

Poems in Emily Taylor's New Testament

A very unique item in the Dunham Bible Museum's John Hellstern collection is a quarto Bible which has been made into a kind of scrapbook. A printed New Testament has been taken apart and rebound with blank pages inserted between many of the printed Bible leaves. The Testament itself is from two different versions. Matt. 1:1-5:6 is a commentary Bible from the early 1800s; Matt. 5:16 and following dates from the 1700s. The poems, written on the interspersed pages in a lovely Spencerian script, are almost all in iambic pentameter on the specific verses of Scriptures. Hundreds of small woodcut illustrations have also been pasted on the additional pages next to the appropriate text. Many of these are labelled "1556" and come from a Latin Vulgate printed in Lyon in 1556 by Jean de Tournes. Some are labeled "Papillon," referencing the work of Jean Michael Papillon, a leading 18th century French woodcut engraver.

Of the 90 manuscript poems, sixty can be identified from other sources. Of these, most are from Bernard Barton's *Devotional Verses*, first published in 1826. Barton (1784-1849), a Quaker, has sometimes been called a counterpart to America's Quaker poet John Greenleaf Whittier. Barton published over 10 volumes of poems, many of which became hymns. The poems in *Devotional Verses* are tied to specific Scriptures.

There are also poems by several other identifiable poets – John Newton, James Montgomery, and Emily Taylor. A comparison of Emily Taylor's known hand-writing with that of the hand-written poems in the Dunham Museum's Bible shows a definite likeness. Emily Taylor (1795-1872) was a descendant of English Puritans, non-Conformists, and Dissenters who grew up in Banham, a small Norfolk village. Her mother died shortly after she was born, but her father, five brothers, a sisters, and two aunts ably cared for the little one. When she was seven, Emily had scarlet fever, which injured her health and left her hearing impaired. Not able to easily interact with other children, Emily became withdrawn, finding comfort in her father's numerous books. In spite of her disability, Emily was always seeking to help others. She established a school in New Buckenham, and wrote numerous books for children – including histories of England, geography, ornithology, and collections of poetry (Many of her works can now be found online at Google Books). The New Testament scrapbook is just the type of thing Emily would have created. One of Emily's published works is a collection of her own poems on Bible passages - *Poetical Illustrations of Passages of Scripture*, published in London in 1826.

The following is a compilation of the poems inserted in this "scrapbook" New Testament. Where the authors are known, the source has been included. Where authors are not known, it can be assumed that these are previously unpublished poems by Emily herself.

The tender mercy of our Lord,
And his long suffering grace,
The loving kindnings of his word,
He every moment trace,

2
Our bread is given, our water sweet,
Body and soul sustain'd;
I may see to the end endure,
Till heaven itself is gain'd.

Envelop'd in imperious shades
Futurity to man remains;
But the All-seeing Eye perceives
All time and space, and all sustains.
Man cannot of tomorrow boast,
Nor should on flattering joys presume
Nor sink with fears envision'd host
Of woe that may not be his doom.

2
Whate'er the sacred word reveals,
Our faith may grasp with certain hand
The Lamb of God shall loose the seals,
And his unerring counsel stand.
Thro' every age, since time began,
Mysterious goodness we explore;
His gracious pleasure has been done,
And shall, till time shall be no more.

Hand-written poem in front leaf of Emily Taylor's New Testament –
a sample of the numerous hand-written poems interleaved throughout her Bible

On loose leaf in front:

The tender mercy of our Lord,
And his long-suffering grace,
The Loving-kindness of his word,
We every moment trace.

Our bread is given, our water sure,
Body and soul sustain'd
O may we to the end endure.
Till heaven itself is gain'd¹

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Envelop'd in impervious shades  
Futurity to man remains;  
But the All-seeing Eye pervades  
All time and space, and all sustains.  
Man cannot of to-morrow boast,  
Nor should on flattering joys presume,  
Nor sink with fear's envision'd host,  
Of woes that may not be his own.

II.

Whate'er the sacred word reveals,  
Our faith may rasp with certain hand;  
"The Lamb of God shall loose the seals,  
And his unerring counsel stand."  
Through ev'ry age, since time began,  
Mysterious goodness we explore;  
"His gracious pleasure has been done,"  
And shall, till time shall be no more.<sup>2</sup>

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Lord, when my spirit drinks her fill,
At some good word of thine,
Not mighty men, that share the spoil,
have joys compared to mine

¹"Providence," John Montgomery. *The Christian Psalmist; or, Hymns, selected and original, with an introductory essay.* Glasgow: Chalmers and Collins, 1825, p. 417, number 526.

²"Future Promises," *The Religious Magazine; Or Sprit of the Foreign Theological Journals and reviews, Vol. 3, January-June 1829*, p. 501. *from the Evangelical Magazine*, with Scripture - "My counsel shall stand, and I will do all my pleasure" Isaiah xlv.10.

~ ~ ~

Blest proofs of power and love divine,
That meet us in his word!
May every deep-felt are of mine
Be trusted with the Lord³

Matthew 6:6-9

Father of all! Who dwell'st above,
Thy name be hallowed here;
As in those realms of peace and love,
Where saints that name revere.

Thy Kingdom come; Thy will, alone,
Be done by man below;
As spirits round thy glorious throne,
Their pure obedience show.

Give us this day our daily bread; -
Not merely outward food,
But that whereon the soul is fed,
The source of heavenly good.

Forgive our trespasses, as we
In pardoning love abide;
Since none forgiveness win from Thee,
Who pardon have denied.

And lead us from temptation far;
From evil, Lord! restore;
For thine the power, the kingdom are,
The glory evermore!⁴

³ "Psalm 119 sixth part," *The Psalms, Hymns, and Spiritual Songs of the Rev. Isaac Watts*. Boston: Crocker and Brewster, 1858. Emily opened with "Lord" rather than Watts' "And"

⁴ by Bernard Barton (1784-1849). *The Monthly Review, from January to April 1826, Vol. 1*. London: Hurst, Robinson Co., 1826, 444).

Matthew 6:10 – “Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven.”

O Thou whose ready lips repeat
The Savior’s words, nor deem’st deceit
The while is lurking in thy heart,
Pause, ere their memory shall depart.
“Thy will be done!” – and dost thou find
In the deep musings of thy mind
No fear, no hope, no passion there,
And darest thou call upon thy God
To try thee with his chastening rod,
And round the wide world steadfast look,
And find no ill thou canst not brook?
What! Couldst thou see the whirlwind come
To tear thee from thy cherish’d home?
See the strong arm of death embrace
The best beloved of all thy race?
See, undeserved, an evil fame
Attaint thy long unsullied name?
Feel slow consuming sickness break
Thy mind, now impotent and weak?
Yet not one murmur? – If but one,
Thou must not say, “Thy will be done!”

No; rather, ere thy spirit dare
Adopt the Savior’s fervent prayer,
The Savior’s *spirit* earnest seek,
Enduring, patient, firm, and meek.
Go, seek of God a heavenly mind,
Active, like His – like His, resign’d:
Pray that thy very prayer may bring
No hated, no unwelcome thing;
Pray, that the will of Haven may be
Health, joy, and all things else to thee;
And, thus the work of prayer begun,
Thou well may’st say, “Thy will be done.”⁵

⁵ Emily Taylor, “Thy Will Be Done”. *Lays for the Sabbath: a collection of religious poetry*. Compiled by Emily Taylor, revised with additions by John Pierpont (electronic text). Ann Arbor, MI: U. of MI Humanities Text initiative, 1997.

Oh, Saviour! Speak peace to my soul,
In accents as still as the dawning;
For thou art the light of distress,
The glorious Star of the morning.

Then billows and tempests may rage,
With naught but that voice that is cheering,
My soul is serene—I am blest,
The heav'n of rest is appearing.⁶

~*~

Opposite Matthew 10-11

Once more, my humble muse, awake and sing
The grace and goodness of thy Saviour's Thing:
Since his thou art, his sacred deeds record.
And teach mankind to venerate thy Lord,
Show how while tabernacling here below
'Twas his continual blessings to bestow.
He who from heaven came down his life to give,
Man's ruined souls from misery to retrieve;
Forgot not while among them to display
His kind compassion to their tents of clay.
He, - tho' none ever knew or priz'd so well
The sacred joy that kindred spirits feel
When, far from earth and all its care's reclin'd
They sweetly intermingle mind with mind,
Did not his converse & his love divine,
To the small circle of his friends confine.
Nor in retirement prais'd his studious hour,
The choicest discovery to the mental prowess!
No! Jesus's was no life of soft repose;
He bore, - what he on us enjoins, - the cross
On foot, by day, he went from place to place
A thousand voices and maladies to chase;
And in bleak mountains, in the midnight air
While others slept, his moments spent in prayer.
Fatigue & hardship, hunger, cold, & want,
He oft endured, nor utter'd one complaint.
(O that my soul might hence sample take
To suffer cheerfully for his dear sake!)

Where'in he meant some tongue had cause to praise

⁶ Last two stanzas of "Thought' on Christ's stilling the Tempest" by M.C., December 1825. *Evangelical Magazine and Missionary Chronicle*, Volume 4, 56, 1826.

His matchless love & condescending grace.
No cry of misery ever miss'd his ear,
No supplicant receiv'd a look severe.

~~

Matthew 12:10-21

And lo! Another child of woe appears
Who claims our sympathy and tender cares.
See his right hand hang useless by his side,
By fierce disease wither'd, shrunk, and dried!
Depress'd of means his daily bread to gain,
Who now will shelter him, or what maintain?
His hapless case we cry is hard indeed!
But while we thus commiserate he's freed:
Jesus at once gives both command & power;
His arm, he stretches, & is lame no more!

~~

Matthew 17:27 – “lest we should offend them, go thou to the sea, and cast an hook, and take up the fish that first cometh up; and when thou hast opened his mouth, thou shalt find a piece of money: that take, and give unto them for me and thee.”

The Romans now rule o'er Judea's land,
And send their annual tribute to demand:
So poor is Jesus, tho' the Lord of all,
That not wherewith has he to obey the call!
But his broad eye the unmeasur'd deep surveys
And as the little nature's path can trace,
One fish he sees which just has seized a prey
(Useless to him) which will this tribute pay.
Him to the shore his silent wish commands,
To yield his booty up to Peter's hand;
And thus at once the Romans to appease,
And prove himself the monarch of the seas.

~~

Matthew 19:30 – “many that are first shall be last; and the last shall be first.”

But hark! Whence comes those heart cries
Which almost seem to pierce the vaulted skies?
Tis those blind beggars. “David’s son,” they say,
“In mercy change our darkness into day!”
The crowd rebukes them, but rebuke in vain.
The more reproved, the louder they complain.
Now Jesus calls, - their quicken’d pulses beat.
They quit their garments, - fall beneath his feet.
Their eyes he touches, they behold their God,
And weep his praises in a rapturous flood.

~~

Matthew 21

Did Jesus in the garden pray,
And Isaac in the field?
So may I seek thee on my way,
And find – my God reveal’d.⁷

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Blest Book! Surpassing human skill
What beams of Glory in thee shine?
What majesty thy pages fill!
What rays of light, What life divine.

Down from the highest throne above
The richest Blessings in thee flow:
And rivers from the sea of love
To water all the Saints below.

~~

Matthew 24:20 “But pray ye that your flight be not in the winter, neither on the sabbath day.”

Those who have watch’d the changeful forms
Of clods and sunshine, calms and storms,
Unto the Christian pilgrim known,
Will often make this prayer their own,

Dark hours there are of doubt and fear,
With scarce one ray of light to cheer,

⁷ “Meditation, from “Hymns for Villagers” by Altiquis. *The Evangelical Magazine and Missionary Chronicle*, Vol. 29, London: Francis Westley, 1821, 243.

When hope appears for ever fled,
And every holy feeling dead.

Hen gourds we rear'd around us die,
Wand winter rules o'er earth and sky:
'Till languishing for happier bowers,
We wish the dove's fleet pinions our's.

Yet perilous our flight may be,
If at such seasons we could flee;
Safer it is t seek, by prayer,
The root within, and center there.

Hours, too, there are, more blest and bright,
When all around, above, seems light;
Moments, whose influence can impart
A sabbath feeling to the heart....

Yet, in such thought-transporting thrill,
Wisdom's safe watch-word is, "Be still!"
Dwell deep in faith, rut not to sight,
Nor venture on unbidden flight.

O Lord! In each extreme we know,
Thy will, our only signal, show;
In heights, in depths, be Thou our say,
In winter, or in sabbath day.⁸

~~

Matthew 23-24

Behold Christ yonder all majestic stand
Encircled with his chosen little band.
Crowds gather round him as he moves along,
Come, reader, you and I will join the throng.
In such society time takes his flight
Yielding at once both profit and delight.
And happy ill those moment be which more
Lead us his name to value and adore.

Jesus's was no life of vast repose,
He bore, - what he on s enjoins - the cross.
On foot , by day, he went from place to place
A thousand woes and maladies to chase;
And in bleak mountains, in the midnight air

⁸ "Heights and Depths" from Bernard Barton. *Devotional Verses; founded on and illustrative of select texts of scripture.* London: B.J. Holdsworth, 1826, 161-162.

While others slept his moments spent in prayer.
Fatigue & hardships, hunger, cold & want
He oft endur'd, not utter'd one complaint.
(O that my soul might hence example take
To suffer cheerfully for his dear sake!)
Where'in he meant some tongue had cause to praise
His matchless love & condescending grace.
No suppliant receiv'd a look severe;
Nor could one child of sorrow e'er complain
That he had sought the Lord, but sought in vain.



*Pictures from last Supper in Emily Taylor's New Testament –
a sample of the numerous leaves in the Bible with Biblical woodcuts inserted.*

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Mark 2:11-14 Matthew called

Behold him yonder! What a num'rous throng
Hovers around him as he walks along!
Are those the good, - the righteous of the age
Who by those virtues his esteem engage;
And to superior worth the honourous ones
Of holding converse with their Lord below?
Not so – they are a most atrocious band.
The very scum and refuge of the land;
Their moral neighbors shun them & despise
But Jesus's are not merely mortal eyes;
With keen survey, the naked heart he reads,
And deep within it sees some gracious seeds,
Seeds which his spirit planted & will raise
As signal trophies of all conquering grace
Their penitence he knows, their prayers receives,
While others scoff, he pities, & forgives
And from eternal death, their souls retrieves,
And still the same, he deigns to bear in Heaven
The name which here was in derision given:
The name in which ten thousand mercies blessed,

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Mark 4:28 – “For the earth bringeth forth fruit of herself; first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear.”

Faith must anoint the eye to see;
Love the awaken'd heart must warm;
Grace must from sin's dominion free;
And growth in grace the saint must form.

For by degrees the work of God
Is in the heart of man reveal'd;
There, first, conviction's chast'ning rod
That desert makes a furrow'd field.

Prepar'd for culture from on high, There grace divine the seed must sow;
And there, uprising to the eye,
The blade must first its greenness show.

That blade which, warm'd by light and love,
Water'd by dews of reverent fear,
Aspiring to its source above,

Shall bear the yet unripen'd ear.

And, lastly, must the ear, matur'd,
The fulness of its corn possess,
Ere in the garner safe secur'd
The Husbandman his toil may bless.

Such is the gradual growth of grace;
And those who well the work survey.
In each successive stage may trace,
Abundant cause for such delay.

Who can at once deliverance gain
From all that has enslav'd, enticed?
Or hope abruptly to attain
The stature of a man in Christ?⁹

~~

Mark 5

That wretched mania see, in sore distress,
A host of raging fiends his soul possess!
Driven from his sorrowing friends and tranquil home
He dwells amid the mansions of the tomb!
His naked body dreadful wounds display
Which his own hands inflict from day to day.
The bird of night, as o'er his head she flies
Sinks down affrighted at his hideous cries!
Who can a case so desperate relieve?
What kind physician will assistance give? –
One is at hand; - his voice the devils know,
And the whole legion fly to deeps below!
The poor, possessed to health and peace restored
In strains of gratitude adores his Lord.

~~

⁹ Bernard Barton, "Progressive Growth," *Devotional Verses*, 163-164

Mark 8:34 – “And when he had called the people unto him with his disciples also, he said unto them, Whosoever will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me.”

The terms are set before,
The path a Saviour trod;
No other can restore thee
To favor with thy God.

The way of self-denial.
The world’s contemptuous frown,
The cross’s fearful trial, -
Are preludes to the crown.

Christ suffer’d these to save thee,
Each in its worst degree;
Oh. Let them not out-brave thee,
His lowly follower be.

Though trustless and unsteady,
Thou know’st thy feeble heart,
A Saviour’s love is ready
Assistance to impart....¹⁰

~~

Mark 6:35 – “And when the day was now far spent, his disciples came unto him, and said, This is a desert place, and now the time is far passed:”

If thou slight His offers
Thy life is but a breath,
Nor can wealth’s richest coffers
Redeem thy soul from death!

~~

Mark 7:32 – “And they bring unto him one that was deaf, and had an impediment in his speech; and they beseech him to put his hand upon him.”

That wretch amidst society alone,
Neither his wants nor sorrows can make known
Nor is he privileg’d by heaven to prove
The pleasing sounds of friendship & of love!
These sad defects the Saviour’s skill supplies,
This powerful Ephratha each string unties: -
The deaf transported hears his Sacred word! –
The dumb proclaims the goodness of the Lord!

¹⁰ Bernard Barton, “The terms of Discipleship,” *Devotional Verses*, 165-166.

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Mark 7:25 – “For a certain woman, whose young daughter had an unclean spirit, heard of him, and came and fell at his feet:”

What means this woman who so close pursues
Tho Jesus seems her prayer to refuse?
Bespeaks as nought avails, - she follows still,
As of determined to obtain her will:
Her daughter has a devil, & she knows
Jesus alone can overcome such foes:
Herself she sees expos'd to misery,
And her repeated cry is “Lord help me!”
The Saviour frowns, but still she presses on;
He talks of dogs, - herself she owns as one;
But humbly pleads she may at least be fed,
Dog-like, with crumbs dropt from the children's bread.

What boldness this! Will nothing drive her home?
Will she obtain her boon by violence?
Her suit must fail! – Christ will not be compell'd.
Ah, yes: even he to pleas like these must yield.
Her faith succeeds, her daughter is relieved;
And her own soul we doubt not, freely sav'd
Syrophoenecian! Let me learn of thee
A holy, fervid importunity!
With steady watchfulness at mercy's gate,
In spite of ev'ry obstacle to wait;
Like wrestling Jacob still my suit to press
Nor leave my God till he vouchsafes to bless.

~~

Mark 9:20 – “And they brought him unto him: and when he saw him, straightway the spirit tare him; and he fell on the ground, and wallowed foaming.”

We turn our eyes, & lo! another stands.
Who scarcely less our sympathy demands!
Satan; that foe, who first our race beguil'd
Has dwelt within him from a little child!
Now in the waters cast & now the fire,
He lives the constant sport of dev'lish ire!
His Father hopes the Saviour can relieve,
And prays for faith more firmly to believe.

With tears he kneels; & supplicates the Lord;
Nor begs in vain! Christ gives the well known word,
None dare resist, - the fiend, indeed, is fled:
But, ah! The mangle child is surely dead!
No: - the redeemer takes him by the hand,
And crowned with smiling health we see him stand.

~~

Mark 9:24 "Lord, I believe, help then mine unbelief."
What prayer can conscious weakness frame,
God more delights to bless,
Than that which, making faith its aim,
Yet mourn its faithfulness?

Are there not, Lord, who would believe
The power thy word imparts,
Who often would that power receive,
With joyful, grateful hearts;

But unbelief comes in to blight
Thy harvest in the soul,
And o'er thy holy, heavenly light
The clouds of doubt to roll?

Nor is it strange it should be thus;
Inscrutable thy way,
Which he whose reason would discuss,
But finds an endless maze.

To such what prayer can thought accord
More simple, humble, brief?
Than crying - "I believe, O Lord!
Help thou mine unbelief."

This is that lowly frame of mind,
To which thy gracious will
The blessed promise once assign'd,
Thy power would yet fulfill:

That all is possible to him
Who full belief can own;
Whose eye, through faith, no longer dim.
Is fix'd on Thee alone.¹¹

¹¹ Bernard Barton, "Aspirations after Faith," *Devotional Verses*, 167-168.

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Mark 10:21 “Then Jesus beholding him, loved him, and said unto him, One thing thou lackest,”
Oh, ye, who. Like this youth,
In spirit have with the Redeemer met,
Believe the voice of truth,
Pleading in love, “One thing is lacking yet.”¹²

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Mark 11:25 “And when ye stand praying, forgive, if ye have aught against any.”
Wait not until prayer be ended,
To forgive thy direst foe;
With thy prayer be *pardon* blended,
If forgiveness thou wouldst know:
From this precept should'st thou start,
Thine is not a praying heart.¹³

Mark 13:37 “And what I say unto you, I say unto all, Watch.”
Art thou a sinner, from the sleep
Which ends in death awaking?
Be rous'd this holy watch to keep,
Through grace thy sins forsaking.

Have growing light and added power
Been unto thee extended?
Forsake not though thy fortress-tower,
Nor deem the watch suspended.

Only while the vigilance is thine,
Canst thou expect the blessing
Their Lord and Master will assign
To pilgrims *onward* pressing.

Art thou a saint, by grace redeem'd,
Through Christ's atoning merit?
Be not the watch-word disesteem'd,
If life thou wouldst't inherit.

The higher ground thou may'st have gain'd,
Its counsel more is needed;
Nor can thy safety be maintain'd,
The watch-tower left unheeded.

¹² From “One Thing Wanting,” by Bernard Barton, *Devotional Verses*, 169.

¹³ From “Prompt Forgiveness Enjoined” by Bernard Barton, *Devotional Verses*, 179.

In light or darkness, joy or woe,
By good or ill surrounded,
Thy hope of conquest o'er each for
On watchfulness I founded.

Not in the wisdom, or the might
Of man, - for these will fail thee,
When powers of darkness, born of night,
In conflict shall assail thee.

The watchfulness that slumbers not
Must be through grace imparted;
By faith an prayer it is begot,
And saves the simple-hearted.¹⁴

~~

Mark 13

Amazing grace! & didst thou Lord submit
To torture & indignity for this;
That guilty rebels, ransom'd from the pit
Might be exalted to eternal bliss?

Thy mighty voice call'd nature into birth;
Thy potent arm a thousand worlds sustain
And could'st thou stoop to grovel on the earth
To save a worm from everlasting pains?

When angels sinn'd they fell, unpitied fell,
Down to the lowest depths of endless woe'
But man to snatch from wrath, despair and hell,
The Lord of angels did his throne forego!

O sin, accursed sin! What hast thou done?
Would any thy detested nature see,
Let him contemplate God's coequal Son
Bleeding and groaning in gethsemane!

Not all the miseries which on earth we feel
Nor hell, with all its horrors can declare
Jehovah's righteous vengeance half as well
As the dire pangs a Savior suffered here!

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¹⁴ Bernard Barton, "Watchfulness Imperative on All", *Devotional Verses*, 172-173.

Mark 15

??To...??and his kind Lord, his treach'rous footsteps bend
With an insidious kiss he marks his prey!
His injured Master still salutes him "friend,"
And asks why thus he should his life betray.

Now the rue rabble, armed with staves and spears
Draw near his sacred person to surround
Sudden a ray of Deity appears,
And all at once fall prostrate to the ground

~~

Not all the miseries which on earth we feel
Nor hell, with all its horrors can disclose
Jehovah's righteous vengeance half so well
As the dire pangs a Saviour suffer'd here!

~~

Luke 5:4 - "Now when he had left speaking, he said unto Simon, Launch out into the deep, and let down your nets for a draught."

Thro' all the night with unremitting care,
His followers toil yet not one fish ensnare.
The morning dawns, nor catch, nor meal have they.
What must support them thro' the coming day?
Their master knows their want; see he is nigh,
Their hearts to solace, & their tears to dry!
The scaly tenants of the foaming deep,
Wak'd by his mighty mandate from their sleep,
To the ship's side in sudden shoals are brought,
And he directs the net to find the spot:
The fishers cast it, & draught they raise,
Which richly all their former toil repays.

~~

Luke 7

The Roman officer sends froth his friends,
And his sick servant to the Lord commends:_
Then comes himself and urges home his suit,
With faith as humble as 'tis resolute.
This suit prevails, - the pitying Saviour gives
His powerful fiat, & the servant lives.

~~

Luke 8 – Jairus’s daughter raised

Nor did our Lord the living only save,
The dead he oft call’d from the silent grave.
The Jewish ruler’s only daughter lay
In languishing estate from day to day;
The weeping father to the Saviour fled,
But came, alas! too late – the child is dead.
The mourners readily mock’d to see him come
And ask admittance to the damsel’s room;
He bids them all withdraw; then, ent’ring cries,
“Tabitha cume” “maid, I say, arise!”
The soul revisits its forsaken clay;
And the glad parents tar their joy display.

~~

Luke 10:20 “Notwithstanding in this rejoice not, that the spirits are subject unto you; but rather rejoice, because your names are written in heaven.”

Rejoice not, or rejoice with awe,
That subject spirits own your law;
That powers of darkness, wont to be
Your masters, - from your presence flee.

If such dominion foster pride,
With instant danger ‘tis allied;
If meekly held, obey the voice
Which bids you tremblingly rejoice.

When call’ to meet your foes in fight,
“Tis good to tell your Saviour’s might;
For victory grateful thanks may rise,
But trust bliss still deeper lies.

The joy of heaven is *perfect* joy,
Which fear nor danger can alloy;_
The purest man on earth can know
From love and gratitude must flow.

If faith a humble hope supply,
Thy name is register’d on high,
Though in no robe of triumph lad,
Rejoice, and be exceeding glad.

The power which fallen spirits dread,
Which can on serpents, scorpions, tread,
Such powers, could we command at will,
Yield but the joy of conflict still.

This latent perils may allure,
The hope of heaven is peaceful, pure;
If faith this hope to thee assign,
Rejoice in Him who made it thine.¹⁵

~~

Luke 11:14 – “And he was casting out a devil, and it was dumb. And it came to pass, when the devil was gone out, the dumb spake; and the people wondered.”

Satanic influence in an awful way
Exerted, over this man its awful sway;
A firm dominion o'er his breast it keeps,
And locks from prayer & praise his trembling lips,
But locks in vain: for Jesus has a key
Which sets his tongue at instant liberty!

~~

Here includes poem from Matthew 10, with last two lines additional:

On foot, by day, he went from place to place
A thousand voices and maladies to chase;
And in bleak mountains, in the midnight air
While others slept, his moments spent in prayer.
Fatigue & hardship, hunger, cold, & want,
He oft endured, nor utter'd one complaint.
(O that my soul might hence sample take
To suffer cheerfully for his dear sake!)
Where'in he meant some tongue had cause to praise
His matchless love & condescending grace.
No cry of misery ever miss'd his ear,
No supplicant receiv'd a look severe.
Nor would one child of sorrow e'er complain
That he had sought - Lord, but sought in vain.

¹⁵ “A Christian’s rejoicing” by Bernard Barton, *Devotional Verses*, 176-177.

~~

Luke 11-12

God is Love

I cannot always trace the way
Where thou, Almighty One, dost move;
But I can always, always say,
That God is love, that God is love.

When fear her chilling mantle flings
O'er earth, my soul in heaven above,
As to her sanctuary, springs,
For God is love, for God is love.

When mystery clouds my darkened path,
I'll check my dread, my doubts reprove;
IN this my soul sweet comfort hath,
That God is love, that God is love.

Yes, God is love; a thought like this
Can every gloomy thought remove,
And turn all tears, all woes, to bliss,
For God is love, for God is love.¹⁶

Luke 15 - Prodigal Son

O loveliest picture of the God of love!
Still fix mine eye, each lingering doubt remove:
If in some darer hour it bleeds to know
How many hearts he home of rest forego,
Give to my view a father meek and mild,
A father, springing forth to meet his child,
And let me hear, far sounding from on high,
The angel's sympathizing burst of joy.
Then stronger than before in love to thee,
And deep desire the sin-bound soul to free,
Home let me turn, adoring, as I look
On the bright promise of thy holy book,
And see inscrib;d on all below, above,
More clearly still, the record – "God is Love."¹⁷

~~

¹⁶ John Bowring, "God is Love", in *Songs of Gladness*, J.E. Gould, 1869, 89.

¹⁷ This is the last portion of a lengthier poem on the Prodigal Son, found in Emily Taylor. *Poetical Illustrations of Passages of Scripture*. Wellington, Salop: F. Houlston and Son, 1826, 54.

Luke 17 – the 10 lepers

“Of all these sorrowing men, but one
Returns his debt to pay,
For life, for health, for joy, for hope –
His brethren – where are they?”
O, if that hallow’d voice e’en now,
From heaven should ask again –
“Where are the thankless souls, redem’d
From anguish, want, and pain?”
How must the man, who round the world
Look’d with a Christian’s eye,
Where’er he turn’d his anxious glance,
“Here, Lord,” abas’d, reply!
Yea, here, in every haunt of men,
How oft must feel it true,
That thankless hearts are every where;
The grateful – O how few!
The vows that oft upon the bed
Of sickness rose, the prayer
Or life to serve the God of life –
Where are they? Tell us where?
They that from earth’s dark chambers rais’d
Once more to life upspring,
Ah, who, of all those thousand heal’d,
Their grateful offerings bring?¹⁸

~~

Luke 8:43 – “And a woman having an issue of blood twelve years, which had spent all her living upon physicians, neither could be healed of any,”

Observe that woman pressing to get near
Whose tottering limbs will scarce her body bear
Long has she pin’d in misery & pain
And on physicians spent wealth in vain;
Yet hope long dormant now revives again.
So strong her faith is, that she can believe
Ev’n from his robe she shall a cure receive:
A touch that faith confirms, the issue stays,
Jesus approves, & she proclaims his praise.

¹⁸ Last portion of Emily Taylor’s “The Ten Lepers”, as found in her *Poetical Illustrations of Passages of Scripture*, 52-53.

~~

Luke 13:11 – “And, behold, there was a woman which had a spirit of infirmity eighteen years, and was bowed together, and could in no wise lift up herself.”

From sin, - that fount of wickedness & woe!
How sad, how various re the streams that flow.
Another woman, see among the crowd
By sharp infirmity together bow'd:
Groaning she crawls along, nor can arise
To contemplate the wonders of the skies!
Eighteen long years she has endur'd this pain
And ev'ry hope of succor now seems vain!
It seems, but I not, Jesus gives his hand
And ev'ry fetter breaks at his command.
She walks erect, to strength and health restor'd
And lives to glorify her gracious Lord!

~~

Luke 12:35 – “Let your loins be girded about, and your lights burning;
May our lights be always burning,”

And our loins be girded round,
Waiting for our Lord's returning –
Longing for the welcome sound!
Thus the Christian life adorning,
Never will we be afraid;
Should he come at night, or morning –
Earl dawn, or evening shade.¹⁹

~~

Luke 14

With that poor object all must sympathize
Swelled by the dropsy to enormous size;
Unhappy man! Condemn'd, with pain & care,
The pond'rous load of his own weight to bear.
Would I – but soft! Someone his case bemoan
Jesus has spoke the word, & all the water's gone!

The Roman officer sends froth his friends,
And his sick servant to the Lord commends: _
Then comes himself and urges home his suit,
With faith as humble as 'tis resolute.
This suit prevails, - the pitying Saviour gives

¹⁹ From “The Watchful Servants”, *Congregational Magazine*, as in *The Religious Magazine or Spirit of the Foreign Theological Journals and reviews*, Vol. III, January-June 1829. 84.

His powerful fiat, & the servant lives.²⁰

~~

Bring home the mournful language us'd
Here if each disobedient guest,
Who, call'd, - yet pray'd to be excus'd,
And, bidden, yet remain'd unblest.²¹

~~

Luke 17

Here a whole troop of wretched lepers stand,
And with loud cries intreat his healing hand.
He bids them go the appointed means to use,
But on the way a perfect cure ensues:
One, only one, turns back his knee to bend
In grateful praises to his healing friend.
Where are the g? are all their hearts of steel,
That they such obligations cannot feel?
Ah! Yes: the human heart is like a rock
Of adamant, and mut by grace be broke:
The power that heals must gratitude inspire
Or old & thankless we shall all retire!

~~

Luke 17:22 – “Remember Lot’s wife”

Here he who runs may plainly read,
How little can a call avail;
How easy is it to proceed
Some steps aright, and yet to fail

Remember for *the glance* she turn'd
To sin's abode from safety's path;
God, whose commandment she had spurn'd,
Made her a monument of wrath.²²

~~

²⁰ This last stanza written earlier at Luke 7.

²¹ Last stanza of Bernard Barton's "Called, but Not Chosen" on Luke 14:24, *Devotional Verses*, 180.

²² First and last stanzas of Bernard Barton's "A Word of Caution", *Devotional Verses*, 181-182.

Luke 19:2 – “And, behold, there was a man named Zacchaeus, which was the chief among the publicans, and he was rich.”

Thro' Jericho the Saviour must repair
Salvation to the Publican to bear.
This far fam'd stranger he much longs to see.
“Zaccheus, I to be thy guest am come,
“Then hasten down and lead me to thy home.”
Thus Jesus speaks; Zaccheus with speed descends,
And joyfully receives himself & friends.
Grace, powerful grace, has form'd his heart anew,
And now his life a change evinces too;
He feels the virtue of atoning blood, -
Breaks off his sins, & yields himself to God.

~~

Luke 20:25 – “Render therefore unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's, and unto God the things which be God's.”

The love of God must be the root
Of worship, praise, and prayer;
And love of man must be the fruit
Thy daily life should bear.

This tribute paid to each – will draw
A blessing from above;
And both combin'd fulfil the law
Of pure and perfect love.²³

~~

Luke 22:44 – “And being in an agony he prayed more earnestly: and his sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground.”

Each purple drop proclaims there's room
And bids the poor and needy come.²⁴

Oh! What wonders love has done!
But how little understood!
God well knows, and God alone,
What produc'd that sweat of blood.
Who can thy deep wonders see,

²³ Middle and last verses of “To Each His Due” by Bernard Barton, *Devotional Verses*, 182-183.

²⁴ From “Looking to Jesus Crucified”, William Williams, *A Selection of Hymns from the Best Authors*. London: J. Davy, 1819, 221.

Wonderful Gethsemane?²⁵

~~

Luke 22-23 – “And they began to enquire among themselves, which of them it was that should do this thing.”

Precious redeemer! is no friend at hand
Thy woes to sooth, or o'er thy sorrows weep?
Ah! No: far off his chosen followers stand
Or rather strange to tell – lie sunk in sleep.

Yet in this hour of need support is given,
For see how swift yon white rob'd seraph flies!
By high commission of the court of Heaven,
To ?? strength & consolation he supplies.

The struggle is o'er: the host of hell o'ercome
Ashamed, & baffled to their cavern fly:
While choirs celestial thru' Heaven's ample dome
Sound their defeat, & Jesus' victory!

~~

John 1:5 – “And the light shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprehended it not.”

Just picture of the human mind,
Yet unregenerate, unrefin'd,
Ere the bright Day-Spring from on high
Our mental vision can espy.

Such was the night which shrouded earth
When Godhead stoop'd to human birth;
When He, whose fat worlds had fram'd,
Walk'd among men unknown, unnam'd!

As in His outward body, then
He was rejected, scorn' of men,
So in His inward coming now,
To Him we yet refuse to bow.

His heavenly light vouchsafes to shine
Within the heart's yet darken'd shrine,
But there, 'till grace hath life begot,
Our darkness comprehends it not.

Then grant. O God of grace divine,

²⁵ Last stanza of hymn 145, “Jesus while he dwelt below” in William Jay. *A Selection of Hymns of Peculiar Metre*. Bath: Samuel Hazard, 1797.

That in our hearts thy light may shine;
And bid those hearts be born again,
That there it may not shine in vain.²⁶

~~

John 2:1 – “And the third day there was a marriage in Cana of Galilee; and the mother of Jesus was there:”

No cynic peevishness affects his breast,
Tis his delight to see his creatures blest;
For this he hastes the festive train to join,
And changes their water to heart-changing wine.
Each element acknowledges his sway,
And all delight his mighty will obey.

~~

John 3:1 – “There was a man of the Pharisees, named Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews:”

Behold that asker (?) who to him applies
While midnight darkness favours his disguise.
Tho’ long a teacher, he in this short hour
Lessons he learns he never knew before:
Such lessons, too, as were not thrown away
Witness his conduct on the burial day.

~~

John 4:46U – “So Jesus came again into Cana of Galilee, where he made the water wine. And there was a certain nobleman, whose son was sick at Capernaum.”

The Noble’s son is , tho’ unseen, restor’d
To health & comfort by a single word.
The father’s soul is quicken’d too, by grace,
And his whole household does the truth embrace,
But who’s this poor trembler, on his bed
With gentler stop by tender friends convey’d?
His palsied limbs of strength long since bereft,
A wasted life, & life alone is left!
His kind supporters watch the crowded door
In hopes at length a passage to explore;
But wait in vain, till the roof ascend
And thence the patient on his bed suspend.
Christ sees their faith, - and the sufferer relieves.
His palsy cures, & all his sins forgives.

²⁶ First four and last stanzas of “Light an Darkness” by Bernard Barton, *Divine Verses*, 184-185.

~~

John 4

Samria's city Christ must needs pass thro'
If he from Juda will to Cana go:
Why must? Is this the short or only road?
No: but here dwells a sinner far from God
To whom he means her run'd state to prove, _
Then to her heart apply his pard'ning love.
Weary & faint upon the well he sits,
And there this daughter of Samaria meets;
Ent'ring on conversation, mild, and kind,
Her crimson sins he gently calls to mind;
Then listens to her soft repentant sighs
And in her bosom bids that spring arise
Which till ascending mounts toward the skies.
The change she feels, wrought by his powerful word
And hails him as Messiah, & her Lord.
Her water, and her pitcher, she forgets
And runs & preaches Christ to all she meets.
And now in Heaven her praises higher swell
Whenever she remembers Sychar's well.

~~

John 5:5 – “And a certain man was there, which had an infirmity thirty and eight years.”

Yonder poor cripple, at Bethsaida's pool,
Has waited long, still hoping to be whole.
Hard is his lot, with sufferings called t'engage
For more than half of the time of human age.
Too helpless to the poo in time to come,
He might as well, alas! have stayed at home.
The rest all by themselves or friends engress'd.
He lies unaided, & all hope is lot!
Recall that word! – the great Physician's nigh,
And views the patient with a pitying eye.
Nor angel's hep, nor troubled waters needs he,
He bids the man arise from sickness free.
Rising with strength renew'd, his couch he bears
And homeward with a joyful heart repairs.

~~

John 6

Life to sustain, as well as to afford,
Is the prerogative of nature's Lord.
Here too the Saviour's power and wisdom shine,
Proving his mission & himself divine.
In Paran's crowds around him throng,
And hang delighted on his matchless tongue.
Three days they fast. Nor utter one complaint,
But nature unsupplied at last grows faint:
What must be done? 5 loaves are all their store
And this poor barren place will yield no more.
'Twere madness these upon the board to spread
And think that thousands can thereon be fed.
Weak is the faith indeed that argues so!
Jesus is here, & what can he not do?
His unexhausted treasury in the skies
Millions of millions every day supplies.
Seat then the guest, nor feel one anxious care –
Leave it to Him to furnish proper fare.
From Heaven he piously a blessing seeks
Then the 5 loaves & 2 small fishes breaks.
Now hand the food, nor young nor old forget.
They all are welcome; - let them freely eat.
Instead of wasting, see it multiplies!
Ab evert craving appetite supplies!
Blush, unbelief, while they collect the rest
And fill 12 baskets from the scanty feast.

~~

John 6:63 - "It is the spirit that quickeneth: the flesh profiteth nothing: the words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life."

If aught of flesh, or fleshly powers,
Thy kingdom, Lord, could win,
Then might we deem the glory ours,
And pride would enter in.

The Spirit's quick'ning aid must give
The power to come to Thee,
The life whereby our souls must live,
The light by which we see.

The gracious words thy lips have said,
Are spirit, life indeed;
And Thou art still the living Bread,
Whereon the soul must feed.

But those unto the fleshly heart,
Nor life, nor spirit yield;
Nor wilt thou of thyself impart,
Until by grace reveal'd.

Oh, give us, then, that heavenly grace,
Through whose blest aid, alone,
Our souls the mysteries can trace,
Thy living word make known.²⁷

~~

John 9:1 – “And as Jesus passed by, he saw a man which was blind from his birth.”

See this poor creature; he in darkness born,
Ne'er saw the beauties of the rising morn;
The wonders of creation never trac'd,
Nor on the face of friends with transport gaz'd
His case most desperate, no hopes befriend.
Blind as he enter'd life, so life must end;
Thus unbelief would whisper; faith replies
The Savior is all powerful, kind & wise;
He who from nothing could create the eye
Can its deficiencies at once supply;
Behold he calls the blind, - anoints with clay
And sends him to Siloam's pool away:
He washes, - sees – owns his deliv'rer's name
And for his sake endures reproach & shame.

~~

John 11

Yes! Tears once fill'd His eye,
Beside a mortal's grave,
Who left his throne on high,
The lost to seek an save.

And fresh, from age to age,
Their memory shall be kept;
While man shall bless the page

²⁷ From Bernard Barton's "The Spirit and the Flesh," *Devotional Verses*, 186-187.

Which tells that Jesus *wept!*²⁸

~~

John 11

In Bethany those dear relations dwelt.
Whose kindred souls alike spoke, thought, & felt.
Fraternal love had knit their hearts in one
And each was more the others than his own.
This happy family, by Jesus lov'd,
The sweetest heights of earthly pleasure prov'd!
But ah! How fleeting are joys below!
What sudden changes here we undergo!
Death on the brother laid his icy hand,
And thus remorseless snapt the threefold band.
The mourning sisters dropt a tender tear
And softly wish'd that Jesus had been there.
In solemn silence follow'd to the tomb,
And left their Lazarus in its dreary womb!
With him concluding ev'ry joy was dead!
Meanwhile the Saviour was in spirit nigh,
And felt with them the softest sympathy;
But knowing well what he design'd to do,
At length to the survivors aid he flew.
He bade them lead him to the dreary grave,
And took the stone away that clos'd the cave;
Then o'er the friend he loved the Son of God,
Deign'd (wondrous grace) to drop a tender flood.
Three days beneath an eastern sun ensconc'd
Lazarus was now to putrification turn'd:
But Christ could soon the fetid flesh restore
And make it sweet & pleasant as before:
He did, then cried n a commanding tone,
“Laz'rous come forth!” – ev'n Death that voice must own.
The sleeping pri'ner hears the cheering sound
And rises in his fun'ral garments bound!
Releas'd, he to his wond'ring sisters flies,
And warm embraces testify their joys:
Their hearts, more than their lips, such merry praise
And to their Savior yield their future days.

~~

²⁸ From Bernard Barton's "Tears," based on John 11:35, *Devotional Verses*, 189.

John 14:18 – “I will not leave thee comfortless; I will come to you.”

If thou, my Jesus, still art nigh,
Cheerful I live, and cheerful die:
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in thee.²⁹

~~

John 17:20 - “Neither pray I for *these alone*, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word.”

“No, not for these alone I pray,”
The dying Saviour said;
Though on his breast that moment lay
The lov’d disciple’s head.

Though to his eye that moment sprung
The kind, the pitying tear
For those who eager round him hung,
His words of love to hear.

Ah, where, ere yet another morn
Jehovah’s house shall gild,
And eager spirits joyful turn
Their morning praise to yield, -

Ah, where shall then his followers be
Before that morrow’s close,
And he, their Master, where will He
His wearied head repose?

That melting thought, and thousand more,
The cross, the crown of pain,
The horrors of the evil hour,
Rush o’er Him – but in vain.

No, not for these alone he prayed,
For all of moral race,
Whene’er their fervent prayer is made,
Where’er their dwelling place.

Sweet is the thought when thus we meet,

²⁹ From March 20 devotional in C.H. Bogatsky (ed. Rev. James Smith). *A Golden Treasury for the Children of God*. London: T. Nelson and sons, 1860, 80.

His feast of love to share;
And, 'mid the toils of life, how sweet
The memory of that prayer!

O ne'er, in souls that seek his face
Let strife, let hatred reign,
To tell the unbelieving race
The Savior prayed in vain!³⁰

~~

John 21:21-22 – “Peter seeing him, saith to Jesus, Lord, and what shall this man do? Jesus saith unto him, If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee? Follow thou me.”

“Lord, what shall this man do?” “And what
Is that,” the Master said, “to thee?
Whate'er I will shall be his lot,
And thine it is to follow me.”
Yes, Lord! We hear; we feel the bond
Binding to thee our heart and soul:
We would not breathe a wish beyond
The sphere of thy benign control.
We feel that those who follow thee
No meaner thought should turn away:
No idle glance, sent forth to see
Who hear thy voice, or disobey.
No idle glance. But I there not
A look the Saviour loves to view,
From those who feel their happy lot,
And long that all should “follow” too?
And can the Saviour's voice reprove
The Christian “Heart's desire and prayer,”
When, travelling on to realms above,
He asks, “Shall those I love be there?”
No, Christian: trust thy Master's word;
Still on thine ear his accents keep,
And, as thou lov'st thy dying Lord,
His charge remember – “Feed my sheep.”
And fear not thou to watch, to pray,
With all the unwearied power of love,
For wanderers from that heavenly way,
Mark'd out by Him who lives above.
Yet to thy heart thou well may'st take
This caution – Whatso'er thy care
For those whose feet that way forsake,

³⁰ “The Savior's Prayer” in Emily Taylor. *Poetical Illustrations of Passages of Scripture*, 1826, 76-78.

See that thine own be walking there!³¹

~~

John 20

— One handmaid still the Saviour's steps attends
Where'er he goes, her course by his she bends.
His ev'ry burden she delights to bear;
In all his joys & sorrows claim a share;
His comfort to promote, - his wants relints,
With cheerful hand her substance she will give
Each look she watched with attentive eyes
And to anticipate his wishes flies.
Much does she love; & so, indeed, she might:
Jesus on her behalf has wonders wrought:
Sev'n devils rag'd in her distracted breast
And drove far from it ev'ry hope of rest!
At his command the tyrants all depart,
And peace revisits her afflicted heart:
His spirit, too, renews her sinful soul,
And mind, and body, are at once made whole.
Well may such grace engage her whole esteem
And lead her to devote her all to him:
Faithful till death, she follows in his train,
A mournful witness of his grief & pain;
The last to quit his cross she will be found,
And first to be seen at the sepulchre and grave.

~~

Poem inserted at Acts 8, with inscription on the descent of the Holy Ghost, but the inscription crossed out ...

Go to dark Gethsemane,
Yet that feel the tempter's power;
Your redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with him one bitter hour;
Turn not from his griefs away,
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

³¹ This is found in Emily Taylor's *Poetical Illustrations of Passages of Scripture*, 59-61, with the addition of this first stanza:

"Follow thou me!" the Saviour cried,
And Peter turn'd: but when his eye
The love disciple following spied,
His tongue forgot the prompt reply.

Follow to the judgment hall;
View the Lord of life arraigned
O the wormwood and gall!
O the pangs his souls sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of him to bear the cross.

Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at his feet,
Mark the miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete;
"It is finished!" hear him cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid his breathless clay;
Angels kept their vigils there;
Who hath taken Him away?
"Christ is risen!" He seeks the skies;
- Saviour! Teach us to rise.³²

~~

Acts 18-19

How safe and how happy are they,
Who on the good Shepherd rely!
He gives them out strength for the day,
Their wants he will surely supply:
He ravens and lions can tame,
All creatures obey his command;
Then let me rejoice in his name,
And leave all my cares in his hand.³³

~~

Acts 22

Oh ev'ry miracle, with radiant beam,
Appears the stamp of Deity supreme!
Can a weak mortal, or an angel save
The ebbing life from sinking to the grave?
Will tyrant death regard a creature's hand,
And yield his pris'ner back at his command?

³² "Go to dark Gethsemane" by James Montgomery, first appeared in Thomas Cottrill. *A Selection of Psalms and Hymns for Public Worship*, 9th ed. London: T. Cadell, 1820, hymn 93.

³³ Last stanza of John Newton's hymn on "Elijah fed by Ravens," *Olney Hymns*. Chiswick: C. and C. Whittingham, 1824, Book 1, xxxv.

Can aught but God the elements control?
Or, (which is harder still,) convert a soul?
No, Jesus, no: thy power & goodness shine
Through all the works proclaiming thee divine.
This is the Rock on which my soul I stake
And build hereon, no storms my hopes shall shake.
Reader, good night, retire, and recollect
These wond'rous scenes till they thine heart affect
And lead thee at the Saviours feet to raise
An evening sacrifice of pray'r & praise.
I too, will go, and on my bended knee;
Enquire what wonders Christ has wrought for me
And sure this question will my breast inflame
And tune more my tongue to praise his name.

~~

Acts 27

Prayer is appointed to convey
The blessings God intends to give:
Long as they live should Christians pray
For only while they pray they live.³⁴

Prayer is the vital breath of faith
Which makes the soul to heaven arise,
Neglecting this, the man may live,
But ah! How soon the Christian dies!

If prayer then be the life of faith,
And faith my guide to heaven must be,
Oh! May I live a life of prayer,
And thus entirely live to Thee.³⁵

~~

Romans 3

Then let us trust the Lord alone,
And creature-confidence disown
Nor if they threaten need we fear,
They cannot hurt if he be near.³⁶

³⁴ 1st stanza of Joseph Hart's hymn, #294 in *The Voice of Praise; a Collection of Hymns for the use of the Methodist Church* (1873).

³⁵ By Rev. Leigh Richmond, in *The Leisure Hour Improved; or Moral Miscellanies, in prose and verse*, second edition. Ironbridge: William Smith, 1811, 93.

³⁶ John Newton *Olney Hymns*, Book 2, xcvi.

The Spirit, which gave Scripture birth,
Must interpret it to man,
Or much of its divinest worth
Dimly and darkly he must scan.

But, open'd by that heavenly key,
Which turns a God's divine command,
The eye its mysteries can see,_
The heart its truths can understand.

~~

Romans 11 vs. 23-24”And they also, if they bide not stull in unbelief, shall be grafted in; for God is able to graff them in again. For if thou wert cut out of the olive-tree which is wild by nature, an wert grafted contrary to nature into a good olive-tree; how much more shall these which be the natural *branches*, be grafted into their own olive tree?”

O Israel! happy in the days of yore,
When thine own Shepherd led thee! tho thine eye
Disdains the tear f Christian sympathy,
And thy proud heart revolts yet more and more,
We love and seek thee. In thine evil hour,
The Power that smites the turns our hearts to thee:
We long to lead thee to the peaceful shore,
And see thee blessed, sanctified, and free!
Who would not mourn for thee? To whom consign'd
Heaven's blessed oracles so long have been?
Who would not weep, if thou, the only blind,
Reject the beamings of that light serene?
And would not pray the Hand divine to see
Grafting the natural branch on its own live tree?³⁷

~~

Romans 11:20 – “Well; because of unbelief they were broken off, and thou standest by faith. Be not high-minded, but fear.”

Hast thou, by heavenly grace benign,
From the wild olive-tree,
Been grafted on th' immortal Vine?
Yet fearful, lowly be. –

³⁷ Emily Taylor's poem "Israel" was published in Mrs. Pallisher's *The Modern Poetical Speaker; or a collection of Pieces adapted for Recitation, carefully selected from the Poets of the Nineteenth Century*. London: Longman, Brown, Green & Longmans, 1845, 442.

Rememb'ring this – that He, who gave
Thy honour'd statin there,
Must bid thy bough in greenness wave,
And teach it fruit to bear.

Have others, native to the stem,
Been broken off, as sere?
Exult not proudly over them,
But view thyself with fear.

Think not that He, who look'd for fruit
Upon the native bough,
Will, in his own engrafted shoot,
Of barrenness allow.

Thou wast there grafted to bring forth,
In these degenerate days,
Rich fruitage of immortal worth,
To His eternal praise.

By faith thou standest; and they fell
Because of unbelief;
If doubt or pride in thee should dwell,
Thy date, like theirs, is brief.³⁸

~~

Romans 13:12 – “The night is far spent, the day is at hand: let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armour of light.”

Saviour, and God! Impress on all
This awful portion of thy word;
Bring home its solemn, fearful call,
To hearts that have too long demurr'd.
If, deeds of darkness we have done,
While night yet hover'd round our path,
Teach us hereafter such to shun,
Dreading thy day of righteous wrath.
The night far spent, the day at hand,
Rouse us by thy life-giving breath;
That we before Thee yet may stand,
Nor sleep the awful sleep of death.
Convince us, if we hope to be
Accept, in thy holy sight;

³⁸ “Humility and Fear Expedient,” by Bernard Barton, *Devotional Verses*, 201-202.

Our spirits must be cloth'd by Thee,
In thy whole armoury of light.
Nor less the needful truth make known,
That none can be with this supplied,
Unless all armour of our own,
Trusted no more, be laid aside.
For none thy panoply can wear,
But those whom Thou has first uncloth'd;
And one thy cloudless day can bear,
But those who sin's dark night have loath'd.³⁹

~~

I Corinthians 2:2 – “For I determined not to know any thing among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified.”

Wouldst thou of knowledge, more and more,
The sum and substance gain, -
Adding to mind's immortal store,
The wealth that shall remain? –

O search not, with the learned Greek,
In earthly wisdom's mine;
Nor, like the Jew, this treasure seek
In outward rite or sign.

But seek thou, as th' Apostle sought,
What far surpasseth show,
In speech, in action, and in thought,
Christ crucified to know.

This saving knowledge woul'st thou learn,
From human lore conceal'd,
Thy thought and vision inward turn,
For there it I reveal'd.

There would the Lord anoint thine eye,
His glorious cross to see,
Which to the world can crucify,
The world, no less, to Thee.

His Spirit's deep baptismal power
Must aid that cross to bear;
So shalt thou, in a future hour,
The crown of glory wear.

³⁹ “A Call to Vigilance,” by Bernard Barton, *Devotional Verses*, 203-204.

For God will, in the end, bestow
That crown on none beside
Those, who, like Paul, but seek to know
Christ, and him crucified!⁴⁰

~~

I Corinthians 13:12 – “For now we see through a glass darkly.”

Dim and dark our present vision,
Through time’s shadowy glass made known,
When compar’d with views elysian,
Which hereafter shall be shown.

Yet enough of glory, - beauty, -
Here to faith’s keen sight are given,
To refresh the path of duty,
And make glad the way to heaven.

See we not, beyond the portal
Of the grave’s brief resting-place,
Glimpses of those joys immortal,
Which await the heirs of grace?

Hear we not, at seasons stealing
On the spirit’s wakeful ear,
Songs of praise, their bliss revealing,
Who once mourn’d and suffer’d here?

Oh! If such the hopes attendant,
While we dimly, darkly see,
How unspeakably transcendent,
Must the full fruition be;_

Feel we not, at times, in sorrow_
Hopes whereon the heart can stay,
Prescient of a brighter morrow,
Which shall chase all griefs away?

When, eternity unfolding,
All the ransom’d hosts above,
Face to face their Lord beholding,
Join in songs of praise and love.⁴¹

⁴⁰ “The Apostle’s Knowledge,” by Bernard Barton, *Devotional Verses*, 205-206.

~~

I Corinthians 15:45 –“And as we have borne the image of the earthly, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly.”

Can we in our final change,
Hope this transformation strange,
If we know not, ere that hour,
Grace’s renovating power?

If we bear about us till,
Earthy image, carnal will;
When the final trump shall sound,
Earthy we must still be found.

Flesh and blood cannot inherit
Kingdom of th’ immortal Spirit;
Nor can souls corrupt through sin,
Incorruption hope to win.

Wouldst thou, then, hereafter be
From the earthy image free,
Christ thy spirit must prepare
On more heavenly here to bear.

Who such impress would entrust
To the grave’s unconscious dust,
Heedless, until life be done,
If the work have been begun?

Seek, oh, seek, ere life shall close,
Him whose Spirit power bestows!
Crave of Him that power to give,
Die to self, through Him to live.

They who thus their Lord have known.
Shall his resurrection own;
And their death, when they must die,
Be absorb’d in victory.⁴²

⁴¹ “Present Vision Imperfect” by Bernard Barton, *Devotional Verses*, 207-208.

⁴² “The Earthy and the Heavenly” by Bernard Barton, *Devotional Verses*, 209-210. The last verse was omitted in Emily Taylor’s Testament, for lack of space:

Victory over all of earth,
Which once gave its likeness birth,
Conquest won by Him, whose grace
Stamp’d His image in its place.

~~

II Corinthians 2:15 – “For we are unto God a sweet savour of Christ, in them that are saved, and in them that perish.”

Man cannot of himself impart
 This privilege divine,
Unto his own corrupted heart;
 The work, O Lord, is thine.

Nor can he unto others’ sense
 That savour e’er make known,
Unless thy Spirit first dispense
 Its virtue to his own.

He who another would invite
 The rose’s sweets to share,
Must, even though conceal’ from sight.
 A rose about him bear.

How can the blind expect to teach
 The eye aright to see?
Or how, in eloquence of speech,
 The dumb instructors be?

Nor can our unregenerate powers
 That boon diffuse around,
Which Jesus first must render ours,
 “Till we in Him are found.

Lord! By thy Spirit, then, create
 Our hearts in Him anew;
Restore us from our fall’n estate,
 Our souls with grace imbue.

That so our spirits may give forth
 His savour far and nigh,
Of life – in them who feel its worth;
 Of death – in them who die.⁴³

~~

⁴³ Bernard Barton, “A Christian’s Savour,” *Devotional Verses*, 211-212.

II Corinthians 3:17 – “Now the Lord is that Spirit; and where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty.”

Seek'st thou freedom, far more glorious
Than the hero ever found,
When, in battle-field victorious,
His the brow with laurel crown'd?

Know – a Spirit, ever nigh thee,
If His aid thou meekly crave,
With that freedom would supply the,
Which no bondage can enslave.

Christ that Spirit still remaineth;
Liberty, which He would give,
Earthly thralldom ne'er enchaineth,
For in dungeons it can live.

Where his Spirit dwells – no token
Of earth's bondage can appall;
Doors are open'd, chains are broken, -
Overthrown the prison wall.

These may, in the world's opinion,
Slavery's bitter doom fulfill;
Christians, through their Lord's dominion,
Claim a glorious freedom still.

Freedom from each fatal error,
Freedom found and felt within;
Freedom from the grave's dark terror;
Freedom from the yoke of sin.

Where these are – oh, what are fetters,
Which he mortal body wears?
What brief tyranny's abettors?-
Objects of their love, and prayers!⁴⁴

~~

⁴⁴ “A Christian's Freedom” in Bernard Barton's *Devotional Verses*, 213-214.

II Corinthians 4:7 – “But we have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us.”

Were it not this, how soon might w
 Humility and fear disown;
And in Thy gifts our glory see,
 When glory, Lord, I thine alone.

But Thou has wisely seen it right,
 In earthen vessels here to pale
Thy own inshining gospel light,
 The golden treasure of Thy grace.

That so much power’s true excellence
 May be of Go, and not of man,
Humility to us dispense,
 And magnify thy gospel’s plan.

How gracious not lost mankind,
 The love which bade a gem so rare,
In such frail caskets be enshrin’d,
 Till thou shouldst worthier ones prepare.

These earthen vessels, late or soon,
 Shall in their native dust decay;
But thy imperishable boon
 Shall long outlive their transient day.

The Spirit, earth’s ethereal guest,
 Whom thy inshining light hath led,
No more in fleshly garments rest,
 Shall rise immortal from the dead.

And there, before Thy holy throne,
 Shall yet more worthily employ
Those gifts, whose glory I thy own,
 IN songs of praise, and grateful joy.⁴⁵

~~

⁴⁵ “Our Treasure in earthen Vessels,” in Bernard Barton, *Devotional Verses*, 215-216.

Galatians 6:9 – “And let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap if we faint not.”

He who would endless glory reap,
Must here the word of patience keep;
That word which gives the eye to see
The glorious harvest yet to be.

The husbandman, his seed who sows,
Must wait with patience while it grows;
And he who would the oak uprear,
Must cherish hope from year to year.

The architect who lays the while
The basement of a lofty pile
By slow, laborious toil alone
Can reach the turret's topmost stone.

Nor must the Christian hope too soon,
Faith's more sublime, immortal boon;
None win by slight or brief emprise
The rich reversion of the skies.

Meek pilgrim Zion-ward! If thou
Hast put thy hand unto the plough,
O look not back, nor droop dismay'd,
At thought of recompense delay'd.

Shall he, who more than worlds is wooing,
Faint and grow weary in well-doing,
Who, in the Lord's appointed time,
Through faith may gain a need sublime?

Doubt not that thou, in season due,
Shalt own his gracious promise true:
And thou shalt share their glorious lot
Whom doing well hath wearied not.⁴⁶

~~

⁴⁶ “A Caution and Promise,” Bernard Barton *Devotional Verses*, 217-218.

Ephesians 4:32 – “And be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you.”

Lord! teach us ore and more to feel,
All outward creeds and forms above,
That thy religion's stamp, and seal
Is pure, pervading, pardoning love.

Not earthly passion's ardent flame,
By bards in glowing numbers sung,
Whose brief, but thrilling transports claim
The aspirations of the young; -

Nor e'en affection's natural tie,
Of gentler feelings intertwin'd,
Which knits in tender sympathy
Heart unto heart; and mind to mind:-

But that more deep devotedness,
Thy Spirit, Lord, alone can give:
Whose power none truly can express
But those who in it move, and live.

This is the love which suffers long;
Prompt to forgive, and to forget
Each unprovok'd injurious wrong,
Rememb'ring its own holier debt.

For they can never vengeance take,
Or harshly, others' faults condemn,
Who feel that God, for Jesu's sake,
Hath lov'd, and freely pardon'd them.⁴⁷

~~

Philippians 4:7 – “And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.”

Those who live in love, shall know
This indwelling quiet joy,
Which the world can ne'er bestow,
Nor its sorrows e'er destroy;
Peace, which passeth understanding:-
Peace of God's divine commanding.

⁴⁷ “Christian Love,” by Bernard Barton, *Devotional Verses*, 219-220.

Earthly hopes but bloom to fade;
Earthly pleasures turn to pain;
These, when in the balance weigh'd,
Lighter than its dust remain
And the peace that earth affordeth
Worthless is to him who hoardeth.

But the pace which God can give,
Heart and mind preserveth still;
Teaching in his love to live,
Rust his word, and do his will:
From above this peace descendeth,-
Towards its source it ever tendeth.

You, who would this treasure share,
To the Saviour humbly go;
Crave of Him, in rev'rent prayer,
What He only can bestow;
Christ, who humble prayer rewardeth,
To His own this peace accordeth.⁴⁸

~~

Colossians 3:1,3 – “If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above...For ye are dead, and our life is hid with Christ in God.”

Art thou risen with Christ? – Thy love
Must such resurrection show;
Seeking heavenly things above,
Slighting those of earth below.

Where the heart its hopes has stor'd.
Thither thought and feeling turn;
Thy allegiance to thy Lord
By this simple test discern.

If thy life be hid with Him,
If thy soul to sin be dead,
Earthly things to thee are dim,
Heaven-ward purer hopes have fled.

Shouldst thou no this state have won,
With thy Lord thou art not risen;
Still the work remains undone,

⁴⁸ “The Pace of God,” Bernard Barton, *Devotional Verses*, 220-221.

Earth is yet thy spirit's prison.

Is there aught too dear to give,
From such bondage to arise?
Die! If thou wouldst hope to live;
Give up earth – to gain the skies.

By that earth, thou shalt attain
Life unfelt, unknown before;
By that sacrifice shalt gain
Treasure passing world store.

Thou shalt live by faith and love,-
Live in Him who died for thee;
And, in hopes which soar above,
Richer far than Dives be.

And when Christ, thy Life and Light,
In His glory shall appear,
Thou, accepted in His sight,
Shalt confess a Saviour near.⁴⁹

~~

I Thessalonians 5:17 – “Pray without ceasing.”

“Pray, ceaseless pray!” – so spake the man
Of whom (what will not mortals dare?)
Pride might have breath'd the thought profane,
“That holy man requires not prayer.”

“Pray, ceaseless pray.” There, rather say,
The riddle of his life is read;
Paul, the destroyed, kneels to pray –
Behold the martyr rise instead!

Behold him! Mark that melting eye
Which late so fierce its glances threw!
Behold him! Labouring dauntlessly,
Hopes, prospects, object, “all things new!”

And in the dark and lonely cell,
Long years of labour pass'd away,
Calm prayers the spirit's gloom dispel,
And still he warns us – “Ceaseless pray.”

⁴⁹ “A Christian's Aspirations,” Bernard Barton, *Devotional Verses*, 222-223.

O humbling, yet exalting thought,
That man, all feeble though he be,
By Heaven chastis'd, instructed, taught.
May. Great example! Rise like Thee!

Is weakness his? Thou too wert weak –
Impatience? But thy swelling soul
Spurn'd the dull counsels of the meek.
Before it knew divine control.

Yes, hater of the Christian name!
Yes, lowly, contrite child of God!
For ever shall thy life proclaim
The path of prayer thy feet have trod.

And they who hope to follow thee,
Through all the changes of their way
Must keep, with meek fidelity,
The high monition, "Ceaseless Prayer."⁵⁰

~~

II Thessalonians 3:5 – "And the Lord direct your hearts into the love of God, and into the patient waiting for Christ."

Lord! teach our inward eye to see
The work must be by Thee begun;
Thy grace must guide to love of Thee,
And patient waiting for thy Son.

Though worthy of our love Thou art,
And Christ of patient waiting for;
The carnal, unregenerate heart,
That love, that waiting – must abhor.

Because its feelings, thoughts, and will,
At enmity with Thee remain;
And, in that enmity, must still
A lowly Saviour's yoke disdain.

But Thine the power to overthrow
Each hostile feeling, will, and thought,
And hearts, by Thee directed, know
These into meek subjection brought.

⁵⁰ Emily Taylor's "Prayer" published in *Poetical Illustrations of Passages of Scripture*, 62-64.

Oh, thus direct, and deal with ours!
Our spirits by thy grace prepare;
And render man's regenerate powers
Worthy a Saviour's yoke to bear.

Beget within our hearts that love
For Thee – Though only canst create;
And, through thy Spirit from above,
Instruct us for thy Son to wait.⁵¹

~~

I Timothy 1:17 – “Now unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, be honour and glory for ever and ever. Amen.”

King of kings! O teach us how
We before Thee ought to bow:
Not alone on bended knee,
Should we offer praise to Thee;
May Thy grace to us impart,
Prostrate spirit, humbled heart.

King eternal! O prepare
Us eternity to share:
By thy Spirit's influence here,
Keep us in thy holy fear,
That, hereafter, ours may be
Bless'd eternity with Thee.

King Immortal! Through thy Son
Immortality is won:
Give us faith in Him, that we
Over death may victors be;
And, accepted for His sake,
May to endless life awake.

King Invisible! Supply
Sight unto that inward eye,
Which should look on “things unseen,”
But by sin hath darken'd been;
Thou canst cause the blind to see,
Ope that eye to look on Thee.

Lord of lords! And King of kings!

⁵¹ “An Apostolic Aspiration,” by Bernard Barton, *Devotional Verses*, 226-227.

Heaven's high vault with praises rings;
Should not man on earth proclaim
Honour, glory, to Thy name,
If, when he from earth shall sever,
These he would ascribe for ever?⁵²

~~

II Timothy 2:4 – “No man that warreth entangleth himself with the affairs of this life, that he may please him who hath chosen him to be a soldier.”

He who would win a warrior's fame,
Must shun, with ever watchful aim,
 Entangling things of life;
His couch the earth, heaven's arching dome
His airy tent, - his only home
 The field of martial strife.

Unwearied by the battle's toil,
Uncumber'd by the battle's spoil,
 No dangers must affright;
Nor rest seduce to slothful ease;
Intent alone his Chief to please,
 Who call' him forth to fight.

Soldier of Christ, if thou wouldst be
Worthy that epithet, stand free
 From time's encumb'ring things;
Be earth's enthrallments fear'd , abhorr'd'
Knowing thy Leader is the Lord,
 Thy Chief the King of kings.

Still use, as not abusing, all
Which fetters worldlings by its thrall;-
 With fame, with power, with pelf,
With joy or grief, with hope or fear,
 Whose origin an end are here,
 Entangle not thyself/

These close enough will round thee cling,
Without thy tight'ning every string
 Which binds them to thy heart:-
Despise them not! This thankless were,
But, while partaking them prepare
 From each and all to part.⁵³

⁵² “Honour and Glory to God,” by Bernard Barton, *Devotional Verses*, 227-228.

~~

Titus 1:15 = “Unto the pure all things are pure.”

Oh, for that purity of heart!
The gospel only can impart
To those who gratefully receive
Its teachings, and its word believe.

This is the purity, whose power,
In dark temptation’s trying hour,
Can still unchangeably endure,
And pure itself, make all things pure.

Stainless appears the mountain’s snow,
Transparent seems the brook below;
Taintless the opening flower, - the dew
Which gems it – as unsullied too.

But rains soon dim the mountain hoar,
The troubled stream runs clear no more,
The flow’ret in the dust is soil’d,
The dew -drop by the sun despoil’d.

Does purity adorn with grace
The happy infant’s smiling face?
It does, - and cold their hearts must prove,
Who look not on such face with love.

Yet mountain snows, and crystal streams.
And flowers which open to morn’s bright beams,
And dew-drops – which those sun-beams dry,
Are types of nature’s purity.

While that which God alone can give,
Life’s shifting changes shall outlive,
And give “the pure in heart,” through grace,
To see their Maker face to face.⁵⁴

~~

⁵³ “A Christian’s Devotedness” by Bernard Barton, *Devotional Verses*, 230-231.

⁵⁴ “Christian Purity,” by Bernard Barton, *Devotional Verses*, 231-232.

Philippians 4:4 – “rejoice in the Lord away; and again I say, rejoice.” - placed opposite of Hebrews 4

For him can Nature's beauty shine,
 “Who, groaning, toils his food to seek?
“Can pale disease the chorus join,
 “Or smiles illumine the mourner's cheek?”

Yes! e'en from their dim tearful eyes,
 Enchanting Hope can chase the gloom;
While, pointing to the starry skies.
 She speaks the joys beyond the tomb.

“Short are the woes you suffer here.
 “Eternal bliss awaits your choice;
”And in the view of blessings near,
 “‘The child of misery may rejoice.

But conscience struck, opprest with shame,
 The trembling soul suspends belief:
“Those high rewards let virtue claim,
“For me is naught but endless grief.

“In vain would reason guide me right,
 “My wayward steps the wrong pursue;
“Till lost in sin, I shun the light,
 “‘And read my future fate to view!”

Oh, sinner! Turn not yet away,
 List to the comfort Faith can give;
Her hands a radiant cross display,
 She bids thee look on that and live.

“Here doubts must end, and murmurs cease;
 “The promise of your Father, God,
“Gives pardon, righteousness, and peace,
 “‘To those who trust a Saviour's blood.

“His love, his purity, they share,
 “His will becomes their only choice;
“And trusting all things to his care,
 “‘They ever, in the Lord, rejoice!”⁵⁵

~~

⁵⁵ “Rejoicing in the Lord,” *The Christian Guardian and Church of England Magazine*, 1824, 80.

Hebrews 4:9 – “There remaineth therefore a rest for the people of God.”

Meek follower of a lowly Lord,
Are trouble, far, and sorrow, thine?
May humble faith to thee accord
This promise of His word divine:
For His a glorious rest remained,
And stedfast faith that rest attaineth.

Art thou of holy grace a child?
This world thy rest can never be;
By sorrow marr'd, by sin defil'd,
It is a home unworthy thee;
And thou shalt be by grace translated.
Where peace and purity are mated.

But, oh, remember, those alone
His hallow'd rest shall enter in,
Whose hearts, believing, first disown
The pride of self, the power of sin:
If thou into His rest wouldst enter,
Faith must achieve this high adventure.

Faith in the Son of God – who gave
His sinless life to ransom thine;
Faith in Go's gracious will to save,
Faith in His Spirit's aid divine;
Thine eye by faith that rest beholdeth,
And faith its entrance still unfoldeth.

Possessing this – thy soul shall be
Prepar'd with every ill to cope,
And Achor's valley prove to thee
The door of calm confiding hope;
Of hope which – on a Saviour grounded,
Though tried, can never be confounded.⁵⁶

~~

⁵⁶ “The reward of the faithful by Bernard Barton, *Devotional Verses*, 235-236.

Hebrews 11

Yes, there is one thing true,
One thing that doth not fail;
One only thing, that maketh joy
To shine o'er this dark vale:
It is religion that doth this,
That giveth peace to wretchedness.

And, O that men were more
Inclin'd to walk her way,
'Twould chase their miseries, and cast
A sunshine o'er their day.
All, all their pilgrimage would bless,
And lighten up their wretchedness.⁵⁷

~~

Hebrews 12

Christian soldier, wake to glory!
Hark, your Leader bids you rise;
See the crown of life before ye,
March to seize the heavenly prize.
What can rouse to vig'rous action,
Like the gospel's martial sound?
Where can equal satisfaction,
In another cause be found?
Instant assume your arms,
Be ready for the foe,
And undismay'd at all alarms,
To battle go.

Let the hope of full salvation,
Helmet-like, your head adorn;
Be the gospel's preparation
On your feet like sandals worn.
Let your loins around be girded
By the truth your lips profess
From your breast be danger warded
By the plate of righteousness.
Instant assume your arms,
Be ready for the foe,
And undismay'd at all alarms,
To battle go.⁵⁸

⁵⁷ Found in *Evangelical Magazine and Missionary Chronicle*. London: Frederick Westley and A.H. Davis, 1826. 58.

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II Peter 3:10 – “But the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night; in the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up.”

Whether this solemn day may come,
Ere time to us shall be no more,
To man all oracles are dumb,
Nor need we ignorance deplore.

Enough for us to know and ell,
When we our fleeting years have past,
A day must come O our lot to seal,
A day, an hour to us The Last!

When outward heaven, and outward earth,
We must forego, with things of time;
And death must be the awful birth
Of an eternity sublime.

Prepare us, Lord, to meet that day,
Which, soon or late, we all must greet:
When we thy summons must obey,
An stand before thy judgment-seat.

So purify our hearts from sin,
That we may seek, nor seek in vain,
For brighter heavens, new earth – wherein
Thy glorious righteousness shall reign.

Where sun nor moon shall more display
Vicissitude of day or night,
But Thou wilt be our endless day,
The lamb our everlasting light.⁵⁹

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⁵⁸ “The Christian Warfare,” *The Investigator or Quarterly Magazine*, Vol. 7, July-October 1823, 194-195.

⁵⁹ “The Last day: by Bernard Barton, *Devotional Verses*, 241-242.

I John 1:7 – “But if we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another; and the blood of Jesus Christ his son cleanseth us from all sin.”

Walk n the light! So shalt thou know
That fellowship of love,
His Spirit only can bestow,
Who reigns in light above.

Walk in the light! – and sin, abhorr’d,
Shall ne’er defile again;
The blood of Jesus Christ, thy Lord,
Shall cleanse from every stain.

Walk in the light! – and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly His,
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrin’d,
In whom no darkness is.

Walk in the light! – and thou shalt own
Thy darkness pass’d away,
Because that Light hath on thee shone
In which is perfect day.

Walk in the light! – an e’en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory hall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquer’d there!

Walk in the light! – and thine shalt be
A path, though thorny, bright;
For God, by grace, shall dwell in Thee,
And God himself is Light!⁶⁰

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⁶⁰ “Walking in he Light” by Bernard Barton, *Devotional Verses*, 242-243.

II John 6 – “And this is love, that we walk after his commandments.”

The surest proof of love, is not
Evinc'd by words alone;
These may be utter'd, and forgot,
Yet love remain unknown.

The voice of heartless praise, or prayer,
The homage of the lip –
Can never to the Lord declare
Thy true discipleship.

Deep, deep within the heart must dwell
The love by Him preferr'd.
And there obedience must compel
To His most holy word.

To His most holy word – as it
In Scripture is unseal'd,
To His most righteous law, unwrit.
But in the heart reveal'd.

Be this, then, of thy love the test;
Words may, like flowers, abound;
But deeds, like fruit, shall manifest
The tree's true health is sound.

Thy hopes on no professions place,
But pray, with humble awe,
Thy life may show, through saving grace,
Obedience to His law.⁶¹

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⁶¹ “The Genuine Love of Christ,” by Bernard Barton, *Devotional Verses*, 244-245.

Revelations 2:4 – Nevertheless, I have somewhat against thee, because thou has left thy first love.”

Saviour! Preserve within our hearts,
The memory of our spousal day,
Lest sin, by Satan’s specious arts,
Should steal our earlier love away.

That earlier love our spirits felt,
In visitation’s softn’ing hour,
Bidding our hearts before Thee melt,
Our tongues confess Thy praise and power.

When, lur’d from joys of time and sense,
Thou through the desert wast our Guide.
And gav’st us smiling gardens thence,
By Thee with living streams supplied.

The memory of those days renew
Within our souls by grace divine,
Lest, to ourselves and Thee untrue,
Our fervid love tow’rd Thee decline.

If somewhat of its earlier zeal,
The world unhappily have reft,
Thy power and love once more reveal,
To cherish that which still is left.

That we, by penitence sincere,
May pardon for our fall obtain;
And, through Thy grace, in holy fear,
May do our former works again.

Lest Thou no longer shouldst reprove
In mercy, or in pity plead;
But from its place our light remove,
And leave our spirits dark indeed.

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Revelation 20

The earth shall be dissolved by fire
The stars affrighted fly;
The Soul immortal sees its Sire
The Soul shall never die.⁶²

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Revelation 22:17 – “And the Spirit and the Bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst, come. And whosoever will, let him take of the waters of life freely.”

Hath the invitation ended?
Is the voice of mercy dumb?
Still the message is extended;
Still the call is – “Freely come!”

Still with sinners Jesus pleadeth
In compassion’s gentlest tones;
Still the Spirit intercedeth
With unutterable groans.

Still the Bride, the Church – would gather
Every wanderer to her fold;
Still the Everlasting Father
Would with love each child behold.

Still the fount is freely flowing,
Christ hath open’d to redeem;
Endless life on all bestowing,
Who partake its living stream.

Then let each who truly thirsteth,
Freely to that fount repair;
And – while yet its tide out bursteth,
Drink, and grow immortal there.

While, by him whose ear is greeted
With the gospel’s joyful sound,
Be a Saviour’s name repeated,
‘Till it circle earth around.

⁶² Last verse of “The Grave” by Caroline Matilda Thayer, *Religion Recommended to Youth: in a Series of Letters Addressed to a Young Lady*. New York: J. Soule and T. Mason, 127.

'Till the diapason swelling,
Countless hosts in songs of praise,
Their Redeemer's triumphs telling,
Grateful halleluias raise!⁶³

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Last end page:

1828

Glory crown'd the year, for with it came
The justice long to honest hearts denied;
The right of conscience – Briton's sacred claim,
And civil rights, from oaths and tests untied.
Wise was the senate, chasing England's shame.
And liberal prelates – freedom's friends;
And Russell – Holland – each illustrious name,
Shall be renown'd till time's memorial ends.

Yet 'twas a year of blood – the honour'd ground
Where Grecian heroes tyranny expell'd;
Where peaceful arts, and Christian faith were found,
Is now by war and vice in bondage held.
The plundering Cossac, the oppressive Turk,
By turns devour them like the locust hordes;
Frustrate, O arm of Love! The savage work,
And turn to reaping hooks their slaughtering swords.⁶⁴

⁶³ "The Invitation," by Bernard Barton, *Devotional Verses*, 249-250/

⁶⁴ These are the last two verses of "On the New Year, 1829", from *The Evangelical Magazine and Missionary Chronicle*, Volume 7, 14.