V.
Thy Dew came down—my Heart was Thine,
And know as exultant as the Grave,
Cool now and peaceful as the sea.

VII.
Full of Myself I oft look round,
The Now, the Truth, and Thee,
For Spurious Hope, or fenial Gilt,
Or Earth-born Sophistry.

VIII.
The Folly thriv’d, and came in sight,
I saw the Breach for Man too late,
The Grov’d I knew for Voice and Strength,
To glorify thy Name;

IX.
Still will I hope for Voice and Strength,
That I might die to all that’s Mine,
And suffer All my Shame.

TO speak for God, to found Religion’s Pratitude,
Of sacred Powders to Conquer nigh,
And point the Steps mysterious as they lie,
And sooth the silent Sorrows of the Just:

Religious Discourse.
Hymns and Sacred Poems, 59

Who would not blest for this the Gift of Speech,
And in the Tongue's Beneficence be rich?

But who must talk? Not the mere modern Sage,
Who sits the sov'reign Gospel to the Age;
Who never to a pride of Practice strived,
But brings the Precepts down to cold Reeding took;
And never saw Himself but thro' a Book.

Not He, who Maximus from cold Reeding took,
Not He, who in Scripture生理的合拍
Soon finks extincted, as a Comet's Blaze.
Not He, who Silence loves; and never dealt
Deaf to the Sense, who turns us with the Sound.
But He, whose Language beareth with the Truth.

In the false Commerce of a Truth Unfelt,
Guilty you speak, if futile from within
Blows on your Words the Self-admiring Sin.
If unrevol'd to choose the Better Part,
Above Self-seeking, when on God reclined,
Feels Him at once suggest unlaboured Sense.
And open a Shape of Sweet Benevolence.
Some high Behalfs of Heaven you then fulfill,
Sprung from his Light your Words, and filling
by his Will.

Nor yet expect a Mystically long
Till Certain Inspiration looke your Tongue:
Express the Precept rungs, 
"Do good to all,"
Nor adds, "Whate'er you find an inward Call,"
"This God commands:" No farther Motive, seek:
Speak, or without, with Reluctance, or
To Love's Habitual Sense by Acts aspire.
And kindle, till you catch the God-Fire.

Discoveries.

Poems.

Heart was Thine,

And Thee,

To Grief,

In Sight

too base,

Strength

Mine,

Religion's Prais

and Conquest,nigh,

two Wars,

as they lie;

Career of Life;

And clear

Hymns and Sacred Poems, 59
HYMNS and SACRED POEMS.

Discoveries immature of Truth decline,
Nor prostitute the Gospel Pearl to Swine.
Beware, too rashly how you speak the whole,
The Vilence, or the Treasures of your Soul.
If spurn’d by some, where weak on Earth you lie,
If judg’d a Cheat or Dreamer, where you fly;
Here the Sublimer Strain, th’ exerted Air
Forego; you’re at the Bar, not in the Chair.

To the perfect Reasoner if you speak at all,
Speak what within his Cognizance may fall:
Expose not Truths Divine to Reason’s Rack,
Give him his own below’d Ideas back,
Your Notions till they look like His, dilute;
Blind he must be—but save him from Dispute!
But when we’re turn’d of Reason’s noontide Glare,
And Things begin to shew us what they are,
More free to such your true Conceptions tell;
Yet graft them on the Arts where they excel.
If sprightly Sentiments detain their Taste;
If Paths of various Learning they have trac’d;
If there cool Judgment longs, yet fears to fix:
Fire, Erudition, Hesitation mix.

All Rules are dead: ’tis from the Heart you draw
The living Lustre, and unerring Law.
A State of Thinking in your Manner show,
Nor fiercely soaring, nor supinely low:
Others their Lightness and each inward Fault
Quench in the Stillness of your deeper Thought,
Let all your Gestures fixt Attention draw,
And wide around diffuse infectious Awe;
Present with God by Recollection seem,
Yet present, by your Cheerfulness, with Them
Without

With
Nor before
Greet,
With
There
And
Kind,
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Speak
Who
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For
Hymns and Sacred Poems, 6r

Without Elation Christian Glory shines not.
Nor by fond amorous Phrases honour the Saint.
Great not frail Men with Compliments untire,
With Smiles to Peace confirm'd and Conquest due.
There are who watch a true, Profound and Proclaim with a right good Will;
Admire his Progress— till he stands rock fell.

Speak but to Thrifty Minds of things Divine,
Who throng for Thought, are free in yours to join.
The Busy in his Channel run with Pain,
The Languid basks an Elevated Strain:
With thee, dear Man, but at good-nature'd Chat,
Where all, except the Love, is low and flat.

Not one Address will different Temper fit.
The Grave and Gay, the Heavy and the Witt.
Wits will fit you; and moost Conviction find,
Slow Minds are merely passive: and forget
Truths not insculpt: to these repeat,
Avoys your Counsel, not abait from Heat.

Some gentle Souls, to gay Indulgence true,
Nor hope, nor fear, nor think the more for you.
Blush not for Shallow Speech, nor muse for deep,
Think to your Humours, not your Sense attend.
'Tis not the Advice that sways them, but the Friend.

Others have large Receives in their Breath,
With penive Procefs all they hear digest.
Here well-weighted Words with wary Forcetown.
For all you try will link, and every Seed will grow.
At first Acquaintance press each Truth severe,
Stir the whole Odium of your Character:
Let harshest Doctrines all your Words engross,
Then to yourself th' Ascetic Rule enjoin,
To others stoop surprizingly benign;
Pitying, if from themselves with Pain they Part,
If stubborn nature long holds out the Heart.
Their Outworks now are gain'd; forbears to press
The more you urge them, you prevail the less;
Let Speech lay by its Roughness to oblige,
Your speaking Life will carry on the Siege:
By your Example struck, to God they strive
To live, no longer to themselves alive.

To positive Adepts insidious yield,
T'enforce the Conquest, seem to quit the Field:
Large in your Grants; be their Opinion shewn:
Approve, amend—and wind it to your own.
Couch in your Hints, if more resign'd they hear,
Both what they will be soon, and what they are:
Pleasing These Words now to their conscious Breast,
Th' anticipating Voice hereafter blest.

In Souls just wak'd the Paths of Light to choose,
Convictions keen, and Zeal of Pray'r infuse.
Let them love Rules; till freed from Passion's Reign,
Till blameless Moral Rectitude they gain.

But left reform'd from each extremer Ill,
They should but Civilize old Nature still,
The loftier Charms and Energy display
Of Virtue model'd by the Godhead's Ray;
The Lineaments Divine, Perfection's Plan,
And all the Grandeur of the Inner Man.

Commences
Hark how the woods with Minstrel's song, 
How sweet the feath'rd Minstrel's song! 
Yet if we judge our State aright, 
The present is not Man's delight. 
Hereafter brings his perfect bliss.

This Life belongs to Things of Sense, 
Justly to this they make Pretence; 
Angels

Man's Medley. From Herbert.

I.

Hark how the woods with Minstrel ring, 
How sweet the feath'rd Minstrel's song! 
Yet if we judge our State aright, 
The present is not Man's delight. 
Hereafter brings his perfect bliss.

II.

This Life belongs to Things of Sense, 
Justly to this they make Pretence; 
Angels