hell but the air; 'tis only the power and mere pleasure of God that holds you up.

You probably are not sensible of this; you find you are kept out of hell, but don't see the hand of God in it, but look at other things, as the good state of your bodily constitution, your care of your own life, and the means you use for your own preservation. But indeed these things are nothing; if God should withdraw his hand, they would avail no more to keep you from falling, than the thin air to hold up a person that is suspended in it.

Your wickedness makes you as it were heavy as lead, and to tend downwards with great weight and pressure towards hell; and, if God should let you go, you would immediately sink, and swiftly descend and plunge into the bottomless gulf; and your healthy constitution, and your own care and prudence, and best contrivance, and all your righteousness, would have no more influence to uphold you and keep you out of hell, than a spider's web would have to stop a falling rock. Were it not that so is the sovereign pleasure of God, the earth would not bear you one moment; for you are a burden to it; the creation groans

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with you; the creature is made subject to the bondage of your corruption, not willingly; the sun don't willingly shine upon you, to give you light to serve sin and Satan; the earth don't willingly yield her increase to satisfy your lusts, nor is it willingly a stage for your wickedness to be acted upon; the air don't willingly serve you for breath to maintain the flame of life in your vitals, while you spend your life in the service of God's enemies. God's creatures are good, and were made for men to serve God with, and don't willingly subserve to any other purpose, and groan when they are abused to purposes so directly contrary to their nature and end. And the world would spue you out, were it not for the sovereign hand of him who hath subjected it in hope. There are the black clouds of God's wrath now hanging directly over your heads, full of the dreadful storm, and big with thunder; and, were it not for the restraining hand of God, it would immediately burst forth upon you. The sovereign pleasure of God for the present stays his rough wind; otherwise it would come with fury, and your destruction would come like a whirlwind, and you would be like the chaff of the summer threshing-floor.

The wrath of God is like great waters that are dammed for the present; they increase more and more, and rise higher and higher, till an outlet is given; and the longer the stream is stopt, the more rapid and mighty is its course when once it is let loose. 'Tis true, that judgment against your evil works has not been executed hitherto; the floods of God's vengeance have been withheld; but your guilt in the mean time is constantly increasing, and you are every day treasuring up more wrath; the waters are continually rising, and waxing more and more mighty; and there is nothing but the mere pleasure of God that holds the waters back that are unwilling to be stopt, and press hard to go forward. If God should only withdraw his hand from the flood-gate, it would immediately fly open, and the fiery floods of the fierceness and wrath of God would rush forth with inconceivable fury, and would come upon you with omnipotent power; and if your strength were ten thousand times greater than it is, yea ten thousand times greater than the strength of the

stoutest, sturdiest devil in hell, it would be nothing to withstand or endure it.

The bow of God's wrath is bent, and the arrow made ready on the string; and justice bends the arrow at your heart, and strains the bow; and it is nothing but the mere pleasure of God, and that of an angry God, without any promise or obligation at all, that keeps the arrow one moment from being made drunk with your blood.

Thus are all you that never passed under a great change of heart, by the mighty power of the spirit of God upon your souls; all that were never born again, and made new creatures, and raised from being dead in sin, to a state of new, and before altogether unexperienced light and life. However you may have reformed your life in many things, and may have had religious affections, and may keep up a form of religion in your families and closets, and in the house of God, and may be strict in it, you are thus in the hands of an angry God; 'tis nothing but his mere pleasure that keeps you from being this moment swallowed up in everlasting destruction.

However unconvinced you may now be of the truth of what you hear, by and by you will be fully convinced of it. Those that are gone from being in the like circumstance with you, see that it was so with them; for destruction came suddenly upon most of them, when they expected nothing of it, and while they were saying, peace and safety. Now they see, that those things that they depended on for peace and safety, were nothing but thin air and empty shadows.

The God that holds you over the pit of hell, much as one holds a spider or some lothsom insect over the fire, abhors you, and is dreadfully provoked; his wrath towards you burns like fire; he looks upon you as worthy of nothing else but to be cast into the fire; he is of purer eyes than to bear to have you in his sight; you are ten thousand times so abominable in his eyes as the most hateful venomous serpent is in ours. You have offended him infinitely more than ever a stubborn rebel did his prince; and yet 'tis nothing but his hand that holds you from falling into the fire every moment. 'Tis to be ascribed to nothing else, that you did not go to hell the last night; that

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you were suffered to awake again in this world, after you closed your eyes to sleep. And there is no other reason to be given why you have not dropt into hell since you arose in the morning, but that God's hand has held you up. There is no other reason to be given why you haven't gone to hell since you have sat here in the House of God, provoking his pure eyes by your sinful wicked manner of attending the solemn worship; yea, there is nothing else that is to be given as a reason why you don't this very moment drop down into hell.

O Sinner! Consider the fearful danger you are in. 'Tis a great furnace of wrath, a wide and bottomless pit, full of the fire of wrath, that you are held over in the hand of that God, whose wrath is provoked and incensed as much against you as against many of the damned in hell. You hang by a slender thread, with the flames of divine wrath flashing about it, and ready every moment to singe it, and burn it asunder; and you have no interest in any mediator, and nothing to lay hold of to save yourself, nothing to keep off the flames of wrath, nothing of your own, nothing that you ever have done, nothing that you can do, to induce God to spare you one moment...

How dreadful is the state of those that are daily and hourly in danger of this great wrath, and infinite misery! But this is the dismal case of

every soul in this congregation that has not been born again, however moral and strict, sober and religious they may otherwise be. Oh that you would consider it, whether you be young or old! There is reason to think, that there are many in this congregation, now hearing this discourse, that will actually be the subjects of this very misery to all eternity. We know not who they are, or in what seats they sit, or what thoughts they now have. It may be they are now at ease, and hear all these things without much disturbance, and are now flattering themselves that they are not the persons, promising themselves that they shall escape. If we knew that there was one person, and but one, in the whole congregation, that was to be the subject of this misery, what an awful thing would it be to think of! If we knew who it was, what an awful sight would it be to see such a person! How might all the rest of the congregation lift up a lamentable and bitter cry over him! But alas! Instead of one, how many is it likely will remember this discourse in hell? And it would be a wonder if some that are now present should not be in hell in a very short time, before this year is out; and it would be no wonder if some person that now sits here in some seat of this meeting-house, in health, and quiet and secure, should be there before tomorrow morning.

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

DAVID BRAINERD

1718-1747

Selections from Journal*

(* As found in Jonathan Edward's Collected Works. Edited by W. R. Newell. Chicago: The Geographical Publishing Company, 1940.)

April 6, 1742. I walked out this morning to the same place where I was last night. I began to find it sweet to pray; and could think of undergoing the greatest sufferings in the cause of Christ, with pleasure; and found myself willing, if God should so order it, to suffer banishment from my native land, among the heathen, that I might do something for their salvation, in distresses and deaths of any kind. Then God gave me to wrestle earnestly for others, for the kingdom of Christ in the world, and for dear Christian friends, I felt weaned from the world, and from my own reputation amongst men, willing to be despised, and to be a gazing stock for the world to behold. It is impossible for me to express how I then felt; I had not much joy, but some sense of the majesty of God, which made me as it were tremble. I saw myself mean and vile, which made me more willing that God should do what He would with me; it was all infinitely reasonable.

Lord's Day April 18. I retired early this morning into the woods for prayer; had the assistance of God's Spirit, and faith in exercise; and was enabled to plead with fervency for advancement of Christ's kingdom in the world, and to intercede for dear, absent friends. At noon, God enabled me to wrestle with Him, and to feel, as I trust, the power of divine love in prayer. At night I saw myself infinitely indebted to God, and had a view of my failure in duty.

Lord's Day, April 25. This morning I spent about two hours in secret duties, and was enabled, more than ordinarily, to agonize for immortal souls. Though it was early in the morning, and the sun scarcely shined at all, yet my body was quite wet with sweat. I felt much pressed now, as frequently of late, to plead for the meekness and calmness of the Lamb of God in my soul; and through divine goodness, felt

much of it this morning. Oh it is a sweet disposition, heartily to forgive all injuries done us; to wish our greatest enemies as well, as we do our own souls! Blessed Jesus, may I be daily more and more conformed to Thee! At night, I was exceedingly melted with divine love, and had some feeling sense of the blessedness of the upper world. Those words hung upon me with much divine sweetness, Psal. lxxxiv. 7. They go from strength to strength, every one of them in Zion appeareth before God. Oh the near access that God sometimes gives us in our address to Him!

June 14. Felt somewhat of the sweetness of communion with God, and the constraining force of His love; how admirably it captivates the soul, and makes all the desires and affections to centre in God!—I set apart this day for secret fasting and prayer, to entreat God to direct and bless me with regard to the great work which I have in view, of preaching the gospel—and that the Lord would return to me, and show me the light of His countenance. Had little life and power in the forenoon. Near the middle of the afternoon, God enabled me to wrestle ardently in intercession for my friends. But just at night the Lord visited me marvelously in prayer. I think my soul never was in such an agony before. I felt no restraint; for the treasures of divine grace were opened to me. I wrestled for absent friends, for the ingathering of souls, for multitudes of poor souls, and for many that I thought were the children of God, personally, in many distant places. I was in such an agony from sun half an hour high, till near dark, that I was all over wet with sweat: but yet it seemed to me that I had wasted away the day, and had done nothing. Oh, my dear Saviour did sweat blood for poor souls. I longed for more compassion towards them. Felt still in a sweet frame, under a sense of divine love and grace; and went to bed in such a frame, with my heart set on God.

Lord's Day, March 13, 1743. At noon, I thought it impossible for me to preach, by reason of bodily weakness, and inward deadness. In the

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first prayer, I could hardly stand; but in the sermon God strengthened me, so that I spake near an hour and a half with sweet freedom, clearness, and some tender power, from Gen. v. 24: And Enoch walked with God.

April 20. Set apart this day for fasting and prayer, to bow my soul before God for the bestowment of divine grace; especially that all my spiritual afflictions, and inward distresses, might be sanctified to my soul. And endeavoured also to remember the goodness of God to me the year past, this day being my birthday. Having obtained help of God, I have hitherto lived, and am now arrived at the age of twenty-five years. My soul was pained to think of my barrenness and darkness; that I have lived so little to the glory of the eternal God. I spent the day in the woods alone, and there poured out my complaint to God. Oh that God would enable me to live to His glory for the future!

April 30. The presence of God is what I want. I live in the most lonely melancholy desert, about eighteen miles from Albany; for it was not thought best that I should go to Delaware River. I board with a poor Scotchman; his wife can talk scarce any English. My diet consists mostly of hasty pudding, boiled corn, and bread baked in the ashes, and sometimes a little meat and butter. My lodging is a little heap of straw, laid upon some boards a little way from the ground; for it is a log room, without any floor, that I lodge in. My work is exceedingly hard and difficult; I travel on foot a mile and a half, the worst of ways, almost daily, and back again; for I live so far from my Indians. I have not seen an English person in this month. These, and many other circumstances, equally uncomfortable, attend me. The Lord grant that I may learn to “endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ!” As to my success here I cannot say much as yet. The Indians seem generally kind and well disposed towards me, are mostly very attentive to my instructions, and seem willing to be taught further. Two or three, I hope, are under some convictions; but there seems to be little of the special workings of the divine Spirit among them yet; which gives me many a heart-sinking hour. Sometimes I hope that God has abundant blessings in store for them and

me; but at other times I am overwhelmed with distress.

August 8, 1745. In the afternoon I preached to the Indians, their number was now about sixty-five persons—men, women, and children. I discoursed upon Luke xiv. 16-23, and was favoured with uncommon freedom in my discourse. There was much visible concern among them, while I was discoursing publicly; but afterwards when I spoke to one and another more particularly, whom I perceived under much concern, the power of God seemed to descend upon the assembly “like a mighty rushing wind,” and with an astonishing energy bore down all before it. I stood amazed at the influence, which seized the audience almost universally; and could compare it to nothing more aptly, than the irresistible force of a mighty torrent, or a swelling deluge, that with its insupportable weight and pressure bears down and sweeps before it whatever comes in its way. Almost all persons of all ages were bowed down with concern together, and scarcely one was able to withstand the shock of this surprising operation. Old men and women, who had been drunken wretches for many years, and some little children, not more than six or seven years of age, appeared in distress for their souls, as well as persons of middle age. It was apparent that these children, some of them at least, were not merely frightened with seeing the general concern; but were made sensible of their danger, the badness of their hearts, and their misery without Christ, as some of them express it. The most stubborn hearts were now obliged to bow. A principal man among the Indians, who before was most secure and self-righteous, and thought his state good, because he knew more than the generality of the Indians had formerly done, and who with a great degree of confidence the day before told me “he had been a Christian more than ten years,” was now brought under solemn concern for his soul, and wept bitterly. Another man advanced in years, who had been a murderer, a powaw or conjurer, and a notorious drunkard, was likewise brought now to cry for mercy with many tears, and to complain much that he could be no more concerned when he saw his danger so very great.

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They were almost universally praying and crying for mercy in every part of the house, and many out of doors; and numbers could neither go nor stand. Their concern was so great, each one for himself, that none seemed to take any notice of those about them, but each prayed freely for himself. I am led to think they were, to their own apprehensions, as much retired as if they had been individually by themselves, in the thickest desert; or I believe rather that they thought nothing about anything but themselves, and their own state, and so were every one praying apart, although all together. It seemed to me that there was now an exact fulfillment of that prophecy, Zech. Xii. 10, 11, 12; for there was now “a great mourning, like the mourning of Hadadrimmon;”—and each seemed to “mourn apart.” Methought this had a near resemblance to that day of God’s power, mentioned in Josh. X. 14; for I must say I never saw any day like it, in all respects it was a day wherein I am persuaded the Lord did much to destroy the kingdom of darkness among this people.

The concern, in general, was most rational and just. Those who had been awakened any considerable time, complained more especially of the badness of their hearts; and those who were newly awakened, of the badness of their lives and actions; and all were afraid of the anger of God, and of everlasting misery as the desert of their sins. Some of the white people, who come out of curiosity to hear what “this babbler would say” to the poor ignorant Indians, were much awakened; and some appeared to be wounded with a view of their perishing state. Those who had lately obtained relief, were filled with comfort at this season. They appeared calm and composed, and seemed to rejoice in Christ Jesus. Some of them took their distressed friends by the hand, telling them of the goodness of Christ, and the comfort that is to be enjoyed in Him; and thence invited them to come and give up their hearts to Him. I could observe some of them, in the most honest and unaffected manner, without any design of

being taken notice of, lifting up their eyes to heaven, as if crying for mercy, while they saw the distress of the poor souls around them.

There was one quite remarkable instance of awakening this day which I cannot fail to notice here. A young Indian woman, who, I believe, never knew before that she had a soul, nor ever thought of any such thing, hearing that there was something strange among the Indians, came, it seems, to see what was the matter. On her way to the Indians she called at my lodgings; and when I told her that I designed presently to preach to the Indians, she laughed, and seemed to mock; but went however to them. I had not proceeded far in my public discourse before she felt effectually that she had a soul; and, before I had concluded my discourse, was so convinced of her sin and misery, and so distressed with concern for her soul’s salvation, that she seemed like one pierced through with a dart, and she cried out incessantly. She could neither go nor stand, nor sit on her seat without being held up. After public service was over, she lay flat on the ground, praying earnestly, and would take no notice of, nor give any answer to any who spoke to her. I hearkened to hear what she said, and perceived the burden of her prayer to be, “Guttummaukalummeh wechaumeh kneleh Nolah;” i.e., “Have mercy on me, and help me give You my heart.” Thus she continued praying incessantly for hours together. This was indeed a surprising day of God’s power, and seemed enough to convince an atheist of the truth, importance, and power of God’s Word.

October 2, 1747. My soul was this day, at turns, sweetly set on God; I longed to be with Him, that I might behold His glory. I felt sweetly disposed to commit all to Him, even my dearest friends, my dearest flock, my absent brother, and all my concerns for time and eternity. Oh that His kingdom might come in the world; that they might all love and glorify Him, for what He is in Himself; and that the blessed Redeemer might see of the travail of His soul, and be satisfied! O come, Lord Jesus, come quickly! Amen.

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT

(1752-1817)

Selections from The Duty of Americans, at the Present Crisis

1798

About the year 1728, Voltaire, so celebrated for his wit and brilliancy, and not less distinguished for his hatred of Christianity and his abandonment of principle, formed a systematical design to destroy Christianity, and to introduce in its stead a general diffusion of irreligion and atheism. For this purpose he associated with himself Frederic the II, king of Prussia, and Mess. D'Alembert and Diderot, the principal compilers of the Encyclopedia, all men of talents, atheists, and in the like manner abandoned. The principal parts of this system were, 1st. The compilation of the Encyclopedia; in which with great art and insidiousness the doctrines of Natural as well as Christian Theology were rendered absurd and ridiculous; and the mind of the reader was insensibly steeled against conviction and duty. 2. The overthrow of the religious orders in Catholic countries, a step essentially necessary to the destruction of the religion professed in those countries. 3. The establishment of a sect of philosophists to serve, it is presumed, as a conclave, a rallying point, for all their followers. 4. The appropriation to themselves, and their disciples, of the places and honours of members of the French Academy, the most respectable literary society in France, and always considered as containing none but men of prime learning and talents. In this way they designed to hold out themselves, and their friends, as the only persons of great literary and intellectual distinction in that country, and to dictate all literary opinions to the nation. 5. The fabrication of books of all kinds against Christianity, especially such as excite doubt, and generate contempt and derision. Of these they issued by themselves and their friends, who early became numerous, an immense number; so printed, as to be purchased for little or nothing, and so written, as to catch the feelings, and steal upon the approbation, of every class of men. 6. The formation of a secret Academy, of which

Voltaire was the standing president, and in which books were formed, altered, forged, imputed as posthumous to deceased writers of reputation, and sent abroad with the weight of their names. These were printed and circulated, at the lowest price, through all classes of men, in an uninterrupted succession, and through every part of the kingdom.

Nor were the labours of this Academy confined to religion. They attacked also morality and government, unhinged gradually the minds of men, and destroyed their reverence for every thing heretofore esteemed and sacred...

While these measures were advancing the great design with a regular and rapid progress, Doctor Adam Weishaupt, professor of the Canon law in the University of Ingolstadt, a city of Bavaria (in Germany) formed, about the year 1777, the order of Illuminati. This order is professedly a higher order of Masons, originated by himself, and grafted on ancient Masonic Institutions. The secrecy, solemnity, mysticism, and correspondence of Masonry, were in this new order preserved and enhanced; while the ardour of innovation, the impatience of civil and moral restraints, and the aims against government, morals, and religion, were elevated, expanded, and rendered more systematical, malignant, and daring.

In the societies of Illuminati doctrines were taught, which strike at the root of all human happiness and virtue; and every such doctrine was either expressly or implicitly involved in their system.

The being of God was denied and ridiculed.

Government was asserted to be a curse, and authority a mere usurpation.

Civil society was declared to be the only apostasy of man.

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The possession of property was pronounced to be robbery.

Chastity and natural affection were declared to be nothing more than groundless prejudice.

Adultery, assassination, poisoning, and other crimes of the like infernal nature, were taught as lawful, and even as virtuous actions.

To crown such a system of falsehood and horror, all means were declared to be lawful, provided the end was good.

In this last doctrine men are not only loosed from every bond, and from every duty; but from every inducement to perform any thing which is good, and abstain from any thing which is evil; and are set upon each other, like a company of hell-hounds to worry, rend, and destroy. Of the goodness of the end every man is to judge for himself; and most men, and all men who resemble the Illuminati, will pronounce every end to be good, which will gratify their inclinations. The great and good ends proposed by the Illuminati, as the ultimate objects of their union, are the overthrow of religion, government, and human society, civil and domestic. These they pronounce to be so good, that murder, butchery, and war, however extended and dreadful, are declared by them to be completely justifiable, if necessary for these great purposes. With such an example in view, it will be in vain to hunt for ends, which can be evil.

Correspondent with this summary was the whole system. No villainy, no impiety, no cruelty, can be named, which was not vindicated, and no virtue, which was not covered with contempt.

The means by which this society was enlarged, and its doctrines spread, were of every promising kind. With unremitting ardour and diligence the members insinuated themselves into every place of power and trust, and into every literary, political and friendly society; engrossed as much as possible the education of youth, especially of distinction; became licensers of the press, and directors of every literary journal; waylaid every foolish prince, every unprincipled civil officer, and every abandoned clergyman;

entered boldly into the desk, and with unhallowed hands, and satanic lips, polluted the pages of God; enlisted in their service almost all the booksellers, and of course the printers, of Germany; inundated the country with books, replete with infidelity, irreligion, immorality, contrary character; decried and ridiculed them when published in spite of their efforts; panegyricized and trumpeted those of themselves and their coadjutors; and in a word made more numerous, more diversified, and more strenuous exertions, than an active imagination would have preconceived.

Individuals are often apt to consider their own private conduct as of small importance to the public welfare. This opinion is wholly erroneous and highly mischievous. No man can adopt it, who believes, and remembers, the declarations of God. If "one sinner destroyeth much good," if "the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much," if ten righteous persons, found in the polluted cities of the vale of Siddim, would have saved them from destruction, the personal conduct of no individual can be insignificant to the safety and happiness of a nation. On the contrary, faithful prayer and edifying example, cannot be calculated. No one can conjecture how many will be made better, safer, and happier, by the virtue of one.

I have been credibly informed, that, some years before the Revolution, an eminent philosopher of this country, now deceased, declared to David Hume, that Christianity would be exterminated from the American colonies within a century from that time. The opinion has doubtless been often declared and extensively imbibed; and has probably furnished our enemies their chief hopes of success. Where religion prevails, their system cannot succeed. Where religion prevails, Illuminatism cannot make disciples, a French directory cannot govern, a nation cannot be made slaves, nor villains, nor atheists, nor beasts. To destroy us, therefore, in this dreadful sense, our enemies must first destroy our Sabbath, and seduce us from the house of God.

Religion and Liberty are the two great objects of defensive war. Conjoined, they unite all the

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feelings, and call forth all the energies, of men. In defense of them, nations contend with the spirit of the Maccabees; “one will chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight...”

Without religion, we may possibly retain the freedom of savages, bears, and wolves; but not the freedom of New-England. If our religion were gone, our state of society would perish with it; and nothing would be left, which would be worth defending. Our children of course, if not ourselves, would be prepared, as the ox for the slaughter, to become the victims of conquest, tyranny, and atheism...

Would you escape, you must separate yourselves. Would you wholly escape, you must be wholly separated. I do not intend that you must not buy and sell, or exhibit the common offices of justice and good will; but you are bound by the voice of reason, of duty, of safety, and of God, to shun all such connection with them, as will interweave your sentiments or your friendship, your religion or your policy, with theirs. You cannot otherwise fail of partaking in their guilt, and receiving of their plagues.

I LOVE THY KINGDOM, LORD

I love Thy kingdom, Lord!
The house of Thine abode,
The church, our blest Redeemer saved
With His own precious blood.

I love Thy church, O God!
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graved on Thy hand.

For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways—
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

Jesus, Thou friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe,
Shall great deliverance bring.

Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

MADAME GUYON

(1648-1717)

A LITTLE BIRD I AM

(Translated by Prof. T. C. Upham)

A Little bird I am,
 Shut in from fields of air,
 And in my cage I sit and sing,
 To him who placed me there;
 Well pleased a prisoner to be,
 Because, my God, it pleases thee!

Naught have I else to do,
 I sing the whole day long;
 And he whom I most love to please
 Doth listen to my song;
 He caught and bound my wandering wing,
 And still he bends to hear me sing.

Thou hast an ear to hear,
 A heart to love and bless;
 And though my notes were e'er so rude,
 Thou wouldst not hear the less;
 Because thou knowest as they fall,
 That love, sweet love, inspired them all.

My cage confines me round,
 Abroad I cannot fly;
 But though my wing is closely bound,
 My heart's at liberty;
 My prison walls cannot control
 The flight, the freedom of the soul.

Oh, it is good to soar,
 These bolts and bars above,
 To him whose purpose I adore,
 Whose providence I love;
 And in thy mighty will to find
 The joy, the freedom of the mind.

ADORATION

I love my God, but with no love of mine,
 For I have none to give;
 I love thee, Lord, but all that love is thine
 For by thy life I live.
 I am as nothing, and rejoice to be

Emptied and lost and swallowed up in thee.

Thou, Lord, alone, art all thy children need
 And there is none beside;
 From thee the streams of blessedness proceed;
 In thee the blest abide,
 Fountain of life and all-abounding grace
 Our source, our center and our dwelling-place!

I PLACE AN OFFERING

Translated by William Cowper

I place an offering at Thy shrine
 From taint and blemish clear,
 Simple and pure in its design,
 Of all that I hold dear.

I yield Thee back Thy gifts again,
 Thy gifts which most I prize;
 Desirous only to retain
 The notice of Thine eyes.

But if, by Thine adored decree,
 That blessing be denied,
 Resigned and unreluctant, see
 My every wish subside.

Thy will in all things I approve,
 Exalted or cast down;
 Thy will in every state I love,
 And even in Thy frown.

YES: I WILL ALWAYS LOVE

Translated by William Cowper

Yes: I will always love; and, as I ought,
 Tune to the praise of love my ceaseless voice;
 Preferring love too vast for human thought,
 In spite of erring men, who cavil at my choice.

Why have I not a thousand thousand hearts,
 Lord of my soul! That they might all be Thine?
 If Thou approve,—the zeal of Thy smile imparts,
 How should it ever fail? Can such a fire decline?

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Love, pure and holy, is a deathless fire;
 Its object heavenly, it must ever blaze;
 Eternal love a God must needs inspire,
 When once He wins the heart, and fits it for His
 praise.

Self-love dismissed,— 'tis then we live indeed;
 In her embrace, death, only death is found:

Come, then, one noble effort, and succeed;
 Cast off the chain of self with which thy soul is
 bound.

O, I would cry, that all the world might hear,
 Ye self-tormentors, love your God alone;
 Let His unequalled excellence be dear,
 Dear to your inmost souls, and make Him all
 your own!

SELECTIONS FROM SPIRITUAL TORRENTS

Its Spouse helps to strip it for two reasons. The first is, that it has spotted its garments, so beautiful and magnificent, by its vain self-complacencies and that it has appropriated to itself the gifts of God by very many reflections and regard of self-love. The second is, because in running it would be impeded by this load: the very fear of losing so much riches would hinder it in its course.

Poor soul! What has become of thee? Thou wert formerly the delight of thy Spouse, and He took the utmost pleasure in adorning and beautifying thee; and now thou art so naked, so tattered, so poor, that thou wouldst not dare either to look at thyself, or to appear before Him. The men who now look at thee, after having in former times admired thee, when they see thee thus tattered, believe either that thou hast become made, or that thou hast committed the greatest crimes, and thereby compelled thy Spouse to abandon thee. They do not perceive that this jealous Spouse, who loves this soul only for Himself, seeing that she was amusing herself with her ornaments, that she was taking pleasure in them and indulging self-admiration on their account,—seeing this, I say, and that she was ceasing to look at Him in order to look at herself, and that she was weakening the love she had for Him by loving herself too much, strips her, and makes all her beauty and riches vanish from before her eyes.

It must be observed, that God does not take from the soul its riches except by little and little—something at one time, something at another. The weaker the soul is, the longer is the process of stripping it; and the stronger it is, the

sooner it is finished: inasmuch as God strips the latter more frequently and of more things at once. But hard as is this stripping, it is only of outside things and superfluities; that is to say, only of gifts, graces, and favors, but not of other things. This proceeding is so admirable, it is so great a love of God for the soul, that one could never believe it previous to experience. For the soul is so full of itself, so made up of self-love, that, if God did not deal with it thus, it would perish.

It will be asked, perhaps,—If the gifts of God are so hurtful, wherefore impart them? God gives them from His exceeding goodness, to draw the soul from sin and from attachment to the creatures, and to turn it back to Himself; and if He did not give them, the soul would be always criminal. But those very gifts with which He graciously endows it, in order to detach it from the creature and from itself, and to win from it for Himself the love at least of gratitude, this creature is so wretched as to make use of for self-love and self-admiration, turning its attention away from the Giver to them. Self-love is so deeply rooted in the creature that these gifts have served to increase it; for it finds in itself new charms, which did not exist before; it immerses itself into itself; clings to itself; appropriates to itself what was God's; and growing too familiar with Him, forgets the slavery out of which He has delivered it, and a thousand things of this kind. God, it is true, could deliver it from all this, just as He can deliver men from the huge mass of his concupiscences; but He does not do it for reasons known to Himself alone.

The soul, thus stripped of the divine gifts, loses something of its self-love, and begins to see

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

that it is not as rich as it believed, and that its riches belong to its Spouse. It sees, I say, that it has made a wrong use of them, and consents that He shall keep them and take them back. It says: I will be rich with the riches of my Spouse, and, although He keeps them, we shall always be in a community of goods; He will not lose them. It becomes even glad at having lost these gifts of God, since it finds itself disencumbered, and more lightly equipped for progress: in a word, it grows accustomed, by degrees, to being stripped, and perceives that it has been good and serviceable to it. It is no longer troubled about the matter. It arranges its habits as well as may be; and, as it is fair, it is satisfied that it will still be as pleasing to its Spouse, by its agreeable qualities and by its own garments, as it was with all its ornaments.

There is a beautiful figure of this in Job, whom I look upon as a mirror of the whole spiritual life. You see how God strips him of his goods, which are gifts and graces; then of his children, which is stripping him of his faculties of good works, these being our children and our dearest productions; next God takes from him his health, by which is meant the loss of the virtues; then he makes him to putrefy, rendering him an object of horror, or infection, and of contempt; it seems, even, as if this holy man committed faults, and that he was deficient in resignation. He is accused by his friends of being justly punished by reason of his crimes; there remains no sound part in him. But after he has rotted on the dunghill, and there remains nothing but his bones, and he is a mere corpse, God does give him back every thing, goods, children, health, and life.

It is the same after the resurrection; all is given back, together with an admirable facility in making use of them, without incurring defilement, without attaching one's self to them, and without appropriating them as formerly. All is done in God, divinely, using things as not using them. In this state there is true LIBERTY

and true life. "If ye have been like to Jesus Christ in his death, you shall be like Him in His resurrection." Rom. vi.5. Is it being free to be under inability and restrictions? No. "If the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed" (John viii. 36), but free with His own liberty.

But, alas! People will not abandon themselves, and trust in God. Those who do this, and who believe that they are so well established in the principle, are abandoned only in figure, and not in reality. They wish to abandon themselves in one thing, and not in another. They would make terms with God, and put up limits as to how far they will submit to His doings. They are willing to give themselves up, but only on such and such conditions. No; this is not abandoning ourselves; it is imagining that we do it, while we do it not. A whole and entire abandonment excepts nothing, reserves nothing, neither death nor life, nor perfection nor salvation, nor paradise, nor hell.

Cast yourselves headlong, poor souls, into this state of abandonment; nothing but good will come to you from it. Walk in assurance upon this stormy sea, supported by the word of Jesus Christ. Who has promised to take care of those who shall forsake all, and abandon themselves to Him. But, if you sink with St. Peter, be assured that it is from your little faith.

If we only had faith to advance unhesitatingly, and meet all dangers without even looking at them, what good would not betide us! What fearest thou, O craven heart! Thou art afraid of losing thyself! Alas! Considering how little thou art worth, what great matter is that? Yes; thou wilt lose thyself, if thou hast strength enough to abandon thyself to God, but thou wilt lose thyself in Him. I cannot repeat often enough, how blessed such a loss is. Why can I not persuade all the world to this holy ABANDONMENT? And why do preachers preach any thing beside?

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

JOSEPH ADDISON

(1672-1719)

THE SPACIOUS FIRMAMENT ON HIGH

The spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal sky,
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
 Their great Original proclaim.
 The unwearied sun, from day to day,
 Does his Creator's power display,
 And publishes to every land
 The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
 And nightly to the listening earth
 Repeats the story of her birth;
 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
 Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
 What though no real voice or sound
 Amidst their radiant orbs be found;
 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice,
 Forever singing as they shine,
 "The hand that made us is divine."

HOW ARE THY SERVANTS BLEST

How are Thy servants blest, O Lord!
 How sure is their defence!
 Eternal wisdom is their guide,
 Their help Omnipotence.

In foreign realms, and lands remote,
 Supported by Thy care,
 Through burning climes I pass'd unhurt,
 And breath'd in tainted air.

Thy mercy sweeten'd every soil,
 Made every region please;
 The hoary Alpine hills it warm'd,
 And smooth'd the Tyrrhene seas.

Think, O my soul, devoutly think,
 How, with affrighted eyes,
 Thou saw'st the wide-extended deep
 In all its horrors rise.

Confusion dwelt in every face,
 And fear in every heart,
 When waves on waves, and gulfs in gulfs,
 O'ercame the pilot's art.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord!
 Thy mercy set me free;
 Whilst in the confidence of prayer
 My soul took hold on Thee.

For though in dreadful whirls we hung
 High on the broken wave,
 I knew Thou wert not slow to hear
 Nor impotent to save.

The storm was laid, the winds retir'd,
 Obedient to Thy will;
 The sea, that roar'd at Thy command,
 At Thy command was still.

In midst of dangers, fears and death,
 Thy goodness I'll adore;
 And praise Thee for Thy mercies past,
 And humbly hope for more.

My life, if Thou preserv'st my life,
 Thy sacrifice shall be;
 And death, if death must be my doom,
 Shall join my soul to Thee.

"WHEN ALL THY MERCIES"

When all Thy mercies, O my God,
 My rising soul surveys;
 Transported with the view, I'm lost
 In wonder, love and praise.

O how shall words with equal warmth
 The gratitude declare,
 That glows within my ravish'd heart!
 But Thou canst read it there.

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redress'd,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in prayer.

Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom these comforts flow'd.

When in the slippery path of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe
And led me up to man.

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

ISAAC WATTS

(1674-1748)

JOY TO THE WORLD! THE LORD IS COME

Joy to the world! The Lord is come;
 Let earth receive her King;
 Let every heart prepare Him room,
 And heaven and nature sing.

Joy to the world! The Saviour reigns:
 Let men their songs employ;
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
 Repeat the sounding joy.

No more let sin and sorrow grow,
 Nor thorns infest the ground:
 He comes to make His blessings flow
 Far as the curse is found.

He rules the world with truth and grace,
 And makes the nations prove
 The glories of His righteousness,
 And wonders of His love.

NOT ALL THE BLOOD OF BEASTS

Not all the blood of beasts
 On Jewish altars slain,
 Could give the guilty conscience peace,
 Or wash away the stain.

But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
 Takes all our sins away,
 A sacrifice of nobler name,
 And richer blood, than they.

My faith would lay her hand
 On that dear head of Thine,
 While like a penitent I stand,
 And there confess my sin.

My soul looks back to see
 The burdens Thou didst bear
 When hanging on the cursed tree,
 And hope her guilt was there.

Believing, we rejoice
 To see the curse remove;

We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
 And sing His bleeding love.

WHEN I SURVEY THE WONDROUS CROSS

When I survey the wondrous Cross,
 On which the Prince of Glory died,
 My richest gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
 Save in the death of Christ, my God;
 All the vain things that charm me most,
 I sacrifice them to His Blood.

See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
 That were a tribute far too small;
 Love so amazing, so divine,
 Demands my soul, my life, my all.

JESUS SHALL REIGN WHERE'ER THE SUN

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
 Does His successive journeys run;
 His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
 Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

From north to south the princes meet
 To pay their homage at His feet;
 While western empires own their Lord,
 And savage tribes attend his word.

To Him shall endless prayers be made,
 And endless praises crown His head;
 His name like sweet perfume shall rise
 With every morning sacrifice.

People and realms of every tongue
 Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
 And infant voices shall proclaim
 Their early blessings on his name.

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

Let every creature rise and bring
 Peculiar honors to our King;
 Angels descend with songs again,
 And earth repeat the loud Amen.

O GOD, OUR HELP IN AGES PAST

God, our help in ages past,
 Our hope in years to come,
 Our shelter from the stormy blast,
 And our eternal home—

Under the shadow of thy throne
 Thy saints have dwelt secure;
 Sufficient is thine arm alone,
 And our defense is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
 Or earth received her frame,
 From everlasting thou art God,
 To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in thy sight
 Are like an evening gone;
 Short as the watch that ends the night
 Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream
 Bears all its sons away;
 They fly, forgotten, as a dream
 Dies at the opening day.
 Our God, our help in ages past,

Our hope in years to come,
 Be thou our guard while troubles last,
 And our eternal home.

THE INCOMPREHENSIBLE

Far in the Heavens my God retires:
 My God, the mark of my desires.
 And hides His lovely face;
 When He descends within my view,
 He charms my reason to pursue,
 But leaves it tired and fainting in th' unequal
 chase.

Or if I reach unusual height,
 Till near His presence brought,
 There floods of glory check my flight
 Cramp the bold pinions of my wit,
 And all untune my thought;
 Plunged in a sea of light I roll,
 Where wisdom, justice, mercy, shines;
 Infinite rays in crossing lines
 Beat thick confusion on my sight, and overwhelm
 my soul.

Great God! Behold my reason lies
 Adoring: yet my love would rise
 On pinions not her own:
 Faith shall direct her humble flight,
 Through all the trackless seas of light.
 To Thee, th' Eternal Fair, the Infinite Unknown.

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

WILLIAM LAW

(1686-1761)

Selections from An Address to the Clergy

Now the reason why no work of religion, but that which is begun, continued, and carried on by the living operation of God in the creature, can have any truth, goodness, or divine blessing in it, is because nothing can in truth seek God, but that which comes from God. Nothing can in truth find God as its good, but that which has the nature of God living in it, like can only rejoice in like; and therefore no religious service of the creature can have any truth, goodness, or blessing in it, but that which is done in the creature, in, and through, and by a principle and power of the divine nature begotten and breathing forth in it all holy tempers, affections, and adorations.

All true religion is, or brings forth, an essential union and communion of the spirit of the creature with the spirit of the Creator: God in it, and it in God, one life, one light, one love. The Spirit of God first gives, or sows the seed of

divine union in the soul of every man; and religion is that by which it is quickened, raised, and brought forth to a fullness and growth of a life in God.

The eternal Son of God came into the world, only for the sake of this new birth, to give God the glory of restoring it to all the dead sons of fallen Adam. All the mysteries of this incarnate, suffering, dying Son of God, all the price that He paid for our redemption, all the washings that we have from His all-cleansing blood poured out for us, all the life that we receive from eating His flesh, and drinking His blood, have their infinite value, their high glory, and amazing greatness in this, because nothing less than these supernatural mysteries of a God-man, could raise that new creature out of Adam's death, which could be again a living temple, and deified habitation of the Spirit of God.

Selections from A Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life

Devotion is neither private nor public prayer; but prayers, whether private or public, are particular parts or instances of devotion. Devotion signifies a life given, or devoted to God.

He therefore is the devout man, who lives no longer to his own will, or the way and spirit of the world, but to the sole will of God, who considers God in every thing, who serves God in every thing, who makes all the parts of his common life, parts of piety, by doing every thing in the name of God, and under such rules as are conformable to his glory.

We readily acknowledge, that God alone is to be the rule and measure of our prayers, that in them we are to look wholly unto him, and act wholly for him, that we are only to pray in such a manner, for such things, and such ends, as are suitable to his glory.

Now let any one but find out the reason why he is to be thus strictly pious in his prayers, and he will find the same as strong a reason to be as strictly pious in all the other parts of his life. For there is not the least shadow of a reason, why we should make God the rule and measure of our prayers, why we should then look wholly unto him, and pray according to his will: but what equally proves it necessary for us to look wholly unto God, and make him the rule and measure of all the other actions of our life. For any ways of life, any employment of our talents, whether of our parts, our time or money, that is not strictly according to the will of God, that is not for such ends as are suitable to his glory, are as great absurdities and failings, as prayers that are not according to the will of God.

I shall now show, that this regularity of devotion, this holiness of common life, this religious use of every thing that we have, is a

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devotion that is the duty of all orders of Christian people.

Fulvius has had a learned education, and taken his degrees in the university, he came from thence, that he might be free from any rules of life. He takes no employment upon himself, nor enters into any business, because he thinks that every employment or business, calls people to the careful performance and just discharge of its several duties. When he is grave, he will tell you that he did not enter into holy orders, because he looks upon it to be a state that requires great holiness of life, and that it does not suit his temper to be so good. He will tell you that he never intends to marry, because he cannot oblige himself to that regularity of life, and good behaviour, which he takes to be the duty of those that are at the head of a family. He refused to be godfather to his nephew, because he will have no trust of any kind to answer for.

Fulvius thinks that he is conscientious in this conduct, and is therefore content with the most idle, impertinent, and careless life.

He has no religion, no devotion, no pretences to piety. He lives by no rules, and thinks all is

very well because he is neither a priest nor a father, nor a guardian, nor has any employment or family to look after.

But Fulvius, you are a rational creature, and as such, are as much obliged to live according to reason and order, as a priest is obliged to attend at the altar, or a guardian to be faithful to his trust; if you live contrary to reason, you do not commit a small crime, you do not break a small trust; but you break the law of your nature, you rebel against God who gave you that nature, and put yourself amongst those whom the God of reason and order will punish as apostates and deserters.

For if there is an infinitely wise and good Creator, in whom we live, move, and have our being, whose providence governs all things in all places, surely it must be the highest act of our understanding to conceive rightly of him; it must be the noblest instance of judgment, the most exalted temper of our nature, to worship and adore this universal providence, to conform to its laws, to study its wisdom, and to live and act every where as in the presence of this infinitely good and wise Creator.

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

N. L. VON ZINZENDORF

(1700-1760)

Jesus the Lord, our Righteousness!

JESUS, THY BLOOD AND RIGHTEOUSNESS

Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness
 My beauty are, my glorious dress;
 Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
 With joy shall I lift up my head.

Ref. On Christ, the Solid Rock, I stand;
 All other ground is sinking sand.

Lord, I believe were sinners more
 Than sands upon the ocean shore,
 Thou hast for all a ransom paid,
 For a full atonement made.

When from the dust of death I rise
 To claim my mansion in the skies,
 E'en then, shall this be all my plea,
 Jesus hath lived and died for me.

Bold shall I stand in that great day,
 For who aught to my charge shall lay?
 Fully, by Thee, absolved I am
 From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

This spotless robe the same appears,
 When ruined nature sinks in years;
 No age can change its glorious hue;
 Its glory is for ever new.

Thou God of power, Thou God of love,
 Let all the world Thy mercy prove;
 Their beauty this, their glorious dress,

JESUS, STILL LEAD ON

Jesus, still lead on
 Till our rest be won;
 And although the way be cheerless,
 We will follow, calm and fearless:
 Guide us by Thy hand
 To our Fatherland!

If the way be drear,
 If the foe be near,
 Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
 Let not faith and hope forsake us
 For, through many a foe,
 To our home we go!

When we seek relief
 From a long-felt grief;
 When temptations come alluring,
 Make us patient and enduring:
 Show us that bright shore
 Where we weep no more!

Jesus, still lead on,
 Till our rest be won;
 Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
 Still support, console, protect us,
 Till we safely stand
 In our Fatherland!

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

GERHARD TER STEEGEN

(d. 1769)

**CONQUERING PRINCE AND LORD OF
GLORY**

Conquering Prince and Lord of glory,
Majesty enthroned in light!
All the heavens are bowed before Thee,
For beyond them spreads Thy might.
Shall I fall not at Thy feet,
And my heart with rapture beat,
Now Thy glory is displayed,
Thine 'ere yet the worlds were made?

As I watch Thee far ascending
To the right hand of the throne,
See the host before Thee bending,
Praising Thee in sweetest tone,
Shall I not, too, at Thy feet
Hear the angels' strain repeat,
And rejoice that heaven doth sing
With the triumph of my King?

Power and Spirit are overflowing;
On me also be they poured:
Every hinderance overthrowing,
Make Thy foes Thy footstool, Lord.
Yea, let earth's remotest end
To Thy righteous scepter bend;
Make Thy way before Thee plain,
O'er all hearts and spirits reign.

Lo, Thy presence now is filling
All Thy Church in every place!
Fill my heart, too; make me willing
In this season of Thy grace.
Come, Thou King of glory! Come:
Deign to make my heart Thy home:
There abide and rule alone,
As upon Thy heavenly throne.

Thou art leaving me, yet bringing
God and heaven most inly near;
From this earthly life upspringing,
As though still I saw Thee here,
Let my heart, transplanted hence,
Strange to earth and time and sense,

Dwell with Thee in heaven e'en now,
Where our only joy art Thou!

THOU HIDDEN LOVE OF GOD

Thou hidden Love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows,
I see from far Thy beauteous light;
Inly I sigh for Thy repose;
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest, till it find rest in Thee.

Thy secret voice invites me still,
The sweetness of Thy yoke to prove;
And fain I would; but though my will
Seems fixed, yet wide my passions rove;
Yet hindrances strew all the way;
I aim at Thee, yet from Thee stray.

'Tis mercy—all that Thou hast brought
My mind to seek her peace in Thee;
Yet while I seek, but find Thee not,
No peace my wand'ring soul shall see;
Oh, when shall all my wand'rings end,
And all my steps to Thee-ward tend?

Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with Thee my heart to share?
Ah, tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there;
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in Thee.

Oh, hide this self from me, that I
No more, but Christ in me, may live!
My vile affections crucify,
Nor let one darling sin survive,
In all things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire or seek but Thee.

O Lord, Thy sovereign aid impart,
To save me from low-thoughted care;
Chase this self-will through all my heart,
Through all its latent mazes there;
Make me Thy duteous child, that I
Ceaseless may "Abba, Father," cry.

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

Each moment draw from earth away
 My heart, that lowly waits Thy call;
 Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
 "I am Thy Love, Thy God, Thy all";
 To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,
 To taste Thy love, be all my choice.

THOU SWEET, BELOVED WILL OF GOD

Thou sweet, beloved will of God,
 My anchor ground, my fortress hill,
 My spirit's silent, fair abode
 In Thee I hide me, and am still.

O Will, that willest good alone,
 Lead Thou the way, Thou guidest best:
 A little child, I follow on,
 And, trusting, lean upon Thy breast.

Thy beautiful sweet will, my God,
 Holds fast in its sublime embrace
 My captive will, a gladsome bird,
 Prisoned in such a realm of grace.

Within this place of certain good
 Love evermore expands her wings,
 Or nestling in Thy perfect choice,
 Abides content with what it brings.

Oh, lightest burden, sweetest yoke!
 It lifts, it bears my happy soul,
 It giveth wings to this poor heart;
 My freedom is Thy grand control.

Upon God's will I lay me down,
 As child upon its mother's breast;
 No silken couch, nor softest bed,
 Could ever give me such deep rest.

Thy wonderful grand will, my God,
 With triumph now I make it mine:
 And faith shall cry a joyous "Yes!"
 To every dear command of Thine.

GOD CALLING YET! SHALL I NOT HEAR?

God calling yet! Shall I not hear?
 Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
 Shall life's swift passing years all fly,

And still my soul in slumber lie?

God calling yet! Shall I not rise?
 Can I His loving voice despise,
 And basely His kind care repay?
 He calls me still; can I delay?

God calling yet! And shall He knock,
 And I my heart the closer lock?
 He still is waiting to receive,
 And shall I dare His Spirit grieve?

God calling yet! And shall I give
 No heed, but still in bondage live?
 I wait, but He does not forsake;
 He calls me still; my heart, awake!

God calling yet! I cannot stay;
 My heart I yield without delay;
 Vain world, farewell, from thee I part;
 The voice of God hath reached my heart.

NAME OF JESUS

Name of Jesus! Highest Name!
 Name that earth and Heaven adore!
 From the heart of God it came,
 Leads me to God's heart once more.

Name of Jesus! Living tide!
 Days of drought for me are past;
 How much more than satisfied
 Are the thirsty lips at last!

Name of Jesus! Dearest Name!
 Bread of Heaven, and balm of love;
 Oil of gladness, surest claim
 To the treasures stored above.

Jesus gives forgiveness free,
 Jesus cleanses all my stains;
 Jesus gives His life to me,
 Jesus always He remains.

Only Jesus! Fairest Name!
 Life, and rest, and peace, and bliss;
 Jesus, evermore the same,
 He is mine, and I am His.

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

JOHN WESLEY

(1705-1791)

Selections from Journal

In my return to England, January 1738, being in imminent danger of death, and very uneasy on that account, I was strongly convinced that the cause of that uneasiness was unbelief; and that the gaining a true, living faith was the 'one thing needful' for me. But still I fixed not this faith on its right object: I meant only faith in God, not faith in or through Christ. Again, I knew not that I was wholly void of this faith; but only thought I had not enough of it. So that when Peter Bohler, whom God prepared for me as soon as I came to London, affirmed of true faith in Christ (which is but one) that it had those two fruits inseparably attending it, 'dominion over sin and constant peace from a sense of forgiveness,' I was quite amazed, and looked upon it as a new gospel. If this was so, it was clear I had not faith. But I was not willing to be convinced of this. Therefore I disputed with all my might, and laboured to prove that faith might be where these were not: for all the scriptures relating to this I had been long since taught to construe away; and to call all Presbyterians who spoke otherwise. Besides, I well saw no one could, in the nature of things, have such a sense of forgiveness, and not feel it. But I felt it not. If, then, there was no faith without this, all my pretensions to faith dropped at once.

When I met Peter Bohler again, he consented to put the dispute upon the issue which I desired, namely, Scripture and experience. I first consulted the Scripture. But when I set aside the glosses of men, and simply considered the words of God, comparing them together, endeavouring to illustrate the obscure by the plainer passages, I found they all made against me, and was forced to retreat to my last hold, 'that experience would never agree with the literal interpretation of those scriptures. Nor could I therefore allow it to be true, till I found some living witnesses of it.' He replied, he could show me such at any time; if I desired it, the next day. And accordingly the next day he came again with three others, all of whom

testified, of their own personal experience, that a true living faith in Christ is inseparable from a sense of pardon for all past and freedom from all present sins. They added with one mouth that this faith was the gift, the free gift of God; and that He would surely bestow it upon every soul who earnestly and perseveringly sought it. I was now thoroughly convinced; and, by the grace of God, I resolved to seek it unto the end, (1) By absolutely renouncing all dependence, in whole or in part, upon my own works or righteousness; on which I had really grounded my hope of salvation, though I knew it not, from my youth up; (2) by adding to the constant use of all the other means of grace, continual prayer for this very thing, justifying, saving faith, a full reliance on the blood of Christ shed for me; a trust in Him, as my Christ, as my sole justification, sanctification, and redemption.

I continued thus to seek it (though with strange indifference, dullness, and coldness, and unusually frequent relapses into sin) till Wednesday, May 24. I think it was about five this morning, that I opened my Testament, on those words, 'There are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises, even that ye should be partakers of the divine nature' (2 Pet. i.4) Just as I went out, I opened it again on those words, 'Thou are not far from the kingdom of God.' In the afternoon I was asked to go to St. Paul's. The anthem was, 'Out of the deep have I called unto Thee, O Lord: Lord, hear my voice. O let Thine ears consider well the voice of my complaint. If Thou, Lord, wilt be extreme to mark what is done amiss, O Lord, who may abide it? For there is mercy with Thee; therefore shalt Thou be feared. O Israel, trust in the Lord: for with the Lord there is mercy, and with Him is plenteous redemption. And He shall redeem Israel from all his sins.'

In the evening I went very unwillingly to a society in Aldersgate Street, where one was reading Luther's preface to the Epistle to the Romans. About a quarter before nine, while he was describing the change which God works in

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the heart through faith in Christ, I felt my heart strangely warmed. I felt I did trust in Christ, Christ alone for salvation; and an assurance was given me that He had taken away my sins, even mine, and saved me from the law of sin and death.

I began to pray with all my might for those who had in a more especial manner despitefully used me and persecuted me. I then testified openly to all there what I now first felt in my

heart. But it was not long before the enemy suggested, 'This cannot be faith; for where is thy joy?' Then was I taught that peace and victory over sin are essential to faith in the Captain of our salvation; but that, as to the transports of joy that usually attend the beginning of it, especially in those who have mourned deeply, God sometimes giveth, sometimes withholdeth them, according to the counsels of His own will.

Selection from Sermon Salvation by Faith – On Ephes. ii.8

All the blessings which God hath bestowed upon man are of his mere grace, bounty, or favor: His free, undeserved favour: Favour altogether undeserved; Man having no claim to the least of his mercies. It was free grace that formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into him a living soul, and stamped on that soul the image of God, and put all things under his feet. The same free grace continues to us at this day, life and breath, and all things. For there is nothing we are, or have, or do, which can deserve the least thing at God's hand. All our works, thou, O God, hast wrought in us. These, therefore, are so many more instances of free mercy: And whatever righteousness may be found in man, this is also the gift of God.

Wherewithal then shall a sinful man atone for any the least of his sins? With his own works? No: Were they ever so many or holy, they are not his own, but God's. But indeed they are all unholy and sinful themselves, so that every one of them needs a fresh atonement. Only corrupt fruit grows on a corrupt tree. And his heart is altogether corrupt and abominable; being come short of the glory of God, the glorious righteousness at first impressed on his soul, after the image of his great Creator. Therefore, having nothing neither righteousness nor works to plead, his mouth is utterly stopt before God.

If then sinful man find favour with God, it is grace upon grace. If God vouchsafe still to pour fresh blessings upon us, yea, the greatest of all blessings, salvation; what can we say to these things, but thanks be unto God for his

unspeakable gift! And thus it is. Herein God commendeth his love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died to save us. By grace then are ye saved through faith. Grace is the source, faith the condition of salvation.

What faith it is through which we are saved?

It may be answered, first, in general, It is a Faith in Christ; Christ, and God through Christ, are the proper objects of it. Herein, therefore, it is sufficiently and absolutely distinguished from the faith either of ancient or modern heathens. And from the faith of a devil, it is fully distinguished by this, it is not barely a speculative rational thing, a cold, lifeless assent, a train of ideas in the head; but also a disposition of the heart. For thus saith the Scripture, 'With the heart man believeth unto righteousness.' And, 'If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe with thy heart, that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.'

And herein does it differ from that faith which the apostles themselves had while our Lord was on earth, that it acknowledges the necessity and merit of his death, and the power of his resurrection. It acknowledges his death as the only sufficient means of redeeming man from death eternal; and his resurrection as the restoration of us all to life and immortality: inasmuch as 'he was delivered for our sins and rose again for our justification.' Christian faith is then, not only an assent to the whole gospel of Christ but also a full reliance on the blood of Christ, a trust in the merits of his life, death, and

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resurrection; a recumbency upon him as our atonement and our life; 'as given for us,' and 'living in us.' It is a sure confidence which a man hath in God, that through the merits of Christ, his sins are forgiven, and he reconciled to the favour of God; and in consequence hereof a closing with him, and cleaving to him as 'our wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, redemption,' or in one word our salvation.

What salvation it is, which is through this faith?

And first, whatsoever else it may imply, it is a present salvation. – It is something attainable, yea, actually attained on earth, by these who are partakers of this faith. For thus saith the apostle to the believers at Ephesus, and in them, to the believers of all ages, not ye shall be (though that also is true) but 'ye are saved through faith.'

Ye are saved (to comprise all in one word) from sin. This is the salvation which is through faith. This is the great salvation foretold by the angel, before God brought his first begotten into the world. 'Thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins.' And neither here, nor in other part of holy writ, is there any limitation or restriction. All his people, or, as it is elsewhere expressed, all that believe in him, he will save from all their sins; from original and actual, past and present sin, of the flesh and of the spirit. Through faith that is in him, they are saved both from the guilt and from the power of it.

First, from the guilt of all past sin. For whereas 'all the world is guilty before God;' insomuch that should he 'be extreme to mark what is done amiss, there is none that could abide it:' and whereas 'by the law is only the knowledge of sin,' but no deliverance from it; so that 'by fulfilling the deeds of the law, no flesh can be justified in his sight; now the righteousness of God, which is by faith of Jesus Christ, is manifested unto all that believe.' Now 'they which are justified freely by his grace through the redemption that is in Jesus Christ. Him God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood; to declare his righteousness for (or by) the remission of the sins that are past.' Now hath Christ 'taken away the

curse of the law, being made a curse for us.' He hath 'blotted out the hand-writing that was against us, taking it out of the way, nailing it to his cross.' 'There is therefore no condemnation now to them which believe in Christ Jesus.'

And being saved from guilt, they are saved from fear. Not indeed from a filial fear of offending him; but from all servile fear, from that fear which hath torment, from that fear of punishment, from fear of the wrath of God: whom they now no longer regard as a severe Master, but as an indulgent Father. 'They have not received again the Spirit of bondage; but the spirit of adoption, whereby they cry, Abba, Father; the Spirit itself also bearing witness with their spirits that they are the children of God.'— They are also saved from the fear, though not from the possibility, of falling away from the grace of God, and coming short of the great and precious promises; they are 'sealed with the Holy Spirit of promise, which is the earnest of their inheritance.' (Ephesians i.13.) Thus have they 'peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. They rejoice in hope of the glory of God. And the love of God is shed abroad in their hearts through the Holy Ghost, which is given unto them.' And hereby they are 'persuaded' (though perhaps not at all times, nor with the same fullness of persuasion) that 'neither death nor life, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate them from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.'

Again, through this faith they are saved from the power of sin, as well as from the guilt of it. So the apostle declares, 'Ye know that he was manifested to take away our sins, and in him is no sin. Whosoever abideth in him sinneth not.' (Chap. Iii.5, &c.) Again, 'Little children, let no man deceive you.—He that committeth sin is of the devil.—Whosoever believeth is born of God. And whosoever is born of God, doth not commit sin for his seed remaineth in him: and he cannot sin, because he is born of God.' Once more, 'We know that whosoever is born of God, keepeth himself, and that wicked one toucheth him not.' chap. v. 18.

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This then is the salvation which is through faith, even in the present world: a salvation from sin, and the consequences of sin, both often expressed in the word justification; which, taken in the largest sense, implies a deliverance from guilt and punishment, by the atonement of Christ actually applied to the soul of the sinner now believing on him, and a deliverance from the whole body of sin through Christ 'formed in his heart.' So that he who is thus justified or saved by faith, is indeed born again. He is 'born again of the spirit' unto a new 'life, which is hid with Christ in God. He is a new Creature: old things are past away: All things in him are become new.' And as a 'new-born babe he gladly receives the ADOLOS, sincere milk of the word, and grows thereby: Going on in the might of the Lord his God, from faith to faith, from grace to grace, until at length he come unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ.'

How we may answer some objections.

But this, it is said, is an uncomfortable doctrine. The devil spoke like himself, that is, without either truth or shame, when he dared to suggest to men that it is such. 'Tis the only comfortable one, 'tis very full of comfort, to all self-destroyed, self-condemned sinners. That 'whosoever believeth on him shall not be ashamed.' That 'the same Lord over all, is rich unto all that call upon him:' Here is comfort, high as heaven, stronger than death! What! Mercy for all? For Zaccheus, a public robber? For Mary Magdalene, a common harlot? Methinks I hear one say, Then I, even I, may hope for mercy! And so thou mayest, thou afflicted one, whom none hath comforted! God will not cast out thy prayer. May perhaps he may say the next hour, 'Be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee;' so forgiven that they shall reign over thee no more; yea, and that 'the holy Spirit shall bear witness with thy spirit that thou art a child of God.' O glad tidings! Tidings of great joy, which are sent unto all people. 'Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters: come ye and buy, without money and without price.' Whatsoever your sins be, 'though red, like

crimson,' though 'more than the hairs of your head: return ye unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon you; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.'

At this time more especially will we speak, that 'by grace ye are saved through faith.' Because never was the maintaining this doctrine more seasonable than it is at this day. Nothing but this can effectually prevent the increase of the Romish delusion among us. 'Tis endless to attack one by one, all the errors of that church. But salvation by faith strikes at the root, and all fall at once where this is established. It was this doctrine, (which our church justly calls the strong rock and foundation of the Christian religion) that first drove popery out of these kingdoms, and 'tis this alone can keep it out. Nothing but this can give a check to that immorality, which hath 'overspread the land as a flood.' Can you empty the great deep drop by drop? Then you may reform us, by dissuasives from particular vices. But let the 'righteousness which is of God by faith' be brought in, and so shall its proud waves be stayed.—Nothing but this can stop the mouths of those 'who glory in their shame' and openly deny the Lord that bought them. They can talk as sublimely of the law, as he that hath it written by God in his heart. To hear them speak on the head, might incline one to think, they were not far from the kingdom of God. But take them out of the law into the gospel; begin with the righteousness of faith, 'with Christ, the end of the law to every one that believeth:' And those who but now appeared almost, if not altogether Christians, stand confessed the sons of perdition; as far from life and salvation (God be merciful unto them!) as the depth of hell from the height of heaven.

For this reason the adversary so rages, whenever salvation by faith is declared to the world. For this reason did he stir up earth and hell, to destroy those who first preached it. And for the same reason, in knowing that faith alone could overturn the foundations of his kingdom, did he call forth all his forces, and employ all his arts of lies and calumny, to affright that champion of the Lord of Hosts, Martin Luther, from reviving it. Nor can we wonder thereat; for as that man of God observes, How would it

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enrage a proud, strong man armed, to be stopt and set at nought by a little child coming against him with a reed in his hand? Especially, when he knew that little child would surely overthrow him and tread him under foot. 'Even so, Lord Jesus!' Thus hath thy strength been ever 'made perfect in weakness!' Go forth, then, thou little child, that believest in him, and 'his right hand shall teach thee terrible things!' Though thou art helpless and weak as an infant of days, the strong man shall not be able to stand before thee. Thou shalt

march on under the great Captain of thy salvation, 'conquering and to conquer, until all thine enemies are destroyed, and 'death is swallowed up in victory.'

Now thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ, to whom with the Father and Holy Ghost, be blessing and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and power, and might, for ever and ever. Amen.

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

CHARLES WESLEY

(1707-1788)

FOR CHRISTMAS-DAY

Hark, how all the welkin rings,
 "Glory to the King of kings;
 Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
 God and sinners reconciled!"

Joyful, all ye nations rise,
 Join the triumph of the skies;
 Universal nature say,
 "Christ the Lord is born to-day!"

Christ, by highest heaven adored,
 Christ, the everlasting Lord:
 Late in time behold Him come,
 Offspring of a virgin's womb!

Veiled in flesh, the Godhead see,
 Hail the incarnate Deity!
 Pleased as Man with men to appear,
 Jesus, our Immanuel here!

Hail, the heavenly Prince of Peace,
 Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
 Light and life to all He brings,
 Risen with healing in His wings.

Mild He lays His glory by,
 Born that man no more may die;
 Born to raise the sons of earth;
 Born to give them second birth.

Come, Desire of nations, come,
 Fix in us Thy humble home;
 Rise, the woman's conquering seed,
 Bruise in us the serpent's head.

Now display Thy saving power,
 Ruined nature now restore;
 Now in mystic union join
 Thine to ours, and ours to Thine.

Adam's likeness, Lord, efface,
 Stamp Thy image in its place,
 Second Adam from above,

Reinstate us in Thy love.

Let us Thee, though lost, regain,
 Thee, the Life, the Inner Man:
 O, to all Thyself impart,
 Formed in each believing heart.

FREE GRACE

And can it be that I should gain
 An interest in the Saviour's Blood?
 Died He for me, who caused His pain?
 For me, who Him to death pursued?
 Amazing Love! How can it be,
 That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me?

'Tis mystery all: the Immortal dies!
 Who can explore His strange design?
 In vain the first-born seraph tries
 To sound the depths of Love divine.
 'Tis mercy all! Let earth adore;
 Let angel-minds inquire no more.

He left His Father's throne above,
 (So free, so infinite His grace!)
 Emptied Himself of all but Love,
 And bled for Adam's helpless race:
 'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
 For, O my God, it found out me!

Long my imprisoned spirit lay,
 Fast bound in sin and nature's night:
 Thine eye diffused a quick'ning ray;
 I woke; the dungeon flamed with light;
 My chains fell off, my heart was free,
 I rose, went forth, and followed Thee.

Still the small inward voice I hear
 That whispers all my sins forgiven;
 Still the atoning Blood is near,
 That quenched the wrath of hostile Heaven.
 I feel the life His wounds impart,
 I feel my Saviour in my heart.

No condemnation now I dread,
 Jesus, and all in Him, is mine:

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Alive in Him, my living Head,
 And clothed in righteousness divine,
 Bold I approach the eternal throne,
 And claim the crown, through Christ, my own.

CHRIST THE LORD IS RISEN TO-DAY

“Christ the Lord is risen to-day,”
 Sons of men and angels say.
 Raise your joys and triumphs high;
 Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.

Love’s redeeming work is done,
 Fought the fight, the battle won.
 Lo! Our Sun’s eclipse is o’er;
 Lo! He sets in blood no more.

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
 Christ has burst the gates of hell!
 Death in vain forbids Him rise:
 Christ has opened Paradise.

Lives again our glorious King;
 Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
 Dying once, He all doth save;
 Where thy victory, O Grave?

Soar we now where Christ has led,
 Following our exalted Head:
 Made like Him, like Him we rise;
 Ours the Cross, the grave, the skies!

What though once we perished all,
 Partners in our parents’ fall:
 Second life we all receive,
 In our heavenly Adam live.

Risen with Him, we upward move,
 Still we seek the things above,
 Still pursue, and kiss the Son,
 Seated on His Father’s throne.

Scarce on earth a thought bestow;
 Dead to all we leave below:
 Heaven our aim, and loved abode,
 Hid our life with Christ in God.

Hid, till Christ our Life appear,
 Glorious in Him members here:

Joined to Him, we then shall shine
 All immortal, all divine.
 Hail, the Lord of earth and heaven!
 Praise to Thee by both be given:
 Thee we greet triumphant now;
 Hail, the Resurrection Thou!

King of glory, Soul of bliss,
 Everlasting life is this,
 Thee to know, Thy power to prove,
 Thus to sing, and thus to love.

OUR LORD IS RISEN FROM THE DEAD

Our Lord is risen from the dead:
 Our Jesus is gone up on high;
 The powers of hell are captive led,
 Dragged to the portals of the sky.
 There His triumphant chariot waits,
 And angels chant the solemn lay:
 Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
 Ye everlasting doors, give way!

Loose all your bars of massy light,
 And wide unfold the ethereal scene:
 He claims these mansions as His right;
 Receive the King of glory in!
 Who is the King of glory? Who?
 The Lord who all our foes o’ercame;
 The world, sin, death, and hell o’erthrew;
 And Jesus is the Conqueror’s name.

Lo! His triumphant chariot waits,
 And angels chant the solemn lay:
 Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
 Ye everlasting doors, give way!
 Who is the King of glory? Who?
 The Lord, of glorious power possessed;
 The king of saints and angels too;
 God over all, for ever blest!

O LOVE DIVINE, HOW SWEET THOU ART!

O Love Divine, how sweet Thou art!
 When shall I find my willing heart
 All taken up by Thee?
 I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
 The greatness of redeeming love,
 The love of Christ to me.

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

Stronger His love than death or hell;
 Its riches are unsearchable:
 The first-born sons of light
 Desire in vain its depths to see;
 They cannot reach the mystery,
 The length, and breadth, and height.

God only knows the love of God:
 Oh that it now were shed abroad
 In this poor stony heart!
 For love I sigh, for love I pine:
 This only portion, Lord, be mine—
 Be mine this better part!

Oh that I could for ever sit
 With Mary at the Master's feet!
 Be this my happy choice:
 My only care, delight and bliss,
 My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
 To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

THOU HIDDEN SOURCE

Thou Hidden Source of calm repose,
 Thou all-sufficient love divine;
 My help and refuge from my foes,
 Secure I am, if Thou art mine,
 From sin and grief, from guilt and shame:
 I hide me, Jesus, in Thy name.

Thy mighty name salvation is,
 And keeps my happy soul above;
 Comfort it brings, and power and peace,
 And joy and everlasting love:
 To me, with Thy dear Name, are given
 Pardon and holiness and heaven.

Jesus, my all in all Thou art,
 My rest in toil, mine ease in pain;
 The med'cine of my broken heart;
 In war, my peace; in loss, my gain;
 My smile beneath the tyrant's frown;
 In shame, my glory and my crown.

In want, my plentiful supply;
 In weakness, mine almighty power;
 In bonds, my perfect liberty;
 My light in Satan's darkest hour;
 In grief, my joy unspeakable;

My life in death; my heaven, my all.

WRESTLING JACOB

Come, O Thou Traveler unknown,
 Whom still I hold, but cannot see!
 My company before is gone,
 And I am left alone with Thee;
 With Thee all night I mean to stay,
 And wrestle till the break of day.

I need not tell Thee who I am,
 My misery or sin declare.
 Thyself hast called me by my name;
 Look on Thy hands, and read it there.
 But who, I ask Thee, who art Thou?
 Tell me Thy Name, and tell me now.

In vain Thou strugglest to get free;
 I never will unloose my hold.
 Art thou the Man that died for me?
 The secret of Thy Love unfold:
 Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
 Till I Thy Name, Thy Nature know.

Wilt Thou not yet to me reveal
 Thy new, unutterable Name?
 Tell me, I still beseech Thee, tell;
 To know it now resolved I am:
 Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
 Till I Thy Name, Thy Nature know.

'Tis all in vain to hold Thy tongue,
 Or touch the hollow of my thigh:
 Though every sinew be unstrung,
 Out of my arms Thou shalt not fly;
 Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
 Till I Thy Name, Thy Nature know.

What though my shrinking flesh complain,
 And murmur to contend so long?
 I rise superior to my pain:
 When I am weak, then I am strong;
 And when my all of strength shall fail,
 I shall with the God-man prevail.

My strength is gone, my nature dies;
 I sink beneath Thy weighty hand;
 Faint to revive, and fall to rise:

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

I fall, and yet by faith I stand.
I stand, and will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy Name, Thy Nature know.

Yield to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair;
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak;
Be conquered by my instant prayer:
Speak, or Thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if Thy Name is Love.

'Tis Love! 'tis Love! Thou diedst for me:
I hear Thy whisper in my heart.
The morning breaks, the shadows flee;
Pure, universal Love Thou art:
To me, to all, Thy bowels move;
Thy Nature and Thy Name is Love.

My prayer hath power with God; the grace
Unspeakable I now receive;
Through faith I see Thee face to face;
I see Thee face to face, and live.
In vain I have not wept and strove;
Thy Nature and Thy Name is Love.

I know Thee, Saviour, who Thou art,
Jesus, the feeble sinner's Friend;
Nor wilt Thou with the night depart,
But stay and love me to the end:
Thy mercies never shall remove;
Thy Nature and Thy Name is Love.

The Sun of Righteousness on me
Hath rose with healing in His wings;
Withered my nature's strength; from Thee
My soul its life and succor brings.
My help is all laid up above:
Thy Nature and Thy Name is Love.

Contented now, upon my thigh
I halt, till life's short journey end;
All helplessness, all weakness, I
On Thee alone for strength depend;
Nor have I power from Thee to move:
Thy Nature and Thy Name is Love.

Lame as I am, I take the prey;
Hell, earth, and sin, with ease o'ercome;
I leap for joy, pursue my way,

And as a bounding hart fly home,
Through all eternity to prove,
Thy Nature and Thy Name is Love.

HEAD OF THY CHURCH TRIUMPHANT

Head of Thy Church triumphant,
We joyfully adore Thee;
Till Thou appear, Thy members here
Shall sing like those in glory.
We lift our hearts and voices
With blest anticipation,
And cry aloud, and give to God
The praise of our salvation.

While in affliction's furnace,
And passing through the fire,
Thy Love we praise, which knows our days,
And ever brings us nigher.
We clap our hands exulting
In Thine almighty favor;
The Love divine which made us Thine
Shall keep us Thine forever.

Thou dost conduct Thy people
Through torrents of temptation;
Nor will we fear, while Thou art near,
The fire of tribulation;
The world, with sin and Satan,
In vain our march opposes;
In Thee we shall break through them all,
And sing the song of Moses.

By faith we see the glory
To which Thou shalt restore us,
The cross despise for that high prize
Which Thou hast set before us;
And if Thou count us worthy,
We each, as dying Stephen,
Shall see Thee stand at God's right hand,
To take us up to heaven.

JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL

Jesu, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past:

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

Safe into the haven guide:
O receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none:
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee.
Leave, ah leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

Wilt Thou not regard my call?
Wilt Thou not accept my prayer?
Lo, I sink, I faint, I fall!
Lo, on Thee I cast my care.
Reach me out Thy gracious hand!
While I of Thy strength receive,
Hoping against hope I stand,
Dying, and behold I live!

Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find.
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy Name;
I am all unrighteousness:
False and full of sin I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of Life the Fountain art:
Freely let me take of Thee:
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

UPON NOTICE SENT ONE THAT HIS
HOUSE WAS MARKED

During the Riots, June, 1780.

In vain doth the assassin dark
This house for desolation mark,
Protected by the scarlet sign,
Already marked with Blood divine:
His idle threatenings we defy,

For the destroyer must pass by.

The Lord most high is our Defence,
Our trust is in Omnipotence;
His Name our adamant tower:
Jehovah's wisdom, truth, and power,
Jesus, beneath Thy shade we dwell,
And laugh at all the leagues of hell.

O FOR A THOUSAND TONGUES TO SING

O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!

My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of Thy name.

Jesus! The name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears;
'Tis life and health and peace!

He breaks the power of cancelled sin;
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

He speaks; and, listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

Hear Him, ye deaf! His praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ!
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy!

Look unto Him, ye nations! Own
Your God, ye fallen race!
Look, and be saved through faith alone,
Be justified by grace!
See all your sins on Jesus laid:
The Lamb of God was slain;
His soul was once an offering made

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

For every soul of man.

Awake from guilty nature's sleep,
And Christ shall give you light;
Cast all your sins into the deep,
And wash the Ethiop white.

With Me, your chief, ye then shall know,
Shall feel, your sins forgiven;
Anticipate your heaven below,
And own that love is heaven.

O FOR A HEART TO PRAISE MY GOD

O for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that always feels Thy Blood,
So freely spilt for me!

A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within.

A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

Thy tender heart is still the same,
And melts at human woe:
Jesus, for Thee distrest I am,
I want Thy Love to know.

My heart, Thou know'st, can never rest,
Till Thou create my peace;
Till, of my Eden repossess,
From self and sin I cease.

Fruit of Thy gracious lips, on me
Bestow that peace unknown,
The hidden manna, and the tree
Of life, and the white stone.

Thy Nature, dearest Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write Thy new Name upon my heart,
Thy new, best Name of Love.

ARISE, MY SOUL, ARISE!

Arise, my soul, arise!
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears.
Before the throne my Surety stands;
My name is written on His hands,
My name is written on His hands.

He ever lives above
For me to intercede—
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

Five bleeding wounds He bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me.
"Forgive him, O forgive!" they cry,
"Nor let that ransomed sinner die,
Nor let that ransomed sinner die."

The Father hears Him pray,
His dear anointed One;
He cannot turn away
The presence of His Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God,
And tells me I am born of God.

My God is reconciled,
His pard'ning voice I hear;
He owns me for His child—
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And "Father, Abba, Father!" cry,
And "Father, Abba, Father!" cry.

LO! HE COMES

Lo! He comes with clouds descending,

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

Once for favored sinners slain!
Thousand, thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of His train:
Hallelujah!
God appears on earth to reign!

Every eye shall now behold Him
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierced, and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

The dear tokens of His passion
Still His dazzling body bears,
Cause of endless exultation
To His ransomed worshippers;
With what rapture
Gaze we on those glorious scars!

Yea, Amen! Let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne!
Saviour, take the power and glory,
Claim the kingdom for Thine own:
Jah, Jehovah!
Everlasting God, come down!

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

J. LAVATER

(1741-1801)

O JESUS CHRIST, GROW THOU IN ME

O Jesus Christ, grow Thou in me,
And all things else recede!
My heart be daily nearer Thee,
From sin be daily freed.

Each day let Thy supporting might
My weakness still embrace;
My darkness vanish in Thy light,
Thy life my death efface.

In Thy bright beams which on me fall,
Fade every evil thought;
That I am nothing, Thou art all,
I would be daily taught.

More of Thy glory let me see,
Thou Holy, Wise, and True!
I would Thy living image be,
In joy and sorrow too.

Fill me with gladness from above,
Hold me by strength Divine;
Lord, let the glow of Thy great love
Through my whole being shine.

Make this poor self grow less and less,
Be Thou my life and aim;
Oh, make me daily through Thy grace
More meet to bear Thy name.

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

AUGUSTINE M. TOPLADY

(1740-1778)

ROCK OF AGES

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee!
 Let the water and the blood
 From Thy riven side which flow'd,
 Be of sin the double cure,
 Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labours of my hands
 Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
 Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears for ever flow,
 All for sin could not atone;
 Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring;
 Simply to Thy Cross I cling;
 Naked, come to Thee for dress;
 Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
 Foul, I to the Fountain fly;
 Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eyestrings break in death,
 When I soar through tracts unknown,
 See Thee on Thy judgment-throne;
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let, me hide myself in Thee!

AH! GIVE ME, LORD, THE SINGLE EYE

Ah! Give me, Lord, the single eye,
 Which aims at nought but Thee:
 I fain would live, and yet not I—
 But Jesus live in me.

Like Noah's dove, no rest I find
 But in Thy ark of peace;
 Thy cross, the balance of my mind;
 Thy wounds, my hiding-place.

In vain the tempter spreads the snare,
 If Thou my keeper art;
 —Get thee behind me, God is near,

My Saviour takes my part!

On Him my spirit I recline,
 Who put my nature on;
 His light shall in my darkness shine,
 And guide me to His throne.

LORD! IT IS NOT LIFE TO LIVE

Lord! It is not life to live,
 If Thy presence Thou deny;
 Lord! If Thou Thy presence give,
 'Tis no longer death—to die.

Source and Giver of repose,
 Singly from Thy smile it flows;
 Peace and happiness are Thine,—
 Mine they are, if Thou art mine.

DEATHLESS PRINCIPLE, ARISE

Deathless principle, arise;
 Soar thou native of the skies.
 Pearl of price by Jesus bought,
 To his glorious likeness wrought,
 Go to shine before his throne;
 Deck his mediatorial crown;
 Go, his triumphs to adorn;
 Made for God, to God return.

Lo, he beckons from on high!
 Fearless to his presence fly:
 Thine the merit of his blood;
 Thine the righteousness of God.

Angels, joyful to attend,
 Hov'ring, round thy pillow bend;
 Wait to catch the signal giv'n,
 And escort thee quick to heav'n.

Is Thy earthly house distress?
 Willing to retain her guest?
 'Tis not thou, but she, must die:
 Fly, celestial tenant, fly.
 Burst thy shackles, drop thy clay,
 Sweetly breathe myself away:

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

Singing, to thy crown remove;
Swift of wing, and fir'd with love.

Shudder not to pass the stream:
Venture all thy care on him;
Him, whose dying love and pow'r
Still'd its tossing, hush'd its roar,
Safe is the expanded wave;
Gentle as a summer's eve.

Not one object of his care
Ever suffer'd shipwreck there.
See the haven full in view?
Love divine shall bear thee through.
Trust to that propitious gale:

Weigh thy anchor, spread thy sail:

Saints in glory perfect made,
Wait thy passage through the shade;
Ardent for thy coming o'er,
See, they throng the blissful shore.
Mount, their transports to improve;
Join the longing choir above:
Swiftly to their wish be giv'n:
Kindle higher joy in heav'n.
Such the prospects that arise
To the dying Christian's eyes!
Such the glorious vista Faith
Opens through the shades of death.

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

JOHN NEWTON

(1725-1807)

GLORIOUS THINGS OF THEE ARE SPOKEN

Glorious things of thee are spoken,
 Zion, city of our God;
 He, whose word cannot be broken,
 Form'd thee for His own abode;
 On the Rock of Ages founded,
 What can shake thy sure repose?
 With Salvations' walls surrounded,
 Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

See, the streams of living waters
 Springing from eternal love,
 Well supply thy sons and daughters,
 And all fear of want remove.
 Who can faint while such a river
 Ever flows their thirst t' assuage,
 Grace, which, like the Lord, the Giver,
 Never fails from age to age?

Round each habitation hovering,
 See the cloud and fire appear
 For a glory and a covering,
 Showing that the Lord is near;
 Thus deriving from their banner,
 Light by night and shade by day,
 Safe they feed upon the manna
 Which He gives them when they pray.

Blest inhabitants of Zion,
 Washed in their Redeemer's blood!
 Jesus whom their souls rely on,
 Makes them kings and priests to God.
 'Tis His love His people raises
 Over self to reign as kings:
 And as priests, His solemn praises
 Each for a thank-offering brings.

**HOW SWEET THE NAME OF JESUS
 SOUNDS**

How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds
 In a believer's ear!
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
 And drives away his fear!

It makes the wounded spirit whole
 And calms the troubled breast;
 'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
 And to the weary, rest.

Dear Name! the rock on which I build,
 My shield and hiding-place,
 My never-failing treasury, fill'd
 With boundless stores of grace,—

By Thee my prayers acceptance gain,
 Although with sin defiled;
 Satan accuses me in vain,
 And I am own'd a Child.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
 And cold my warmest thought;
 But, when I see Thee as Thou art,
 I'll praise Thee as I ought.

Till then, I would Thy love proclaim
 With every fleeting breath;
 And may the music of Thy Name
 Refresh my soul in death!

IN EVIL LONG I TOOK DELIGHT

In evil long I took delight,
 Unawed by shame or fear,
 Till a new object struck my sight,
 And stopp'd my wild career:
 I saw One hanging on a Tree
 In agonies and blood,
 Who fix'd His languid eyes on me,
 As near His Cross I stood.

Sure never till my latest breath
 Can I forget that look:
 It seem'd to charge me with His death,
 Though not a word He spoke:
 My conscience felt and own'd the guilt,
 And plunged me in despair;
 I saw my sins His Blood had spilt,
 And help'd to nail Him there.
 Alas! I knew not what I did!
 But now my tears are vain:

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

Where shall my trembling soul be hid?
 For I the Lord have slain!
 —A second look He gave, which said,
 ‘I freely all forgive;
 This Blood is for thy ransom paid;
 I die, that thou may’st live.’

Thus, while His death my sin displays
 In all its blackest hue,
 Such is the mystery of grace,
 It seals my pardon too.
 With pleasing grief, and mournful joy,
 My spirit now is fill’d,
 That I should such a life destroy,—
 Yet live by Him I kill’d!

WHY SHOULD I FEAR THE DARKEST
 HOUR

Why should I fear the darkest hour,
 Or tremble at the Tempter’s power?
 Jesus vouchsafes to be my Tower.

Though hot the fight, why quit the field?
 Why must I either fly or yield,
 Since Jesus is my mighty Shield?

When creature comforts fade and die,
 Worldlings may weep, but why should I?
 Jesus still lives, and still is nigh.

Though all the flocks and herds were dead,
 My soul a famine need not dread,
 For Jesus is my living Bread.

I know not what may soon betide,
 Or how my wants shall be supplied;
 But Jesus knows, and will provide.

Though Sin would fill me with distress,
 The throne of Grace I dare address,
 For Jesus is my Righteousness.

Though faint my prayers and cold my love,
 My steadfast hope shall not remove,
 While Jesus intercedes above.

Against me earth and hell combine;
 But on my side is Power divine;
 Jesus is all, and He is mine!

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

WILLIAM COWPER

(1731-1800)

Selections from the Olney HymnsWALKING WITH GOD Gen. 5:24

OH! For a closer walk with God,
A calm and heav'nly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the LORD?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of JESUS, and his word?

What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!
How sweet their mem'ry still!
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.

Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be;
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

So shall my walk be close with GOD,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

PRAISE FOR THE FOUNTAIN OPENEDZech. 13:1

There is a fountain fill'd with blood
Drawn from EMMANUEL'S veins;
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoic'd to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Wash'd all my sins away.

Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its pow'r;
Till all the ransom'd church of GOD
Be sav'd, to sin no more.

E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply;
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

Then in a nobler sweeter song
I'll sing thy power to save;
When this poor lisping stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

LORD, I believe thou hast prepar'd
(Unworthy tho' I be)
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me!

'Tis strung, and tun'd, for endless years,
And form'd by pow'r divine;
To sound in GOD the Father's ears,
No other name but thine.

DEPENDANCE

To keep the lamp alive
With oil we fill the bowl;
'Tis water makes the willow thrive,
And grace that feeds the soul.

The LORD'S unsparing hand
Supplies the living stream;
It is not at our own command,
But still deriv'd from him.

Beware of Peter's word,
Nor confidently say,
"I never will deny thee, Lord,"
But "grant I never may."

Man's wisdom is to seek
His strength in GOD alone;

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

And e'en an angel would be weak,
Who trusted in his own.

Retreat beneath his wings,
And in his grace confide;
This more exalts the King of kings
Than all your works beside.

In JESUS is our store,
Grace issues from his throne;
Whoever says, "I want no more,"
Confesses he has none.

RETIREMENT

FAR from the world, O LORD, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes, where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With pray'r and praise agree;
And seem by thy sweet bounty made,
For those who follow thee.

There if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode;
Oh with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her GOD!

There like the nightingale she pours
Her solitary lays;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirst for human praise.

Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet source of light divine;
And (all harmonious names in one)
My Saviour; thou art mine!

What thanks I owe thee, and what love
A boundless, endless store;
Shall echo thro' the realms above,
When time shall be no more.

JEHOVAH OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS Jer. 23:6

MY GOD, how perfect are thy ways!
But mine polluted are;

Sin twines itself about my praise,
And slides into my pray'r.

When I would speak what thou hast done
To save me from my sin,
I cannot make thy mercies known
But self-applause creeps in.

Divine desire, that holy flame
Thy grace creates in me;
Alas! Impatience is its name,
When it returns to thee.

This heart, a fountain of vile thoughts,
How does it overflow?
While self upon the surface floats
Still bubbling from below.

Let others in the gaudy dress
Of fancied merit shine;
The LORD shall be my righteousness;
The LORD for ever mine.

LOVES THOU ME? John 21:16

HARK, my soul! It is the LORD;
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word;
JESUS speaks, and speaks to thee;
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

I deliver'd thee when bound,
And, when wounded, heal'd thy wound;
Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
Turn'd thy darkness into light.

Can a woman's tender care
Cease, towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.
Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be;
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

LORD, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love thee and adore,
Oh for grace to love thee more!

LIGHT SHINING OUT OF DARKNESS

GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never failing skill;
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the LORD by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence,
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding ev'ry hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flow'r.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
GOD is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

MY SOUL THIRSTETH FOR GOD

I THIRST, but not as once I did,
The vain delights of earth to share:
Thy wounds, EMMANUEL, all forbid,
That I should seek my pleasure there.
It was the sight of thy dear cross,
First wean'd my soul from earthly things;
And taught me to esteem as dross,
The mirth of fools and pomp of kings.

I want that grace that springs from thee,

That quickens all things where it flows;
And makes a wretched thorn, like me,
Bloom as the myrtle, or the rose.

Dear fountain of delight unknown!
No longer sink below the brim;
But overflow, and pour me down
A living, and life-giving stream!

For sure, of all the plants that share
The notice of thy Father's eye;
None proves less grateful to his care,
Or yields him meaner fruit than I.

NOT OF WORKS

GRACE, triumphant in the throne,
Scorns a rival, reigns alone;
Come and bow beneath her sway,
Cast your idol works away:
Works of man, when made his plea,
Never shall accepted be;
Fruits of pride (vain-glorious worm)
Are the best he can perform.

Self, the god his soul adores,
Influences all his pow'rs;
JESUS is a slighted name,
Self-advancement all his aim:
But when GOD the Judge shall come,
To pronounce the final doom,
Then for rocks and hills to hide
All his works and all his pride!

Still the boasting heart replies,
What! The worthy and the wise,
Friends to temperance and peace,
Have not these a righteousness?
Banish ev'ry vain pretence
Built on human excellence;
Perish ev'ry thing in man,
But the grace that never can.

SUBMISSION

O LORD, my best desire fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears?

No, rather let me freely yield
What most I prize to thee;
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold from me.

Thy favor, all my journey thro',
Thou art engag'd to grant;
What else I want, or think I do,
'Tis better still to want.

Wisdom and mercy guide my way,
Shall I resist them both?
A poor blind creature of a day,
And crush'd before the moth!

But ah! My inward spirit cries,
Still bind me to thy sway;
Else the next cloud that veils my skies,
Drives all these thoughts away.

LOOKING UPWARDS IN A STORM

GOD of my life, to thee I call,
Afflicted at thy feet I fall;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail!

Friend of the friendless, and the faint!
Where should I lodge my deep complaint?
Where but with thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor!

Did ever mourner plead with thee,
And thou refuse that mourner's plea?
Does not the word still fix'd remain,
That none shall seek thy face in vain?

That were a grief I could not bear,
Didst thou not hear and answer prayer;
But a pray'r—hearing, answ'ring GOD,
Supports me under ev'ry load.

Fair is the lot that's cast for me!
I have an advocate with thee;

They whom the world caresses most,
Have no such privilege to boast.

Poor tho' I am, despis'd, forgot,
Yet GOD, my GOD, forgets me not;
And he is safe and must succeed,
For whom the LORD vouchsafes to plead.

ON OPENING A PLACE FOR SOCIAL PRAYER

JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek thee thou art found,
And ev'ry place is hallow'd ground.

For thou, within no walls confin'd,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring thee, where they come,
And going, take thee to their home.

Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few!
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here, to our waiting hearts, proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

Here may we prove the pow'r of pray'r,
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heav'n before our eyes.

Behold! At thy commanding word,
We stretch the curtain and the cord;
Come thou, and fill this wider space,
And help us with a large increase.

Lord, we are few, but thou art near;
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear;
Oh rend the heav'ns, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts thine own!

THE HOUSE OF PRAYER Mark 11:17

THY mansion is the Christian's heart,
O LORD, thy dwelling-place secure!
Bid the unruly throng depart,
And leave the consecrated door.

Devoted as it is to thee,
A thievish swarm frequents the place;

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

They steal away my joys from me,
And rob my Saviour of his praise.

There too a sharp designing trade
Sin, Satan, and the world maintain;
Nor cease to press me, and persuade
To part with ease and purchase pain.

I know them, and I hate their din,
Am weary of the bustling crowd;
But while their voice is heard within,
I cannot serve thee as I would.

Oh! For the joy thy presence gives,
What peace shall reign when thou art here!
Thy presence makes this den of thieves,
A calm delightful house of pray'r.

And if thou make thy temple shine,
Yet, self-abas'd, will I adore;
The gold and silver are not mine,
I give thee what was thine before.

JEHOVAH-SHALOM, The Lord Send Peace

Judges 6:24

JESUS, whose blood so freely stream'd
To satisfy the law's demand;
By thee from guilt and wrath redeem'd,
Before the Father's face I stand.

To reconcile offending man,
Make Justice drop her angry rod;
What creature could have form'd the plan,
Or who fulfil it but a GOD?

No drop remains of all the curse,
For wretches who deserv'd the whole;
No arrows dipt in wrath to pierce
The guilty, but returning soul.
Peace by such means so dearly bought,
What rebel could have hop'd to see?
Peace, by his injur'd sovereign wrought,
His Sov'reign fast'ned to a tree.

Now, LORD, thy feeble worm prepare!
For strife with earth and hell begins;
Confirm and gird me for the war;

They hate the soul that hates his sins.

Let them in horrid league agree!
They may assault, they may distress;
But cannot quench thy love to me,
Nor rob me of the LORD my peace.

JEHOVAH-SHAMMAH Ezekiel 48:35

As birds their infant brood protect,
And spread their wings to shelter them;
Thus saith the LORD to his elect,
"So will I guard Jerusalem."

And what then is Jerusalem,
This darling object of his care?
Where is its worth in GOD'S esteem?
Who built it? Who inhabits there?

JEHOVAH founded it in blood,
The blood of his incarnate Son;
There dwell the saints, once foes to GOD,
The sinners, whom he calls his own.

There, tho' besieg'd on ev'ry side,
Yet much belov'd and guarded well;
From age to age they have defy'd
The utmost force of earth and hell.

Let earth repent, and hell despair,
This city has a sure defence;
Her name is call'd, The LORD is there,
And who has pow'r to drive him thence?

JOY AND PEACE IN BELIEVING

SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the LORD who rises
With healing in his wings:
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining
To cheer it after rain.

In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of GOD'S salvation,
And find it ever new:
Set free from present sorrow,

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

We cheerfully can say,
E'en let th' unknown to-morrow,
Bring with it what it may.

It can bring with it nothing
But he will bear us thro';
Who gives the lilies clothing
Will clothe his people too:
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed;
And he who feeds the ravens,

Will give his children bread.

Though vine, nor fig-tree neither,
Their wonted fruit should bear,
Tho' all the fields should wither,
Nor flocks, nor herds, be there:

Yet GOD the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice;
For while in him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

Selections from Letters

TO LADY HESKETH

Huntington, July 4, 1765

Being just emerged from the Ouse, I sit down to thank you, my dear cousin, for your friendly and comfortable letter. What could you think of my unaccountable behaviour to you in that visit I mentioned in my last? I remember I neither spoke to you, nor looked at you. The solution of the mystery indeed followed soon after, but at the time it must have been inexplicable. The uproar within was even then begun, and my silence was only the sulkiness of a thunderstorm before it opens. I am glad, however, that the only instance in which I knew not how to value your company was, then I was not in my senses. It was the first of the kind, and I trust in God it will be the last.

How naturally does affliction make us Christians! And how impossible is it when all human help is vain, and the whole Earth too poor and trifling to furnish us with one moment's peace, how impossible is it then to avoid looking at the Gospel! It gives me some concern, though at the same time it increases my gratitude, to reflect that a convert made in Bedlam is more likely to be a stumbling-block to others, than to advance their faith. But if it had that effect upon any, it is owing to their reasoning amiss, and drawing their conclusions from false premises. He who can ascribe an amendment of life and manners, and a reformation of the heart itself, to madness, is guilty of an absurdity that in any other case would fasten the imputation of

madness upon himself; for by so doing he ascribes a reasonable effect to an unreasonable cause, and a positive effect to a negative. But when Christianity only is to be sacrificed, he that stabs deepest is always the wisest man. You, my dear cousin, yourself will be apt to think I carry the matter too far, and that in the present warmth of my heart I make too ample concession in saying, that I am only now a convert. You think I always believed, and I thought so too; but you were deceived, and so was I. I called myself indeed a Christian; but He who knows my heart knows that I never did a right thing, nor abstained from a wrong one, because I was so; but if I did either, it was under the influence of some other motive. And it is such seeming Christians, such pretending believers, that do most mischief to the cause, and furnish the strongest arguments to support the infidelity of its enemies: unless profession and conduct go together, the man's life is a lie, and the validity of what he professes itself is called in question. The difference between a Christian and an Unbeliever would be so striking, if the treacherous allies of the Church would go over at once to the other side, that I am satisfied religion would be no loser by the bargain.

I reckon it one instance of the Providence that has attended me throughout this whole event, that instead of being delivered into the hands of one of the London physicians, who were so much

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

nearer that I wonder I was not, I was carried to Doctor Cotton. I was not only treated by him with the greatest tenderness while I was ill, and attended with the utmost diligence, but when my reason was restored to me, and I had so much need of a religious friend to converse with, to whom I could open my mind upon the subject without reserve, I could hardly have found a fitter person for the purpose. My eagerness and anxiety to settle my opinions upon that long-neglected point made it necessary that, while my mind was yet weak, and my spirits uncertain, I should have some assistance. The doctor was as ready to administer relief to me in this article likewise, and as well qualified to do it, as in that which was more immediately his province. How many physicians would have thought this an irregular appetite, and a symptom of remaining madness! But if it were so, my friend was as mad as myself; and it is well for me that he was so.

My dear cousin, you know not half the deliverances I have received; my brother is the only one in the family who does. My recovery is indeed a signal one; but a greater, if possible, went before it. My future life must express my thankfulness, for by words I cannot do it.

I pray God to bless you and my friend Sir Thomas.

Yours ever,

W. C.

TO JOSEPH HILL, ESQ.

May 8, 1770

DEAR JOE,

Your letter did not reach me till the last post, when I had not time to answer it. I left Cambridge immediately after my brother's death.

I am obliged to you for the particular account you have sent me. * * * * * He to

whom I have surrendered myself and all my concerns hath otherwise appointed, and let His will be done. He gives me much which He withholds from others; and if He was pleased to withhold all that makes an outward difference between me and the poor mendicant in the street, it would still become me to say, His Will be done.

It pleased God to cut short my brother's connexions and expectations here, yet not without giving him lively and glorious views of a better happiness than any he could propose to himself in such a world as this. Notwithstanding his great learning (for he was one of the chief men in the university in that respect), he was candid and sincere in his inquiries after truth. Though he could not come to acquiesce in them as scriptural and true, yet I had no sooner left St. Alban's than he began to study with the deepest attention those points in which we differed, and to furnish himself with the best writers upon them. His mind was kept open to conviction for five years, during all which time he laboured in pursuit with unwearied diligence, as leisure and opportunity were afforded. Amongst his dying words were these, "Brother, I thought you wrong, yet wanted to believe as you did. I found myself not able to believe, yet always thought I should be one day brought to do so." From the study of books, he was brought upon his death-bed to the study of himself, and there learnt to renounce his righteousness, and his own most amiable character, and to submit himself to the righteousness which is of God by faith. With these views he was desirous of death. Satisfied of his interest in the blessing purchased by the blood of Christ, he prayed for death with earnestness, felt the approaches of it with joy, and died in peace.

Yours, my dear friend,

W. C.

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

REGINALD HEBER

(1783-1826)

BRIGHTEST AND BEST OF THE SONS OF
THE MORNING

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid!
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

Cold on His cradle the dewdrops are shining;
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.

Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would His favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid!
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

HOLY, HOLY, HOLY

Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to thee:
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and mighty!
God in three persons, blessed Trinity!

Holy, Holy, Holy! All the saints adore thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the
glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before thee,
Which wert and art and evermore shall be!

Holy, Holy, Holy! Though the darkness hide thee,
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not see,

Only thou art Holy, there is none beside thee,

Perfect in power, in love and purity!

Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
All thy works shall praise thy name, in earth and
sky and sea:

Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and mighty!
God in three persons, blessed Trinity!

WHO FOLLOWS IN HIS TRAIN?

The Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar;
Who follows in his train?

Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears his cross below;
He follows in his train!

That martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave;
Who saw his master in the sky,
And called on him to save;
Like him with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for those that did the wrong;
Who follows in his train?

A glorious band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came;
Twelve valiant saints their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame;
They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane,
They bowed their necks the death to feel!
Who follows in their train?

A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven,
Through peril, toil, and pain;
Oh God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train!

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

EDWARD HENRY BICKERSTETH

(1746-1850)

PEACE, PERFECT PEACE

Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?
The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties
pressed?

To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging
round?

On Jesus' bosom naught but calm is found.

Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.

Peace, perfect peace, the future all unknown?
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and
ours?

Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

It is enough; earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to Heaven's perfect peace.

WEARIED IN THE STRIFE OF SIN

Wearied in the strife of sin,
Foes without and fears within;

Listen, look, I hear, I see,

Jesus, crucified for me.

Listen, how He pleads "Forgive";
Look, my soul, on Him and live;
All my guilt on Jesus laid,
Perfect reconciliation made.

Counting all the world but loss,
Let me clasp the blood-stained cross;
What can sinners crave beside
Jesus only, crucified?

Resting in His love, forgiven,
Thoughts will come of home and heaven;
Listen, look, I hear, I see!
Jesus crowned, and crowned for me.

Listen to His mighty prayer;
He would have me with Him there,
With the saints before His throne,
Clothed in glory like His own.

Look, He reigns for ever now!
Many crowns are on His brow;
By His Father's side adored—
Priest and King, and God and Lord.

Yea, Amen; Thy will be done—
All my prayers are breathed in one;
Jesus, let me rest in Thee,
Crucified and crowned for me.

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

JAMES MONTGOMERY

(1771-1854)

PRAYER IS THE SOUL'S SINCERE DESIRE

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer is the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

The saints in prayer appear as one,
In word, and deed, and mind;
While with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.

IN THE HOUR OF TRIAL

In the hour of trial,
Jesus, pray for me,
Lest by base denial
I depart from Thee;
When Thou seest me waver,
With a look recall,
Nor for fear or favour
Suffer me to fall.

With its witching pleasures
Would this vain world charm,
Or its sordid treasures
Spread to work me harm,--
Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or in darker semblance
Cross-crowned Calvary.

If with sore affliction
Thou in love chastise,
Pour Thy benediction
On the sacrifice!
Then, upon Thine altar,
Freely offered up,
Though the flesh may falter,
Faith shall drink the cup.

When in dust and ashes
In the grave I sink,
While heaven's glory flashes
O'er the shelving brink;
On Thy truth relying
Through that mortal strife,
Lord, receive me, dying,
To eternal life.

ANGELS FROM THE REALMS OF GLORY

Angels, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth!
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night;
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant-light:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Sages, leave your contemplations;
Brighter visions beam afar:
Seek the great Desire of nations,
Ye have seen His natal star:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In His temple shall appear:
Come and worship,

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

Worship Christ, the new-born King.

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

THOMAS KELLY

(1769-1854)

THE ATONING WORK IS DONE

Th' atoning work is done—
 The Victim's blood is shed
 And Jesus now has gone
 His people's cause to plead:
 He stands in Heaven, their great High Priest,
 And bears their names upon His breast.

He sprinkled with His blood
 The mercy seat above;
 For justice had withstood
 The purposes of love:
 But justice now withstands no more,
 And mercy yields its boundless store.

No Temple made with hands
 His place of service is;
 In Heaven itself He stands—
 A heavenly priesthood His:
 In Him the shadows of the law
 Are all fulfill'd, and now withdraw.

And though awhile He be
 Hid from the eyes of men,
 His people look to see
 Their great High Priest again:
 In brightest glory He will come,
 And take His waiting people home.

THE HEAD THAT ONCE WAS CROWNED

The head that once was crowned with thorns,
 Is crowned with glory now;
 A royal diadem adorns
 The mighty Victor's brow.

Delight of all who dwell above!
 The joy of saints below!
 To us still manifest Thy love,
 That we its depths may know.

To us Thy cross, with all its shame—
 With all its grace be given!
 Though earth disowns Thy lowly name,
 All worship it in heaven.

Who suffer with Thee, Lord, below,
 Shall reign with Thee above;
 Then let it be our joy to know
 Thy way of peace and love.

To us Thy cross is life and health,
 Though shame and death to Thee!
 Our present glory, joy, and wealth,
 Our everlasting stay.

LOOK, YE SAINTS

Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious,
 See the "Man of Sorrows" now,
 From the fight returned victorious:
 Every knee to Him shall bow,
 Crown Him! Crown Him!
 Crowns become the Victor's brow.

Crown the Saviour! Angels crown Him!
 Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
 In the seat of power enthrone Him,
 While the vault of heaven rings.
 Crown Him! Crown Him!
 Crown the Saviour "King of kings!"

Sinners in derision crown'd Him!
 Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
 Saints and angels crowd around Him,
 Own His title, praise His name,
 Crown Him! Crown Him!
 Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

Hark! These bursts of acclamation!
 Hark! These loud triumphant chords!
 Jesus takes the highest station:
 Oh! What joy the sight affords!
 Crown Him! Crown Him!
 "King of Kings, and Lord of Lords!"

SAVIOUR, THROUGH THE DESERT LEAD**US**

Saviour, through the desert lead us,
 Without Thee we cannot go,
 Thou from cruel chains hast freed us.

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

Thou hast laid the tyrant low:
 Let Thy presence
 Cheer us all our journey through.

With a price Thy love has bought us,
 Saviour, what a love is Thine!
 Hitherto Thy power has brought us,
 Power and love in Thee combine;
 Lord of Glory,
 Ever on Thy household shine.

Through a desert waste and cheerless,
 Though our destined journey lie,
 Rendered by Thy presence fearless,
 We may every foe defy:
 Nought shall move us,
 While we see Thee, Saviour, nigh.

When we halt, no track discovering,
 Fearful lest we go astray,
 O'er our path Thy pillar hovering,
 Fire by night, and cloud by day,
 Shall direct us;
 That we may not miss our way.

When we hunger Thou wilt feed us;
 Manna shall our camp surround;
 Faint and thirsty, Thou wilt heed us,
 Streams shall from the rock abound:
 Happy people!

What a Saviour we have found!

BEHOLD THE LAMB WITH GLORY
CROWNED

Behold the Lamb with glory crowned,
 To Him all power is given:
 No place too high for Him is found,
 No place too high in heaven.

He fills the throne, the throne above,
 He fills it without wrong;
 The object of His Father's love,
 The theme of angels' song.

Though high, yet He accepts the praise
 His people offer here;
 The faintest, feeblest lay they raise
 Will reach the Saviour's ear.

This song be ours, and this alone,
 That celebrates the Name
 Of Him that sits upon the throne,
 And that exalts the Lamb.

To Him whom men despise and slight,
 To Him be glory given;
 The crown is His, and His by right
 The highest place in heaven.

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

SIR EDWARD DENNY

(1769-1889)

**A PILGRIM THROUGH THIS LONELY
WORLD**

A pilgrim through this lonely world,
The blessed Saviour pass'd;
A mourner all His life was He—
A dying Lamb at last.

That tender heart that felt for all—
For all its life-blood gave;
It found on earth no resting-place,
Save only in the grave.

Such was our Lord—and shall we fear
The cross with all its scorn?
Or love a faithless, evil world,
That wreathed His brow with thorn?

Dead to the world with Him who died,
To win our hearts, our love;
We, risen with our risen Head,
In spirit dwell above.

By faith His boundless glories there,
Our wond'ring eyes behold—
Those glories which eternal years
Shall never all unfold.

**'TIS PAST—THE DARK AND DREARY
NIGHT**

'Tis past—the dark and dreary night,
And, Lord, we hail Thee now—
Our morning Star, without a cloud
Of sadness on Thy brow.

Thy path on earth, the cross, the grave,
Thy sorrows all are o'er;
And, O sweet thought! Thine eye shall weep—
Thy heart shall break no more.

Deep were those sorrows—deeper still
The love that brought Thee low—
That bade the streams of life from Thee,
A lifeless Victim flow.

Drawn from Thy pierced and bleeding side,
That pure and cleansing flood
Speaks peace to every heart that knows
The virtues of Thy blood.

Yet, 'tis not that we know the joy
Of cancelled sin alone,
But, happier far, Thy saints are call'd
To share Thy glorious throne.

So closely are we link'd in love—
So wholly one with Thee,
That all Thy bliss and glory then
Our portion blest shall be.

HOPE OF OUR HEARTS, O LORD, APPEAR

Hope of our hearts, O Lord, appear,
Thou glorious Star of day!
Shine forth, and chase the dreary night,
With all our tears, away!

No resting-place we seek on earth,
No loveliness we see;
Our eye is on the royal crown
Prepared for us and Thee.

But, Jesus Lord! However bright
That crown of joy above,
What is it to the brighter hope
Of dwelling in Thy love?

What to the joy, the deeper joy;
Unmingled, pure, and free,
Of union with our living Head,
Of fellowship with Thee?

This joy e'en now on earth is ours;
But only, Lord, above,
Our hearts without a pang shall know
The fullness of Thy Love.

There, near Thy heart, upon the throne,
Thy ransom'd Church shall see,
What grace was in the bleeding Lamb,
Who died to make us free.

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT

(1789-1871)

JUST AS I AM

Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot;
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—though tossed about,
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind;
Yes, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

I WANT THAT ADORNING DIVINE
I want that adorning Divine
Thou only, my God, canst bestow;
I want in those beautiful garments to shine,
Which mark out Thy household below.

I want ev'ry moment to feel
Thy Spirit indwelling my heart,
His power ever present to cleanse and to heal,
And newness of life to impart.

I want, oh I want to attain
Some likeness, my Saviour, to Thee;

That longed-for resemblance once more to regain;
Thy comeliness put upon me.

I want to be marked for Thine own,
Thy seal on my forehead to wear;
And have that "new name" on the mystic white
stone,
Which none but Thyself can declare.

I want—and this sums up my prayer—
To glorify Thee till I die;
Then calmly to yield up my soul to Thy care
And breathe out in faith my last sigh!

MY GOD, MY FATHER
My God, my Father, while I stray,
Far from my home, on life's dark way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
Thy will be done!

Though dark my path and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not;
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
Thy will be done!

If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what was Thine;
Thy will be done!

Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest;
My God, to Thee I leave the rest,—
Thy will be done!

Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
Thy will be done!

Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
Thy will be done.

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL

(1836-1879)

I GAVE MY LIFE FOR THEE

I gave My life for thee,
 My precious blood I shed,
 That thou might'st ransomed be,
 And quickened from the dead,
 I gave My life for thee;
 What hast thou given for Me?

I spent long years for thee
 In weariness and woe,
 That all eternity
 Of joy thou mightest know.
 I spent long years for thee;
 Hast thou spent one for Me?

My Father's home of light,
 My rainbow-circled throne
 I left, for earthly night,
 For wanderings sad and lone.
 I left it all for thee;
 Hast thou left aught for Me?

I suffered much for thee,
 More than thy tongue can tell
 Of bitterest agony,
 To rescue thee from hell.
 I suffered much for thee;
 What canst thou bear for Me?

And I have brought to thee,
 Down from My home above,
 Salvation full and free,
 My pardon and my love,
 Great gifts I brought to thee;
 What hast thou brought to Me?

Oh, let thy life be given,
 Thy years for Me be spent,
 World-fetters all be riven,
 And joy with suffering blent.
 I gave Myself for thee;
 Give thou thyself to Me.

I COULD NOT DO WITHOUT THEE

I could not do without Thee,
 O Saviour of the lost,
 Whose precious blood redeemed me
 At such tremendous cost;
 Thy righteousness, Thy pardon,
 Thy precious blood must be
 My only hope and comfort,
 My glory and my plea.

I could not do without Thee,
 I cannot stand alone;
 I have no strength or goodness,
 No wisdom of my own;
 But Thou, beloved Saviour,
 Art all in all to me,
 And weakness will be power
 If leaning hard on Thee.

I could not do without Thee,
 For, oh, the way is long,
 And I am often weary,
 And sigh replaces song;
 How could I do without Thee?
 I do not know the way;
 Thou knowest, and Thou ledest,
 And will not let me stray.

I could not do without Thee,
 O Jesus, Saviour dear;
 E'en when my eyes are holden,
 I know that Thou art near;
 How dreary and how lonely
 This changeful life would be
 Without the sweet communion,
 The secret rest with Thee!

I could not do without Thee,
 For years are fleeting fast,
 And soon in solemn loneliness
 The river must be passed:
 But Thou wilt never leave me,
 And though the waves roll high,
 I know Thou wilt be near me,
 And whisper, "It is I."

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

THE CHURCH OF GOD

Church of God, beloved and chosen,
 Church of Christ for whom He died,
 Claim thy gifts and praise the Giver!—

“Ye are washed and sanctified.”

Sanctified by God the Father,
 And by Jesus Christ His son,
 And by God the Holy Spirit,
 Holy, Holy, Three in One.

By His will He sanctifieth,
 By the Spirit’s power within;
 By the loving hand that chaseteneth,
 Fruits of righteousness to win;
 By His truth and by His promise,
 By the Word, His gift unpriced,
 By His own blood, and by union
 With the risen life of Christ.

Holiness by faith in Jesus,
 Not by effort of thine own,—
 Sin’s dominion crushed and broken
 By the power of grace alone,—
 God’s own holiness within thee,
 His own beauty on thy brow;
 This shall be thy pilgrim brightness,
 This thy blessed portion now.
 He will sanctify thee wholly;
 Body, spirit, soul shall be
 Blameless till thy Saviour’s coming
 In His glorious majesty!
 He hath perfected for ever
 Those whom He hath sanctified;
 Spotless, glorious, and holy;
 Is the Church, His chosen Bride.

THOU ART COMING

Thou art coming, O my Saviour!
 Thou art coming, O my King,
 In Thy beauty all resplendent,
 In Thy glory all transcendent;
 Well may we rejoice and sing!
 Coming! In the opening east
 Herald brightness slowly swells:
 Coming! O my Glorious Priest—
 Hear we not Thy golden bells?

Thou art coming, Thou art coming;
 We shall meet Thee on Thy way;
 We shall see Thee, we shall know Thee,
 We shall bless Thee, we shall show Thee
 All our hearts could never say;
 What an anthem that will be,
 Ringing out our love to Thee,
 Pouring out our rapture sweet
 At Thine own all glorious feet!

Thou art coming; at Thy table
 We are witnesses for this;
 While remembering hearts Thou meetest
 In communion clearest, sweetest,
 Earnest of our coming bliss—
 Showing not Thy death alone,
 And Thy love exceeding great,
 But Thy coming and Thy throne,
 All for which we long and wait.

O the joy to see Thee reigning—
 Thee, my own beloved Lord!
 Every tongue Thy name confessing,
 Worship, honour, glory, blessing,
 Brought to Thee with one accord;
 Thee, my Master and my Friend,
 Vindicated and enthroned,
 Unto earth’s remotest end
 Glorified, adored, and owned!

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

SELECTION FROM KEPT FOR THE MASTER'S USE

“Our Intellects Kept for Jesus”

“Keep my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.”

There are two distinct sets of temptation which assail those who have, or think they have, rather less, and those who have, or think they have, rather more than an average share of intellect; while those who have neither less nor more are generally open in some degree to both. The refuge and very present help from both is the same. The intellect, whether great or small, which is committed to the Lord's keeping, will be kept and will be used by Him.

The former class are tempted to think themselves excused from effort to cultivate and use their small intellectual gifts; to suppose they can not or need not seek to win souls, because they are not so clever and apt in speech as So-and-so; to attribute to want of gift what is really want of grace; to hide the one talent because it is not five. Let me throw out a thought or two for these.

Which is greatest, gifts or grace? Gifts are given “to every man according to his several ability.” That is, we have just as much given as God knows we are able to use and what He knows we can best use for Him. “But unto every one of us is given grace according to the measure of the gift of Christ.” Claiming and using that royal measure of grace, you may, and can and will do more for God than the mightiest intellect in the world without it. For which, in the clear light of His Word, is likely to be most effectual the natural ability which at its best and fullest, without Christ, “can do nothing,” (observe and believe that word!), or the grace of our Almighty God and the power of the Holy Ghost, which is as free to you as it ever was to any one?

If you are responsible for making use of your limited gift, are you not equally responsible for making use of the grace and power which are to be had for the asking, which are already yours in Christ, and which are not limited?

Also, do you not see that when there are great natural gifts, people give the credit to them, instead of to the grace which alone did the real

work, and thus God is defrauded of the glory? So that, to say it reverently, God can get more glory out of a feeble instrument, because then it is more

obvious that the excellency of the power is of God and not of us. Will you not henceforth say, “Most gladly, therefore, will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me?”

The latter class are tempted to rely on their natural gifts, and to act and speak in their own strength; to go too fast, without really looking up at every step, and for every word; to spend their Lord's time in polishing up their intellects, nominally for the sake of influence and power, and so forth, while really, down at the bottom, it is for the sake of the keen enjoyment of the process; and perhaps, most of all, to spend the strength of those intellects “for that which doth not profit,” in yielding to the spacious snare of reading clever books “on both sides,” and eating deliberately of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil.

The mere mention of these temptations should be sufficient appeal to conscience. If consecration is to be a reality anywhere, should it not be in the very thing which you own as an extra gift from God, and which is evidently closest, so to speak, to His direct action, spirit upon spirit? And if the very strength of your intellect has been your weakness, will you not entreat Him to keep it henceforth really and entirely for Himself? It is so good of Him to have given you something to lay at His feet; shall not this goodness lead you to lay it all there, and never hanker after taking back for yourself or the world? Do you not feel that in very proportion to the gift you need the special keeping of it? He may lead you by a way you know not in the matter; very likely He will show you that you must be willing to be a fool for His sake first, before He will condescend to use you much for His glory. Will you look up into His face and say, “Not willing?”

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

JOHN KEBLE

(1792-1866)

Selections from *The Christian Year***GOOD FRIDAY***He was despised and rejected of men.**Is. 53:3*

Is it not strange, the darkest hour
That ever dawn'd on sinful earth
Should touch the heart with softer power
For comfort, that an Angel's mirth?
That to the Cross the mourner's eye should turn
Sooner than where the stars of Christmas burn?

Sooner than where the Easter sun
Shines glorious on yon open grave,
And to and fro the tidings run,
"Who died to heal, is ris'n to save"?
Sooner than where upon the Saviour's friends
The very Comforter in light and love descends?

Yet so it is: for duly there
The bitter herbs of earth are set,
Till temper'd by the Saviour's prayer
And with the Saviour's life-blood wet,
They turn to sweetness, and drop holy balm,
Soft as imprison'd martyr's deathbed calm.

All turn to sweet—but most of all
That bitterest to the lip of pride,
When hopes presumptuous fade and fall,
Or Friendship scorns us, duly tried,
Or Love, the flower that closes up for fear
When rude and selfish spirits breathe too near.

Then like a long-forgotten strain
Comes sweeping o'er the heart forlorn
What sunshine hours had taught in vain
Of JESUS suffering shame and scorn,
As in all lowly hearts He suffers still,
While we triumphant ride and have the world at will.

His pierced hands in vain would hide
His face from rude reproachful gaze,
His ears are open to abide
The wildest storm the tongue can raise,
He who with one rough word, some early day,
Their idol world and them shall sweep for aye away.

But we by fancy may assuage
The festering sore by Fancy made,
Down in some lonely hermitage
Like wounded pilgrims safely laid,
Where gentlest breezes whisper souls distress'd,
That Love yet lives, and Patience shall find rest.

O! Shame beyond the bitterest thought
That evil spirit ever fram'd,
That sinners know what Jesus wrought,
Yet feel their haughty hearts untam'd—
That souls in refuge, holding by the Cross,
Should wince and fret at this world's little loss.

Lord of my heart, by Thy last cry,
Let not Thy blood on earth be spent—
Lo, at Thy feet I fainting lie,
Mine eyes upon Thy wounds are bent,
Upon Thy streaming wounds my weary eyes
Wait like the parched earth on April skies.

Wash me, and dry these bitter tears,
O let my heart no further roam,
'Tis Thine by vows, and hopes, and fears,
Long since—O call Thy wanderer home;
To that dear home, safe in Thy wounded side,
Where only broken hearts their sin and shame
may hide.

TUESDAY BEFORE EASTER

Fill high the bowl, and spice it well, and pour
The dews oblivious: for the Cross is sharp,
The Cross is sharp, and He
Is tenderer than a lamb.

He wept by Lazarus' grave—how will He bear
This bed of anguish? And His pale weak form
Is worn with many a watch
Of sorrow and unrest.

His sweat last night was as great drops of blood,
And the sad burthen press'd Him so to earth,
The very torturers paus'd
To help Him on His way.

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

Fill high the bowl, benumb His aching sense
With medicin'd sleep."—O awful in Thy woe!

The parching thirst of death
Is on Thee, and Thou triest

The slumb'rous potion bland, and wilt not drink:
Not sullen, nor in scorn, like haughty man
With suicidal hand
Putting his solace by:

But as at first Thine all-pervading look
Saw from Thy Father's bosom to th' abyss,
Measuring in calm presage
The infinite descent;

So to the end, though now of mortal pangs
Made heir, and emptied of Thy glory awhile,
With unaverted eye
Thou meetest all the storm.

Thou wilt feel all, that Thou mayst pity all
And rather wouldst Thou wrestle with strong pain,
Than overcloud Thy soul,
So clear in agony,

Or lose one glimpse of Heaven before the time.
O most entire and perfect sacrifice,
Renew'd in every pulse
That on the tedious Cross

Told the long hours of death, as, one by one,
The life-strings of that tender heart gave way;
Evens inners, taught by Thee,
Look Sorrow in the face.

And bid her freely welcome, unbeguil'd
By false kind solaces, and spells of earth:--
And yet not all unsooth'd;
For when was Joy so dear,

As the deep calm that breath'd, "Father, forgive",
Or, "Be with Me in Paradise to-day"?
And, though the strife be sore,
Yet in His parting breath

Love masters Agony; the soul that seem'd
Forsaken, feels her present God again,
And in her Father's arms
Contented dies away.

GETHSEMANE

There are who sigh that no fond heart is theirs,
None loves them best; of vain and selfish sigh!

Out of the bosom of his love he spares—
The Father spares the Son, for thee to die:
For thee he died—for thee he lives again:
O'er thee he watches in his boundless reign.

Thou art as much his care, as if beside
Nor man, no angel lived in heaven or earth
Thus sunbeams pour alike their glorious tide:
To light up worlds, or wake an insect's mirth,
They shine and shine with unexhausted store;
Thou art thy Saviour's darling—seek no more.

On thee and thine, thy warfare and thine end,
Even in his hour of agony he thought,
When, ere the final pang his soul should rend,
The ransomed spirits one by one were brought
To his mind's eye—two silent nights and days
In calmness for his far seen hour he stays.

Ye vaulted cells, where martyred seers of old
Far in the rocky walls of Zion sleep;
Green terraced and arched fountains cold,
Where lies the cypress shade so still and deep
Dear sacred haunts of glory and of woe,
Help us on hour to trace his musings high and
low:

One heart-ennobling hour! It may not be—
Th' unearthly thoughts have passed from earth
away,

And fast as evening sunbeams from the sea
Thy footsteps all in Zion's deep decay
Were blotted from the holy ground; yet dear
Is every stone of hers; for thou wast surely here.

There is a spot within this sacred dale
That felt thee kneeling—touched thy prostrate
brow;

One angel knows it. Oh might prayer avail
To win that knowledge! Sure each holy vow
Less quickly from the unstable soul would fade,
Offered where Christ in agony was laid.

Might tears of ours once mingle with the blood
That from his aching brow by moonlight fell,
Over the mournful joy our thoughts would brood,
Till they had framed within a guardian spell
To chase repining fancies, as they rise,
Like birds of evil wing, to mar our sacrifice.

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN

(1801-1890)

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT

Lead, kindly light, a-mid th' encircling gloom,
 Lead Thou me on:
 The night is dark and I am far from home;
 Lead Thou me on!
 Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
 The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
 Shouldst lead me on;
 I loved to choose and see my path; but now
 Lead Thou me on!
 I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
 Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years.

So long Thy pow'r hath blessed me, sure it still
 Will lead me on
 O'er moor and fen, O'er crag and torrent till
 The night is gone,
 And with the morn those angel faces smile
 Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

selection from sermon GOD'S WILL THE END OF LIFE

I am going to ask you a question, my dear brethren, so trite, and therefore so uninteresting at first sight, that you may wonder why I put it, and may object that it will be difficult to fix the mind on it, and may anticipate that nothing profitable can be made of it. It is this: "Why were you sent into the world?"

And now, once more, my brethren, put aside what you see and what you read of the world, and try to penetrate into the hearts, and to reach the ideas and the feelings of those who constitute it; look into them as closely as you can; enter into their houses and private rooms; strike at random through the streets and lanes: take as they come, palace and hovel, office or factory, and what will you find? Listen to their words, witness, alas! their works; you will find in the main the same lawless thoughts, the same unrestrained desires, the same ungoverned passion, the same earthly opinions, the same willful deeds, in high and low, learned and unlearned; you will find them all to

be living for the sake of living; they one and all seem to tell you, "We are our own center, our own end." Why are they toiling? Why are they scheming? For what are they living?" We live to please ourselves; life is worthless except we have our own way; we are not sent here at all, but we find ourselves here, and we are but slaves unless we can think what we will, believe what we will, love what we will, hate what we will, do what we will. We detest interference on the part of God or man. We do not bargain to be rich or to be great; but we do bargain, whether rich or poor, high or low, to live for ourselves, to live for the lust of the moment, or according to the doctrine of the hour, thinking of the future and the unseen just as much or as little as we please."

Oh, my brethren, is it not a shocking thought, but who can deny its truth? The multitude of men are living without any aim beyond this visible scene; they may from time to time use religious words, or they may profess a communion or a

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

worship, as a matter of course, or of expedience, or of duty, but if there was sincerity in such profession, the course of the world could not run as it does. What a contrast is all this to the end of life, as it is set before us in our holy faith! If there was one among the sons of men, who might allowably have taken his pleasure, and have done his own will here below, surely it was He who came down to earth from the bosom of the Father, and who was so pure and spotless in that human nature which He put on Him, that He could have no human purpose or aim inconsistent with the will of His Father. Yet He, the Son of God, the Eternal Word, came, not to do His own will, but His who sent Him, as you know very well is told us again and again the Scripture. Thus the Prophet in the Psalter, speaking in His person, says, "Lo, I come to do thy will, O God." And He says in the Prophet Isaiah, "The Lord God hath opened mine ear, and I do not resist; I have not come back." And in the gospel, when He hath come on earth, "My food is to do the will of Him that sent me, and to finish His work." Hence, too, in His agony, He cried out, "Not my will, but thine, be done;" and St. Paul, in like manner, says, that Christ pleased not Himself."

You think it the sign of a gentleman to set yourselves above religion; to criticize the religious and professors of religion; to look at Catholic and Methodist with impartial contempt; to gain a smattering of knowledge on a number of subjects; to dip into a number of frivolous publications, if they are popular; to have read the latest novel; to have heard the singer and seen the actor of the day; to be well up with the news; to know the names and, if so be, the persons of public men, to be able to bow to them; to walk up and down the street with your heads on high, and to stare at whatever meets you; and to say and do worse things, of which these outward extravagances are but the symbol. And this is what you conceive you have come upon the earth for! The Creator made you, it seems, oh, my

children, for this work and office, to be a bad imitation of polished ungodliness, to be a piece of tawdry and faded finery, or a scent which hast lost its freshness, and does not but offend the sense! O! that you could see how absurd and base are such pretenses in the eyes of any but yourselves! No calling of life but is honorable; no one is ridiculous who acts suitably to his calling and estate; no one, who has good sense and humility, but may, in any state of life, be truly well-bred and refined; but ostentation, affectation, and ambitious efforts are, in every station of life, high or low, nothing but vulgarities. Put them aside, despise them yourselves. Oh, my very dear sons, whom I love, and whom I would fain serve;--oh, that you could feel that you have souls! Oh, that before it is too late, you would betake yourselves to Him who is the source of all that is truly high and magnificent and beautiful, all that is bright and pleasant and secure what you ignorantly seek, in Him whom you so willfully, so awfully despise!

He, alone, the Son of God, "The brightness of the Eternal Light, and the spotless mirror of His Majesty," is the source of all good and all happiness to rich and poor, high and low.

The end of a thing is the test. It was our Lord's rejoicing in His last solemn hour, that He had done the work for which He was sent. "I have glorified thee on earth." He says in His prayer, "I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do; I have manifested thy name to the men whom thou hast given me out of the world." It was St. Paul's consolation also, "I have fought the good fight, I have finished the course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of justice, which the Lord shall render to me in that day, the just judge." Alas! Alas! how different will be our view of things when we come to die, or when we have passed into eternity, from the dreams and pretenses with which we beguile ourselves now!

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

(1806-1861)

“HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP.”

Psalm cxxvii.2

I

Of all the thoughts of God that are
 Borne inward into souls afar,
 Along the Psalmist’s music deep,
 Now tell me if that any is,
 For gift or grace, surpassing this:
 “He giveth his beloved – sleep”?

II

What would we give to our beloved?
 The hero’s heart to be unmoved,
 The poet’s star-tuned harp to sweep,
 The patriot’s voice to teach and rouse,
 The monarch’s crown to light the brows?
 He giveth his beloved – sleep.

III

What do we give to our beloved?
 A little faith all undisproved,
 A little dust to overweep,
 And bitter memories to make
 The whole earth blasted for our sake:
 He giveth his beloved – sleep.

IV

“Sleep soft,” beloved! We sometimes say,
 Who have no tune to charm away
 Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep;
 But never doleful dream again
 Shall break the happy slumber when
 He giveth his beloved – sleep.

V

O earth, so full of dreary noises!
 O men, with wailing in your voices!

O delved gold, the wailers heap!
 O strife, O curse, that O’er it fall!
 God strikes a silence through you all,
 And giveth his beloved – sleep.

VI

His dew drops mutely on the hill,
 His cloud above it saileth still,
 Though on its slope men sow and reap:
 More softly than the dew is shed,
 Or cloud is floated overhead,
 He giveth his beloved – sleep.

VII

Ay, men may wonder while they scan
 A living, thinking, feeling man
 Confirmed in such a rest to keep;
 But angels say, and through the word
 I think their happy smile is heard—
 “He giveth his beloved – sleep.”

VIII

For me, my heart that erst did go
 Most like a tired child at a show,
 That sees through tears the mummers leap,
 Would now its wearied vision close,
 Would childlike on his love repose
 Who giveth his beloved – sleep.

IX

And friends, dear friends, when it shall be
 That this low breath is gone from me,
 And round my bier ye come to weep,
 Let One, most loving of you all,
 Say “Not a tear must o’er her fall!
 He giveth his beloved sleep.”

THE LOOK

The Saviour looked on Peter. Ay, no word—

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

No gesture of reproach! The heavens serene
 Though heavy with armed justice, did not lean
 Their thunders that way. The forsaken Lord
 Looked only on the traitor. None record
 What that look was; none guess; for those who have seen
 Wronged lovers loving through a death-pang keen
 Or pale-cheeked martyrs smiling to a sword,
 Have missed Jehovah at the judgment-call.
 And Peter, from the height of blasphemy—
 'I never knew this man' did quail and fall,
 As knowing straight THAT GOD,--and turned free
 And went out speechless from the face of all,
 And filled the silence, weeping bitterly.

THE MEANING OF THE LOOK

I think that look of Christ might seem to say—
 'Thou Peter! Art thou then a common stone
 Which I at last must break my heart upon,
 For all God's charge to His high angels may
 Guard my foot better? Did I yesterday
 Wash thy feet, my beloved, that they should run
 Quick to deny me 'neath the morning-sun,
 And do thy kisses, like the rest, betray?
 The cock crows coldly.—Go and manifest
 A late contrition, but no bootless fear!
 For when thy final need's dreariest,
 Thou shalt not be denied, as I am here
 My voice, to God and angels, shall attest,
'Because I KNOW this man, let him be clear.'

PAST AND FUTURE

My future will not copy fair my past
 On any leaf but Heaven's. Be fully done,
 Supernal Will! I would not fain be one
 Who, satisfying thirst and breaking fast
 Upon the fullness of the heart, at last
 Says no grace after meat. My wine hath run
 Indeed out of my cup, and there is none
 To gather up the bread of my repast
 Scattered and trampled;--yet I find some good
 In earth's green herbs and springs that bubble up
 Clear from the darkling ground,--content until
 I sit with angels before better food.
 Dear Christ! When thy new vintage fills my cup,
 This hand shall shake no more, nor that wine spill.

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

COMFORT

Speak low to me, my Saviour, low and sweet
 From out the hallelujahs, sweet and low,
 Lest I should fear and fall, and miss thee so
 Who art not missed by any that entreat.
 Speak to me as to Mary at thy feet—
 And if no precious gems my hands bestow,
 Let my tears drop like amber, while I go
 In search of thy divinest voice complete
 In humanist affection—thus in sooth,
 To lose the sense of losing! As a child,
 Whose song-bird seeks the wood for evermore
 Is sung to in its stead by mother's mouth;
 Till, sinking on her breast, love reconciled,
 He sleeps the faster that he wept before.

COWPER'S GRAVE

I

It is a place where poets crowned may feel the heart's decaying,
 It is a place where happy saints may weep amid their praying:
 Yet let the grief and humbleness, as low as silence languish!
 Earth surely now may give her calm to whom she gave her anguish.

II

O poets! From a maniac's tongue was poured the deathless singing!
 O Christians! At your cross of hope, a hopeless hand was clinging!
 O men! This man in brotherhood your weary paths beguiling,
 Groaned inly while he taught you peace, and died while ye were smiling!

III

And now, what time ye all may read through dimming tears his story,
 How discord on the music fell, and darkness on the glory,
 And how when one by one, sweet sounds and wandering lights departed,
 He wore no less a loving face because so broken-hearted;

IV

He shall be strong to sanctify the poet's high vocation,
 And bow the meekest Christian down in meeker adoration;
 Nor ever shall he be, in praise, by wise or good forsaken;
 Names softly as the household name of one whom God hath taken.

VIII

But though in blindness he remained unconscious of that guiding,
 And things provided came without the sweet sense of providing,

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

He testified this solemn truth, while phrenzy desolated—
Nor man nor nature satisfy whom only God created!

IX

Like a sick child that knoweth not his mother while she blesses
And drops upon his burning brow the coolness of her kisses;
That turns his fevered eyes around—‘My mother! Where’s my mother?’—
As if such tender words and deeds could come from any other!—

X

The fever gone, with leaps of heart he sees her bending o’er him;
Her face all pale from watchful love, the unwearied love she bore him!—
Thus woke the poet from the dream his life’s long fever gave him,
Beneath those deep pathetic Eyes, which closed in death to save him!

XI

Thus? Oh, not thus! No type of earth can image that awaking,
Wherein he scarcely heard the chant of seraphs, round him breaking,
Or felt the new immortal throb of soul from body parted;
But felt those eyes alone, and knew ‘My Saviour! Not deserted!’

XII

Deserted! Who hath dreamt that when the cross in darkness rested,
Upon the Victor’s hidden face, no love was manifested?
What frantic hands outstretched have e’er the atoning drops averted,
What tears have washed them from the soul, that one should be deserted?

XIII

Deserted! God could separate from His own essence rather:
And Adam’s sins have swept between the righteous Son and Father;
Yea, once, Immanuel’s orphaned cry his universe hath shaken—
It went up single, echoless, ‘My God, I am forsaken!’

XIV

It went up from the Holy’s lips amid his lost creation,
That, of the lost, no son should use those words of desolation;
That earth’s worst phrenzies, marring hope, should mar not hope’s fruition,
And I, on Cowper’s grave, should see his rapture in a vision!

THE MEASURE

“He comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure.” – Isaiah xl.

“Thou givest them tears to drink in a measure.” – Psalm lxxx.

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

God, the Creator, with pulseless hand
Of unoriginated power, hath weighed
The dust of earth and tears of man in one
Measure and by one weight:
So saith His holy book.

Shall we, then, who have issued from the dust,
And there return—shall we, who toil for dust,
And wrap our winnings in this dusty life,
Say, 'No more tears, Lord God!
The measure runneth o'er?'

Oh, holder of the balance, laughest Thou?
Nay, Lord! Be gentler to our foolishness,
For His sake who assumed our dust and turns
On Thee pathetic eyes
Still moistened with our tears!

And teach us, O our Father, while we weep,
To look in patience upon earth and learn—
Waiting in that meek gesture, till at last
These tearful eyes be filled
With the dry dust of death!

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By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

ROBERT BROWNING

(1812-1889)

An Epistle

Containing the strange medical experience of Karshish, the Arab physician.

Karshish, the picker-up of learning's crumbs,
 The not-incurious in God's handiwork—
 This man's-flesh He hath admirably made,
 Blown like a bubble, kneaded like a paste,
 To coop up and keep down on earth a space
 That puff of vapor from His mouth, man's soul—
 To Abib, all-sagacious in our art,
 Breeder in me of what poor skill I boast,
 Like me inquisitive how pricks and cracks
 Befall the flesh through too much a stress and strain,
 Whereby the wily vapor fain would slip
 Back and rejoin its source before the term—
 And aptest in contrivance (under God)
 To baffle it by deftly stopping such—
 The vagrant Scholar to his Sage at home
 Sends greeting (health and knowledge, fame with peace)
 Three samples of true snake-stone—rarer still,
 One of the other sort, the melon-shaped
 (But fitter, pounded fine, for charms than drugs);
 And writeth now the twenty-second time.

My journeyings were brought to Jericho;
 Thus I resume, Who studious, in our art
 Shall count a little labor unrepaid?
 I have shed sweat enough, left flesh and bone
 On many a flinty furlong of this land.
 Also, the countryside is all on fire
 With rumors of a marching hitherward;
 Some say Vespasian cometh, some, his son,
 A black lynx snarled and pricked a tufted ear;
 Lust of my blood inflamed his yellow balls;
 I cried and threw my staff and he was gone.
 Twice have the robbers stripped and beaten me,
 And once a town declared me for a spy;
 But, at the end, I reach Jerusalem,
 Since this poor covert where I pass the night,
 This Bethany, lies scarce the distance thence
 A man with plague-sores at the third degree
 Runs till he drops down dead. Thou laughest here!
 'Sooth, it elates me, thus reposed and safe,
 To void the stuffing of my travel-scrip
 And share with thee whatever Jewry yields.

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

A viscid choler is observable
 In tertians, I was nearly bold to say,
 And falling-sickness hath a happier cure
 Than our school wots of; there's a spider here
 Weaves no web, watches on the ledge of tombs,
 Sprinkled with mottles on an ash-gray back;
 Take five and drop them—but who knows his mind,
 The Syrian runagate I trust this to?
 His service payeth me a sublimate
 Blown up his nose to help the ailing eye.
 Best wait; I reach Jerusalem at morn,
 There set in order my experiences,
 Gather what most deserves, and give thee all—
 Or I might add, Judea's gum-tragacanth
 Scales off in purer flakes, shines clearer-grained,
 Cracks 'twixt the pestle and porphyry—
 In fine, exceeds our produce, Scalp-disease
 Confounds me, crossing so with leprosy—
 Thou hadst admired one sort I gained at Zoar—
 But zeal outruns discretion. Here I end.

Yet stay; my Syrian blinketh gratefully,
 Protesteth his devotion is my price—
 Suppose I write what harms not, though he steal?
 I half resolve to tell thee, yet I blush,
 What set me off a-writing first of all.
 An itch I had, a sting to write, a tang!
 For, be it this town's barrenness—or else
 The Man had something in the look of him—
 His case has struck me far more than 'tis worth,
 So, pardon if—lest presently I lose
 In the great press of novelty at hand
 The care and pains this somehow stole from me—
 I bid thee take the thing while fresh in mind,
 Almost in sight—for, wilt thou have the truth?
 The very man is gone from me but now,
 Whose ailment is the subject of discourse,
 Thus then, and let thy better wit help all!

'Tis but a case of mania—subinduced
 By epilepsy, at the turning-point
 Of trance prolonged unduly some three days,
 When, by the exhibition of some drug
 Or spell, exercisation, stroke of art
 Unknown to me and which 'twere well to know,
 The evil thing outbreaking all at once
 Left the man whole and sound of body indeed—
 But, flinging, so to speak, life's gates too wide,
 Making a clear house of it too suddenly,

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

The first conceit that entered might inscribe
 Whatever it was minded on the wall
 So plainly at that vantage, as it were
 (First come, first served), that nothing subsequent
 Attaineth to erase those fancy-scrawls
 The just-returned and new-established soul
 Hath gotten now so thoroughly by heart
 That henceforth she will read of these or none.
 And first—the man's own firm conviction rests
 That he was dead (in fact, they buried him)—
 That he was dead and then restored to life
 By a Nazarene physician of his tribe—
 'Sayeth, the same bade, "Rise," and he did rise.
 "Such cases are diurnal," thou wilt cry.
 Not so this figment!—not, that such a fume,
 Instead of giving way to time and health,
 Should eat itself into the life of life,
 As saffron tingeth flesh, blood, bones, and all!
 For see, how he takes up the after-life.
 The man—it is one Lazarus, a Jew,
 Sanguine, proportioned, fifty years of age,
 The body's habit wholly laudable,
 As much, indeed, beyond the common health
 As he were made and put aside to show.
 Think, could we penetrate by any drug
 And bathe the wearied soul and worried flesh,
 And bring it clear and fair, by three days' sleep!
 Whence has the man the balm that brightens all?
 This grown man eyes the world now like a child.
 Some elders of his tribe, I should premise,
 Led in their friend, obedient as a sheep,
 To bear my inquisition. While they spoke,
 Now sharply, now with sorrow—told the case—
 He listened nor except I spoke to him,
 But folded his two hands and let them talk,
 Watching the flies that buzzed; and yet no fool.
 And that's a sample how his years must go.
 Look, if a beggar, in fixed middle-life,
 Should find a treasure, can he use the same
 With straitened habits and with tastes starved small
 And take at once to his impoverished brain
 The sudden element that changes things,
 That sets the undreamed of rapture at his hand,
 And puts the cheap old joy in the scorned dust?
 Is he not such an one as moves to mirth—
 Warily parsimonious, when no need,
 Wasteful as drunkenness at undue times?
 All prudent counsel as to what befits
 The golden mean, is lost on such an one;

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

The man's fantastic will is the man's law.
 So here—we'll call the treasure knowledge, say,
 Increased beyond the fleshly faculty—
 Heaven opened to a soul while yet on earth,
 Earth forced on a soul's use while seeing Heaven.
 The man is witless of the size, the sum,
 The value in proportion of all things,
 Or whether it be little or be much,
 Discourse to him of prodigious armaments
 Assembled to besiege his city now,
 And of the passing of a mule with gourds—
 'Tis one! Then take it on the other side,
 Speak of some trifling fact—he will gaze rapt
 With stupor at its very littleness
 (Far as I see), as if in that indeed
 He caught prodigious import, whole results;
 And so will turn to us the bystanders
 In ever the same stupor (note this point)
 That we too see not with his opened eyes.
 Wonder and doubt come wrongly into play,
 Preposterously, at cross purposes.
 Should his child sicken unto death—why, look
 For scarce abatement of his cheerfulness,
 Or pretermission of his daily craft—
 While a word, gesture, glance from that same child
 At play or in the school or laid asleep
 Will startle him to an agony of fear,
 Exasperation, just as like! Demand
 The reason why—" 'Tis but a word," object—
 "A gesture"—he regards thee as our lord
 Who lived there in the pyramid alone
 Looked at us (dost thou mind?) when, being young,
 We both would unadvisedly recite
 Some charm's beginning, from that book of his,
 Able to bid the sun throb wide and burst
 All into stars, as suns grown old are wont.
 Thou and the child have each a veil alike
 Thrown o'er your heads, from under which ye both
 Stretch your blind hands and trifle with a match
 Over a mine of Greek firs, did ye know!
 He holds on firmly to some thread of life
 (It is the life to lead perforce.)
 Which runs across some vast distracting orb
 Of glory on either side that meager thread,
 Which, conscious of, he must not enter yet—
 The spiritual life around the earthly life!
 The law of that is known to him as this—
 His heart and brain move there, his feet stay here.
 So is the man perplexed with impulses

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

Sudden to start off crosswise, not straight on,
 Proclaiming what is right and wrong across,
 And not along, this black thread through the blaze—
 “It should be” balked by “here it cannot be.”
 And oft the man’s soul springs into his face
 As if he saw again and heard again
 His sage that bade him “Rise” and he did rise.
 Something, a word, a tick o’ the blood within
 Admonishes—then back he sinks at once
 To ashes, who was very fire before,
 In sedulous recurrence to his trade
 Whereby he earneth him the daily bread;
 And studiously the humbler for that pride,
 Professedly the faultier that he knows
 God’s secret, while he holds the thread of life.
 Indeed the especial marking of the man
 Is prone submission to the heavenly will—
 Seeing it, what it is, and why it is.
 ‘Sayeth, he will wait patient to the last
 For that same death which must restore his being
 To equilibrium, body loosening soul
 Divorced even now by premature full growth;
 He will live, nay, it pleaseth him to live
 So long as God pleases, and just how God please.
 He even seeketh not to please God more
 (Which meaneth, otherwise) than as God please.
 Hence I perceive not he affects to preach
 The doctrine of his sect whate’er it be,
 Make proselytes as madmen thirst to do;
 How can he give his neighbor the real ground,
 His own conviction? Ardent as he is—
 Call his great truth a lie, why, still the old
 “Be it as God please” reassureth him.
 I probed the more as thy disciple should.
 “How, beast,” said I, “this stolid carelessness
 Sufficeth thee, when Rome is on her march
 To stamp out like a little spark thy town,
 Thy tribe, thy crazy tale and thee at once?”
 He merely looked with his large eyes on me.
 The man is apathetic, you deduce?
 Contrariwise, he loves both old and young,
 Able and weak, affects the very brutes
 And birds—how say I? flowers of the field—
 As a wise workman recognizes tools
 In a master’s workshop, loving what they make,
 Thus is the man as harmless as a lamb;
 Only impatient, let him do his best,
 At ignorance and carelessness and sin—
 An indignation which is promptly curbed—

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

As when in certain travel I have feigned
 To be an ignoramus in our art
 According to some preconceived design,
 And hopped to hear the land's practitioners,
 Steeped in conceit sublimed by ignorance,
 Prattle fantastically on disease,
 Its cause and cure—and I must hold my peace!

Thou wilt object—why have I not ere this
 Sought out the sage himself, the Nazarene
 Who wrought this cure, inquiring at the source,
 Conferring with the frankness that befits?
 Alas! it grieveth me, the learned leech
 Perished in a tumult many years ago,
 Accused—our learning's fate—of wizardry,
 Rebellion, to the setting up a rule
 And creed prodigious as described to me.
 His death, which happened when the earthquake fell
 (Prefiguring, as soon appeared, the loss
 To occult learning in our lord the sage
 Who lived there in the pyramid alone),
 Was wrought by mad people—that's their wont!
 On vain recourse, as I conjecture it,
 To his tried virtue, for miraculous help—
 How could he stop the earthquake? That's their way!
 The other imputations must be lies;
 But take one, though I loathe to give it thee,
 In mere respect for any good man's fame.
 (And after all, our patient Lazarus
 Is stark mad; should we count on what he says?
 Perhaps not; though in writing to a leech
 'Tis well to keep back nothing of a case.)
 This man so cured regards the curer, then,
 As—God forgive me—who but God himself,
 Creator and sustainer of the world,
 That came and dwelt in flesh on it awhile!—
 'Sayeth that such an one was born and lived,
 Taught, healed the sick, broke bread at his own house,
 Then died, with Lazarus by, for aught I know,
 And yet was—I said nor choose repeat,
 And must have so avouched himself, in fact,
 In hearing of this very Lazarus,
 Who saith—but why all this of what he saith?
 Why write of trivial matters, things of price
 Calling at every moment for remark?
 I noticed on the margin of a pool
 Blue-flowering borage, the Aleppo sort,
 Aboundeth, very nitrous, It is strange!

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

Thy pardon for this long and tedious case,
 Which, now that I review it, needs must seem
 Unduly dwelt on, prolixly set forth!
 Nor I myself discern in what is writ
 Good cause for the peculiar interest
 And awe indeed this man has touched me with.
 Perhaps the journey's end, the weariness
 Had wrought upon me first. I met him thus:
 I crossed a ridge of short sharp broken hills
 Like an old lion's cheek teeth. Out there came
 A moon made like a face with certain spots
 Multiform, manifold, and menacing;
 Then a wind rose behind me. So we met
 In this old sleepy town at unaware,
 The man and I. I send thee what is writ.
 Regard it as a chance, a matter risked
 To this ambiguous Syrian—he may lose,
 Or steal, or give it thee with equal good.
 Jerusalem's repose shall make amends
 For time this letter wastes, thy time and mine;
 Till when, once more thy pardon and farewell!

The very God! Think, Abib; dost thou think?
 So, the All-Great, were the All-Loving too—
 So, through the thunder comes a human voice
 Saying, "O heart I made, a heart beats here!
 Face, my hands fashioned, see it in myself!
 Thou hast no power nor mayst conceive of mine,
 But love I gave thee, with myself to love,
 And thou must love me who have died for thee!"
 The madman saith He said so; it is strange.

From Saul

XVIII

"I believe it! 'Tis thou, God, that givest, 'tis I who receive;
 In the first is the last, in thy will is my power to believe.
 All's one gift; thou canst grant it moreover, as prompt to my prayer
 As I breathe out this breath, as I open these arms to the air.
 From thy will stream the worlds, life and nature, thy dread Sabaoth;
 I will?—the mere atoms despise me! Why am I not loath
 To look that, even that, in the face too? Why is it I dare
 Think but lightly of such impuissance? What stops my despair?
 This—'tis not what man Does which exalts him, but what man Would do!
 See the King—I would help him but cannot—the wishes fall through.
 Could I wrestle to raise him from sorrow, grow poor to enrich,
 To fill up his life, starve my own out, I would—knowing which,
 I know that my service is perfect. Oh, speak through me now!

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

Would I suffer for him that I love? So wouldst thou—so wilt thou!
So shall crown thee the topmost, ineffablest, uttermost crown—
And thy love fill infinitude wholly, nor leave up nor down
One spot for the creature to stand in! It is by no breath,
Turn of eye, wave of hand, that salvation joins issue with death!
As thy Love is discovered almighty, almighty be proved
Thy power, that exists with and for it, of being Beloved!
He who did most, shall bear most; the strongest shall stand the most weak.
'Tis the weakness in strength that I cry for! My flesh that I seek
In the Godhead! I seek and I find it. O Saul, it shall be
A Face like my face that receives thee; a Man like to me,
Thou shalt love and be loved by, forever; a Hand like this hand
Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee! See the Christ stand!"

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By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

CHRISTINA ROSETTI

1830-1894

A Christmas Carol

In the bleak mid-winter
Frosty wind made moan,
Earth stood hard as iron,
Water like a stone;
Snow had fallen, snow on snow,
Snow on snow,
In the bleak mid-winter
Long ago.

Our God, Heaven cannot hold Him,
Nor earth sustain;
Heaven and earth shall flee away
When He comes to reign:
In the bleak mid-winter
A stable-place sufficed
The Lord God Almighty
Jesus Christ.

Enough for Him whom cherubim
Worship night and day.
A breastful of milk
And a mangerful of hay;
Enough for Him whom angels
Fall down before,
The ox and ass and camel
Which adore.

Angels and archangels
May have gathered there,
Cherubim and seraphim
Throng'd the air.
But only His mother
In her maiden bliss
Worshipped the Beloved
With a kiss.

What can I give Him,
Poor as I am?
If I were a shepherd
I would bring a lamb,
If I were a wise man
I would do my part,--
Yet what I can I give Him,
Give my heart.

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

The Three Enemies

The Flesh

“Sweet, thou art pale.”

“More pale to see,
Christ hung upon the cruel tree
And bore His Father’s wrath for me.”

“Sweet, thou art sad.”

“Beneath a rod
More Heavy, Christ for my sake trod
The winepress of the wrath of God.”

“Sweet, thou art weary.”

“Not so Christ:
Whose mighty love of me sufficed
For strength, Salvation, Eucharist.”

“Sweet, thou art footsore.”

“If I bled,
His feet have bled; yea in my need.
His Heart once bled for mine indeed.”

The World

“Sweet, thou art young.”

“So He was young
Who for my sake in silence hung
Upon the Cross with Passion wrung.”

“Look, thou art fair.”

“He was more fair
Than men, Who deigned for me to wear
A visage marred beyond compare.”

“And thou hast riches.”

“Daily bread:
All else is His: Who, living, dead,
For me lacked where to lay His Head.”

“And life is sweet.”

“It was not so
To Him, Whose cup did overflow
With mine unutterable woe.”

The Devil

“Thou drinkest deep.”

“When Christ would sup
He drained the dregs from out my cup:
So how should I be lifted up?”

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

“Thou shalt win Glory.”

“In the skies,

Lord Jesus, cover up mine eyes
Lest they should look on vanities.”

“Thou shalt have Knowledge.”

“Helpless dust!

In thee, O Lord, I put my trust:
Answer Thou for me, Wise and Just.”

“And Might.”—

“Get thee behind me.

Who hast redeemed and not abhorred
My soul, oh keep it by Thy Word.”

A Better Resurrection

I have no wit, no words, no tears;
My heart within me like a stone
Is numbed too much for hopes or fears
Look right, look left, I dwell alone;
I lift mine eyes, but dimmed with grief
No everlasting hills I see;
My life is in the falling leaf:
O Jesus, quicken me.

My life is like a faded leaf,
My harvest dwindled to a husk:
Truly my life is void and brief
And tedious in the barren dusk;
My life is like a frozen thing,
No bud nor greenness can I see:
Yet rise it shall—the sap of Spring;
O Jesus, rise in me.

My life is like a broken bowl,
A broken bowl that cannot hold
One drop of water for my soul
Or cordial in the searching cold;
Cast in the fire the perished thing;
Melt and remould it, till it be
A royal cup for Him, my King:
O Jesus, drink of me.

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

If Only

If only I might love my God and die
 But now He bids me love Him and live on,
 Now when the bloom of all my life is gone,
 The pleasant half of life has quite gone by.
 My tree of hope is lopped that spread so high;
 And I forget how summer glowed and shone,
 While autumn grips me with its fingers wan
 And frets me with its fitful windy sigh.
 When autumn passes then must winter numb,
 And winter may not pass a weary while,
 But when it passes spring shall flower again
 And in that spring who weepeth now shall smile,
 Yea, they shall wax who now are on the wane;
 Yea, they shall sing for love when Christ shall come.

Weary in Well-Doing

I would have gone; God bade me stay:
 Lord, I would have worked; God bade me rest
 He broke my will from day to day,
 He read my yearnings unexpressed
 And said them nay.

Now I would stay; God bids me go:
 Now I would rest; God bids me work.
 He breaks my heart tossed to and fro,
 My soul is wrung with doubts that lurk
 And vex it so.

I go, Lord, where Thou sendest me;
 Day after day I plod and moil;
 But Christ, my God, when will it be
 That I may let alone my toil
 And rest with Thee?

"Take Care of Him"

"Thou whom I love, for whom I died,
 Lovest thou Me, My bride?"—
 Low on my knees I love Thee, Lord,
 Believed in and adored.

"That I love thee the proof is plain:
 How dost thou love again?"—
 In prayer, in toil, in earthly loss,
 In a long-carried cross.

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

“Yea, thou dost love: yet one adept
Brings more for Me to accept.”—
I mould my will to match with Thine,
My wishes I resign.

“Thou givest much: then give the whole
For solace of My soul.”—
More would I give, if I could get:
But, Lord, what lack I yet?

“In Me thou lovest Me: I call
Thee to love Me in all.”—
Brim full my heart, dear Lord, that so
My love may overflow.

“Love Me in sinners and in saints.
In each who needs or faints.”—
Lord, I will love Thee as I can
In every brother man.

“All sore, all crippled, all who ache,
Tend all for My dear sake.”—
All for Thy sake, Lord: I will see
In every sufferer Thee.

“So I at last, upon My Throne
Of glory, Judge alone,
So I at last will say to thee:
Thou diddest it to Me.”

Sonnet No. 5

Lord, Thou Thyself art Love and only Thou;
Yet I who am not love would fain love Thee;
But Thou alone being Love canst furnish me
With that same love my heart is craving now.
Allow my plea! For if Thou disallow,
No second fountain can I find but Thee;
No second hope or help is left to me.
No second anything, but only Thou.
O Love accept, according my request:
O Love exhaust, fulfilling my desire:
Uphold me with the strength that cannot tire,
Nerve me to labour till Thou bid me rest,
Kindle my fire from Thine unkindled fire,
And charm the willing heart from out my breast.

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

Sonnet No. 8

We feel and see with different hearts and eyes:--
 Ah Christ, if all our hearts could meet in Thee
 How well it were for them and well for me,
 Our hearts Thy dear accepted sacrifice.
 Thou, only Life of hearts and Light of eyes,
 Our life, our light, if once we turn to Thee.
 So be it, O Lord, to them and so to me;
 Be all alike Thine own dear sacrifice.
 Thou Who by death hast ransomed us from death,
 Thyself God's sole well-pleasing Sacrifice,
 Thine only sacred Self I plead with Thee:
 Make Thou it well for them and well for me
 That Thou hast given us souls and wills and breath,
 And hearts to love Thee, and to see Thine eyes.

Sonnet No. 11

Lifelong our stumbles, lifelong our regret,
 Lifelong our efforts failing and renewed,
 While lifelong is our witness, "God is good."
 Who bore with us till now, bears with us yet,
 Who still remembers and will not forget,
 Who gives us light and warmth and daily food;
 And gracious promises half understood,
 And glories half unveiled, whereon to set
 Our heart of hearts and eye of our desire;
 Uplifting us to longing and to love,
 Luring us upward from this world of mire,
 Urging us to press on and mount above
 Ourselves and all we have had experience of,
 Mounting to Him in love's perpetual fire.

Consider

Consider

The lilies of the field whose bloom is (brief)
 We are as they;
 Like them we fade away,
 As doth a leaf.

Consider

The sparrows of the air of small account:
 Our God doth view
 Whether they fall or mount,--
 He guards us too.

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

Consider

The lilies that do neither spin nor toil,
Yet are most fair:--
What profits all this care
And all this coil?

Consider

The birds that have no barn nor harvest-weeks;
God gives them food:--
Much more our Father seeks
To do us good.

“For Thine Own Sake, O my God”

Wearied of sinning, wearied of repentance,
Wearied of self, I turn, my God, to Thee;
To Thee, my Judge, on Whose all-righteous sentence
Hangs mine eternity:
I turn to Thee, I plead Thyself with Thee,
Be pitiful to me.

Wearied I loathe myself, I loathe my sinning,
My stains, my festering sores, my misery:
Thou the Beginning, Thou ere my beginning
Didst see and didst foresee
Me miserable, me sinful, ruined me,--
I plead Thyself with Thee.

I plead Thyself with Thee Who art my Maker,
Regard Thy handiwork that cries to Thee;
I plead Thyself with Thee Who wast partaker
Of mine infirmity,
Love made Thee what Thou art, the love of me,--
I plead Thyself with Thee.

Good Friday

Am I a stone, and not a sheep,
That I can stand, O Christ, beneath Thy cross,
To number drop by drop Thy Blood's slow loss,
And yet not weep?

Not so those women loved
Who with exceeding grief lamented Thee;
Not so fallen Peter weeping bitterly;
Not so the thief was moved;

Not so the Sun and Moon
Which hid their faces in a starless sky,
A horror of great darkness at broad noon—
I, only I.

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

Yet give not o'er,
But seek Thy sheep, true Shepherd of the flock;
Greater than Moses, turn and look once more
And smite a rock.

"Behold the Man!"

Shall Christ hang on the Cross, and we not look?
Heaven, earth and hell stood gazing at the first,
While Christ for long-cursed man was counted cursed;
Christ, God and Man, Whom God the Father strook
Cry shame upon our bodies we have nursed
In sweets, our souls in pride, our spirits immersed
In willfulness, our steps run all acrook.
Cry shame upon us! For He bore our shame
In agony, and we look on at ease
With neither hearts on flame nor cheeks on flame:
What hast thou, what have I, to do with peace?
Not to send peace but send a sword He came,
And fire and fasts and tearful night-watches.

"It Is Finished"

Dear Lord, let me recount to Thee
Some of the great things Thou hast done
For me, even me
Thy little one.

It was not I that cared for Thee,--
But Thou didst set Thy heart upon
Me, even me
Thy little one.

And therefore was it sweet to Thee
To leave Thy Majesty and Throne,
And grow like me
A Little One,

A swaddled Baby on the knee
Of a dear Mother of Thine own,
Quite weak like me
Thy little one.

Thou didst assume my misery,
And reap the harvest I had sown,
Comforting me
Thy little one.

Jerusalem and Galilee,--
Thy love embraced not those alone,
But also me
Thy little one.

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

Thy unblemished Body on the Tree
 Was bared and broken to atone
 For me, for me
 Thy little one.

Thou lovedst me upon the Tree,--
 Still me, hid by the ponderous stone,--
 Me always,--me
 Thy little one.

And love of me went up with Thee
 To sit upon Thy Father's Throne:
 Thou lovest me
 Thy little one.

Lord, as Thou me, so would I Thee
 Love in pure love's communion,
 For Thou lov'st me
 Thy little one:

Which love of me bring back with Thee
 To Judgment when the Trump is blown.
 Still loving me
 Thy little one.

The Descent from the Cross

Is this the Face that thrills with awe
 Seraphs who veil their face above?
 Is this the Face without a flaw,
 The Face that is the Face of Love?
 Yea, this defaced, a lifeless clod,
 Hath all creation's love sufficed,
 Hath satisfied the love of God,
 This Face the Face of Jesus Christ.

After Communion

Why should I call Thee Lord, Who art my God?
 Why should I call Thee Friend, Who art my Love?
 Or King, Who art my very Spouse above?
 Or call Thy Sceptre on my heart Thy rod?
 Lo, now Thy banner over me is love.
 All heaven flies open to me at Thy nod:
 For Thou hast lit Thy flame in me a clod,
 Made me a nest for dwelling of Thy Dove.
 What wilt Thou call me in our home above,
 Who now hast called me friend? How will it be
 When Thou for good wine settest forth the best?
 How Thou dost bid me come and sup with Thee,
 Now Thou dost make me lean upon Thy breast:
 How will it be with me in time of love?

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

Dost Thou not Care?

I love and love not: Lord, it breaks my heart
To love and not to love.

Thou veiled within Thy glory, gone apart
Into Thy shrine, which is above,
Dost thou not love me, Lord, or care
For this mine ill?—

I love thee here or there,

I will accept thy broken heart, lie still.

Lord, it was well with me in time gone by
That cometh not again,

When I was fresh and cheerful, who but I?
I fresh, I cheerful: worn with pain
How, out of sight and out of heart;

O Lord, how long?—

I watch thee as thou art,

I will accept thy fainting heart, be strong.

“Lie still,” “be strong,” to-day; but, Lord, to-morrow
What of to-morrow, Lord?

Shall there be rest from toil, be truce from sorrow,
Be living green upon the sword
Now but a barren grave to me,
Be joy for sorrow?—

Did I not die for thee?

Do I not live for thee? Leave Me to-morrow.

Why?

Lord, if I love Thee and Thou lovest me,
Why need I any more these toilsome days:
Why should I not run singing up Thy ways
Straight into heaven, to rest myself with Thee?
What need remains of death-pang yet to be,
If all my soul is quickened in Thy praise;
If all my heart loves Thee, what need the amaze,
Struggle and dimness of an agony?—
Bride whom I love, if thou too lovest Me,
Thou needs must choose My likeness for thy dower:
So wilt thou toil in patience and abide
Hungering and thirsting for that blessed hour
When I My Likeness shall behold in thee,
And thou therein shalt waken satisfied

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

'None other Lamb'

None other Lamb, none other Name,
None other Hope in heaven or earth or sea,
None other Hiding-place from guilt and (shame)
None beside Thee.

My faith burns low, my hope burns low
Only my heart's desire cries out in me
By the deep thunder of its want and woe
Cries out to Thee.

Lord, Thou art Life tho' I be dead,
Love's Fire Thou art, however cold I be:
Nor heaven have I, nor place to lay my head,
Nor home, but Thee.

Who Shall Deliver Me?

God strengthen me to hear myself,
That heaviest weight of all to bear,
Inalienable weight of care.

All others are outside myself;
I lock my door and bar them out,
The turmoil, tedium, gad-about.

I lock my door upon myself,
And bar them out; but who shall wall
Self from myself, most loathed of all?

If I could once lay down myself,
And start self-purged upon the race
That all must run! Death runs apace.

If I could set aside myself,
And start with lightened heart upon
The road by all men overgone!

God harden me against myself,
This coward with pathetic voice
Who craves for peace, and rest, and joys:

Myself, arch-traitor to myself;
My hollowest friend, my deadliest foe,
My clog whatever road I go.

Yet One there is can curb myself,
Can roll the strangling load from me,
Break off the yoke and set me free.

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

“When My Heart is Vexed, I will Complain”

“O Lord, how canst Thou say Thou lovest me,
Me whom thou settest in a barren land,
Hungry and thirsty on the burning sand,
Hungry and thirsty where no waters be
Nor shadows of date-bearing tree:--
O Lord, how canst Thou say Thou lovest me?”

“I came from Edom by as parched a track,
As rough a track beneath My bleeding feet,
I came from Edom seeking thee, and sweet
I counted bitterness; I turned not back
But counted life as death, and trod
The winepress all alone: and I am God.”

“Yet, Lord, how canst Thou say Thou lovest me
For Thou art strong to comfort; and could I
But comfort one I love, who, like to die,
Lifts feeble hands and eyes that fail to see
In one last prayer for comfort—nay,
I could not stand aside or turn away.”

“Alas! thou knowest that for thee I died,
For thee I thirsted with the dying thirst;
I, Blessed, for thy sake was counted cursed
In sight of men and angels crucified:
All this and more I bore to prove
My love, and wilt thou yet mistrust My love?”

“Lord, I am fain to think Thou lovest me,
For Thou art all in all and I am Thine,
And lo! Thy love is better than new wine,
And I am sick of love in loving Thee,
But dost Thou love me? Speak and save,
For jealousy is cruel as the grave.”

“Nay, if thy love is not an empty breath
My love is as thine own, deep answers deep,
Peace, peace: I give to my beloved sleep
Not death but sleep, for love is strong as death;
Take patience; sweet thy sleep shall be,
Yea, thou shalt wake in Paradise with Me.”

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

“A Bruised Reed Shall He not Break”

I will accept thy will to do and be,
 Thy hatred and intolerance of sin,
 Thy will at least to love, that burns within
 And thirsteth after me:
 So will I render fruitful, blessing still
 The germs and small beginning in thy heart,
 Because thy will cleaves to the better part,
 Alas, I cannot will.

Dost thou not will, poor soul? Yet I receive
 The inner unseen longings of the soul,
 I guide them turning towards Me; I control
 And charm hearts till they grieve:
 If thou desire, it yet shall come to pass
 Though thou but wish indeed to choose My love;
 For I have power in earth and heaven above
 I cannot wish, alas!

What, neither choose nor wish to choose? And yet
 I still must strive to win thee and constrain
 For thee I hung upon the cross in pain,
 How then can I forget?
 If thou as yet dost neither love, nor hate,
 Nor choose, nor wish,--resign thyself, be still
 Till I infuse love, hatred, longing, will,
 I do not deprecate.

Advent

This Advent moon shines cold and clear,
 These Advent nights are long;
 Our lamps have burned year after year
 And still their flame is strong.
 “Watchman, what of the night?” we cry,
 Heart-sick with hope deferred:
 “No speaking signs are in the sky,”
 Is still the watchman’s word.

The Porter watches at the gate,
 The servants watch within;
 The watch is long betimes and late,
 The prize is slow to win.
 “Watchman, what of the night?” but still
 His answer sounds the same;
 “No daybreak tops the utmost hill,
 Nor pale our lamps of flame.”

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

One to another hear them speak
 The patient virgins wise;
 “Surely He is not far to seek”—
 “All night we watch and rise.”
 “The days are evil looking back,
 The coming days are dim;
 Yet count we not His promise slack
 But watch and wait for Him.”

One with another, soul with soul,
 They kindle fire from fire:
 “Friends watch us who have touched the goal.”
 “They urge us, come up higher.”
 “With them shall rest our waysore feet,
 With them is built our home,
 With Christ.”—“They sweet, but He most sweet,
 Sweeter than honeycomb.”

There no more parting, no more pain,
 The distant ones brought near,
 The lost so long are found again,
 Long lost but longer dear:
 Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard,
 Nor heart conceived that rest,
 With them our good things long deferred,
 With Jesus Christ our Best.

We weep because the night is long,
 We laugh for day shall rise,
 We sing a slow contented song
 And knock at Paradise.
 Weeping we hold Him fast, Who wept
 For us, we hold Him fast;
 And will not let Him go except
 He bless us first or last.

Weeping we hold Him fast to-night;
 We will not let Him go
 Till daybreak smite our wearied sight
 And summer smite the snow:
 Then figs shall bud, and dove with dove
 Shall coo the livelong day;
 Then He shall say, “Arise, My love,
 My fair one, come away.”

Selections from Called to Be Saints

How beautiful are the arms which have embraced Christ, the hands which have touched Christ, the eyes which have gazed upon Christ, the lips which have spoken with Christ, the feet which have followed Christ. How beautiful are the hands which have worked the works of Christ, the feet which treading in His footsteps have gone about doing good, the lips which have spread abroad His Name, the lives which have been counted loss for Him. How beautiful upon the mountains were the feet of them who brought glad

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

tidings and published peace, saying unto Zion "Thy God reigneth:" how beautiful was the wisdom of those unlearned and ignorant men, whose very opponents felt that they had been with Jesus.

I know that He Who is full of grace cannot but show forth every grace when reflected in a faithful mirror, even though it be one from which many flaws have had to be abolished.

Prayer

Grant us grace, O Lord, to tread in those footsteps whereby he followed Christ: walking humbly with our appointed guides, obeying the voice of our Divine call, forsaking love for Love: grant us grace by teaching if Thou bid us teach, by prayer, by example, to help our brethren to know and love the Saviour Whom we love; yea, crowning grace by grace, strengthen us to give thanks whom our brother excels ourself: that so when the many mansions of Thy house shall be filled, and the guests shall sit in order at the Lamb's Marriage Feast, and star shall differ from star in glory, we all may rejoice together, and may be unto Thee a sweet savour and an offering of righteousness.

Give us grace to adore Thy goodness which provideth for us better things than the things of sense, and openeth to us a more excellent way than the way of sight: that following in the steps of this Thy saint, we may like him be ready to die with Christ, and may at length inherit a blessing with all who, whether seeing or not seeing, yet have believed and loved.

On this day the mother of the great King brought the burnt offering of the poor, the virgin mother of the Sinless Firstborn submitted to ceremonial purification. On this day, for a few shekels, He was redeemed Whose life-blood paid our costlier ransom; and embraced in aged arms, Who made the round world and them that dwell therein; and recognized by Simeon whom He would shortly comfort in the valley of the shadow of death; and hailed by Anna, whose fastings and prayers He that instant paid and overpaid. On this day the Second Adam did homage, the better Abel cried from the ground on behalf of His brother, the true Isaac was pledged to be sacrificed and not spared, the Avenger of Blood gained on him who was a murderer from the beginning, the swifter David hastened and ran to meet the Philistine, the Greater Solomon chose for His portion the good of His people, the Lamb of God drew nigh to the altar.

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By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

HENRY ALFORD

(1810-1871)

Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand

Ten thousand times ten thousand,
 In sparkling raiment bright,
 The armies of the ransomed saints
 Throng up the steeps of light:
 'Tis finished, all is finished,
 Their fight with death and sin:
 Fling open wide the golden gates,
 And let the victors in.

What rush of alleluias
 Fills all the earth and sky!
 What ringing of a thousand harps
 Bespeaks the triumph night!
 O day, for which creation
 And all its tribes were made!
 O joy, for all its former woes,
 A thousand fold repaid!

Oh, then what raptured greetings
 On Canaan's happy shore,
 What knitting severed friendships up,
 Where partings are no more!
 Then eyes with joy shall sparkle,
 That brimmed with tears of late,
 Orphans no longer fatherless,
 Nor widows desolate.

Bring near Thy great salvation,
 Thou Lamb for sinners slain;
 Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
 Then take Thy power, and reign;
 Appear, Desire of nations—
 Thine exiles long for home—
 Show in the heaven Thy promised sign,
 Thou Prince and Saviour, come!

Come ye Thankful People, Come

Come, ye thankful people, come,
 Raise the song of Harvest-home:
 All is safely gathered in,
 Ere the winter storms begin;
 God, our Maker, doth provide
 For our wants to be supplied;

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-home.

All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown;
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Lord of Harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take His harvest home;
From His field shall in that day
All offences purge away;
Give His angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast;
But the fruitful ears to store
In His garner evermore.

Even so, Lord, quickly come
To Thy final harvest-home;
Gather Thou Thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There, forever purified,
In Thy presence to abide:
Come, with all Thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious Harvest-home.

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

HORATIUS BONAR

(1808-1889)

I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "Come unto Me, and rest;
 Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
 Thy head upon My breast."
 I came to Jesus as I was—
 Weary, and worn, and sad;
 I found in Him a resting-place,
 And He has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "Behold, I freely give
 The living water: thirsty one,
 Stoop down, and drink, and live."
 I came to Jesus, and I drank
 Of that life-giving stream;
 My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
 And now I live in Him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "I am this dark world's Light;
 Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
 And all thy day be bright."
 I looked to Jesus, and I found
 In Him my Star, my Sun;
 And in that Light of life I'll walk
 Till traveling days are done.

I Lay my Sins on Jesus

I lay my sins on Jesus,
 The spotless Lamb of God;
 He bears them all and frees us
 From the accursed load:
 I bring my guilt to Jesus,
 To wash my crimson stains
 White in His blood most precious,
 Till not a stain remains.

I lay my wants on Jesus;
 All fullness dwells in Him;
 He heals all my diseases,
 He doth my soul redeem:
 I lay my griefs on Jesus,
 My burdens and my cares;

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

He from them all releases,
He all my sorrow shares.

I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline:
I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord,
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is poured.

I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child:
I long to be with Jesus
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints His praises,
To learn the angels' song.

Thy Way, Not Mine, O Lord

Thy way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be;
Lead me by Thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.

Smooth let it be, or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to Thy rest.

I dare not choose my lot;
I would not if I might;
Choose Thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill.

Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.

Not mine, not mine the choice,

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

In things or great or small;
Be Thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom and my all!

Go, Labor on

Go, labor on; spend and be spent,
Thy joy to do the Father's will;
It is the way the Master went,
Should not the servant tread it still?

Go, labor on while it is day;
The worlds' dark night is hastening on;
Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away,
It is not thus that souls are won.

Toil on, faint not, keep watch and pray,
Be wise the erring soul to win:
Go forth into the world's highway,
Compel the wanderer to come in.

Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile, home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal, Behold, I come.

Selections from Morning of Joy

"The Morning-Star"

It was "very early in the morning," while "it was yet dark," that Jesus rose from the dead. Not the sun, but only the morning-star, shone upon his opening tomb. The shadows had not fled, the citizens of Jerusalem had not awoke. It was still night—the hour of sleep and of darkness, when he arose. Nor did his rising break the slumbers of the city.

So it shall be "very early in the morning," when "it is yet dark," and when nought but the morning-star is shining, that Christ's body, the church, shall arise. Like him, his saints shall awake when the children of the night and darkness are still sleeping their sleep of death. In their arising they disturb no one. The world hears not the voice that summons them, or if it hears, shall only say, "It thunders," as did the unbelieving Jews when the Father's voice responded to the prayer of Jesus. (John xii.29.) As Jesus laid them quietly to rest, each in his own still tomb, like children in the arms of their mother; so, as quietly, as gently, shall he awake them when the hour arrives.

He is the Morning-star. "I am the root and offspring of David, the bright and morning-star." (Rev. xxii.16) And this name is given to him not only because of the glory of his person and the brightness of his appearing, but because of the time when he is to appear.

The first act, at his appearing, when he comes in glory,—the first indication of his arrival, while yet aloft "in the air," is likened to the shining of the morning-star. Afterwards he shall come forth as "the Sun of righteousness," filling the whole earth with his brightness, and shadowing the nations with his healing wings (Mal. Iv.2); but at first he shows himself as the Morning-star,—big with the hope of day, yet not the

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

day; brighter than other stars and eclipsing all of them, yet not the Day-star; forerunner of the sun; forteller of the dawn, yet not the dawn.*

Hence his promise to the conqueror is, "I will give him the morning-star" (Rev. ii.28); that is, I will give myself to him as the morning-star; I will show myself to him as such; I will confer on him this pre-eminence, this special blessedness.

* "Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn:
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime."

Paradise Lost.

Book V.

"The Morning"

"The watchman said, The morning cometh" (Isa. xxi.12); and though, while making this answer, he forewarns us of night, he also assures us of morning. There is a morning, says he, therefore do not give way to faintness of spirit; but there is a night between, therefore take warning: that you may not be surprised nor dismayed, as if the promise were broken, or some strange thing allowed to befall you.

There may be delay, he intimates, before the morning,--a dark delay, for which we should be prepared. During this he calls to watchfulness: for the length of the night is hidden, the time of day-break is left uncertain. We must be on the outlook, with our eyes fixed on the eastern hills. We have nothing wherewith to measure the hours, save the sorrows of the church and the failing of hearts.

During this delay the watchman encourages us to "inquire," to "return," to "come." He expects us to ask "how long," and say, "When will the night be done?" He takes for granted that such will be the proceeding of men who really long for morning. To the hills of Seir they will again and again return, to learn from the watchman what is the promise of day. For no familiarity with the night can ever reconcile them to its darkness, or make morning less desirable and welcome.

It is right for us to desire the morning, to hope for it, to weary for it, to inquire as to the signs of it hour after hour. God has set this joy before us, and it were strange indeed if, when compassed about with so many sorrows, we could forget it, or be heedless as to its arrival. For the coming of the morning is the coming of Him whom we long to see. It is the coming of Him "who turneth the shadow of death into the morning." (Amos v.8.) It is the return of Him whose absence has been night, and whose presence will be day. It is the return of Him who is the resurrection and the life, and who brings resurrection with him; the return of Him who is creation's Lord, and who brings with Him deliverance to creation; the return of Him who is the church's Head, and who brings with Him triumph and gladness to his church.

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

MRS. C. J. BONAR**Fade, Fade Each Earthly Joy**

Fade, fade, each earthly joy,
Jesus is mine!
Break every tender tie,
Jesus is mine!
Dark is the wilderness,
Earth has no resting-place,
Jesus alone can bless;
Jesus is mine!

Tempt not my soul away,
Jesus is mine!
Here would I ever stay,
Jesus is mine!
Perishing things of clay,
Born but for one brief day
Pass from my heart away!
Jesus is mine!

Farewell, ye dreams of night,
Jesus is mine!
Lost in this dawning light,
Jesus is mine!
All that my soul has tried
Left but a dismal void;
Jesus has satisfied,
Jesus is mine!

Farewell, mortality,
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, eternity,
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, O loved and blest!
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest!
Welcome, my Saviour's breast!
Jesus is mine!

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

(1811-1896)

Still, Still with Thee

Still, still with Thee, when purple morning breaketh,
 When the bird waketh, and the shadows flee;
 Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight.
 Dawns the sweet consciousness, I AM WITH THEE!

Alone with Thee, amid the mystic shadows,
 The solemn hush of nature newly born;
 Alone with Thee in breathless adoration,
 In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

As in the dawning o'er the waveless ocean
 The image of the morning star doth rest,
 So in this stillness Thou beholdest only
 Thine image in the waters of my breast.

Still, still with Thee! As to each newborn morning
 A fresh and solemn splendor still is given,
 So doth this blessed consciousness, awaking,
 Breathe, each day, nearness unto Thee and heaven.

When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
 Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer;
 Sweet the repose beneath the wings o'ershading,
 But sweeter still to wake, and find Thee there.

So shall it be at last, in that bright morning
 When the soul waketh and life's shadows flee;
 O, in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
 Shall rise the glorious thought, I AM WITH THEE!

That Mystic Word of Thine

That mystic word of Thine, O sovereign Lord,
 Is all too pure, too high, too deep for me;
 Weary of striving, and with longing faint,
 I breathe it back again in prayer to Thee.

Abide in me, I pray, and I in Thee!
 From this good hour, O, leave me nevermore!
 Then shall the discord cease, the wound be healed,
 The life-long bleeding of the soul be o'er.

Abide in me; o'ershadow by Thy love
 Each half-formed purpose and dark thought of sin;

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

Quench, e'er it rise, each selfish, low desire,
And keep my soul as Thine, calm and divine.

As some rare perfume in a vase of clay
Pervades it with a fragrance not its own,
So, when Thou dwellest in a mortal soul,
All heaven's own sweetness seems around it thrown.

Abide in me: there have been moments blest,
When I have heard Thy voice and felt Thy power;
Then evil lost its grasp; and passion, hushed,
Owned the divine enchantment of the hour.

These were but seasons, beautiful and rare;
Abide in me, and they shall ever be;
Fulfil at once Thy precept and my prayer,
Come, and abide in me, and I in Thee.

When Winds Are Raging

When winds are raging o'er the upper ocean,
And billows wild contend with angry roar,
'Tis said, far down beneath the wild commotion,
That peaceful stillness reigneth evermore.

Far, far beneath, the noise of tempest dieth,
And silver waves chime ever peacefully;
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
Disturbs the Sabbath of that deeper sea.

So to the heart that knows Thy love, O Purest!
There is a temple sacred evermore,
And all the babble of life's angry voices
Dies in hushed stillness at its sacred door.

Far, far away, the roar of passion dieth,
And loving thoughts rise calm and peacefully;
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
Disturbs that deeper rest, O Lord! In Thee.

O Rest of rests! O Peace serene, eternal!
Thou ever livest, and Thou changest never;
And in the secret of Thy presence dwelleth
Fullness of joy, for ever and for ever.

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

PHILLIPS BROOKS

(1835-1893)

O Little Town of Bethlehem

O little town of Bethlehem,
 How still we see thee lie!
 Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
 The silent stars go by;
 Yet in thy dark streets shineth
 The Everlasting Light;
 The hopes and fears of all the years
 Are met in thee tonight.

For Christ is born of Mary;
 And, gathered all above,
 While mortals sleep, the angels keep
 Their watch of wondering love.
 O morning stars, together
 Proclaim the holy birth:
 And praises sing to God the King,
 And peace to men on earth.

How silently, how silently,
 The wondrous gift is given!
 So God imparts to human hearts
 The blessings of His heaven.
 No ear may hear His coming,
 But in this world of sin,
 Where meek souls will receive him still,
 The dear Christ enters in.

O holy Child of Bethlehem!
 Descend to us, we pray;
 Cast out our sin, and enter in,
 Be born in us today.
 We hear the Christmas angels
 The great glad tidings tell;
 O come to us, abide with us,
 Our Lord, Immanuel.

From Sermon The Light of the World

His Silence

He answered not a word. – St. Matthew xv: 23.

Turn to the record of one of the silences of Him whose silences must have been most significant because of the richness of His nature and the deep importance of all His relations to mankind. One day a

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Canaanitish woman came running after Jesus with the cry, "O Lord, thou Son of David, my daughter is grievously vexed with a devil!" We hear the sharp agony pierce the keen, trembling air. The poor woman's whole soul is in her words. She cries to Him in whom alone seems any chance of help; then, almost frightened with her cry, she pauses. The thing is done. Her heart has told its story. The face of Christ has touched and stirred her misery into self-consciousness, and out of the cloud this lightning of her cry has flashed. The thing is done, and she waits tremblingly for the result. Can we not almost hear her heart beat as she listens? What will He say? And then see what does happen. "He answers her not a word." Bowed down before Him there, waiting to hear whether He was blaming her or blessing her, think of the dismay with which her world must have been filled as slowly the moments passed by and she became aware that He was doing neither. The sense of His silence standing over her, how bewildering, how terrible, how worse than any blame it must have been! But, behold! I think that I can see her slowly lift her eyes. She cannot bear this suspense. She must look this awful silence in the face. Her eyes find out the face of Christ, and then she feels Him behind, within, His silence. She knows Him not clearly but certainly. He is there, and she has found Him. The disciples come and upbraid her, but she does not stir. She will know what this silence means before she goes. She knows that it means something gracious; and so she listens and listens till at last the silence is broken and she hears Him say, "O woman, great is thy faith: be it unto thee even as thou wilt." Then she goes away satisfied, and finds her daughter whole.

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

THEODORE MONOD

(B. 1836-?)

Oh, the Bitter Shame and Sorrow

Oh, the bitter shame and sorrow,
 That a time could ever be,
 When I let the Saviour's pity
 Plead in vain, and proudly answered—
 "All of self and none of Thee,"
 Cho. "All of self, and none of Thee."

Yet He found me; I beheld Him
 Bleeding on the cursed tree;
 Heard Him pray, "Forgive them, Father,"
 And my wistful heart said faintly—
 "Some of self, and some of Thee."
 Cho. "Some of self and some of Thee."

Day by day His tender mercy,
 Healing, helping, full and free,
 Sweet and strong, and ah! So patient,
 Brought me lower while I whispered—
 "Less of self, and more of Thee."
 Cho. "Less of self and more of Thee."

Higher than the highest heavens,
 Deeper than the deepest sea,
 Lord, Thy love at last hath conquered:
 Grant me now my soul's petition—
 "None of self, and all of Thee."
 Cho. "None of self, and all of Thee."

On Thee My Heart Is Resting

On Thee my heart is resting!
 Ah, this is rest indeed!
 What else, Almighty Saviour,
 Can a poor sinner need?
 Thy light is all my wisdom,
 Thy love is all my stay;
 Our Father's home in glory
 Draws nearer every day.

Cho. On Thee my heart is resting!
 Ah, this is rest indeed!
 What else, Almighty Saviour,
 Can a poor sinner need?

My guilt is great, but greater

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

The mercy Thou dost give;
Thyself, a rootless Offering,
Hast died that I should live.
With Thee, my soul unfettered
Has risen from the dust;
Thy blood is all my treasure,
Thy word is all my trust.

Through me, Thou gentle Master,
Thy purposes fulfill!
I yield myself for ever
To Thy most holy will.
What though I be but weakness?
My strength is not in me;
The poorest of Thy people
Has all things, having Thee.

When clouds are darkest round me,
Thou, Lord, art then most near,
My drooping faith to quicken,
My weary soul to cheer.
Safe nestling in Thy bosom,
I gaze upon Thy face;
In vain my foes would drive me
From Thee, my hiding-place.

'Tis Thou hast made me happy,
'Tis Thou hast set me free;
To whom shall I give glory
For ever, but to Thee?
Of earthly love and blessing
Should every stream run dry,
Thy grace shall still be with me,
Thy grace, to live and die!

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

GEORGE MATHESON

(1842-1906)

O Love, that Wilt not Let Me Go

O Love, that wilt not let me go,
I rest my weary soul on Thee;
I give Thee back the life I owe,
That in Thine ocean depth its flow
May richer, fuller be.

O Light, that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to Thee;
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be.

O Joy, that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain,
That morn shall tearless be.

O Cross, that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from Thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

Make Me a Captive, Lord

Make me a captive, Lord,
And then I shall be free;
Force me to render up my sword,
And I shall conq'ror be.
I sink in life's alarms
When by myself I stand;
Imprison me within Thine arms,
And strong shall be my hand.

My heart is weak and poor
Until it master find:
It has no spring of action sure—
It varies with the wind:
It cannot freely move
Till Thou hast wrought its chain;
Enslave it with Thy matchless love,
And deathless it shall reign.

My power is faint and low

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

Till I have learned to serve:
It wants the needed fire to glow,
It wants the breeze to nerve;
It cannot drive the world
Until itself be driven;
Its flag can only be unfurled
When Thou shalt breathe from heaven.

My will is not my own
Till Thou hast made it Thine;
If it would reach the monarch's throne
It must its crown resign:
It only stands unbent
Amid the clashing strife,
When on Thy bosom it has leant,
And found in Thee its life.

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

ANNE COUSIN

(1824-1906)

To Thee, and to Thy Christ

To Thee, and to Thy Christ, O God,
 We sing, we ever sing;
 For He the lonely wine-press trod
 Our cup of joy to bring.
 His glorious Arm the strife maintained,
 He marched in might from far;
 His robes were with the vintage stained,
 Red with the wine of war.

To Thee, and to Thy Christ, O God,
 We sing, we ever sing;
 For He invaded Death's abode
 And robbed him of his sting.
 The house of dust enthalls no more,
 For He, the strong to save,
 Himself doth guard that silent door,
 Great Keeper of the grave.

To Thee, and to Thy Christ, O God,
 We sing, we ever sing;
 For He hath crushed beneath His rod
 The world's proud rebel king.
 He plunged in His imperial strength
 To gulfs of darkness down,
 He brought His trophy up at length,
 The foiled usurper's crown.

To Thee, and to Thy Christ, O God,
 We sing, we ever sing;
 For He redeemed us with His blood
 From every evil thing.
 Thy saving strength His Arm upbore,
 The Arm that set us free;
 Glory, O God, for evermore
 Be to Thy Christ and Thee.

The Sands of Time Are Sinking

The sands of time are sinking,
 The dawn of heaven breaks,
 The summer morn I've sighed for,
 The fair sweet morn awakes:
 Dark, dark hath been the midnight,
 But dayspring is at hand,
 And glory, glory dwelleth

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

In Immanuel's land.

Oh, Christ, He is the fountain,
The deep, sweet well of love!
The streams on earth I've tasted,
More deep I'll drink above.
There, to an ocean fullness,
His mercy doth expand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

Oh, I am my Beloved's,
And my Beloved's mine!
He brings a poor vile sinner
Into His "house of wine."
I stand upon His merit;
I know no other stand,
Not e'en where glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

The Bride eyes not her garment,
But her dear Bridgroom's face:
I will not gaze at glory,
But on my King of grace—
Not at the crown He giveth,
But on His pierced hand:
The Lamb is all the glory
Of Immanuel's land.

O Christ, what Burdens Bowed Thy Head

O Christ, what burdens bowed Thy head!
Our load was laid on Thee;
Thou stoodest in the sinner's stead,
Didst bear all ill for me.
A victim led, Thy blood was shed;
Now there's no load for me.

Death and the curse were in our cup—
O Christ, 'twas full for Thee!
But Thou hast drained the last dark drop—
'Tis empty now for me.
That bitter cup—love drank it up:
Now blessing's draught for me.

Jehovah lifted up His rod—
O Christ, it fell on Thee!
Thou wast sore stricken of Thy God;
There's not one stroke for me.
Thy tears, Thy blood, beneath it flowed;

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

Thy bruising healeth me.

The tempest's awful voice was heard,
O Christ, it broke on Thee!
Thy open bosom was my ward,
It braved the storm for me.
Thy form was scarred, Thy visage marred;
Now cloudless peace for me.

Jehovah bade His sword awake—
O Christ, it woke 'gainst Thee!
Thy blood the flaming blade must slake;
Thy heart its sheath must be—
All for my sake, my peace to make;
Now sleeps that sword for me.

For me, Lord Jesus, Thou hast died,
And I have died in Thee;
Thou'rt risen: my bands are all untied,
And now Thou liv'st in me.
When purified, made white, and tried,
Thy GLORY then for me!

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

HANDLEY MOULE, BISHOP OF DURHAM

(1841-1920)

Come in, O Come!

Come in, O come! The door stands open now;
 I knew Thy voice; Lord Jesus, it was Thou;
 The sun has set long since; the storms begin;
 'Tis time for Thee, my Saviour, O come in!

Alas, ill-ordered shows the dreary room;
 The household stuff lies heaped amidst the gloom;
 The table empty stands, the couch undressed;
 Ah, what a welcome for the Eternal Guest!

Yet welcome, and to-night; this doleful scene
 Is e'en itself my cause to hail Thee in;
 This dark confusion e'en at once demands
 Thine own bright presence, Lord, and ord'ring hands.

I seek no more to alter things, or mend,
 Before the coming of so great a Friend;
 All were at best unseemly; and 'twere ill
 Beyond all else to keep Thee waiting still.

Come, not to find, but make this troubled heart
 A dwelling worthy of Thee as Thou art;
 To chase the gloom, the terror, and the sin:
 Come, all Thyself, yea come, Lord Jesus, in!

My Glorious Victor, Prince Divine

My glorious Victor, Prince Divine,
 Clasp these surrendered hands in Thine;
 At length my will is all Thine own,
 Glad vassal of a Saviour's throne.

My Master, lead me to Thy door;
 Pierce this now willing ear once more:
 Thy bonds are freedom; let me stay
 With Thee, to toil, endure, obey.

Yes, ear and hand, and thought and will,
 Use all in Thy dear slav'ry still!
 Self's weary liberties I cast
 Beneath Thy feet; there keep them fast.

Tread them still down; and then I know,
 These hands shall with Thy gifts o'erflow;
 And pierced ears shall hear the tone
 Which tells me Thou and I are one.

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

Selection from Life in Christ and for Christ

We know that the Scripture means all that it says about Life in Christ. Its infallible language—in other words, its divinely accurate language—certainly does not call for explaining away when it speaks of the believer's life in the Son of God. True, it does not therefore demand any theory of local and quasimaterial connexion and infusion. But this it does demand, that by our life in Him is meant more, far more, than emotions towards Him on our part, or even than His own most sacred and infinitely needed action of love and mercy towards us in substitution, rescue, protection, and our covenant acceptance under His mediation. Not one of those truths can we really dispense with, if we would at once be awake and at peace. Let no fashions of opinion discredit for us the mighty legality (in the noblest sense) of the apostolic presentation of salvation; nor let the inestimable preciousness of redeeming mercy, the divine warmth and depth of saving and pleading love, be thrown into the shadow for us by—anything. Nevertheless, Life in Christ is a truth not identical with these holy things, though eternally connected with them. It means, it implies, such a nexus of the regenerate man with the blessed Lord—incarnate, sacrificed, glorified—such a nexus with Him by the power of the Holy Comforter, “the Giver of Life,” as that a new and quite supernatural continuity and oneness is set up between the man and the Lord. Through that nexus (Eph. iii.29.) the “fullness of God” has flow and passage into the will, understanding, and affections of the regenerate in a sense of infinitely deeper than that of moral suasion, or great example, or emotional attraction. The man and the Lord are (I Cor. vi.17.) “one spirit.” The Head has indeed a new limb; the limb a living and empowering Head. There is not only new action, (as in one degree or another there will certainly be,) but new basis for action; a new fulcrum for the lever of love. The bond is spiritual, wholly. It is the Holy Comforter. But it is therefore infinitely more than a vivid figure. It is life, it is power, in their inmost and ultimate essence. Such is the vital union of every regenerate man with Christ.

We know, again, that this union is revealed in order to be used, and is revealed as a thing to be developed in the using. And one all-momentous method of at once inwardly using it and going forth with it to use it in outward service is the active exercise of meditation upon it, or rather upon HIM who is our Life. For the life is life not in an Abstraction but in CHRIST. And what a difference is made in the experience and employment of it, therefore, by the deepening acquaintance of its happy possessor with Him! Do you indeed, by the Holy Spirit, possess Him? Then set yourself anew, as if for the first time, to acquaint yourself with Him (Heb. iii.1, xii.3.) “Consider Him,.” More difference than many a Christian man thinks is made by neglect of that “consideration.” And there is only one certain path and school for it; the search and study, before the Lord, and in faith and prayer, of the Holy Scriptures.

It was but just now that I read words, written by a young Christian man not long ago awakened to Jesus Christ, which I hope to remember for myself; “We may know Him, and yet know very little about Him.” It is so. Our very assurance of life in the Lord may be misused to slacken our study of the Lord; and then, soon or late, our use and growth of life in Him will suffer. The Christ of Prophets, Evangelists, and Apostles must be our study; not “the Christ that is to be,” but the Christ Jesus who is (Heb. xiii.8.) the same for ever. His Person, His Work, His Glory—we must bend over the revelation, the one revelation, of this, and (with reverence be it said) assimilate it into thought, and tone, and spirit, into the cast and character of our love, and joy, and peace, and adoration.

And all this, meanwhile, as “having life;” as being united, in a depth we believe but can never fully know, with Him we look upon and worship. So be it.

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By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

LILIAS TROTTER

(1853-1928)

From the Master of the Impossible

“The Morning Star over Algiers Bay”

It hangs in the dawn like a great globe of silver fire. Of all the images of Christ it seems the one that is almost more than an image, it is so utterly like Him in its pure glory. And it sets one's heart crying for the promise “I will give him the morning star”—the revelation of Himself to the watching ones which can come to no others, and can never be repeated when once the Sun of Righteousness has arisen on all men—a revelation that through all the ages, past and to come, is only possible to us who are living in the last watches of the night.

“Until the... daystar arise in your hearts”—that has been lit up these last days with a sense of God's unfolding. The inner revelation of the coming Jesus that must come before the outward, is the rising of the Morning Star in us, and it is as absolutely new a thing as when this morning star flashes up behind the dark ridge of distant mountains, poising for an instant like a flame kindled on the crest, then soaring slowly upward.

To them that look for Him He will arise as the Morning Star even before the daybreak dawns. Well for us if our ears are so attent that through all that presses around us His “Surely I come quickly” echoes the clearest, and our lips make answer to the call which gathers into itself the uttermost supply of all the needs of earth: “Even so, Come, Lord Jesus.”

“Sunlight”

“The Sun sees no Shadows” (Klausenpass-hohe, Switzerland)

I was looking this morning at the grey slope of that “Steinfall” and noticed how unbroken the tint was; it might have been laid on the mountain-side with a great brush. The reason was that I stood in a line with the sun. and with that flashed a truth unrealized till now—that the sun sees no shadows.

It brings back that verse in Jeremiah, “I remember thee, the kindness of thy youth, the love of thine espousals, when thou wentest after me in the wilderness.” That is the Old Testament illustration. “Ye are they that have continued with me in my temptations”—that is the New Testament example. They tell of a love that forgets all the half-heartedness and unfaithfulness, and floods and drowns out the failures in its radiance.

Full Face to the Sun

It was in a little wood in early morning.

The sun was climbing up behind a steep cliff on the east, and its light was flooding nearer and nearer and then making pools among the trees.

Suddenly, from a dark corner of purple-brown stems and fawny moss, there shone out a great golden star. It was just a dandelion and half withered, but it was full face to the sun, and had caught into its heart all the glory it could hold, and was shining so radiantly that the dew that lay on it still made a perfect aureole round its head.

If the Sun of Righteousness has risen upon our hearts, there is an ocean of grace and love and power lying all around us, and it is ready to transfigure us, as the sunshine transfigured the dandelion, and on the same condition—that we stand full face to God.

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

Turn your soul's vision to Jesus and look and look at Him, and a strange dimness will come over all that is apart from Him, and the Divine attract by which God's saints are made even in this twentieth century will lay hold of you.

For He is worthy to have all there is to be had in the hearts that He has died to win.

Ultra-violet Rays

X. has been telling me about the new power of healing that is being discovered in the sun's rays—how just to lie and drink in its purifying is all that is needed to annihilate disease in some cases where there was before no hope of cure. It is such a wonderful unfolding of the "healing in His wings," the wide-stretching wing-like rays that can touch the worst defiled and be as stainlessly pure as ever. It is true that if we dare to expose the worst there is in us to that searching, burning gaze, the evil vanishes before Him. Hallelujah.

A Chink in the Shutter (during convalescence at El Biar)

"The word of the Lord" has come these mornings with the stealing day by day of a tiny circle of light across the wall as soon as the sun is up. It comes through a wee chink in the weather-worn shutter—just one shaft, but a perfect circle—and it has come to me with a flood of joy that even if we are only crooked little chinks, the heavenly Sun can send through us not only light, but the revelation of His Image, "the light of the Knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."

A Shaft of Sunlight

I was much comforted this morning by a shaft of sunlight that came with sunrise, and the verse in St. John, "The darkness comprehendeth it not." "Cannot make a wall round it," the Arabic means, cannot surround and enclose; and I saw how the darkness around could not invade that straight line of light by a hair's breadth... this brings a great comfort concerning these new-lit souls.

Eclipse of the Sun, from the Hills above Algiers

We went along the ridge of the cornfield and quarry till we came to the place where we could see across both east and west, and there we waited while the light faded from its southern glow into that of a wintry afternoon at home. Then all the horizon of sky and mountains look wonderful opal tints and the darkness swept down, leaving only an apricot-coloured gleam in the west whence the light would rush up again, and a deep mellow glow over the purple-black mountains of Kabylia. Overhead were Venus and Mercury and this mystic crown of light, faint and unearthly, where the sun should be.

The minute or so that it lasted seemed beautifully long with the wonder of it—long enough to drink it in and remember it to the full all one's life. And then one living jewell of light flashed up in the crown, and the sunshine was back again and the shadow swept away to frighten the shepherd boys on the Kabyle hills and many another dark mind beyond, till it ended with the sunset near the Red Sea.

Sunset

I have been thinking of the contrast between the two life-centres—the natural and the spiritual. The physical life in this world begins with a cry and goes out with a sigh. That is all that Adam can do for us. But the life of the second Adam, even in this world, dawns in a golden sunrise that sheds its light, as it mounts, deeper and deeper into every detail of creation, and takes on a new glory at the end of the day, that only intensifies as it touches the last mists; and then as it leaves the earth the colour mounts, ethereal, into the upper sky, and "the glory of the celestial is another."

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

Desert Sunset

The air was like hot wine and the chott was like a great silent sea-shore with the tide far out, barred to the horizon in deep cobalt and palest cream colour, as sand and water, light and shadow, alternated. And as we neared Tozeur, the eastern hills took on their evening amethyst, with sapphire shadows, like a bit of the walls of the New Jerusalem let down, and the sun sank in a blaze of copper and mulberry purple, with the faintest baby new moon hung above it in the blue.

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By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

AMY WILSON CARMICHAEL

(1867-1951)

My Quietness

O Thou Who art my quietness, my deep repose,
 My rest from strife of tongues, my holy hill,
 Fair is Thy pavilion, where I hold me still.
 Back let them fall from me, my clamorous foes,
 Confusions multiplied;
 From crowding things of sense I flee, and in Thee hide.
 Until this tyranny be overpast,
 Thy hand will hold me fast;
 What though the tumult of the storm increase,
 Grant to Thy servant strength, O Lord, and bless with peace.

In Acceptance Lieth Peace

He said, "I will forget the dying faces;
 The empty places,
 They shall be filled again.
 O voices moaning deep within me, cease."
 But vain the word; vain, vain:
Not in forgetting lieth peace.

He said, "I will crowd action upon action,
 The strife of faction
 Shall stir me and sustain;
 O tears that drown the fire of manhood, cease."
 But vain the word; vain, vain:
Not in endeavour lieth peace.

He said, "I will withdraw me and be quiet,
 Why meddle in life's riot?
 Shut be my door to pain.
 Desire, thou dost befool me, thou shalt cease."
 But vain the word; vain, vain:
Not in aloofness lieth peace.

He said, "I will submit; I am defeated.
 God hath depleted
 My life of its rich gain.
 O futile murmurings, why will ye not cease?"
 But vain the word; vain, vain:
Not in submission lieth peace.

He said, "I will accept the breaking sorrow
 Which God tomorrow
 Will to His son explain."
 Then did the turmoil deep within him cease.
Not vain the word, not vain;
For in Acceptance lieth peace.

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

Do Thou for Me

Do Thou for me, O God the Lord,
Do Thou for me.
I need not toil to find the word
That carefully
Unfolds my prayer and offers it,
My God, to Thee.

It is enough that Thou wilt do,
And wilt not tire,
Wilt lead by cloud, all the night through
By light of fire,
Till Thou hast perfected in me
Thy heart's desire.

For my beloved I will not fear,
Love knows to do
For him, for her, from year to year,
As hitherto.
Whom my heart cherishes are dear
To Thy heart too.

O blessed be the love that bears
The burden now,
The love that frames our very prayers,
Well knowing how
To coin our gold. O God the Lord,
Do Thou, Do Thou.

No Scar?

Hast thou no scar?
No hidden scar on foot, or side, or hand?
I hear thee sung as mighty in the land,
I hear them hail thy bright ascendant star,
Has thou no scar?

Hast thou no wound?
Yet I was wounded by the archers, spent,
Leaned Me against a tree to die; and rent
By ravening beasts that compassed Me, I swooned:
Hast thou no wound?

No wound? No scar?
Yet, as the Master shall the servant be,
And pierced are the feet that follow Me;
But thine are whole: can he have followed far
Who has no wound nor scar?

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

Make Me Thy Fuel

From prayer that asks that I may be
Sheltered from winds that beat on Thee,
From fearing when I should aspire,
From faltering when I should climb higher,
From silken self, O Captain, free
Thy soldier who would follow Thee.

From subtle love of softening things,
From easy choices, weakening,
Not thus are spirits fortified,
Not this way went the Crucified,
From all that dims Thy Calvary,
O Lamb of God, deliver me.

Give me the love that leads the way,
The faith that nothing can dismay,
The hope no disappointments tire,
The passion that will burn like fire,
Let me not sink to be a clod:
Make me Thy fuel, Flame of God.

Toward Jerusalem

O Father, help lest our poor love refuse
For our beloved the life that they would choose,
And in our fear of loss for them, or pain,
Forget eternal gain.

Show us the gain, the golden harvest there
For corn of wheat that they have buried here;
Lest human love defraud them, and betray,
Teach us, O God, to pray.

Teach us to pray remembering Calvary,
For as the Master must the servant be;
We see their face set toward Jerusalem,
Let us not hinder them.

Teach us to pray; O Thou who didst not spare
Thine Own Beloved, lead us on in prayer,
Purge from the earthly, give us love Divine,
Father, like Thine, like Thine.

Spun-Gold

We cannot bring Thee praise like golden noon-light
Shining on earth's green floor;
Our song is more like silver of the moonlight,

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

But we adore.

We cannot bring Thee, O Beloved, ever,
Pure song of woodland bird;
And yet we know the song of Thy least lover
In love is heard.

O blessed be the love that nothing spurneth;
We sing, Love doth enfold
Our little song in love; our silver turneth
To fine spun-gold.

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By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

WILLIAM R. NEWELL

(1868-1956)

Magdalene

John 20:11-18

I wait here at the empty tomb,
Till Thou reveal Thyself to me.
I see disciples go and come,
But still I watch, my Lord, for Thee!

I heard the angel speak but now
Of resurrection mystery;
I saw the grave clothes there, but Thou
Hast not revealed Thyself to me.

I cannot rest in wonders deep,
Though heavenly voices speak of Thee:
But, as Thine all-dependent sheep,
My Shepherd's face mine eyes must see.

I saw Thee there upon the cross;
I heard "Eli Sabachthani!"
And all my earthly hopes were loss,
And naught was left but love for Thee!

My heart and soul cry out in pain,
O my dead Lord, for Thee! For Thee!
I mourn Thee lost,--but yet again,
I cry, reveal Thyself to me!

Lo, Thou art here, MY LORD, MY ALL!
Through my hot tears how clear I see!
RABBONI! At Thy feet I fall,
Thou hast revealed Thyself to me!

Matthew

I heard His call, "Come, follow!"—that was all!
My gold grew dim:
My soul went after Him.
I rose and followed,--that was all:
Who would not follow, if they heard Him call.

Evening

The shadows of the night
Again are falling:
And voices from the Land of Light

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

Again are calling,
 Perhaps Earth's light doth daily flee
 To warn and welcome you and me:
 To warn us of that Night of Gloom
 That hath no waking;
 To welcome us to that glad Home
 Whose Day is breaking!

So fade, earth-shadows, on my sight:
 I hail the Everlasting Light!

“For Me”

Who loved me, and gave Himself up for me. (Gal. 2:20)

LOVE – uncaused, loving me!
 From far Eternity,
 In sovereign mystery
 Of Thine Election!
 Law in subjection
 Worship I Thee!

BLOOD – poured out full for me!
 On dark Golgotha's tree,
 In awful mystery
 Of Thy Salvation!
 Faith's adoration
 Bring I to Thee!

GRACE – lavished still on me!
 All worthless though I be,
 In daily mystery
 Of Thy heart's kindness,
 Through all my blindness!
 Praise be to Thee!

HEAVEN – opened wide for me!
 For all Eternity!—
 Love's last, long mystery!
 O consummation
 Of God's salvation,
 Wait I for thee!

Lament for Israel

We have not wept for thy grief,
 O Israel, scattered, driven!
 Shut up to willful unbelief,
 While we have—Heaven!

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

We have not prayed for thy peace,
 Jerusalem, forsaken!
 Thy Root's increase, by God's great grace,
 Age-long we have partaken.

How trod thy street our Saviour's feet!
 How fell His tears for thee!
 How, loving Him, could we forget?
 Nor long thy joys to see?

Zion, thy God remembers still!
 Though we so hard have been:
 ONE comes with blood-bought right, who will
 Full soon bring Israel in!

The Last Letter

I have none else like thee, O fellow soldier!
 None else like thee who known naught else but Christ!
 Loved Luke is with me here in my last dungeon;
 He cheers me with his book of Christ on earth—
 Gathered so carefully; and with his other,
 Telling the apostles' deeds, their own and mine.
 Yet turns my heart to thee, I long for thee!
 Demas forsook me; Crescens went to Gaul;
 Good Titus to the Dalmatian coast. I sent
 Tychicus where I left thee once—dear Ephesus
 So blest with truth, and so beset with wolves!
 They are offended too, at my long prison.
 So yearn I for thy face O Timothy.
 I told the Philippians I had none like thee.
 Child! My child in the faith! As with a father
 Sserv'dst thou with me, true yoke-fellow in the gospel!
 For thee to live was Christ,—as 'twas with me!
 Knowing no friend in the flesh—not even Christ!
 Only we know and serve alone in Christ.
 With Him we live beyond this life and death.
 He, risen, said to them: “These are my words
 When I was yet with you” (Yet were they there with Him!)
 I also saw Him—Christ! There near Damascus
 All blinded with His glory! Now no more I see,
 But only wait by faith, each hour by faith.
 Only the yearning growth by the Spirit,
 Utter to be transformed, to be like Him!
 Long since I left all but to look on Him!

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By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

RUTH KEREN-HAPPUCH BROWN

Selections from A Promise Keeps the Taper Burning

More than the Dawn's Adorning

After Reading Psalm 130

From depths of night, I waded through the gloom,
Sought Thee in longing with the shadows falling;
And now, when morning roses flush my room,
Listen, O Lord, to supplication calling.

I hoped for Thee; I hoped in wakeful soul,
More than the watchman waits for early morning;
I longed for Thee while all the shadows stole;
I hoped for Thee more than the dawn's adorning.

Oh, Hail the Coming Light!

II Samuel 23:4

Oh, hail the coming Light!
Dawn is approaching now,
Without a cloud to stain
A sky's unsullied brow.

Grass will rise from the loam,
Springing a fragile green;
In shining after rain
Earth is renewed and serene.
Oh, hail the Righteous One!
A King will soon appear
Who shall be like the dawn
In morning pearled and clear.

Oh, Miracle the Manger Holds!

A weeping Infant humbly lies in a manger,
Majesty wrapped in swaddling folds,
When Deity becomes a new-born Stranger;
Oh, miracle the manger holds!

Here is eternal brightness from His glory,
Shining like sunbeam from the sun,
Here is Emmanuel, oh, blessed story,
The Highest revealed as a Lowly One.

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

At the Altar of Burnt-Offering

Leviticus 6:12-13

Continuous sacrifice, the flames consumed;
 Innocent lambs were offered spotless there;
 Symbols of perfect consecration loomed
 In fire that rose in scented morning air,
 Ascending heavenward in sunset's altar glow.
 Death was foreshadowed from the brazen grate
 Where always fire arose from earth below
 On tender lambs which were immaculate;
 And then the wonder, Christ, the Lamb became
 Ascending sacrifice, His life for all;
 In offering that wholly burned in flame,
 His yieldingness to God I must recall.
 In little lamb, the Lamb of God, I see;
 A perfect Lamb hath been received for me.

That Hallowed Room

Reflection of the High Priest on the Day of Atonement

Therein the inner room my tears must fall,
 That hallowed room in shadows where I tread,
 And yearly by the mercy seat recall
 The memories of blood atoning shed.
 Lost in wonderment of mercy then,
 While crimson drops of sacrifice are spilt,
 Deep in the stillness there I weep again;
 Upon a spotless life is all our guilt!
 A witness, solitary, there I stand,
 I, the anointed priest, who see the sin
 Covered to meet a righteous God's demand,
 There is a solemn scene to feel within;
 Sin for a while is hidden from His eye;
 And yet for us a coming One must die.

Tributes to a Mother's Faith

Struggling Leaf

Yours was courage that faced
 The blasting storm in tree,
 A struggling leaf that clung
 When the wind would still its plea.
 And yours was faith that held
 What God sublimely gave;
 The wind that stripped the branch
 Left courage serene and brave.

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

Yours was courage that stayed,
And while the trees would blow,
Wildly from winds of life,
One leaf would never go.

Chastened Words

You have written words,
Chastened words,
Across leaves in the manuscript of life;
There are the words more dear
Than sounds of the brook when earth is tender
Again with buds of spring;
And thoughts you have written from your tears,
Misted dreams
And star-lit hopes.

You have sung joyful words of praise
That drifted through the night;
And for the dark day, the words of ecstasy
That defied that haunting bird, despair,
Which hovered with dark wings
Spread between us and the sun.

You have uttered warnings
To keep us from shadowed paths,
Lest from your guiding hands
Your pattern for us be broken.
You have written words for ageless music,
Praises of the Christ whose love
Has no beginning and no ending
Before the foundation of the world was laid
And on through endless days.

Against the Sky

I hear the noise of plane against the skies;
The drone of engine sounds a wearying hum,
Above an earth where life in blossom lies,
Around an earth where bright the spring has come.

Greened are the trees; the flowers everywhere!
And yet, I hear the sound of rushing plane,
Swift with the flapping wing of death in air,
Ominous dreadful sound of war and pain.

But soon against the sky, a joyful sound;
Triumphant hope to banish all the fear;
His trumpet note will summon saints around;
The prophecies foretell that Christ is near.

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By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

ELIZABETH SCOTT STAM

(1906-1934)

Stand Still and See

I'm standing, Lord:
 There is a mist that blinds my sight,
 Steep, jagged rocks, front, left and right,
 Lower, dim, gigantic, in the night.
 Where is the way?

I'm standing, Lord:
 The black rock hems me in behind,
 Above my head a moaning wind
 Chills and oppresses heart and mind.
 I am afraid!

I'm standing, Lord:
 The rock is hard beneath my feet;
 I nearly slipped, Lord, on the sleet.
 So weary, Lord! And where a seat?
 Still must I stand?

He answered me, and on His face
 A look ineffable of grace,
 Of perfect, understanding love,
 Which all my murmuring did remove.

I'm standing, Lord:
 Since Thou hast spoken, Lord, I see
 Thou hast beset—these rocks are Thee!
 And since Thy love encloses me,
 I stand and sing.

Jeremiah 31:12

I passed a thorny desert soul one day,
 A soul as fruitless as a painted mast—
 So harsh and hard and dry I stood aghast,
 And would have helped, but had no time to stay,
 Yet, half in doubtfulness, began to pray
 To Him the Source of living streams. At last,
 Returning, I beheld a velvet-grassed,
 Abundant garden; saw the rainbow spray
 Of fountains, shimm'ring high against the trees;
 Saw old-time flowers, pansies and sweet peas,
 Pink-hearted phloxes, heliotrope, heartsease.
 Clustering roses hung from arches there;
 The scent of hidden orchards filled the air,
 And there were children's voices everywhere.

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

PATRICIA TILDEN DAVIES

(1928 --)

Sonnet: Before the world

Before the world, before the light of star
 Or sun, while yet the glory of the Lord
 Shone forth, not dimmed by alienating word,
 Nor act of counter-will—dread sin's black scar;
 While yet the angels sang, and near and far,
 Without restraint, the cherubims out-poured
 Their "Holy, holy, holy," unto God, accord
 Of heavenly chorus, host spectacular.

Before all else, O Christ, You then were God,
 And by Your hand the world and heaven's span
 Were placed. Your Word framed sky and sea and sod,
 Foresaw man's sin, foreknew Your heart's great plan:
 The Cross by which grim Satan's head is trod.

Man can not love so; ah, but heaven can.

Of Life

"What will you have, O soul?"
 Life asked of me.
 Experience, I said,
 to set me free.
 For self has held me bound,
 fast bound in fear
 of darkness deep, of pain,
 of others' sneer.
 Oh, I would break this coon
 of living death
 and fly toward all of life
 that draws forth breath—
 soft breath of wonder, quick
 draft of fight,
 sharp stab of sorrow, gasp
 of sheer delight,
 and love's soft murmur in
 the still of night:
 sweet love's soft murmur in
 the still of night.

And so I walked the roads
 Life showed to me.
 I entered light and shade,
 sad gloom, swift glee.

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

I murmured love's soft song,
 touched life in birth,
 and neared the narrow halls
 of death on earth.
 And I have found no life
 except in Him
 whose name is Wonderful;
 no sorrows dim
 His sorrows, nor greater joy.

I am His own,
 And His delight. And love—
 His love alone—
 can stay the longings of
 the still of night.
 Lord, stay the longings of
 the still of night.

Lord of the Nativity

How shall my wrappings cover Thee,
 Lord of the Nativity?

Reincarnate You now dwell
 in my heart—a stable fell,
 a manger bare, a lowly place—
 now a throneroom by Your grace.

I saw one day a diamond fair,
 apron-clad, and knew You there.
 And once again a rose in bloom
 declared You risen from the tomb.
 A prince in overalls passed by
 and left Your fragrance lingering nigh.

So let my covering be sheer—
 drab or beautiful—but clear
 as water shining after rain,
 refreshing all the land again,
 that You within me, all may see,
 Lord of my nativity.

What Do You See?

What do you see, Mary, in Him you hold?
 —Earth's dust embodying heaven's gold;
 Infinity the finite filling;
 Emmanuel in manhood dwelling
 And all God's grace, retold.

What do you see, Simeon, in Him you hold?

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—Salvation coming as foretold:
 Illumination dark dispelling;
 Unity discordant quelling;
 And all, God's grace enfolds.

What do you see, Anna, in Him you hold?
 —Jerusalem's new surpasses old;
 Love is the enemy repelling;
 Salem's springs are welling;
 And all God's grace extolled.

How Shall I Know?

How shall I know Your coming, God of gods?
 the whirling wind? the thunderclap? the fire?
 the still small voice? In phantom-like attire,
 do You walk here where wind and wave mount odds
 against my rowing? Alas, for my heart plods
 so earthily and faltering, as I aspire
 this bruised reed to sing, this restrung lyre
 to sound.

I wonder where Your foot now trods.
 Though I know well of this world's hungers, needs,
 Which drive me ever on to know afresh
 Your coming, Your insistent love, that pleads
 A double blessing from Your broken flesh:
 Your love the magnet lifting my iron bands;
 My needs the nails anchored in Your hands.

Words

Words are fragile things to carry messages:
 sound bubbles bursting
 declarations dancing on the wind
 questions and answers pirouetting,
 posturing.

Words expand, contract,
 distort in time and distance
 echo in unintended, misbegotten shapes
 ping-pong between necessities.

Words break . . . and break hearts.

Words never mean what you mean them
 to mean.

Who dares use words?

By Grace Hamilton King, Ph.D.

Even so, the Word:

A Babe, swathed in flesh, housed in hay;

A loaf broken, a cup poured out;

A body rent, coupling heaven and earth.

Redemption shouted in man's fragility.