

1570/2360

THE CONTRAST:

OR

THE NATURAL AND SPIRITUAL MAN
COMPARED.

1788.

M. G. P. 1824

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I.

The spiritual man worships one only God, the Creator of the Universe and the Redeemer of lost mankind, and lives under the gracious influence and operations of his holy spirit.

II.

Under the pressure of calamity, affliction or sickness, the spiritual man still finds hope in his God; he asks and is sure to meet with seasonable succour, or patiently concludes, that the hour of distress is prolonged for the wisest of ends, or the most gracious of purposes.



I.

The natural man is an idolator, who worships many gods, under various forms or images, engraved on his heart and in his mind. Grandeur, wealth, power, fame, with many other idols, are the objects of his internal adoration, and, strange to tell, in the centre of all these he forms an image even of himself, and falls down and worships it.

II.

In the hour of distress, the natural man is deserted by all his idols at once, till in a fit of sullen gloom, or of sudden alarm, he even begins to think of the deity; the cause of his sorrows once removed he returns to his idols again.

III.

The spiritual man, with a mind elevated above the ordinary pursuits of life, is satisfied with a scanty portion of its good things; still grateful in whatever situation he finds himself, his eye is intent upon the wants of others.

IV.

The spiritual man's views, being all collected to one point, and that point God, he is in a state of settled peace and calm tranquillity; like the needle pointing to the pole,

III.

The natural man thinks but little of the wants of others, because he has not yet satisfied his own, nor can he ever satisfy them; his soul continually erring in its pursuits, is, as it were, forced from its axis, and, like a globe deranged, confounds the seasons. Stripped of its immortal views, it seeks infinitude in time, and by grasping at attainments in wealth, honour, grandeur, and fame, to which the short pittance of human life is not adequate, it languishes at length under a disease of illusion, that neither setting suns, nor revolving years, nor withered age can cure.

IV.

The natural man is like the same needle in constant agitation, because constantly forced from its tendency to the attracting power.

which, if shaken from its place, trembles till it returns.

V.

The sorrows and vexations of the spiritual man, whether arising from his own frailties or from grief on account of others, are all of perishable kind, and cannot survive the short date of his present existence; his joys alone are immortal, and will be awakened with him to progressive degrees of improvement through the boundless ages of eternity.

VI.

The spiritual man considers morals in religion, in the same light that he does good-manners in social life, as a form that may contain the spirit or be destitute of it. A courtier may be polished in his manners, and may or may not be, at the same time a good citizen, a loyal subject, a sincere friend. In

V.

The joys of the natural man are all transient, as the object of his pursuits; his pains and sorrows only, being the offspring of sin and folly unrepented of, are of lasting kind, and though kept under in some degree in this world by artificial aids, will, sad to tell, be awakened with renewed remorse and vigour, to his disencumbered spirit.

VI.

The natural man pays regard principally to outward appearance, and considers morality as the sum total of all needful religion; relying thus on the form, he neglects the substance.

matters of religion a man may, in like manner, be exact in all visible outward decorum, and may or may not be at the same time a religious and pious man at heart ;—a spiritual man will maintain the form by impulse from the spirit.

VII.

The spiritual man goes to Church.

VIII.

The spiritual man prays.

IX.

The spiritual man listens to the sermon, and endeavours to convert the good doctrine which he hears, into the good of life.

VII.

The natural man goes to church.

VIII.

The natural man says his prayers.

IX.

The natural man listens to the sermon and endeavours to convey it home in his memory, but afterwards thinks no more of it, for he has been known often to declare that he does not expect to be better, and that in fact, after hearing so many sermons, people remain much as they were before.

X.

The spiritual man, directs his views when he can with effect, to the relief of the soul as well as the body, always making the former his principal consideration.

XI.

The spiritual man does not confine his notions of charity to almsgiving, but considers it more extensively as the very essence and soul of all religion, in which is comprehended the love of God, and of our neighbour.

XII.

The spiritual man views in charity and its operations, the bright image of God, as it includes all love in its purity, with its attendants, gentleness, meekness, humility, forbearance, patience, compassion, with every the minutest shade of all the christian virtues.

X.

The natural man parts with his money, and goes home satisfied;—the soul he leaves to the care of the Priest.

XI.

The natural man considers almsgiving as charity itself, and concludes that he shews sufficient love of God by going to church, and sufficient love of his neighbour by doing him no harm.

XII.

The natural man leaves his charity at the church door, or blends its after operations with worldly views; he considers his pride as the guardian of his consequence; his envy has the spur to more exalted station: he continually finds excuses for harbouring the

XIII.

The spiritual man bears affection to others, in the degree they appear to bear affection to God ; he thus enjoys a degree of kindred or relationship far beyond all natural ties.

XIV.

The spiritual man is satisfied and contented, without the possession of wealth, power, honour and fame.

XV.

With these worldly advantages in possession, the spiritual man considers himself under the eye of God,—and seeks to accom-

bitterest enemies to his peace, and as for humility, he really looks upon that as downright meanness.

XIII.

The natural man professes a predilection for his natural relations, but under that profession lies concealed a decided preference for all those who do homage to his pride and vanity, or who favour him in his purposes.

XIV.

The natural man is dissatisfied and discontented with the possession of them all.

XV.

With the same worldly advantages the natural man considers that the eyes of the world are upon him ; and while he swells to a

plish the purposes of heaven, by a rational and spiritual application of its gifts,—he knows these outward favours to be fleeting possessions, and that all their reality is in their use.

XVI.

The spiritual man considers the sublime and beautiful works of nature as looking glass, that reflects the wonderful glory of their divinity

XVII.

The spiritual man employs his bodily powers principally to promote the purposes of his soul.

XVIII.

The spiritual man with regard to temporal

colossus in his own esteem, he scatters his favours among his worshippers; he considers the advantages of fortune as the sum total of all good, and that the pretended good things of superior kind, are but shadows, and serve well enough for conversation.

XVI.

The same objects are offered to the contemplation of the natural man, but by placing himself before the glass, he intercepts the vision of the Almighty.

XVII.

The natural man employs the powers of his soul, principally to promote the purposes of his body.

XVIII.

The natural man, by dividing the present

things, thinks little of the past, leaves the future to God, and lives on the present hour.

XIX.

The spiritual man says in his heart, let us love God, and do good to our neighbour to-day, for we are not certain of to-morrow.

XX.

The spiritual man considers happiness as a tender plant, and cultivates the growth of it in his own bosom; he is fearful that too much intercourse with the world, and its amusements might fade it,— with a spirit elevated to God, he waters it with his word, and by sweet communication fans it with the breath of heaven.

XXI.

The spiritual man welcomes the approach

hour, between the regrets of the passed and the anxieties for the future, has literally scarce a moment that he can call his own.

XIX.

The natural man says in his heart, let us eat, drink, and be merry to-day, for to-morrow we die.

XX.

The natural man considers happiness as a rare plant, and perpetually ranges the world in quest of it in every new object; vexed at his continual disappointment, and unwilling to own it, it is a false, but temporary triumph for him, to persuade others that he has found it.

XXI.

The natural man endeavours artfully to

of age, and considers the close of life as the removal of the barrier to his eternal felicity.



conceal even from himself the approaches of age by keeping up the farce of amusements and occupations, for which he is no longer qualified; he considers death as the final close to every thing certain.





Poems

BY M. G. G. FRENCH.



ON READING THE WRITINGS OF THE HON.
EMANUEL SWEDENBORG.

On high commission from th' Empyrean skies,
A courteous herald breaks upon our land ;
Ten thousand mingling glories round him rise,
Emaning from the mandate in his hand ;
With vital joy, he spreads the sacred scroll,
Pouring its wonders on the *humble* soul.

Lo ! Truth divine, in every glowing line,
Reveals her tender heart-attracting charms ;—
In soft compassion, eloquence divine,
She sweetly woos to her maternal arms ;
With living light illumines our wond'ring eyes ;
Whilst meteors melt, *and blind tradition* dies.

No more shall intellectual darkness reign ;—
No more in christian *Orbs* recipients find,—
No more shall Superstition's dusky train
Of imag'd horrors, damp the ardent mind :
Dark clouds retire—the *sevenfold* day is given,
In vital splendour from the sun of heaven !

LINES ON THE LATE J. ARBOUIN, ESQ.

To praise and glorify the Lord,
 His servant's virtues we record ;
 Who, in God's image all confest—
 In blessing others, he was blest.
 To heal the sick—to lead the blind,
 The constant tenor of his mind.
 Whilst travelling thro' the narrow road,
 To the new heavens of our God !
 By precept and example given,
 He served mankind,—then wing'd to heaven,
 Where palaces and temples rise,
 Whose brilliant towers salute the skies ;
 Where kindred images of God,
 Conduct him to his bright abode.

May we his radiant course pursue,
 The Lord our leader ;—heaven in view ;
 Like him, in death serenely rise
 To some bright circle in the skies,
 Where love and wisdom's vital glow,
 From heart to heart spontaneous flow :—

Whilst *Innocence* and *Peace* are given,
 And all the nameless joys of heaven.
 Thus may we all in concert join
 Seraphic choirs with blest ARBOUIN—
 There all unite in sweet accord,
 To praise and glorify the Lord;
 To whom alone all praise is given,
 By his new church in earth and heaven.

“YOUR ADVERSARY, THE DEVIL, AS A ROAR-
 ING LION, WALKETH ABOUT, SEEKING WHOM
 HE MAY DEVOUR.” 2 *Peter* v. 8

Infernals try each subtle art
 To violate the christian heart;
 Ten thousand engines they employ,
 Each heavenly purpose to alloy.
 By magic scenes, and splendid toys,
 Illusive dreams, and frantic joys,
 The infant-christian they assail;
 But, tho' a babe, *cannot prevail!*—

By filial love and humble prayer
 The child eludes the arch-fiend's snare ;
 To heaven he wafts the feeble sigh
 For aid divine ;—Hell's legions fly.

“BEHOLD, I MAKE ALL THINGS NEW !” *Rev. xxi. 5.*

I fain would to new heavens ascend—
 And live beneath my sov'reign's eye ;—
 On yon transcendant ring attend
 And Holy, Holy, Holy, cry.

My weeping soul her distance mourns,
 Whilst in this dull terraqueous gloom ;
 On poles of truth she feebly turns,
 Panting for heaven—her native home.

Ah ! when shall my discharge be given—
 That I at large may see thy face ?
 When shall the royal seal of heaven
 This fettered soul from earth release ?

Soon may she quit this dreary cell!

Soon, Oh, my God! drop all between,—
 Soon in thy radiant presence dwell
 Where clouds no more can intervene;

In fields of uncreated light!

Where streams of holy pleasure run,
 Forget the shades of nature's night,
 And spring to heaven's eternal sun.

AH, WHEN, MY REDEEMER, MY GOD?

Ah, when, my Redeemer, my God!

Shall this fettered spirit be free,
 Released from sin's cumb'rous load
 Full winged in triumph to thee?

Till then I must tread a sad waste

Where the scorpion still lurks to betray,
 And lodging her sting in my breast,
 Predestines my vitals her prey.

Around what a void doth appear !

No viand my soul can survey,

No stream my faint spirit to chear,

No shade from the noon-scorching ray.

No ear to the voice of my woe !

Whilst sorrows' sad numbers I breathe,

No kindred spirit I know,

On the confines of anguish and death.

CHARITY.

Mrs. French being asked by Lady Nairne what her Religion was—whether it was Faith alone—Mrs. F. answered her Ladyship by the following lines :

See, triumphant in her eyes,

All we know beneath the skies,

Every grace and heaven-taught art

That charms or sublimates the heart,

Do there combine ;

Liberal as the breath of morn,
 Fair CHARITY by Truth adorned,
 Whose potent sway
 Thro' civilized or savage lands,
 With vital energy expands,
 Her genial ray !

"That's my Religion!" exclaimed Lady Nairne, with great
 fervour.



"ALL YE ARE BRETHREN." *Matt.* xxiii. 8.

Come my father's family
 Join in holy songs with me—
 Cheerful anthems let us raise,
 Melt the rocks with glowing praise.

Seeking out each dark retreat,
 Cheer with light, or pierce with heat ;
 Lenience to the bruised impart,
 Dauntless strike the flinty heart.

Come, ye saints, let us march on—
 Circling moments, swiftly run—
 Ere they waste the flying day,
 Jesus' banners wide display.

Caverns deep let us pervade,
 Where our friends supine are laid;
 Thro' nocturnal shades convey,
 The purple dawn of *sevenfold* day.

Ministers of Zion's court !
 Tell to us of what import,
 Seals to you by Jesus given ;
 Charm us with the news of heaven.

Your holy embassy relate !
 Ye ! who on the temple wait,
 The incarnate God display :—
 Bethlehem's shining mystery !

Oh, of that holy manger speak,
 Where Omnipotence *seemed* weak,
 In the span of infancy ;
 He who fills immensity !

Let us hear of Pilate's bar,
 The purple robe, the thorny scar,
 All the holy suff'rings sing,
 Of our Prophet, Priest, and King.



THOU SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS ARISE!

Thou sun of Righteousness arise !
 To this benighted mind convey,
 From yon celestial *eastern* skies,
 The purple dawn of sevenfold day.

Lift up thy countenance, Oh, Lord,
 On every mourning humble heart,
 And in the spirit of thy Word,
 Life's animating glow impart.

HAIL, SUN DIVINE! WHOSE EMANATIONS
CHARM.

Hail, sun divine ! whose emanations charm,
 The dreary regions of terraqueous gloom,
 This bleeding bosom gently soothe and warm,
 On the cold marble of my children's tomb.
 Oh ! thirst, my soul, to join the tuneful lays,
 Of Zion's sons in grateful hymns of praise ;
 To Him *alone*, to whom all praise is given,
 In thy new church on earth, and thy new church
 in heaven.

Come up hither.—

Through jasper-courts and galleries of state,
 Swift to the inner chambers straight I move,
 Where my three sons in mingling glories wait,
 To hail me in the realms of peace and love.
 Fraternal concord breathes celestial charms,
 Through all the regions of the mother's breast,
 Joyful I clasp them in maternal arms,
 In the bright mansions of eternal rest.

MY SLUMBERING SPIRIT ARISE.

My slumbering spirit arise!

From darkness, disorder and woe,
To some blest abode in the skies,
Where Peace, like a river, shall flow.

Go—visit the people on high,

In mansions of joy, so refined,—
That sorrow no tear on the eye,
Nor cloud can obtrude on the mind :

Where kindred and friends are restored,

In love all seraphic and pure,—
Emaning from Jesus the Lord,
On all who his rays *can endure*.

Dilating in infinite bliss,

In extacy soaring they sing,
Or silently gaze on his face,
Whose smile is their anthem and wing.

But if I'd with angels be blest
 In friendship and love from the Lord,
 I must what is spurious resist,
 By the spirit and life of his Word.

Myself and the world resign,
 Time's toils and its triumphs remove
 From my heart—ere mercy divine,
 Can bear me to regions above :

Where kindred and friends are restored,
 In love all seraphic and pure,
 Emaning from Jesus the Lord,
 On all who his rays *can endure*.

“THEY ALL SLUMBERED AND SLEPT.”

Matt. xxv. 5.

From slumb'ring and sleeping, O christians, arise!
 And join the church here with the church in the
 skies ;
 Through this speck of creation emit the bright
 flame,
 Which eternally glows in the Saviour's great name.

DEAR SAVIOUR! IN THY COURTS BELOW.

Dear Saviour! in thy courts below
 I long to celebrate thy name,
 With Christians in the vital glow,
 Of radiant truth's seraphic flame.

Oh! bear me to the happy land
 Where men unawed by fear or shame,
 In union meet *at thy command*,
 Thy Second Advent to proclaim.

*On having some of Baron Swedenborg's Writings
 returned by persons not in a fit state of mind
 to receive them.*

Ah! must I say farewell? in tears of blood?
 In secret breathe the unavailing sigh,—
 Silent behold neglected—gracious God!
 Thy Second Advent? Why? Oh christian Why?

FROM YON CELESTIAL HEAVENS SWEET NOTES
I HEAR!

From yon celestial heavens sweet notes I hear,
In strains high warbling to the throne above,
Seraphic harmonies arrest my ear,
And my charmed heart attunes to sacred love.

Lo! waiting cherubs clap their ready wing,
From world to world, enraptured to convey,—
The soul-restoring theme, bright angels sing,
Rapt in the splendours of eternal day.

Hark! tis his voice, I know it from the rest,
In holy extacy he hails his Lord,
Sudden emotions seize the mother's breast,
Which ardent pants to touch his hallowed chord.

In hymn of love Ah! might I now ascend,
Amidst yon radiant circles wond'ring gaze,
On my celestial boy—my infant friend,—
Who first with me breath'd notes of filial praise.

His beauteous spirit in a cave of earth,
 Beneath yon weeping cypress' dusky shade ;
 With widowed woe he from his natal birth,
 'To heaven resigned, his humble dwelling made.

In adverse shades we searched the sacred page,
 By heaven consigned to our sequester'd cell,
 The orphan's wrongs, the widow's pangs assuag'd
 The world forgot—and triumphed over hell.

Gazing on God and panting for the skies,
 A father, there, who ne'er ejects a son,—
 In filial love we raised our streaming eyes,
 Whilst smiling Hope embraced us from her
 throne.

She, courteous still, her silver pinions now
 To me presents, and bids me humbly try
 The radiant track that bears to Zion's hill,
 Where George* an angel lives—no more to die.

* Mrs. French's infant Son.

ON THE ANIVERSARY OF THE BIRTH-DAY OF
MY DEAR NIECE MISS M. E. GREGORY.

Joyful we hail the sweet auspicious morn,
Which gave Maria to Maternal arms.
May all the graces her fair brow adorn,
And virtue crown her with celestial charms ;
May courteous angels by Truth's sacred ray,
Emaning from yon splendid orb above,
Thro' wisdom's pleasant paths of peace convey
Her humble mind to realms of sacred love :
Where beauty glows in ever-blooming spring ;
Where social circles mutual joys impart ;
Where raptured seraphs strike the lyre, and sing,
In symphany spontaneous from the heart.



TO MY DEAR NIECE MISS M. E. GREGORY.

Whilst beauty, health and every blooming grace,
Their charms unite in Mary's form and face,
May Love and Wisdom's brighter charms com-
bined,
Glow in her heart and radiate her mind.

May Truth and Goodness deign by soft controul,
 To form the diapason of her soul,
 So shall she soon by chaste gradation rise,
 An angel form in new-created skies ;
 Where grandeur, dignity and order shine,
 In vital splendour from the Sun Divine.

"IN MY FATHER'S HOUSE ARE MANY MAN-
 SIONS." *John xiv. 2.*

The Lord my leader!—heaven in view!
 Oh, may I choose the happy road,
 With humble zeal the track pursue,
 Which leads to mansions built by God.

OH! THOU ALL-KNOWING GOD, LOOK DOWN.

Oh! thou all-knowing God, look down,
 Thy count'nance, yet may give me rest
 Though George is gone, and nature's pangs
 Have sternly seized the mother's breast.

Ah, still I hear his dying groan !

His heaving bosom still I see :
 In tender pity, Lord, look down,
 On anguish breathed alone to thee.

Thou Lord, hast soothed my widowed wrongs,
 And still the potent charm is thine,—
 That raised my feeble moan to songs,
 And swelled the notes to bliss divine !

How swift the precious minutes roll ;
 If yet another hour is given,
 Wisely improve it, O my soul !
 That time may terminate in heaven.

O God ! accept my feeble cry,
 Th' unuttered word, the lab'ring *sigh*,—
 That good and truth to me impart,
 Which recreates the life and heart.

ON HEARING OF THE MARRIAGE OF _____

May prelates and princes with each other vie,
 The bright charms of chaste love to restore,
 And the demon Adultery from Albion fly,
 To her native Tartarian shore.

“THERE IS A RIVER,” &c.

Lo ! streams of living water flowing,
 Humble valleys shout and sing ;
 The sun-divine intemperate glowing,
 Breathes an ever-blooming spring.

From verdant hills and spicy mountains
 Balmy odours richly given,
 Whilst all around rise silver fountains,
 From the vital spring in heav'n.

“SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES.”

From self, the world, and sin retiring,
 Prostrate fall before the Lord ;
 Thus, love divine thy soul inspiring,
 Child-like, read the *Holy Word*.



Each thought, each purpose of my prostrate soul
 I humbly consecrate to *Thee*, oh ! Lord,
 By *aid divine* bow to the sweet controul,
 Of thine eternal soul-restoring Word.

END.



H. C. HODSON, PRINTER, 15, CROSS STREET, HATTON GARDEN.

ERRATA.

IN THE CONTRAST.

No. XIV, *a* omitted.

IN THE POEMS.

Page	Line	
23	1	for <i>Empyrean</i> , read <i>Empyreum</i> .
25	10	for <i>Christian</i> , read <i>Christian's</i> .
26	2	for <i>Arch-fiend's</i> , read <i>Champion's</i> .
—	7	for <i>On</i> , read <i>In</i> .
—	16	for <i>from earth</i> , read <i>Oh! God</i> .
28	11	<i>Of Life divine</i> , omitted
29	13	for <i>Linience</i> , read <i>Lenients</i>
31	1	for <i>Oh! Of</i> , read <i>Of</i>
—	7	for <i>all</i> read <i>we'll</i>
		<i>Omitted.</i>
		Prostrate fall beneath the cross, Spurn all earthly gain as dross, Take an interest in the shame Of Calvary and Bethlehem.
32	1	for <i>Emanations charm</i> , read <i>Emanation charms</i> .
—	3	for <i>sooth and warm</i> , read <i>sooths and warms</i> .
—	5	for <i>Oh thirst</i> , read <i>Assist</i> .
—	7	for <i>Him</i> , read <i>Thee</i> .