

SOLILOQUY

ON THE

SOUL.

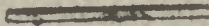
BY MR. THOMAS BLACK,

Late Minister of the Gospel in Perth.

To which is added,

A MEDITATION

Wrote a little before the Author's Death;



STIRLING:

PRINTED AND SOLD BY C. RANDALL,

1810.



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SOLILOQUY

ON THE

SOUL

By Mr. THOMAS BEAVER,

and Minister of the Gospel in Perth.

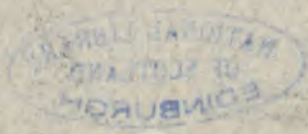
To which is added,

A MEDITATION

On the same Subject.

STIRLING:

PRINTED BY G. G. G. G.



A SOLILOQUY ON THE SOUL,

O Thou my soul when thou dost hear,
what pleasures are above.
In heaven with Christ where all the saints
are ravish'd with his love:
That lightsome land, and wholesome air,
where pleasures do abound,
Where perfect joys and pure delights,
are only to be found
That quiet land and peaceable,
where none for state contend,
Where sorrows, griefs, and troubles all,
for ever have an end.
Where sin and Satan have no power,
to tempt let be prevail;
The city wall'd, which hell and death,
no pow'r have to assai.
Why dost thou not when of this life,
the miseries are past,
Desire to have, as who would not,
their landing there at last.
But if for it thou dost contend,
thou wisely must consider,
What great difficulties are in,
the way that leadeth thither?
Lest like the foolish builder thou,
forget to count the cost,
And thus thine expectation be,
and hope for ever lost.
That purpose stands not which is made,
without deliberation.
Therefore a few things thou must take,
into consideration.

Consider first, the way is strait,
 it narrow is also,
 Too strait for thee and thy lusts too,
 together for to go
 Thy sweet companions where thou hast
 held greatest in respect,
 Thou must abandon every one,
 and utterly reject.
 Yea were thy lusts to thee as clear
 as thy right hand or eye,
 Yet part with them thou must, or else
 part with a barve country
 And through that strait and narrow way,
 thou tremble must and strive,
 At that most blest'd and happy port,
 before thou canst arrive
 All who have trode this road before,
 have found it strait to be,
 And thinkest thou for to get through
 without difficulty
 Yea those who have bestow'd most pains,
 they nothing had to spare.
 And the most painful at the last,
 but scarcely saved are,
 But yet the straitness of the way,
 should not make thee despair,
 But rather should the more increase,
 thy diligence and care.
 Moreover in this way should meet
 an opposition strong,
 Of enemies great multitudes,
 in it ly all along.
 The sons of Anak thou wilt meet,
 thee and this way between;

All fight and wrestle must **who want** this kingdom to obtain
 these foes with whom thou hast to do, **who want** neither strength nor skill,
 They are both bold and impudent, **who want** seeking thy blood to spill
 The Devil he'll be on thy toy, **who want** and all the power of hell,
 Will stand in its united force, **who want** thee boldly to repel.
 This old fox he doth know full well, **who want** what way best to prevail,
 And still he'll take another course, **who want** where one assault doth fail,
 Besides his natural wit he hath **who want** much of acquired skill,
 Whereby he doth his deeds design, **who want** accomplish and fulfil
 And its no wonder since he hath **who want** been practise in this art,
 Now near six thousand years men's souls, **who want** to ruin and subvert,
 He will not weary soon nor tire, **who want** this is the work he loves,
 Most constant and molt tedious, **who want** he in his tempting proves,
 Sometimes he'll rage most furiously, **who want** and muster up his troops,
 By labouring to fear thee with **who want** perplexing fears and doubts,
 And by presenting to thy view, **who want** things to make thee despair,
 Of standing out 'gainst his assaults, **who want** that fierce and cruel are,

Sometimes more smoothly he,
 and subtilly will deal,
 And if thou be not on thy guard,
 this way he will prevail,
 What by his false and flattering tongue
 to flatter thee secure,
 What by his busking up of sin
 that it may thee allure,
 Sometimes by granting unto thee,
 something to rest upon,
 And feeding up of a false hope
 of thy salvation
 By making thee believe thou hast
 a title to the crown,
 Whereas thy portion may be
 in sorrow to lie down,
 And thus more hurtful unto thee,
 and dangerous may prove,
 Also more advantageous,
 and meet for him behoof,
 Then when he rages most and makes,
 most trouble and most din,
 By raising up tumultuous storms
 and tempests thee within,
 For oftentimes more ground he gains
 by his subtilty.
 Then by his diabolic power,
 and raging tyranny,
 These and a thousand ways he'll take,
 which can by none be told,
 For who is he that surely can,
 his stratagem unfold,
 The world with its united force,
 will also thee withstand,

And will oppose thee in thy way,
 to that most blessed land.
 Its profits and its pleasures do,
 prove great impediments,
 Unto the most. since they themselves,
 do therewith rest content.
 The greatest part do foolishly,
 place all their heaven here,
 These glistering shadows unto them,
 of so much worth appear
 Poor mortal man, as eager is,
 these vanities to gain.
 As if forsooth they were with him,
 for ever to retain.
 These things do also sometimes clog,
 the godly in their way,
 And heavily do cause them drive,
 when mired with this clay.
 It is but seldom that the world,
 upon the godly smiles,
 But when it doth, lo, very oft,
 it someway them beguiles.
 But though it should not here prevail,
 to flatter and entise,
 Thee with its baits, and making thee,
 that good land to despise.
 Beware lest it should yet prevail,
 another way with thee:
 When it the evil represents,
 of pinching poverty.
 Of scant and want, disgrace, reproach,
 of troubles, trials, lols,
 Of suffering afflictions,
 and bearing of the cross.

Wherewith indeed the way to Christ,
 oft times attended is ;
 Few of the saints while in this world,
 such entertainment miss.
 Who travel thither must resolve,
 to have it on their frown :
 The world hates Christ's followers,
 because they'll not it own
 And this to them should not seem strange^e
 though it should them abhor,
 But patiently it bear because
 it hated him before.
 And since the Lord and Master did,
 while here meet with such fare,
 Why should his servants take it ill,
 to take of it a share.
 Not only must thou then resolve,
 its flat'ers to disdain,
 But also its severe assaults,
 courageously sustain
 Its feud and favor still with thee,
 have both alike share must,
 Thou neither must regard the one,
 nor on the other trust
 But yet the greatest enemy,
 within thee doth reside,
 Whom to resist and overcome,
 thou wilt find work indeed.
 Altho' there were no foe without,
 heaven's travellers to molest,
 Yet there is much corruption,
 that cleaveth to the best.
 When by its motions unto thee,
 doth so much trouble breed,

And in their journey causeth them,
 they come so little speed.
 This is the thing that mars their peace,
 and makes them droop and dwine.
 While bitter water mingles it,
 among their sweetest wine.
 Altho' the good which the saints would,
 to e'o they are not able,
 And makes altho' their state be good,
 their joy to be unstable.
 In all their spiritual services,
 doth render imperfect,
 And in their duties inobstructs,
 their pleasures and delight
 When they have got some sight and view,
 ev'n of the promis'd land ;
 Some light also, whereby their way,
 they know and understand
 Its motions in the soul yet may,
 cause such mist to arise,
 So that he wilder'd like,
 where am I now he cries
 Of all thy spiritual enemies'
 it is most to be fear'd ;
 Therefore thou carefully 'gainst it,
 and watchfully must guard
 Where'er thou goest, it will go,
 it will be sure to lodge.
 Where thou goest still labouring,
 to make of thee a drudge.
 Goest thou to read, to sing, to pray,
 it thither will repair ;
 Goest thou to meditation,
 it surely will be there.

In every step it will thee trace,
 that it may thee withstand;
 At every turn it will be sure,
 to be at thy right hand.
 This is the foe that dwells within,
 and for the foe makes way;
 Which openeth to them the door,
 that to they enter in
 All Satan's great assaults would but
 oft times prove in vain,
 Were't not for thy corruptions,
 that in thee doth remain
 When Satan comes with his assaults,
 that from the house he may,
 He like a traitor lets him in;
 and so doth thee betray.
 Therefore thou must resolve thy sins,
 to kill and mortify;
 Or else thou may assure thyself,
 they'll be thine enemy.
 Here's no fantastic foolish dream,
 no beating of the air;
 The saints experienced can the truth,
 sufficiently declare
 This warefare is a real thing,
 no fancied flattering,
 No fond conceit, proceeding from
 a crack'd distemper'd brain
 Strong holds are here to be pull'd down,
 high thoughts to be subdu'd;
 Here ancient customs to be chang'd,
 old things to be renew'd.
 Now this will be a constant work;
 not only for a while,

Yea all thy days thou wrestle must
 do not thyself beguile.
 This foe will not be soon o'ercome,
 and wholly vanquish'd be;
 Though worsted yet it really will
 return again to thee.
 This work may prove like cutting off
 the hideous Hydra's head,
 Which cut off still standeth up
 another in its stead.
 So when that thou mayest think thy sins,
 are mortified and slain,
 Its wounds may heal, and then it will
 recover strength again,
 And tho' that sometimes thou be beat,
 thou must not quit the field,
 Nor with these foes thou never muse,
 at all be reconcil'd.
 No peace nor parley thou must take,
 no quarters thou must give,
 Nor never must thou suffer it,
 in peace with thee to live,
 As long as sin doth in thee live,
 which will be all thy life,
 Thou must oppose thyself to it,
 death only ends thy strife.
 Thus fight thou must, before that thou,
 this kingdom can't inherit,
 As earnestly as if thou could,
 it purchase by thy merit.
 Yet unto all thy pains and toils,
 thou as deny'd must be,
 As nothing thou had'st done, O thou,
 is great difficulty.

No place there is for merit here,
 for still that blest reward,
 Is freely given to all those,
 for whom, it is prepar d.
 For 'twixt the wages and the work,
 canst no proportion be,
 For to the most laborious,
 it is a gift most free.
 Now ponder well, what in this way,
 may unto thee befall,
 That when thou come thou mayest not,
 surprized be at all.
 Yet let not these difficulties,
 unsuperable seem,
 More of that country suffer them,
 to lessen thy esteem
 But rather should these things the more,
 it unto thee commend,
 And make thee for it with more pains
 and earnestness contend.
 For the more precious any thing,
 and excellent it be,
 At coming at it still there is
 the more difficulty
 O then my soul why art thou so
 discouraged and cast down,
 Because of some difficulties,
 in coming to the crown
 What folly doth thee so possess,
 what profit without pain,
 What labour will not men endure,
 some pretty thing to gain.

Can any thing unpleasant be,
 that leads to such an end,
 Which may the way though straight to all,
 sufficiently commend.
 Wilt thou prefer thy carnal mirth,
 to everlasting joys ;
 What wise man would a kingdom lose
 for trifles and for toys
 Wilt thou for saving of thy life,
 endure eternal death,
 For carnal joys, and venture on
 god's everlasting wrath.
 What though thy life attended be,
 with troubles and with fears,
 What though thine eyes should never cease,
 from weeping and from tears.
 What though they here should find no ease,
 yea not a moment's peace,
 What though there should not be a drop
 of pleasure in the case.
 Will not the glory of that land
 shining so bright and clear,
 These troubles will soon swallow up,
 and make them disappear.
 What tho' thy life here on the earth,
 a half of torments be,
 If from eternal torments thou
 be saved and set free ;
 Is it not better to endure
 a little moment's pain,
 Than under God's eternal wrath,
 for ever to remain.
 What would of water one small drop
 unto the ocean be,

What's bounded posting time unto
 endless eternity,
 But blest be God this way doth not,
 with sadness so abound;
 As if no pleasures nor delights
 in it were to be found.
 Yea doubtless in this way there is,
 more pleasures to be had,
 Than in the ways of sin which doth
 down to destruction lead.
 For sure the straitness of the way,
 nor from itself doth flow,
 'Tis only thy corruptions,
 and sins that make it so.
 Christ's yoke is easy of itself,
 and should not thee affright,
 His burden is not grievous,
 but profitable and light.
 If thou these weights aside would lay,
 that do thee this impede,
 A pleasant and a chearful life,
 thou in this way might lead.
 The pleasures of this way they are,
 so excellent and rare,
 That sinful pleasures all with them,
 can never once compare.
 For why sin's greatest pleasures are,
 not real as they seem,
 Whatever those do think that he
 amidst these pleasures twine,
 Yea all the pleasures of this earth,
 are short and do not stay,
 Unto themselves they wings do take,
 and swiftly fly away.

They cannot when come to their height,
 full satisfaction give.
 Nor of its trouble, in the least,
 the soul's case once relieve.
 And when they're at the greatest pitch,
 a very little thing,
 These pleasures all will mar and will
 mistune their greatest spring.
 But in this way the pleasures of
 another nature are,
 All earthly pleasures in the bloom
 transcending very far.
 Here are substantial delights,
 here pleasures to be found.
 Nor light nor vain, but founded sure,
 upon a solid ground.
 Here pleasure which can to the soul
 full satisfaction yield,
 From whence they flow the fountain is,
 God in Christ reconcil'd.
 Even in the saddest outward state,
 these can the soul support,
 And make thee with saddest loss,
 most sweetly to comfort.
 This fight is also a good fight,
 it is a noble war;
 Nothing there is that justly can,
 make it at thee to fear.
 A noble captain thou shalt have,
 of whom thou mayest boast;
 Under whose conduct never yet,
 one soldier was lost.
 Oh! he is mighty, and can make
 the stoutest foe to yield;

Who under him do fight, they shall
 be sure to win the field ;
 When thou'rt discourag'd and cast down,
 he can thee comfort give,
 And when thou'rt sore assaulted he
 can succour and relieve.
 And when you're like to faint and fall,
 then he can give thee strength,
 Spirit and life, and courage too,
 and victory at length.
 His principalities and powers,
 hath of their conquest spoil'd,
 And being stronger also hath
 them vanquished and foil'd ;
 He by his death them conquered,
 and gave them a death blow,
 And on his cross, triumphing he
 of them did make a show.
 Take courage then, and in his strength,
 fight and not fearful be,
 Then shall these wounded enemies,
 as smoke before them fly.
 But if thou shalt thyself alone,
 against these foes engage,
 Thou'lt not be able to resist
 their fury and their rage.
 No wound, no bruise, no broken head,
 on them thou wilt repay,
 At thine endeavours all they will,
 but laugh and thee defy
 Adventure not in thy own strength,
 they will be strong for thee,

Thro' him alone thou mayest expect,
 to get the victory ;
 The weapons wherewith thou must fight,
 thyself for to defend,
 Deservedly may also serve,
 this warefare to commend ;
 They are not carnal, but thro' God,
 do strong and mighty prove ;
 For doing of such things as are,
 far nature's reach above.
 There's armour here for every part,
 a helmet sword or shield,
 And all the other nieces that
 are useful for the field.
 This armour too through ages all
 by many try'd have been,
 By it brave heroes, great assaults,
 did valiantly sustain.
 For by this armour great exploits,
 and valiant have been wrought,
 By it thro' greatest hazards these:
 crave worthies have been brought.
 And for thy more encouragement,
 thou'lt get a great reward
 Which for his soldiers of old,
 the captain hath prepar'd.
 Those who do fight and overcome,
 a kingdom shall obtain,
 Which fadeth not away but doth
 for evermore remain ;
 They crowns upon their heads shall get,
 and palms into their hands,

And royal robes more precious,
 than kings of many lands.
 These, who while fighting here below,
 into this vale of tears
 Were often compassed about,
 with many doubts and fears,
 Who oftentimes were made to doubt,
 yea almost to despair,
 Of getting victory, or that
 they ever should come there.
 They having got above all these,
 shall then be made to sing.
 The trophies of their victory,
 to their immortal king
 Who saved them; and in his love
 them with his own blood wash'd,
 From all their sins, and who their foes
 in pieces all have dash'd.
 And when they shall come above,
 for to deuide the spoil
 Then presently shall be forgot,
 their former grief and toil.
 Then surely it shall ne'er them grieve,
 that ever they did cross,
 Their sinful inclinations,
 that cleav'd to them so close.
 Or that they ever did take pains,
 their strong lusts to subdue,
 Of this their labour surely then;
 they'll have no cause to rue.
 But rather it would be their grief,
 if any griefs were there,
 For such a thing that then there did,
 so much indulge and spare,

And that they did not give more pains,
 and us'd more diligence,
 since for this work they had allow'd,
 to them such large expence;
 but grief and trouble all shall then,
 for ever bid adieu;
 No enemy shall any more,
 come ever in their view;
 O pleasant way, O happy way,
 O ever blessed be,
 He who hath path'd this way and made,
 it plain and smooth to me;
 O blest be he who fought this fight,
 when with him there was none;
 and with his garments roll'd in blood,
 the victory hath won.
 O blest are they who are inclin'd,
 to follow such a guide;
 and who in following of him,
 do never turn aside
 O rather blest be he who doth,
 poor captive captives lead!
 And makes them willing to embrace
 him as their only head.
 Who by his pow'r them not constrains,
 but volunteers doth make;
 And not for any thing in them,
 but for his own name's sake.
 O blessed captain who doth lead
 captive captivity!
 And in triumph victorious lead
 captive poor captive me,
 My hands to war do thou instruct,
 my finger teach to fight,

Unless thou teach, I have no skill
 To wail the weapons right,
 O blessed guide, who leads the blind
 In ways they do not know,
 And who to them, while in the dark,
 The way doth clearly show.
 Do thou me lead, do thou me guide
 Into that way of thine,
 That so this gaudish, whorish hearts,
 From it may not decline,
 All praise and blessing be to him,
 Who only can do this,
 While that thou breath and being have,
 My soul, O do thou blefs?

THE END.

MEDITATION

Wrote a little before the Author's Death.

TO thee O Jesus I will sing,
Who mankind fall'n from where he stood;
Up from their ruin'd state did bring,
Having redeem'd them by his blood.

I'll praise thee, who the angelic race,
Preserv'd from fear of falling free,
Extending unto both thy grace,
And who uphold'st all things that be.

'Tis true some heaven-born left their state,
This was the place where they sat;
Made void when they were turn'd to hell,
But thou this ruin to repair.

But thou this ruin to repair,
Took'st some of fallen Adam's race,
Like the best angels made them fair,
And fit to fill that empty space.

Let me sweet Christ, now undertake,
The moving causes forth to shew,
Why thou left heaven and didst make
A visit for this earth below.

Why thou didst voluntary leave,
The Father's high throne for a while,
To be accounted for a slave,
And live with rebels in exile.

Why thou with fleshy vail did chuse,
Thy divine countenance to hide,
Why thou to die didst not refuse,
And in the grave sometime abide,

If thou, O Lord, hadst not so,
Then had the whole of human race,
Been utterly expos'd to woe,
And never in God's sight found grace.

The Father's wrath had not been still'd,
Nor could his image been repair'd
The law could not have been fulfill'd,
Which none of mankind would have spar'd.

Nor would heaven's door, that once was shut,
Been open'd to let any in,

Who under sentence had been put,
Of condemnation for their sin.

Nor would death spoil'd be of its sting,
Nor would the grave been vanquish'd,
That those within into death did bring,
Again might rais'd be from the dead.

Neither could trophies have been rais'd,
Upon the spoils of conquer'd hell,
Nor our dull bodies been prepar'd,
In the blest regions to dwell.

From all that dreadful misery,
Under which man for sin did groan,
He is delivered and set free,
To what thou suffer'd hast and done.

And as thy sufferings now are past,
And thou'rt set on thy throne on high,
So shall thy ransom'd ones at last,
Share in that glorious dignity.

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